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FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY.

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JANUARY TO JUNE 1867.



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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1867.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM: LABOUR AND CAPITAL.

THE organisation of labour in parliamentary boroughs, and the possible extension of this organisation to all kinds of labour, joined to the likelihood that combinations entered into with a view to securing higher wages will assume the form of a powerful partisanship, in as well as out of Parliament, are matters of real or professed alarm to many who oppose any large extension of the franchise. Mr. Lowe is not the only person who has sounded this alarm. The resistance to any substantive reform, and the suggestion made that checks and counter-checks to an overpowering exercise of the franchise by the poorer classes, should be devised, may be expressions of an honest fear. But they may also be mere subterfuges, uttered with a view to maintaining a preponderance of political power in the hands of a section in the community, and with the object of securing sectional ends or private advantages.

The association of labourers in trades unions is partly an imitation of practices long since adopted by employers, partly a retaliatory act. For many centuries the association of employers was permitted by law, or its necessity or convenience was superseded by positive legislation. Upwards of five hundred years ago, a plague of a novel and eminently destructive character devastated Europe. It was known by the name of the Black Death. Many calculations, necessarily vague, have been hazarded as to the extent of its ravages. Fear, which multiplies numbers, led those who witnessed the calamity to say that only one tenth of the population survived it. Later and calmer estimates have reckoned the loss at half the population. But even this calculation is excessive. One thing only is known positively, that in consequence of the dearth of hands, the wages of labour were doubled.

It was not to be expected that in those times, the rulers of the people, interested as they were in low prices of labour, would submit patiently to so serious an inconvenience. It is true that the rise in price was due to an economical law; but passion and self-interest never recognise economical laws, even had that age been competent to comprehend their existence. The Parliament passed laws to regulate the wages of labour, and the struggle between labour and capital commenced. Thirty years after the plague, labour had organised itself, made subscriptions to a common fund for purposes of defence, and had broken out into insurrection. The peasants' war, under Tyler's guidance, was the fruit of the statute of labourers. The conclusion was for the time a drawn battle, part of the victory

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resting with the peasants, part with the employers of labour. The latter retained of course the power of legislating on wages, and used it continually.

Up to the year 1825 the law looked to the interest of employers only, and prohibited the combination of labourers under severe penalties. At that time, however, the restrictions were abolished, and peaceful combinations became legal. It would have been an act of incredible sagacity, had labourers concluded that the legal protection hitherto accorded to capital was futile, and so had forborne to embrace the opportunity of imitation; an act of incredible virtue, had they believed it to be advantageous, but vindictive and irritating. Combinations were instantly entered into, and every occupation in which the arrangement was possible, became the object of a trades union.

In practice, the object of a trades union is to maintain, and if possible, to exalt the wages of labour by indirect means. These means are the regulations which attempt to control prices artificially, that is, by other forces than supply and demand. The usage of the term is confined to the machinery by which manual and mechanical labour is protected. It is not clear that a trades union does increase the price of labour. It is possible to show that if it does raise wages its operation is unjust, as any other kind of protection is unjust, and if it does not, that it is futile and delusive. But we shall have occasion to see that the machinery of a trades union is and has been adopted time out of mind by those who proffer other than mechanical or manual services.

The capital of a country, as all are agreed, is devoted to the maintenance of labour. Some kinds of labour are devoted to the supply of perishable objects, others to those of permanent utility and the reproduction of wealth. In any case, any labour or service, of whatever kind it may be, from the salary of the statesman to the pittance of the children employed in agriculture, is paid out of this general fund of capital, the proportion assigned to each being, if matters are allowed to take their natural course, determined by the cost of producing the labour, the demand for the same, and the supply afforded. It is not easy to increase the demand; the cost is an intelligible quantity; but there are several processes by which the supply can be controlled.

When the use of any produce is wholly voluntary, it does not seem that its gains can be exalted by a trades union. The price which may be obtained for articles of mere luxury, the demand for which would cease were the price enhanced, cannot, it appears, be heightened by any attempt on the part of the producer to force a higher rate for his services by indirect means. Nor, owing to various causes too long to be quoted here, can agricultural labourers raise the price of their services by any combination. It would seem, however, that if the arrangements made by a trades union, with a view to increase the wages of those persons who supply articles, the use of which is quite or almost necessary, are successful, the increased rate of payment must be a loss to other labour, which is thus precluded from obtaining its natural share in the distribution of the aggregate capital of employers. Furthermore it is certain, that if the price of the article is enhanced by a combination (and it may be enhanced by such regulations as make labour less skilful and less operative), that a dearness may ensue, which will not imply a benefit to the labourer, but a certain loss, in so far as he uses the product. For instance, suppose the combinations among the operatives in the building trades make houses dearer, it does not follow that wages will be really

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increased, and it must follow that labourers will pay higher house rents, and as the charge for the necessaries of life is always heaviest with those whose income is small, that the labourer will be worse housed at higher cost.

But though in many occupations trades union regulations may not really raise wages, they almost always, in day work at least, render labour less valuable, because they depress its effectiveness. Nor is it correct to say that all such cases as those in which it is admitted that the price of labour has risen, can be explained by the operation of a trades union. They may be the result of increased demand. There is no class of labour the remuneration of which has increased so rapidly and so largely as that of female domestic servants. Here, however, the enlarged price is plainly due to enlarged demand.

A trades union may, therefore, raise wages, but can do so only by diminishing other wages; it may raise prices without raising wages, and so inflict a loss on society at large, and in the nature of things entail a larger loss on poorer persons, and it may be wholly ineffectual to control prices. But if the organisation of labour as bearing on the economical condition of society, and threatening it with greater losses and greater inequalities is the ground for the alarm expressed at the admission of the working classes to representative rights, it is impossible to deny that the represented classes have adopted as energetic protections against the supposed liability of their labour to depreciation, as have been enforced by the most despotic trades union, and that Parliament, since it represents the material interests of a variety of classes, has given legal force to some monopolies, while it leaves the unrepresented to the precarious and disputable machinery of voluntary combination.

The various mechanical trades exact a certain length of apprenticeship. The professional classes are protected by a similar restriction in the prescription of a formal curriculum. The mason is precluded from carrying his own material to the building, but must be served by a labourer. The barrister cannot hold direct intercourse with his client, but must be instructed by an attorney. The trades union prohibits any rate of payment below a minimum amount, the practitioners of law and medicine cannot offer their services at less than the rates which professional etiquette has affirmed. The corn law system, the colonial system, the monopolies accorded to chartered companies, were virtually trades unions of a most mischievous and selfish character, trades unions which have been annihilated, because some of the represented classes found their interests, sometimes their very existence, compromised by the continuance of these privileges. In what respect do the practice of primogeniture and the power of strict settlement (avowedly maintained in order to give dignity, actually to secure the preponderance of the great landowners), differ from the rules by which colliers combine to get high wages, except in the fact that the means in the latter case is a strike, and the security in the former is the existing law? And can there be a doubt that the protection accorded to these orders of society has absolved many of these high personages from the duties of their station? Were primogeniture and strict settlement abolished, is it not probable that the House of Peers would feel a healthy sense of duty, that is of risk, and attend to the public business which they now neglect?

One of the most striking illustrations of the power which Parliament exercises in securing special advantages to particular interests,

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may be found in the facts of railway legislation. The sanction of Parliament was needed in order that railways should be constructed at all, chiefly because it was necessary that land should be taken compulsorily from its owners. It is now well known that this permission was accorded only under the distinct understanding that enormous bribes, known under the euphemism of compensation, should be paid to such landowners as possessed parliamentary influence. The largest and most important works which the progress of modern science and the economical exigences of modern civilisation required, lay at the mercy of petty cabals. The subscribers to these undertakings were fleeced without stint and without compensation. The fortunate possessor of a peerage and a few acres, the latter threatened by, or even conterminous on a projected line, was able to exact such terms as relieved him from those anxieties which we may presume are not entirely extinguished by the system of primogeniture, those namely, which lead him to make some provision for his younger children. Those who remember the beginnings of railway legislation, tell droll stories of the arts by which they cajoled landowners into accepting these prodigious compensations. It is not easy to guess at the gross amount of those sums paid to members of Parliament on the part of railway directors, in order that a public service should be accomplished, and a permanent but indirect benefit be secured to the residual estate of the legislator who had made such hard bargains for the portion which he conveyed to the company. On one splendid occasion the landowner refunded his spoil to the company. But Mr. Labouchere's generosity was conspicuous by its singularity.

When the great lines had been constructed (some of which were particularly inconvenient, since the direct route was frequently abandoned in consequence of the perversity or extortion of the local authorities), it was found that the annual profit was considerable, and the indirect advantages of a line of railway or a station in the neighbourhood of an estate were of great and increasing significance. Then began a new set of tactics. New lines were projected, and the existing companies, in order to protect their interests, had to resist, or to buy off, competition. Their legal expenses become enormous. Parliament, the worst tribunal conceivable, since it was impossible to eliminate private interests from its judicial decisions, went through the farce of adjudicating on the rival schemes, between the possessors of a dearly bought privilege, and the claimants for a share in the office of supplying roads for traffic or convenience. Parliament, the most incompetent judge of commercial resources, sanctioned the outlay of hundreds of millions in new enterprises, when the most liberal estimate made of the annual accumulation of capital had reckoned it by tens. We know the result. The old lines were impoverished by legal expenses and by fresh extortions. The new lines, though sanctioned by the Legislature, generally failed, and many families were ruined or straitened by their contributions to the preliminary expenses of these projects, the expenses being for the most part payments for land which was never broken, the bargain now made with the landowner frequently containing conditions that the money was to be paid and retained, even though the line was not completed.

Later experience has illustrated a third phase of railway legislation. Next to the landowners, the shareholders in railways have, perhaps, the largest influence in the House of Commons. The landowners are reduced to the projection of small branches, and to compelling the

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great trunks, by fear of treating with their rivals, to lease these branches on unfavourable terms. But except when great lines quarrel, the course of railway action in the House of Commons is directed wards maintaining the existing to- privileges of such lines as are already constructed. The campaign against interlopers occupies much of the time of the House, and excites its warmest and most active sympathies. The Indian Budget, the administration of the affairs of more than a hundred millions of mankind, attracts but a languid attention; the Eastern question, that is, the maintenance of the vilest and most brutish government which dishonours the world, is left to diplomatists and adventurers; but the attempt of the Great Eastern Railway to invade the coal-carrying monopoly of the Great Northern, is a field-day in the House, and brings together numbers which are only exceeded in a budget, a reform, or a no confidence debate. Now, throughout the whole of this legislation, no thought has been taken of the public. To be sure, provision is made that once a day a train should run on every line at a low-fixed fare; a maximum rate for first and second class passengers is prescribed; a clause stipulating that any excess of profits over a given rate should be paid into the Exchequer, or be applied to the reduction of passenger fares or other charges, is inserted into most Acts; and there is an imperfect supervision of the roads and bridges, in the interest and for the safety of the public. But here legislation has stopped, and all who wish or need to use these conveniences, are far more at the mercy of the railway authorities than capitalists and the consumers of general utilities are at the discretion of the artisans who form a trades union.

No doubt a member of parliament is commissioned to debate and decide on matters of general public interest. He is instructed to discuss national questions. He frequently shields himself when he is reproached for neglecting the special interests of his constituents, by asserting that he is by the terms of the constitution no delegate but an adviser of the Crown—no director of a local company, but the representative of a defined, or almost a corporate policy. Unfortunately the reverse is too often the fact of the case. Members of Parliament may ignore, perhaps ought to ignore the mere specialities of the borough or county for which they sit, though in case the instructions they receive are of general import to the constituency which they represent, they cannot afford to disdain them, nor ought to do so. But they are in practice delegates of interests of a thoroughly special character, and a character which is frequently antagonist to public policy and national interests. They hold a trust, but they subordinate this trust to the promotion of their own ends, which they interpret in a sense which hardly commends itself to the judgment of those for whom they make laws.

County members are said to represent the landed interest. This familiar phrase is seldom defined, but if we attempt to do so, we shall see that it must be used in a very limited sense, if the rule is to tally with the practice. The landed interest, if it means anything except the landlord's interests, ought to include all who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil. It should consider the benefit of the tenant farmer and that of the agricultural labourer. It should include the interest of all who are necessarily connected with agricultural operations, as the village carpenter and smith. But how is the interest of a tenant farmer considered, when tenancies at will cramp his energies, and excessive game preserving disappoints his labour? And what has Parlia-

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ment done for the agricultural labourer? The county members, and the country party generally, were eager to impose a factory act on the capitalists of the north, and by an act of legislation which had no defence in theory, but was a mere measure of vindictiveness, hit by accident on an important economical reform; narrow party feeling having by a rare conjunction achieved the result of deliberate wisdom. Nothing, perhaps, has done more good to the operatives, nothing has more thoroughly falsified the fears of capitalists than the factory acts. But the country party have been slow to apply their principles to the children of the farm labourer. Labour is getting scarce in the country districts, and in purely agricultural counties population is considerably diminished. As a consequence, the age at which children are worked is increasingly lower. It is a common sight now to witness boys of fourteen at the plough tail. They are hurried away from school when little more than infants, to engage in minor farm operations. But there is no doubt, in case a strong demand were made that the children of the agricultural labourer should be rescued from ignorance and barbarism by a compulsory attendance at school up to a certain age, and by a compulsory half-time system during a further portion of their childhood, that the measure would be vehemently resisted by the country party, by the agricultural societies, by the men who eulogise aged and meritorious ploughmen with set speeches, and reward them with sovereigns. For to limit the age of juvenile labour implies an increase in agricultural wages, and a possible diminution of rent. The policy of the country party is exactly that of a trades union, with the single difference that all the forces at the disposal of their parliamentary organisation are directed towards the aggrandisement of landlords and the depression of tenant farmers and agricultural labourers.

The probability that a representative in Parliament will interpret his office as a public trust, is generally remote. It has been witnessed, it is occasionally witnessed even now. The steady and persistent recognition of this function was the secret, in large measure, of Cobden's great influence, of his marvellous political sagacity, of the reverence with which his memory is honoured. With great abilities of a very different kind, Mr. Mill has entered on the same path of public duty, and is achieving a similar reputation. The incredible malignity with which Mr. Bright is criticised may be in part derived from the vehemence with which he has denounced the monopoly of power possessed by one class of the community, and the unscrupulous tactics of the country party during the last Reform debate; but it is also the genuine expression of alarm at the conduct of a capitalist who demands the enfranchisement of artisans, of a great employer of labour who is content to recognise the right of the labour which he maintains to a place in the national councils. Such men cannot be found among the Conservative party, which by the very terms of its existence is maintaining special instead of general interests, and except by a political miracle, cannot be discovered in the ranks of the hereditary Whigs.

Failing the introduction of a large number of such persons into the House of Commons, the only way in which equitable legislation can be expected is in the conflict of interests. Nations do not progress so much by the balance of parties, and by the antagonism of disputants, as they are constrained to use those methods in the absence of higher and nobler purposes. But to give

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even the semblance of equity to the solution of social questions, all orders should be represented; to give a chance that the solution should be effected at all, it is necessary that as much as possible of the debate should take place outside the House of Commons, by means of the press, by public meetings, and the ordinary machinery of political education.

Some politicians have suggested as a means for giving an effectual voice to the artisans in the national Parliament, that a number of boroughs should be permitted universal suffrage, the representatives from these boroughs being supposed to give their votes in the interests of labour, or at least to uphold these interests in Parliament. But to this scheme there is the patent objection, that it authorises and stereotypes the very evil which is already so dominant in the House of Commons, the maintenance, namely, of sectional as opposed to general interests.

It does not follow because provision is made in Parliament that every facility should be given to the statement of complaint or argument, that attention will be secured to either. Parliament gives a license of speech, but it cannot guarantee an audience, even to the most urgent and reasonable demands. This is notoriously the case with a variety of subjects, a decision on which is unimportant to the security of the existing Government, or to the settlement of which the House of Commons is indifferent or hostile. There is, for example, no more important question than that of the Irish law of landlord and tenant. A feudal system, bolstered up by the power of strict settlement, and maintained in the interest of absentees, lies as a crushing load upon Irish agriculture. The whole nation is disaffected. Numbers of the people have left their country, and in the new world cultivate with an intense and earnest vitality, the most vindictive feelings towards the country and the Government which have, in their judgment, wronged and insulted them. But the House of Commons is utterly unsympathising on Irish questions. It barely listens to any remedial measures; it recognises one process only, that of coercion.

Is it reasonable to think that much more attention would be given to the advocates of labour? to the delegates of trades unions? Would a House which had no interest for the complaints of the O'Donoghue listen courteously to the demands of Mr. Potter? Who is unable to predict that when this or any other person nominated to Parliament from the artisans invited the attention of the House to the rights or the wrongs of labour, the speech would be the signal for a count-out? The whole Irish party, in the proper sense of the word, is to all intents and purposes, lost in the House of Commons: can we imagine that a few representatives, elected formally from the labouring classes, would achieve any weight or authority? During the last session, the country party howled Mr. Gladstone down, or strove to do so. Can we anticipate that the same persons would be considerate to men who would represent the sturdiest democracy in its plainest form?

But even if the parties who represented labour in a special sense were willing and able to deal with its relations to capital from the stand-point of public expediency, the parliamentary system which would give a representative specialty to particular persons, and permanently isolate them from such objects, would be mischievous to the legislature, derogatory to the representative, and be fatal to

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political debate among the mass of the community. Even now it rarely happens that the advocate of an annual motion fails of talking himself down. Members of Parliament have learned slowly that such tactics are suicidal, and have generally abandoned the practice. At present there is hardly a person who continues to take charge of an open question. Were a class of representatives formally entrusted with this function in the House of Commons, they would rapidly occupy the same position which the bishops do in the House of Lords, who are in effect debarred from any other action than that of reporting on ecclesiastical subjects, that of answering foolish questions put by such peers as earn their reputation in Exeter Hall, and that of protesting against such legislation as is or seems likely to injure the interests of the beneficed clergy. But from one point of view, the bishops, being life peers, and generally men of comparatively humble origin, and sometimes of considerable capacity, are the only popular part of the Upper House, the only portion of that assembly whose interests are or ought to be emphatically those of the people.

But the greatest evil which such a system would entail would be the transference of political debate from the people to the House of Commons. As it is, the long interval which separates one general election from another, and the hindrance which the enormous expense of contested elections puts on the power of recording suffrages, deaden to some extent the inclination of the represented classes to take an active part in discussing Parliamentary action, even though the habit is become general, among those at least who represent large and independent constituencies, of making an annual address on the course of public events in the Lower House to their constituents in public meeting.

The system of representation is adopted in modern societies, because it is the only practical means by which the general judgment of the community can be heard and registered, by which an unwieldy and unmanageable mass of political opinion can be methodised and expressed. But it is an expedient, a substitute for the public will and the public conscience. To be an effective substitute, it must be regularly instructed. It must listen to and interpret the many voices for which it speaks. Hence, to insure efficiency to a representative system, it must be accompanied by the right of public meeting, by a free press, and by municipal institutions, developed to the fullest possible extent. Parliament would use an uncertain speech, unless it were informed by the active expression of these popular utterances.

But if the representative were instructed to defend one course of policy, one public question, one special interest only, it is plain that the necessity of debate, of political action, of political conflict, would cease to the mass of the community. As it is, the minority is lost unless it exerts itself. It may not return its member, but it may and will strive to do so, will seek to extend its opinion by getting converts, and will probably effect some compromise by vigorous resistance. The whole of party warfare would be carried on in Parliament itself, unless, as under our existing system, contending opinions had to bestir themselves in order to secure a parliamentary status. Nothing can be more dead than the political feeling of a country in which a permanent compact has been entered into for the division of the representatives among the two great parties. But were the schemes suggesting special representation

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adopted, such a dull apathy would characterise all elections, since the only interest felt would be in the choice of a candidate. And if education is, as most persons are agreed, the cultivation of the reflective faculties as contrasted with the development of the memory, or the acquisition of mere skill; and further if the best education which the mass of poorer people get is the interpretation of political and economical practice, the adoption of a system of class representation would cut away the most important aid towards the education of the people, by superseding the necessity of reflection.

This fact will become more plain when we remember that legislation is every year being more and more confined to economical questions. We have not ceased, and we never, it may be hoped, shall cease to take a profound interest in the political conduct of other nations. We shall be unworthy of liberty ourselves, if we do not feel sympathy with the freedom of other political communities, in their moral progress, in their adoption of enlightened and just principles of government. We may be constrained hereafter to do battle in defence of a right which only unthinking persons call abstract, since there cannot be wrong committed without its weakening the bulwarks of civilised society. The time may come when the intercourse of nations will be governed by the principles which recognise that the moral and material progress of any one people is of profound interest, of eminent and enduring advantage to all other communities. But up to the present time, the most obvious proof of this intimate union between all the families of the human race is derived from the demonstrations of economists, whose deductions differ in form only from the inferences of political morality.

From any share in the debate as to how these economical interests may be best harmonised, from any effectual expression of judgment as to how discordant interpretations of reciprocal obligations can be reconciled when the problem is only to find the solution, a solution which may assuredly be discovered, unless we despair of society; 84 out of every 100 adult men are formally excluded. The whole of their life lies within the range of these questions, on the significance of which they are not consulted. The economical world is divided into two parties, who must act together in order that society should be preserved. These are the many who live by wages, and the few who pay wages in order to obtain profit. As yet Parliament is a senate of the latter only; and the former, in so far as they are able, defend themselves by a trade union, vindicate themselves by strikes, will hereafter, unless they are taken into council speedily, avenge themselves by a gigantic exodus.

For there are not wanting signs that with many artisans, especially in the north of England, the machinery of a trades union is being superseded by that of emigration. These men are slowly coming to the conclusion that their best policy is to seek a high labour market, and that the indirect means which have been hitherto adopted, by which they have striven to make labour dear at home, are certainly costly, and of doubtful efficacy. Hence they have adopted a plan by which a portion of the society's income is devoted to the exploration of labour fields, persons selected out of the union by ballot being the agents for reporting on the prospects of labour in the United States and elsewhere. Should the report be favourable, we are assured by those who are thoroughly

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conversant with the movement and profoundly interested in the determination arrived at by the artisans, the best and most enterprising will emigrate *en masse*. The eyes of the whole or great part of these artisans are fixed on the United States. They study the newspapers of the Republic with far greater care than they do those of their native country. They contrast the dignity which labour achieves in the New World, the social advantages, the political freedom, the material progress which are offered them, with the sullen distrust, the unfair criticism, the ill-disguised rancour with which they meet at home. The great mass of the artisans in England are, we may be sure, profoundly disaffected at their political position; feel they have no true home in their native land; and when they seem to be indifferent, are, in reality, organised to secure themselves as best they may, and by the machinery which is at their disposal, the best terms they can from the capitalist, while they are meditating, with increasing attention, the means by which they may find a more hopeful field for their labour, and a kindlier sympathy towards them. But it is still a question whether, when the demand for labour is so urgent as it is now, and the markets of the world are becoming wider and wider yearly, large emigration be not a loss rather than an advantage. It cannot surely be questioned that it is a great evil, when its tendency is either to eliminate the most active and enterprising among the labourers of the country, or even to reduce the aggregate of their numbers far below the demand which the progress of national prosperity makes upon the supply.

If, indeed, the laws which were to be found on our statute book little more than forty years ago could be revived, if combinations among labourers could be declared illegal, if emigration could be forbidden, if we could restore the severity of the old parochial law of settlement, if we could annihilate all the experience of comparative freedom which the artisans have gathered since 1825, and the upper classes could constrain the men whom they so thoroughly distrust; the attitude now taken against the great mass of the English people would be intelligible. But it is out of all prudence to accord them full liberty of action in respect of their labour, to do away with all restraint in their search for employment, and in the adoption of such means as they think essential to securing their share in the distribution of the products of labour, and to persistently deny them the faculty of an effective judgment in the election of that legislature, which is annually more and more concerned with these economical questions, among which the relation of labour and capital are the most dominant and important.

If, however, at no remote period the great mass of English labour is invited to take part in public affairs, is empowered to exercise an influence on elections, and is brought face to face with the social problems whose solution lies at present in the hands of capitalists only, and with only a section of these, the artisan and labourer will find himself with his trade union, in company with a variety of other and similar arrangements, all avowedly or covertly undertaken to protect the supposed interests of particular occupations, He will find law or custom creating and maintaining artificial barriers in favour of social rank and professional employment, and he will not be slow to discern that these regulations are identical in character with those which he has created and

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fostered for his own purposes, when he has found it possible to do so. But he will also, by the very experience which he has been forced to acquire, both from the working of the machinery which he has adopted, and by the relentless criticism to which his action has been subjected, be far more competent to pronounce on the real value of the safeguards which his trades union has afforded to his labour, than his social superiors are. He will begin to estimate at its real significance what is the worth of the phrase which he has constantly in his mouth, or to which he is continually listening, 'the tyranny,' namely, 'of capitalists,' and as he is himself, by the nature of his occupations, interested in the price of that which he produces, he will ask himself whether his money wages are really increased by the rules of his society, and if they are, whether the gain be not after all really nominal, because the price is enhanced to himself; and whether the political society of which he is now an effectual member, and the economical progress of the people, which he is now invited to discuss, are not really imperilled by the restraints of a trades union.

Towards the solution of these and similar questions, all directly bearing on the relations subsisting between the two economical elements of labour and capital, a longer acquaintance with the working of co-operative association will contribute great assistance. The practice of co-operation is the practical harmony of the two co-ordinate, but apparently antagonist interests. With instinctive intelligence, the artisans who have entered into these arrangements have seen the precise difference between profit and wages, identifying the former with the rate of interest, and assigning the latter to the labour of superintendence as well as to the mere process of production. They have thus seen that advances of capital are necessarily made at market rates of uniform amount; that the capitalist is himself, in so far as he superintends his own work, collects his own materials, chaffers with his own customers, a labourer as well as themselves, and that any attempt to take undue advantage of him, is to depress one kind of labour in the supposed interest of another kind. They know that they are, that all labour is, powerless to control the rate of interest, and that if they are able to raise their own wages artificially, they must do so at the expense of the public, of the consumer, that is—of themselves.

The mass of artisans, we may be quite sure, are as well acquainted with the reciprocal relations of labour and capital as any economist is, or can be. They do not mistake their relation to the means by which they are supported, by which their labour is set in motion. They know and discuss the price of that which they contribute to produce, and can disintegrate accurately every one of the constituents which it represents. They are dissatisfied when they conclude that an extraordinary part of the gross price is assigned to the employer, and they hasten to secure by indirect means the advantage which they think they ought to share. But it is probable that they may be in time to come informed, that on the whole, the demand for their labour is the safest criterion of a possible rise in wages, and may interpret the best means for bettering their condition as accurately as they can analyse the share which each contributor to an article in demand secures to himself.

It is possible, indeed, that the introduction of the labouring classes to political power may ultimately induce considerable changes in the social practices of the community. But if such changes take place, the result will not be due to any assault

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made on existing institutions, but to the general acknowledgment that the institutions are themselves untenable or inexpedient. Hereafter, as now, the mass of the community will elect its leaders from those who possess the culture of higher education, the advantages of superior rank, the tact acquired by wider experience; not from any blind admiration of these faculties, but from seeing the dexterity which they bestow on their possessor. They will accord their confidence generously, because they are, on the whole, incomparably more independent than the present possessors of political power. They will form a just estimate of public affairs, partly because they are more immediately concerned in a wise policy and a just government than other classes are, most of all because the object of their life is to apportion its own share in the distribution of wealth to capital and labour, and because they know that both must be equally protected in order to exist and prosper.

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THE MARSTONS.

CHAPTER V.

AVANT, PENDANT, ET APRÈS.

NOT until the answer was despatched, was Olivia told of the invitation.

'I should be much happier spending the evening with you, father. I don't want to go to these people's house a bit. I scarcely know them. Let Rupert escort Aunt Clo, and let me remain at home. I can't bear your being left by yourself.'

'God bless my soul! If a man of seventy-five can't be by himself for two or three hours, he must be a poor creature, or have a very bad conscience, Olivia. I wish you'd get rid of that idea that I always must have some one with me. If you'd only get better coals and candles—that's all I ask. You do keep these rooms so confoundedly dark, it is as much as one can do to find the way to one's mouth.'

'Dear father,' said his daughter, looking at him with loving eyes, and shaking her head sadly, in her consciousness that he could not see her; 'you must find it very dark, I'm sure; and that is why your children who are young and strong don't like to leave you; not that you cannot stand solitude, father, better than any one—not that—oh, no.'

She stooped down, and kissed his forehead; but he only suffered this little approach to sentiment under protest.

'There—there—that will do now. Where's the paper? You didn't finish it, did you? You read the City article, and about the fire at Leeds—awful, to be sure! A terrible calamity! — any other news?'

'Well, here is a paragraph entitled "A Strange Visitor." "The little town of —— was thrown into a state of commotion on Saturday last, by the appearance of a bear at large in the streets. The inhabitants, it may be imagined, fled in all directions, and it was not without considerable difficulty and peril, that the unwelcome stranger was captured. This was effected at last, by some one from a first-floor window, flinging a net over Bruin, and during his efforts to disentangle himself, the chain which he had broken was made once more secure around his neck. It appears that an enterprising hairdresser had made this singular purchase the previous day from a travelling menagerie overstocked with bears, meaning to kill and extract the grease from this inhabitant of the Polar regions. As may be surmised, the inhabitants of ——, taking the law into their own hands, insisted upon the hairdresser's at once fulfilling his intentions, and Bruin was despatched without further loss of time."'

'Horrible! What a predicament—meeting a bear, in a *culde-sac*, we'll say, without a chance of escape! If one clambered up a water-pipe, why the bear would come after one, and of course nobody would open a door or a window to let one in. No one was killed, then?'

'No, apparently not; but here is a garotte robbery, in which the sufferer has been fearfully wounded. "On Tuesday night last, as a gentleman named Hilman was walking down Baker Street, at eleven o'clock, he was met by——"'

'Olivia, my dear!' cries Miss Pringle, entering the room in a fume: 'do come and give me your advice. I am terribly put out. That stupid creature of mine has

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been and mistaken the order I gave her so *distinctly*, and trimmed my——'

'Well?' said Mr. Marston, impatiently, 'go on; what was he met by?'

'My new green satin gown——'

'*What?*' he inquired again, yet more impatiently.

'With black instead of white lace!' screamed Aunt Clo. 'And it's *cut*—that is the worst of it—all round the *neck, and the arms too*—Oh, it's abominable!'

'What the deuce is your aunt talking about? Who is it that is cut round the neck, and the arms, too? I wish people would speak distinctly. The robber couldn't have had time to maim him in that way, in the street.'

Olivia laughed heartily.

'It's my aunt's dress she is talking of.'

'Oh, confound her dress,' he muttered to himself.

'Isn't it provoking?' continued Miss Pringle, too much absorbed in her woe to think of joking. 'And I had made up my mind to wear it at the Pomfrets; and now the black is spoilt, for what I wanted it.'

'It will look very nice where it is,—on the green,' observed Olivia.

'Not at all. I look a perfect *fright* in green, without white to relieve it. I'll make her unpick it, every stitch. Servants are the plague of one's life, that's the truth, Olivia. They're always stupid — always making mistakes. Do come up to my room, my dear, and give me your advice.'

'I will come presently, when I have done reading the paper, Aunt Clo.'

Then, as Mr. Marston heard the door close behind his irritated sister-in-law, he murmured—

'Foolish woman! I say, Olivia, when you go to balls and dinners, don't let them turn your head, girl, and stuff it full of finery and nonsense. Else, may be, you had better have stayed at home.'

The Wednesday came: and witnessed that event which, by the force of a strong will, Miss Pringle had brought about. Olivia Marston was present, for the first time in her life, at an English dinner-party. And, contrary to her own expectations, she was amused. Her right-hand neighbour, Mr. Lionel Pomfret (who had taken her in, by Mrs. Pomfret's dexterous arrangement), did not, indeed, address a single syllable to her, during dinner; and as Olivia was not accustomed to try and *make* conversation to young men, she resigned herself, without any compunction, to the pleasant neighbour who sat on her other side. The heir of the house of Pomfret was small, and sickly-looking, with neat, mean features, an unwholesome colour, and a glass in his eye. His very thin hair was gummed tight to his head, and his diminutive moustaches gummed straight on end, away from his face. He wore a very elaborate shirt, with large pearl studs; and in the society of ladies, at least,—as may have been inferred from his mother's and sisters' conversation—he had not a word to say. It was reported by his friends that there were certain exceptions to this rule; but if so, the exceptions did not fall in that circle of society which Mrs. Pomfret cultivated; and this was perhaps quite as well. Olivia's left-hand neighbour was Julian Westbrook. Mrs. Pomfret viewed the arrangement by which her nephew got next Miss Marston with vexation, and now that she saw Olivia's attention monopolised, it went far to spoil the pleasure of the evening for the good lady. She began to regret that she had asked Julian to come. But then he was such an addition, on these occasions, that it was felt to be dull when he did not come; and his aunt could never withstand the pleasure of securing her hand-

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some, fashionable nephew, who had more invitations than he could possibly accept, and who indulged his aunt's weakness, by retailing the gossip of circles beyond her reach. He was far too knowing to try and entertain Olivia with such. He talked, as well informed men of the world do, upon a variety of topics, with equal facility. He had considerable taste for painting and music (of the modern schools—he honestly confessed that he hated all that was 'classical,' in either art); he had travelled a good deal; he had at least dabbled in all sorts of books, and finally, he possessed that aptness in conveying to others a vivid impression of what he had heard, seen, and read, which is essential to pleasantness. If the greater part of those ladies, however, who had sat beside Julian at dinners that season, had listened to his conversation with Olivia, they would have been surprised. He was a many-sided man.

The annoyance Mrs. Pomfret naturally felt at seeing her son so completely eclipsed where she wished him to shine, was counterbalanced, in some measure, by watching how very nicely Kate and Rupert Marston were getting on, upon the opposite side. Before the second course was off the table, the fond mother had arranged it all in her own mind; and was calculating what it was likely that Mr. Marston would allow his son. Sir James Yellowly, the East India Director, who sat beside her, found that his remarks fell upon inattentive ears, but being a good-natured man, and knowing that Lady Yellowly herself was always sadly preoccupied during the solemn banquets which they periodically gave in Harley Street, he bore no resentment; but devoted himself chiefly to Miss Pringle, who, indeed, as we know, required no encouragement to talk with enough volubility for two.

There was another point upon which Mrs. Pomfret's mind was not quite at rest during dinner. Indeed when she turned her eyes in the direction of a rigid elderly young lady who sat at the further end of the table, on Mr. Pomfret's left hand, the thoughts of the hostess became harrowed by the cruel suspicion that she had committed a breach of etiquette. On Mr. Pomfret's right, sat a plain middle-aged lady, whose husband, Captain Bagshott, was a distinguished sailor. He it was who had handed the rigid elderly young lady to dinner; and apparently he did not find his position beside her quite agreeable. Mrs. Pomfret's arrangements had been all thrown out, owing to Lady Yellowly's suddenly having the influenza. At the last moment, little Mary — only sixteen — was dressed, and sent down, to fill the vacant seat at table.

'My dear Miss Pringle,' said Mrs. Pomfret, immediately the ladies had retired, while she drew her guest at the same time to a distant corner of the room, '*do* tell me whether I was wrong in sending Mrs. Bagshott out first, before Miss Turkaine? Ought Miss Turkaine to have precedence, as a baronet's daughter? Captain Bagshott, you know, is C.B., and I always imagined that the wives of Companions of the Bath, you know, went out before baronet's daughters, but I *may* be mistaken—and I should be so distressed to have done what looks so ignorant and stupid. Miss Turkaine stands very much upon her precedence, and I observed that she didn't look at all pleased during dinner.'

Miss Pringle racked her brain to recall some analogous case, and how the delicate question had then been decided. She remembered upon one occasion, at Cheltenham, seeing Mrs. Carbuncle taken out before Miss Catherine Weal, who, as everybody knew, was a baronet's

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daughter; but then Mrs. Carbuncle was niece, by marriage, to the late Earl of Mountgarnet,—which might make a difference. Upon the whole, the case appeared involved in such doubt, and there was so much to be said on both sides, that it was a great relief to Mrs. Pomfret's mind when, upon reference to a Peerage, at Miss Pringle's suggestion, the table of precedency gave it triumphantly in her favour.

When the men came upstairs, Miss Marston was asked to sing or play, and upon her declining, on the score that her musical capacity was small, and only fit for home consumption, Kate sat down to accompany her cousin Julian, whose playing on the French horn was renowned, it appeared. With that happy, careless manner of his, he rose from Miss Marston's side on the sofa, and induced his long legs to carry him in the direction of the piano, where Kate had been sitting ready for some minutes. Then, out of a rose-wood casket, he drew a beautifully finished silver horn. Now, about this instrument there are differences of taste; some persons are dead to the charm of trumpets: but few women, at least, are dead to the charm of a good-looking man exhaling his very soul, apparently, in long-drawn cadences, with grace and gentleman-like propriety. 'Mr. Westbrook's playing is so soft!'—'So much feeling!' Those were the phrases one heard passed round the room, from all the pretty lips present. It was hard if so handsome a man, playing with such expression, should not be allowed a few false notes. And, to say the truth, he did not deny himself this luxury, occasionally.

While Julian is playing 'Ange si pur' with impassioned pathos, and eyebrows that rise and fall in sympathy with the emotions of each bar, Rupert has sat down by the little quiet school-girl, who is wondering if any one will ever speak to her,' in her far-off corner of the room. He has found her out, however. Perhaps he wants to talk to her of her sister, who is engaged at the piano? Mrs. Pomfret makes up her mind that this must be the case. She fails to elicit much corroboration of this view, however, when she questions little Mary that night, in her room. The girl thinks it was so kind of Mr. Marston to come and sit by her when she was all alone; and he is so nice, and so handsome, and he talked *so* pleasantly! But it does not appear that sister Kate's name was mentioned between the two.

The little school-girl will think of that evening for a long time. The young man will go away, and forget all about it. The moral of which is that little school-girls had better not be brought down, to fill up empty places at dinner.

Lionel, the whole of this evening, was a despair to Mrs. Pomfret. Now was the opportunity, when Olivia was sitting on the sofa, with a place unoccupied beside her, and Julian was busy with his French horn, for Lionel to redeem his character. Finding that no telegraphic signals produced any effect upon her son, his mother took the extreme measure of crossing the room to implore him to 'go and be civil' to Miss Marston.

'I can't, ma. She aint one of my sort. She regularly sews me up.'

'"Sews you up!" Nonsense, Lionel. Don't talk in that absurd way—and do have a little more self-confidence, my dear boy. She's a most charming girl, and I'm sure not the least shy. Just look how Julian and she have been talking. Do go and say *something*?'

'I haven't got Julian's cheek, ma. He's so deuced cheeky, he *is*. And then he has always lots of chaff ready. I haven't any. I like a jolly woman, that'll help a fellow on, a bit—not such a swell as that

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gal is. It's no use, ma—I can't go and talk—I don't know what to say.'

With a heavy sigh the maternal Macchiavelli heaved herself away towards Olivia's sofa. She must trust to time and accident, she saw. Yet a judicious word might not be out of place.

'My dear boy,' she whispered, sinking into the cushions at Olivia's side, 'is so very diffident—does himself so little justice. No one knows the stores of his mind—the refinement of his nature—for he never shows himself as he really is, Miss Marston. And then he is so afraid of not pleasing, of being thought forward and so on, that when he admires any one very much, he is always more silent than ever—remains at a distance, and shows to the worst advantage. It is such a pity, isn't it?'

'Ah! a great pity.'

Olivia was listening to 'Ange si pur,' and thinking of the last time she heard it, at Lisbon, in the 'Favorite.' She scarcely heard a word of the sibilation Mrs. Pomfret was pouring into her ear.

'Some people have the capacity of making the most of their gifts—like Julian,' continued his aunt; 'and those people of course *get on* in a way that poor Lionel, I fear, never will. It is wonderful how Julian has got on! But then *he* has no diffidence to stand in his way—such an advantage. Plays charmingly, doesn't he? so soft. Some women, however, do not *like* quite so much *à plomb*—they prefer a little *more* diffidence in a man—and indeed there is no doubt that the most valuable qualities are not those which show themselves on the surface, however attractive it may make people in society.'

But now 'Ange si pur' had come to an end; the last spasm of the eyebrows had subsided; the silver horn dropped amidst a murmur of applause, and Mrs. Pomfret called out,

'That is quite beautiful, my dear Julian, but you mustn't leave off. They've just begun another rubber of whist. Do pray give us something else. What is that beautiful thing we heard the other night at the concert—sung by that pretty woman—don't you remember?'

'"Robert, toi qui j'aime," mamma,' said Kate. 'Have you got it arranged, Julian?'

'No,' he answered shortly; 'I haven't.'

'I wish you'd get it, Julian,' said his aunt, 'I never heard anything more thrilling than it was, as that Mrs. ——, what was her name? sang it, with such intense passion. You *must* remember, Julian, for you were quite excited while she was singing. A very pretty woman, and such a voice. I have it ringing in my ears, now.'

'It requires a woman's voice to give that song effect,' said the horn-player, indifferently. 'Here, Kate, let us try the "Trovatore."'

'By all means. Elliston was the woman's name, mamma. She is a beginner, I suppose, for I have never seen her name anywhere else. You promised, next time we saw it down for a concert, that you would go.'

'Come, Kate, let us begin,' said her cousin impatiently.

As the party from the Cedars were driving home that evening, Miss Pringle was loud in praise of the delightful evening they had passed.

'Nothing could be more agreeable than Sir James Yellowly during dinner—so chatty. And our rubber really quite reminded me of Harrowgate; so very pleasant. Mr. Pomfret is a perfect gentleman, and a very steady nice player, and he complimented me upon my play. We won two rubbers, Olivia. As to that Captain Bagshott, he may be a very gallant officer, but I'm very glad he wasn't my partner, that's all. He revoked twice. I hope

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you amused yourself, my dear. I pitied you going in with that horrid, *vulgar* eldest son—the only one of the family that is objectionable, eh?' (The fact is, she had overheard Lionel ask his mother 'who that little old party in a yellow wig is?' Miss Pringle never could forget this. But for this, she would have warmly encouraged Mrs. Pomfret's maternal scheme, no doubt; as it was, she never could endure his name henceforward.) 'However,' she continued, 'you were not *dependent* on him, I was glad to see. The big man seemed to make himself pleasant, didn't he? But do you like all that trumpeting in a room? I'm not very musical, you know, so I'm no judge. I remember a man once playing a horn or something under my window, and though of course it was gratifying, I thought it a horrid bore; and really in a room, I think it reminds one of being in a stage-coach.'

'Mr. Westbrook plays with a great deal of expression,' said Olivia; 'I liked it so much. It's a pity that he isn't always quite in tune, perhaps.'

'*Always?*' said Rupert, laughing. 'My dear Olivia, "the wind bloweth where it listeth" in that man's horn. I don't fancy his look at all, and I think his playing quite as great an infliction as Aunt Clo does.'

'I'm not so fastidious as you are about music, fortunately. I believe I can get pleasure out of what isn't first-rate.'

'Then the fellow's such a prig. I hate his looks.'

'You know nothing *but* his looks, do you? You didn't talk to him. If you had, you'd have found him very pleasant, and not at all conceited.'

'That's what women always think when a man takes the trouble of being agreeable to them. I never saw a fellow give himself greater airs. Did you notice his manner to his aunt and cousins? Such a cool hand.'

'I don't know about that. I didn't shake hands with him,' laughed his sister. 'I only know that if you'd had Mr. Lionel Pomfret sitting on one side of you at dinner, you'd have been glad to find any one as agreeable as Mr. Westbrook on the other.'

'Young Pomfret doesn't look as if he'd set the Thames on fire—but his sisters are niceish girls—the youngest is a pretty little thing. I like the family altogether better than I expected.'

Aunt Clo was dozing audibly in a corner of the carriage, or she would not have allowed such tame praise to pass unchallenged.

CHAPTER VI.

ANXIETIES.

Rupert Marston's anxieties had been allayed upon the subject of Lozados, or, it may be supposed, he would hardly have entered so readily into the humours of the Pomfret entertainment. But his father's old friends, De Castro and Montalba, as well as other Portuguese whom he had consulted, laughed to scorn the idea of the great Lisbon house being in a critical condition. They assured him—and had they not been in business all their lives?—that such reports were not unfrequently set afloat, to serve some particular end. They knew there were 'bears' in this case, who were trying to depreciate the market of Portuguese stock. Lozados was no mercantile gambler—no successful man of yesterday, whom a chance might ruin, as a chance had made. His credit was consolidated by half a century of steadfast respectability, by the uprightness of his dealings, the shrewdness of his intellect, and, above all, by his abstinence from all speculation. Rupert was only

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too glad to believe that the warnings of Mr. Claxton and other English friends had no other foundation than the wise general principle, that an excessive rate of interest paid upon capital indicates a corresponding amount of insecurity. As he could not bring his father to admit this, he wisely put the subject away from his mind as much as possible.

The intimacy between the Pomfrets and Mr. Marston's family ripened in a way that was not foreseen or sought, and could scarcely be accounted for, by Olivia and her brother. The strong will of the mother on the one side, who lost no opportunity of cultivating this intimacy, and the readiness of the aunt to embrace such, on the other, were the two motive powers that brought about this result. Upon some pretext or other no three days elapsed without an interchange of notes, a visit, a walk together, a party made up to some exhibition in London, an evening spent at the Park, or one of the few favoured houses in the neighbourhood which Mrs. Pomfret patronised. It followed that Olivia saw very much more than Rupert of their new friends. Except in the case of their evening meetings, which with all Mrs. Pomfret's best endeavours could only be occasional, the young man of business was of course absent. The flame which the anxious mother flattered herself was lit that first evening did not burn as vigorously as could be wished; yet, Heaven knows, it was not for want of fanning. Rupert accepted their invitations, and went with them to the opera. He talked and laughed with Kate, as in duty bound; indeed, he thought her a very nice girl; but he went no further. He was not the least bit in love, though poor Mrs. Pomfret still tried hard to persuade herself that this was the case. Unfortunately there was another heart concerned in the matter, which anxious mammas in like circumstances are apt to forget. Kate was not yet a *blasée* young lady; she had been out a couple of years, but had seen few men in any degree of intimacy. This young and good-looking man, she was now, for three or four months, seeing very often. It was small wonder that though Rupert's attitude remained unchanged, the girl was gradually falling in love, or fancying herself so, which, for the time being, at all events, came to the same thing. Foolish Mrs. Pomfret!

Towards Olivia, therefore, from different motives, the feelings of both mother and daughter were drawn. They neither of them relaxed their efforts to win her friendship; and to such a measure of that sentiment as springs from gratitude for kindness they attained. She felt, indeed, a lively desire to respond to their warm demonstrations of affection. The circle of her friends had hitherto been so limited, especially among women, that she could not remain untouched by the efforts of mother and daughter to break through the cold ground of acquaintance, and draw closer to her. Most people with any power of attraction about them have known what it was to meet with some enthusiastic admirer, who by the sheer strength with which he fastens and holds on to their friendship, leaves them without the power to shake him away. This was pretty much the case with Olivia and her new friends. Kate was very commonplace, but she was a blind worshipper of Olivia's, partly, no doubt, in consequence of Rupert. Mrs. Pomfret's was even a more genuine admiration. Quite apart from the insane idea which possessed her, of forcing a wife upon her son, and the many advantages which Miss Marston united for the part of daughter-in-law, the elder lady had that perception of Olivia's character, which a lower nature, coming in contact

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with a higher one, occasionally obtains. There was no one point of resemblance between them; but this, though it might render sympathy difficult on Olivia's part, was certainly an additional attraction in Mrs. Pomfret's eyes. She was so far removed from a dull woman that she knew her own shortcomings, and could appreciate qualities to which she was unaccustomed. Olivia's simplicity and unworldliness, her unselfishness, and the absence in her of all pretension, all effort to attract admiration, were great charms in Mrs. Pomfret's eyes.

'That girl will be the making of Lionel,' said the worthy mother one night to her husband. 'She is a true lady, Pomfret; that is what Olivia Marston is, and what Lionel *wants*, to draw him out properly. Mark my words, he will be a different man when they've been married a year.'

'But, my dear, it seems to me—eh?—that he doesn't fancy the girl. He doesn't speak half a dozen words to her when she is here, and I don't think he ever calls there. You know best, my dear, I dare say; but it does seem to me that there is no chance of this coming to pass, at present, a bit more than there was of his marrying Miss Wilde last year, or Miss——'

'Oh, Pomfret, don't revert to that, please. I'm quite ashamed of myself when I think of my having wanted him to marry that girl. It was all my horrid worldliness; there was nothing but her connection to recommend her. This is a *very* different case. The man who gets Olivia Marston, I don't care who he is, if he's a duke's *eldest son*, Pomfret, he is a lucky man. And I don't despair. She is getting accustomed to us now, and, there's nothing like a girl getting to know a man's family will. She knows what she has got to look to. I confess it will require management, Pomfret—a good deal of management, but *that*, you know, I'm accustomed to. And for my dear boy, I do feel it *is* a prize worth trying for.'

'If I were to offer an opinion,' said Mr. Pomfret, hesitatingly, and, as usual, with great deference to his better half, 'it would be that Lionel has no chance—even if he were to try, which he doesn't—as long as Julian is always here. You shouldn't ask him quite so often, if you want to get Lionel to talk to the girl, my dear. It's no business of mine, of course; I merely offer an opinion. But it seems to me that Miss Marston finds Julian a very agreeable fellow, as, indeed, he is; but it isn't your boy's game, that's all.'

'Well, Pomfret, Julian is *your* nephew, remember, and has been brought up like one of ourselves here. He has always come down whenever he likes, and I don't see how I can stop his visits suddenly. Besides, my dear, with all his faults (and I know he is horridly selfish and a *mauvais soojet*), Julian is immensely useful, and I shouldn't like to throw him over quite. But I told Olivia Marston at the very first, and I have repeated it constantly since, that Julian isn't a marrying man. I told her about that affair two years ago, and how many other scrapes he had been in altogether; in short, I thought it right to *open her eyes* about him. Olivia is a *very* superior girl. I'm not afraid of her falling in love with him. She likes him very well to talk to, and that is all, depend on it.'

'Oh, my dear, I dare say you're right,' said Mr. Pomfret, as he turned round and fell asleep.

This, then, was the state of things at the end of three months from the day Miss Marston first dined at Caverton Park. How far Mrs. Pomfret was justified in the interpretation we have just heard her

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give of the young lady's feelings towards Julian Westbrook will be seen presently.

Rupert found himself in the same railway-carriage with Lionel and two of his choice companions, one evening, on his way from town. The young men were discussing Julian, by no means a favourite with any of them, when Rupert entered the carriage.

'Such a chap for women! always in a mess with one or other. He went on like anything last year with a gal at Brighton, and then walked off as cool. D'you remember, too, that little actress he was so sweet on, two years ago? By Jove! that was near being a pretty kettle of fish. He was awfully spoony.'

'But she was married!'

'That was what saved him, man! Why, bless you, you didn't think Julian was over particular about the seventh commandment, did you? Bill says that he was very near having to fight a duel at Baden last year about a Rooshian princess. *I* can't think what the women see about him, for my part, only he's such a lot of brass.'

That was pretty much Rupert's unexpressed opinion, too. His bile rose whenever he found himself in this man's company. He could be lenient—knowing his own weakness, how could he be otherwise?—to the follies of passion; but to the systematic vice and heartless trifling begotten of vanity alone, he was utterly pitiless.

It is a June morning. At the Cedars breakfast is just over, and Olivia comes out upon the terrace looking as fresh in her muslin dress as the rose she stoops to gather. Then she looks out to the river between the black arms of the cedars, and now to the pea-green fields beyond, where the buttercups shine like specks of gold in the glittering sunlight, and nature stares out as hard and vividly brilliant as the crudest Pre-Raphaelite picture.

Suddenly, between those fields and her, the sharp prow of a boat is seen parting the swift-flowing waters of the river. Then the single figure in this 'out-rigger' becomes visible, plying a long, slow, vigorous stroke, that sends the foam-flakes flying from his oar. And then, by a neatly executed manœuvre, the boat, obeying the hand of its master, runs into a little creek at the foot of the Cedars garden. Olivia has recognised the boat and its occupant. He has more than once paid visits thus, whereby the village and neighbourhood have lost the opportunity of discussing *why* Mr. Westbrook's horse should be seen so often turning in at the gate of the Cedars. Never before, however has he called so early. Olivia wonders what has brought him at this hour, and remembers, with some annoyance, that Rupert, whose prejudice against Westbrook is still great, has been detained an hour later than usual, and is still in the house. The tall, strong figure of the rower, a loose jacket thrown over his striped jersey, his face and hands tanned already many degrees browner than when we saw him in the spring, comes with its long indolent gait swinging up across the lawn towards the terrace where Olivia stands. She does not call her aunt or retire, as most properly bred young ladies would think it necessary to do. She simply sits down.

'I am an early visitor, Miss Marston; excuse me. I am rowing part of the way up to Windsor, and stopped to ask you a question on the way. The Guards have a ball there next week. Will you go, if I get you and your aunt an invitation? I am sure I can manage it, and I think you would be amused. Do say "Yes."'

Olivia shook her head and smiled.

"Such dissipations are quite out of my line. Do you know, I have never been to a ball.'

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'So much the better. Make a beginning now, then.'

'The quiet old house wouldn't know what to make of it if I were to be away all night. No, you mustn't tempt me.'

'But why not? Surely you don't want to lead this monastic life for ever? Your father can't object, I'm sure.'

'Bless me, Mr. Westbrook!' exclaimed Aunt Clo, suddenly coming out from the drawing-room, with her knitting in her hand, 'who'd have thought of seeing you? Well, this *is* an unexpected pleasure! I heard voices, and thought I'd just see who it was. Dear me! what a heat you're in. Have you asked Mr. Westbrook if he would take anything, Olivia?'

'Nothing,' said Julian quickly, before Olivia could reply; 'I only came to offer you and Miss Marston tickets for the Guards' ball at Windsor next week. Several of them are great friends of mine, and I know I could get tickets; but your niece declines.'

'*Declines*!' cried Miss Pringle. 'Gracious goodness, Olivia, why on earth should you decline Mr. Westbrook's very civil offer? I'm sure, when I was a girl, I should have jumped at it; and, indeed, though I no longer dance (I have given it up for the last year or two, though people told me there was no *necessity* for it), still, I confess, I should enjoy going to the ball vastly.'

'Well, dear aunt, you can go,' said Olivia, with a sly smile at the corners of her mouth, as she glanced towards Julian. 'There is nothing to prevent you, that I know of, if Mr. Westbrook procures you the invitation. By the bye,' she added, 'of course I need not ask if the Pomfrets are going. Kate enjoys a ball so much.'

'Well,' said Westbrook, colouring slightly, 'at present I haven't asked for invitations for them; but if you go, I'll try and manage to get tickets for my aunt and Kate. As to Lionel, of course it is out of the question.'

'Mr. Westbrook, you ought to get your aunt and cousin tickets *before* any one else. As to myself ——'

'Don't be absurd!' struck in Aunt Clo. 'I shall tell your papa, Olivia, and then you will be *made* to accept, as you were about the opera, which I am sure we enjoyed vastly, Mr. Westbrook, thanks to you. Why, when your papa is in bed and asleep, child, what is there to prevent your being at a ball?'

Olivia hesitated a moment.

'I don't know what Rupert may think about it; I could not accept without consulting him. Will there be an invitation for my brother also, Mr. Westbrook?'

'I am almost afraid not. I will manage it if I can; but men's invitations are more difficult to get, as you can understand.'

'At all events,' she said, in her quick, decisive way, 'I am quite resolved upon one point. I cannot think of accepting this invitation at your hands until the Pomfrets have been invited first. I will speak to Rupert in the meantime.'

Westbrook did not relish this ultimatum, and Aunt Clo tried to overrule it, but Olivia was firm. Promising to call the following day, the young man shook hands with both ladies, and trailed lazily back across the lawn, towards his boat. The next moment Rupert came out upon the terrace. Aunt Clo began with volubility to explain the object of Westbrook's early visit. But the brother, drawing his sister's hand within his arm, walked slowly away down the terrace walk, without replying to Aunt Clo's eager demand for his approval of the ball project.

'I don't like that fellow's coming here so much, Olivia.'

'You hear what it was brought him now?—to offer to get us tickets for the Guards' ball at Windsor.'

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'You did not accept, I hope?' he said sharply.

'Well, no; I said I would speak to you. My father, I know, will urge my going, if Aunt Clo speaks *to him* about it. Of course I shouldn't go unless you had an invitation, and would go too.'

'Then you may be very sure I shall not do that, on any invitation of Westbrook's.'

'Why not?' asked Olivia, colouring.

'Why not! Because I hate the fellow. I haven't the least objection to the ball itself. If you can get an invitation by any other means, you shall go; but I have every objection to your owing your invitation to that fellow—to your being seen much with him—to your putting yourself under any sort of obligation to him. I think it would be a disadvantage to you, Olivia, for it to be said that he was paying you attention. He has done so to heaps of other girls, and I don't choose you to be cast in with the lot of those he has flirted and amused himself with, and forgotten—though even *that* I should think a less misfortune, almost, than your marrying him, if there was the least chance of such a thing.'

'There is no such chance,' said Olivia, impatiently; 'but why are you so prejudiced? It is unworthy of you, Rupert.'

'Because, I tell you, I have a bad opinion of him.'

'But *why*? You go on repeating those vague rumours—do you absolutely *know* the truth of any of them? I hate stabbing in the dark.'

'His reputation is well known. Besides, any one with any knowledge of the world can see what sort of man he is.'

'*I* have *no* knowledge of the world. Of course I can see that he has had much to spoil him, but I think there is a great deal of good in him, nevertheless. He seems so susceptible to good influence. I fancy he has never known what it was to be really attached to any one yet.'

'And therefore you think there are excuses to be made for him? If you judged quite dispassionately, Olivia, you would not think so. The man will never be really attached to any woman—it isn't in him. He's vain and selfish, and he has made many a woman miserable by his good looks and his plausible smooth tongue. I have made it my business to inquire about him, and I have learnt quite enough to justify the antipathy I felt towards him from the very first. I know the sort of man so well!' he added vehemently, digging the end of his stick, as he spoke, into the lawn on which they were walking.

'His aunt spares no pains to let one know her nephew's shortcomings, but as she always contrasts them with her son's perfections, I don't pay much attention to her. Mrs. Pomfret is a very good woman, and I am sensible of all her kindness to me—but upon some subjects she is quite demented.'

Olivia said this, because she was confident that it was from Mrs. Pomfret that Rupert had heard so much to Westbrook's disadvantage; and because she felt resentful of this particular mode of pushing her son's interest, which the good lady was disposed to employ.

'I don't listen to women's gossip,' replied Marston disdainfully. 'A man's character is generally judged pretty fairly by his fellow men. Westbrook has few staunch *friends*—he has plenty of intimate acquaintances. He is looked upon as very good company—light in hand, agreeable, a thorough man of the world. No human being would ever think of sending for him in sickness, or applying to him in any strait whatever; and though I have met with many men who said they "liked" him, I have never met one

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who deluded himself into the belief that if he were to die to-morrow, Westbrook would care one straw.'

'I think you are wrong, Rupert,—I think you are quite wrong as to his having no feeling,' returned his sister, warmly. 'From all I have ever heard him say——'

'Ay—that's it. He *talks* sentiment beautifully, doesn't he? Give me a man's actions to judge him by. This fellow, Olivia, is quite unworthy of you. Take care what you are about. Take care before it is too late—and you make yourself, and my father and me miserable.' She checked the words which rose to her lips, and was silent for a moment or two. Then she raised her face to his, and kissed him. 'Your anxiety about me makes you exaggerate everything, dear boy. There is no danger of this coming to pass. I'm not vain enough to fancy, because Mr. Westbrook has paid me a little attention, that I am the one favoured woman who has at last secured the affections of this very volatile gentleman. Your fears are quite premature.'

'That may be—I hope it is so—but that doesn't alter the case. You like him—you don't deny it. You won't believe a word against him. Who shall say that while this fellow "means nothing," as the phrase goes,—while he thinks it fine fun to be amusing himself with a girl who knows nothing of the world, you may gradually fall in love—and——'

'I should have thought you knew me better than to have any fear of that sort,' said Olivia.

'Well, supposing for argument's sake, that he really loves you, and asks you to be his wife, are you prepared to refuse him?'

'Certainly I am—at present' (the words were more assured than the manner). 'I don't know enough of him. I like him, that's all—You know, too, that, as long as my father lives, I shall never leave him. It is a charge our beloved mother gave me when she died—and Mr. Westbrook is not likely to take a wife under such circumstances. Fancy such a gay man leading what we calls our "monastic life!"' She smiled. 'You see I have no delusions about him, only I think you are unjust—very unjust, I am sure he is *not* heartless as you say.'

'Will you promise me to be guided by me, Olivia, in this matter? I am so little at home, and Aunt Clo is such a goose, that it must be left to your own good sense to follow or not to follow my advice. Discourage this fellow's visits here. Have as little to say to him as possible. I tell you fairly that he and I never will be, never can be friends. I can't prevent your seeing him, if you choose, but I enter my most decided protest against it—and against your accepting invitations, or anything else at his hands.'

Olivia saw her father in the distance, approaching them. She hastened, with a voice that shook a little, to put an end to this discussion.

'You mustn't talk like that, Rupert. Whom have I to look to but you? Of course, if his coming is to bring trouble between us two, why—he mustn't come any more, I suppose.'

Mr. Marston, leaning upon the arm of his old servant, at this moment came up.

'Who's this? You, Olivia, eh? And Rupert?—not gone to town yet—how come you to be so late? There—that'll do—don't shake my hand off, boy. Oh, I'm pretty well—as well as a man can be in such weather. Upon my soul it's as black as ink to-day! and we are in the middle of June. You haven't written my journal yet, Olivia. No one is going to town in such weather, of course, eh?'

'No, father,—no one but Rupert

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—unless Aunt Clo has a fly in the afternoon.'

'Oh, she can have a *fly*—that doesn't take out out my horses. I can't have the carriage out in such fogs—have the panels smashed to *bits*. By the bye, I met your aunt coming out—what's this she was talking about—a ball, or something, eh? You must go, child. You mustn't stay away on my account, remember, or I shall be very angry—not but what balls are poor amusements, I think—a parcel of foolish boys and girls jumping about, but if it amuses you——'

'No, dear father, I have decided not to go.' And Olivia glanced up at her brother. 'I assure you my decision has nothing to do with you, but under the circumstances I know I should not enjoy the ball.'

Mr. Marston did not further press the point, and the subject dropped. A minute after, Rupert kissed his sister, as they reached the steps of the terrace, and hurried through the house on his way to town.

An hour or two later, when the day's *Times* had been read, and the journal written, Olivia came out once more upon the terrace steps, with a blotting case in her hand, and drawing a chair towards her little table, she sat for some minutes with her elbows on her knees, turning over in her mind how she could best express that which she had to say. A soft summer breeze from the river wafted up to her the sweet breath of honeysuckle, and jasmine, and clove pinks that grew under the wall. From their dove-cote, in the big elm, whose leaves were flickering in the light wind and sunshine, her doves were cooing their low monotonous measure, so full of pleasantness and peace. Olivia laid her pen down, and let herself drift upon a stream of thought.

What was her real feeling towards Julian Westbrook? How far had her liking for his society carried her? In spite of what she had said to her brother, she was not quite sure herself upon these points. Sometimes she almost thought—she half feared—that she was a little in love. Her imagination was dazzled—her heart *bewildered* by the devotion of the first very attractive man it had fallen into her lot to meet. Her powers of comparison, be it remembered, were reduced to the narrowest compass by the singularly isolated life she had led. She could not gauge him by other men; she only knew that he was infinitely the pleasantest person she had ever seen much of. With all her love for Rupert, Olivia was aware that he was often prejudiced. He loathed 'a fine gentleman;' and Westbrook's cool, free and easy manners had predisposed Rupert to believe the evil he had heard of him. This Olivia felt: and demurred in consequence, at accepting, as true, all her brother said to Julian's disadvantage. Yet he had spoken positively; and he knew life, which she did not.

But on one point she had no hesitation. She remained firm in her resolution to discourage Westbrook's further advances. Indeed, circumstanced as she was, she had scarcely a choice in the matter, it seemed to her. Her love for her brother was, after her devotion to her father, the next strongest passion in her heart. This she never doubted. Whatever her feeling towards Westbrook might ripen into, if fostered, it had not yet mastered those early affections, which had grown with her growth, and had been all in all to her, hitherto. Since Rupert was so dead set against him, Westbrook's intimacy with her should cease. For the present, at all events, she must see as little of him as possible. For Westbrook's sake, this was but right; and it was wise for her own. Who could tell but that, by and

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by, Rupert might change or modify his opinion of this man's falsity and wickedness? And *then*, why, if so perhaps——

What she at last wrote ran thus:

Dear Mr. Westbrook,—In order to save time, as well as to prevent your having the trouble of calling here to-morrow, I write to say that I find it is not in my power to accept the invitation you were kind enough to offer to procure for me, so you must think no more about it. Do not think me impertinent, however, if I express a hope that you will exert the same interest to secure your aunt and cousin invitations that you kindly proposed using for me. They would justly feel hurt otherwise.—I remain, dear Mr. Westbrook, very truly yours,

OLIVIA MARSTON.

In spite of this, Julian Westbrook called at the Cedars next day. He was not admitted. The following morning Olivia received these lines:

Dear Miss Marston,—I am sorry your brother should have prevented your accepting the invitation which it would have given me great pleasure to have procured for you. As your absence will rob the ball of its only attraction to *me*, I shall not go. You will understand, therefore, that it would be impossible for me to ask for invitations for my relations when I shall not be there to present them, in person. Trusting that I may be fortunate enough to find you at home some day this week, believe me to be very sincerely yours,

JULIAN WESTBROOK.

Had Rupert seen this note, he would not have failed to detect one thing which, not unnaturally, escaped Olivia. The thing to be detected, and which all Julian's astuteness would not have hidden from Rupert, was this: that, whereas Westbrook would have liked the *éclat* of introducing a handsome distinguished-looking girl to his fine Guardsmen friends, he shrank from being seen with a rather vulgar-looking aunt, and very ordinary first cousin.

But, for all that, Rupert was wrong in his estimate of Julian's character: wrong, at least, in one respect. He was capable of a strong, if selfish, passion: and Olivia Marston had aroused this, in a measure which surprised the *blasé* man of the world himself.

CHAPTER VII.

A PROPOSAL.

There had been a heavy thunderstorm, with wind, in the morning; followed by torrents of rain. About two, it cleared off, and blue sky showed; but great pools of water lay in the gravel walks, and the hopping of the birds (who were now singing loudly again), from branch to branch, shook down a shower of large drops, every moment.

The garden was in this condition, when Olivia came out, with her basket on her arm, and her gown tucked up, to see what damage the storm had done to her flowers. She stood tying up a rose-tree, which the wind had broken away from the trellis, round the front-door porch; getting, for her benefit, a rain of little pearls upon her upturned face, from the large shining leaves: and, while thus engaged, she heard the shrubbery gate opened, and the sound of a horse's hoofs upon the wet gravel behind her. She did not turn round, though she knew at once who it was: but it was too late to retreat. By the time she had finished tying up the rose, Westbrook was close to her.

'I am fortunate to have found you, at last,' he said. 'I have called twice lately, and almost began to think you never meant to admit me again. However, this wet day, I

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thought you could hardly get farther than your garden.'

'Did you start in the rain?' she said; 'I am afraid you must have got wet.'

Her manner had something of its old shyness: for she felt uncomfortable: it seemed so inhuman not to ask him in, to have at least a glass of wine, after his wet ride!

'Yes, I got a little wet, but nothing to signify. I am quite repaid, by finding you.' There was a pause; and then he said, 'I will take my horse round to the stable, if I may?'

She coloured: and, for a moment, knew not what to reply. 'If you will go in, you will find my aunt. Perhaps you will have a glass of wine?'

She pulled out a piece of wire from her basket, and turned to busy herself again with her rose-tree. He looked keenly at her: then he said, in his careless off-hand way—

'No, if you are going to remain out here, I'll ——"

'I am going into the village, as soon as I have done tying up this rose,' she said quickly, her face still turned away.

There was no mistaking this. He was too gentlemanlike to insist further,—and not to show that he understood her hint. He had recourse to what is so invaluable in such emergencies,—he sighed deeply.

She had finished fastening up the tree now; and, more by way of something to do, in this awkward silence, than for any other reason, she cut off three or four roses, and put them into her basket. She felt so sorry for him:—it was very distressing—but what could she say? It was more honest to let him, at once, know the footing on which he must be, henceforward.

Westbrook looked very much annoyed; but he was equal to the emergency. With nineteen twentieths of his women-acquaintances, he would have masked his annoyance, and made a careless remark or two, upon some indifferent topic. But this was not the game to be played with Olivia. He remained silent, until she turned towards him. He was leaning against the saddle, with the bridle thrown over his arm, as she looked up. It was a graceful attitude, and I dare say Westbrook knew the advantages of his position, as he bent his handsome eyes reproachfully on Olivia.

'Will you give me one of those roses, to take back with me to London?' he asked in a low voice.

It seemed impossible to refuse; it was attaching too much importance to a trifle: yet the moment after she had given the flower, she half regretted that she had done so. For he murmured—

'I shall always keep this rose.'

'Flowers gathered when they are wet, never last,' she replied. 'Shall I ring for the groom to take your horse, Mr. Westbrook?'

'Thank you, I won't disturb Miss Pringle,' he said, with a slightly sarcastic inflection. 'I shall ride back to town straight, as you—— are going out, Miss Marston. Shall you be at the Pomfrets' on Tuesday evening?'

'I—I don't know. I hardly think so. It is a dance, is it not? That is quite out of our line.'

'But now that you have once broken through your habits of seclusion——'

'Oh! we shall return to them, I think.'

'Do you then, really dislike society?'

'No; but as my brother'— she stopped short, and felt herself colouring; but, resolved, in some modified way or other, to get out what she wanted to say, she went on—'as my brother doesn't care about it, I think we shall go to the Pomfrets' much less often, in future, than we have lately done."

'Oh! of course, I was aware that

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Marston had a good deal to do in the *change of your views*,' he said quietly.

'Good bye, Mr. Westbrook; I must be going.'

She held out her hand, and turned quickly down a narrow foot-path, to the right, where he could not follow.

How handsome he was! She felt very sorry for him. She could not believe all that Rupert said. She was sure he was to be pitied: there was something in his voice and manner, when he was softened, as he was just now, that was very interesting? It had only been by a hard struggle that she had managed, throughout that short interview, to maintain the cold demeanour she had assumed.

After all, Rupert decided, that evening, when his sister asked him, that she had better go to the Pomfrets' on Tuesday. 'It will give rise to questions—conjectures—Heaven knows what, if you refuse, and suddenly leave off going to them, after your intimacy of late.'

'And what am I to do, if Mr. Westbrook asks me to dance?'

'You can dance with him once—it would be remarked, if you didn't: but find some excuse to avoid dancing more with him.'

The Tuesday came—a lovely June evening. It was but a small party; a few of the smarter neighbours, and a sprinkling of men from London; some five and thirty, in all, and most of them dancers. There was a man at the piano, and tea in the library: and at twelve o'clock, the dining-room was opened, and a handsome supper was 'discovered'—as they say in play books. Just before this, Julian had been waltzing with Olivia. He said very little—and he waltzed to perfection: under the circumstances, it was all that could be desired.

When the waltz was over, they found that every one who had not been dancing was gone into supper. They went as far as the door of the dining-room, but there was no room for them at the table. Olivia saw Aunt Clo, with a mass of golden, quivering jelly before her, and Sir James Yellowly beside her, filling her champagne-glass; and, a little lower down, Rupert, looking very benevolent, with little Mary at his side, whom he had made happy by taking in to supper.

'Since there is no room for us here, let us go into the conservatory,' said Westbrook. 'It will be cooler than these rooms.'

Two or three other couples were wandering on before them in the same direction. Olivia thought it best to follow these, instead of sitting alone with Westbrook in the drawing-room. The cool green twilight—for the only illumination was a Chinese lantern or two, shining like glowworms among the orange-trees—and the trickling of a fountain, among shells and ferns, were refreshing after the heat and glare of the gaslighted rooms.

Lionel Pomfret, arm in arm with a friend, and in close, whispered conversation, passed them.

'Can you keep a secret?' asked Westbrook of Olivia, smiling, when the two young men were gone by.

'I have had so few to keep in my life that I can't tell. But as they say no woman *can*, I am glad I have never been tried. I'm sure I am no wiser or stronger than the rest of my sex.'

'Shall I tell you something about my fascinating cousin there, on condition that you'll promise not to betray me?'

'Thank you, I'm not the least curious about him.'

'But it concerns *you*—indirectly, at least.'

'Concerns *me*?' and Olivia opened her eyes wide.

'Yes. Of course you know my aunt's wishes? She does not make much mystery about them. Well, what *she*, poor woman, doesn't yet

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know is that her charming son and heir has been and engaged himself to Miss Julia Roper.'

'I am very sorry indeed to hear it.' The next minute she added, quickly, 'For your uncle and aunt's sake. I'm so sorry for their annoyance, as I know the young lady is not exactly what they would like for a daughter-in-law.'

'She's really quite good enough for him. You mustn't believe all you hear. In a neighbourhood like this there is no end to the gossip.'

'She may be good enough for Mr. Lionel Pomfret, but not for his mother and sisters, I think.'

'Oh, you are prejudiced by my aunt, who says all sorts of ill-natured things about the girl, because she is not in Fordingham society. I assure you there's nothing against her, except her vulgarity.'

'I dare say not. I know nothing about her; but her appearance is not prepossessing. As to gossip, I never believe one half of what I hear.'

'Are you sure of that? For instance, you have heard a good deal about *me*, I suspect?'

He bent his face, and tried to see into her eyes. She raised them, and looked at him steadily for a moment; then turned her head away, without a word.

'Miss Marston, what *have* you heard? Tell me frankly. Do not judge me too harshly before you hear my defence.'

'How can I judge you at all? What can a girl know about a man's life? She has nothing but her instinct to guide her as to his character, or the truth of anything she hears about him.'

'Shall I say that her instinct is always right, or that it is apt to mislead her?' thought Julian. He could not make up his mind, so he cast that aside, and said—

'A man is often unjustly taxed with things which it was impossible he could avoid—which the force of circumstances have drawn him into. He is thrown, let us say, into close intimacy with a girl, about whom, at first, he conceives a very erroneous impression. On knowing more of her, he sees that she is the last person to make him happy—that they are quite unsuited to each other. The world instantly raises an outcry against him: calls him a flirt—a male jilt—all sorts of ugly names; when, really, he has been guilty of nothing worse than a want of due caution—for how *can* a man know anything of a girl until he talks to her?'

'You know how to put things very cleverly, Mr. Westbrook,' replied Olivia, with a half-smile, half-frown. 'You ought to be a lawyer; I can't argue with you; still, I know that though there may be some truth in what you say, it is not the whole truth. But, indeed, I had rather not discuss the subject. I'm sure I don't want to judge any one. The only impartial judge of any action in this life, I think, is one's own conscience—one's own standard of right and wrong.'

'Exactly, and your standard is perhaps not precisely that of a man of the world.'

How distinctly she remembered those words long afterwards, together with the whole scene: the dim green light; the trickling of the water through shells, and the soft plash into its basin; the perfumed breath of orange-flowers; and the handsome face bent over her!

'Women, you see, substitute Conscience for Honour,' he said, again.

'And not a bad substitute, either,' she replied.

'Perhaps so—for them. But depend on it, that in many cases where there is a loud outcry against evil-doers, if you could know all the circumstances——'

'Ah, you always return to *circumstances*.'

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'Because women, being exposed to so many fewer temptations than we are, are apt to judge us uncharitably.'

'Where is the boasted superiority of men if they are not stronger to resist temptation? Why should there be a separate code for men and for women? I am no champion of my sex. I believe that men were meant to be our superiors in all ways. If they are good men, I am sure they are so. But when you speak of women being uncharitable, I want to know why we are to be lenient to the shortcomings of those who ought to be stronger, instead of weaker, than ourselves?'

She spoke impetuously. He was not quite prepared to answer her.

'Upon my word, that is one of those sort of questions that—that is rather difficult to discuss with you,' he began.

She took up his words at once.

'We won't discuss it, please. I do want to say one thing, and then we will dismiss the subject. It is this. My only heroes are those who, having a high standard of right, strive to act up to it: not those, however gifted, who yield themselves slaves to every passing inclination of the moment. These men may have *excuses* made for their conduct, but the heroes before whom I am inclined to bow will never require such.'

It was strange language from a girl; and the way in which she uttered it made a deep impression on Westbrook. He could not choose but take the application of those words as meant for himself. She was in another frame of mind from that which prompted her to palliate Westbrook's reported conduct, when speaking to her brother; or rather the difference was, that she was speaking to the man himself—a man whom she liked, and whom she was conscious, if all was true, she could not respect—and not of him to another. She had spoken words which should show him there was a gulf fixed between them. Those words were the simple truth. However much she might like, and try to defend, a man, whose character was assailed, she would never permit that liking to grow into a stronger feeling: indeed she felt that she could never give her whole heart to him unless he would stand up boldly, and disprove by his life the calumny of his assailants. If this man had real stuff in him, out of which better things than fell into a career of selfish indulgence might come, the words she had spoken might possibly rouse him.

And he understood her. That hour might be the turning point in his life. The *blasé* man of the world had never felt for any woman as he felt for this girl. He was accustomed to facile conquest, and the quiet fearlessness with which she defied him, while it irritated, had a charm for him, such as the flattering smiles of other women had never possessed. He was in danger, for the first time in his life, of forgetting *himself* in the object of his pursuit. A dim image of a possibly better life arose before him, and he felt that if he could by any means, throw a plank across the gulf to which Olivia had pointed, he would burn his ships behind him—he would sacrifice everything which he had hitherto most prized; his independence, his popularity, his luxurious habits—everything.

A minute—but one minute, more, and he would have spoken. No matter what now: for that golden moment was lost, never to return again. Mrs. Pomfret, in a fluster of lace, came hurrying through the library door, and espying the fugitives, of whom she was in chase, exclaimed,

'Oh! here you are!—Julian, they're wanting you to dance. There's Miss Mills just waiting for you to make up a set.—No, you mustn't carry off Miss Marston, Julian, no! I've something par-

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ticular to say to her. There, now, get up, and go and dance, and I'll take your seat. Miss Marston, you won't mind giving up the dance, will you?'

Julian Westbrook was a man with a strong will of his own, but he knew, by experience, that there were certain cases in which any one who ventured to combat with Aunt Pomfret was sure to be worsted. He saw that she was resolved to oust him from his position; and he yielded it, with a bad grace enough. It is unnecessary to say that he had not the remotest intention of condescending to dance with Miss Mills. He went into the doorway, and stared superciliously on at the quadrille, resolved to return to Olivia when it was over.

'My dear Miss Marston—my dear Olivia, if you will let me call you so,—I have something very particular, very particular *indeed*, to say to you—and you must excuse me, my dear, if I'm rather abrupt, for it is a delicate matter to deal with, and one requiring a good deal more *art* than I possess, to clothe it in all its poetry and eloquence. But I am a plain-spoken woman, as you know, my dear, and not accustomed to varnish what I have to say. It's about Lionel, poor dear boy! You must have observed, you cannot *fail* to have observed, how very dispirited he has been of late—how much he has avoided you, and how very strange and odd his manner has been?'

'Yes,' replied Olivia, scarcely repressing a smile, 'I have remarked that.'

'Well, my dear Olivia, it's very flattering to you. He regards you as so infinitely above him in every way that it is perfectly hopeless his even *thinking* of you. "It were all one that he should love some bright particular star"—that sort of thing. I tried to argue him out of this state some time since, but in vain. Since then, his father and I have reason to fear that he has endeavoured to distract his thoughts by paying attention to a girl every way his inferior, and whom we never, *never* could receive as a daughter-in-law. You may imagine how *very* distressing this is to us, to see our boy's prospects in danger of being blighted, and his affections turned into an unworthy channel, my dear Olivia!'

Mrs. Pomfret paused, and Olivia saw she was expected to say something. She felt extremely uncomfortable; and yet the comicality of the idea seized her so strongly, that she could hardly forbear from laughing out. She commanded herself sufficiently at last, to reply with becoming gravity.

'What you say naturally surprises me a good deal, Mrs. Pomfret, as I have never seen the smallest indication on your son's part that he liked me. I am inclined to think, therefore, that you must be mistaken, and I trust that you may find reason to be reconciled to the choice he has made, in the course of time.'

'Never!' exclaimed Mrs. Pomfret vehemently. 'Never, my dear! and it rests entirely with you to save us from this most terrible calamity. He hasn't the courage, he never *would* have the courage, to speak to you openly; but if you would only let him know, through me, that he needn't despair—if you would only tell him, through me, that if he gives up this horrid girl, you—you will think favourably of him, it would, it *must*, I know, prevent his going on with this abominable business. His father has always told him that he would do *anything* for him if he married,—as we wished, of course,—but he threatens naturally to cut him off if he disgraces us by marrying *beneath* him. And really if you could only tell how much there is in him, which only requires bringing out! A girl like yourself

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would be the *saving* of him. He has such a good heart, my dear Olivia, and you know we are all so fond of you, that I'm sure you couldn't *fail* to be happy'—and Mrs. Pomfret, in her effusion, flung her arms round Olivia's neck.

She saw how it was, and she was sincerely sorry for the poor mother, though the absurdity of her manœuvres invested the thing with ridicule. Olivia, had, of course, long seen the condition of Mrs. Pomfret's mind upon this subject—for it was, indeed, most transparent. What she now learnt was, that the heir of the Pomfrets, not content with remaining shy and ill at ease where his mother especially wished him to be talkative, had become dangerously talkative in some quarter where his mother would fain that he had remained silent. And now Olivia had to reply to what was, in fact, a proposal by proxy!

'My dear Mrs. Pomfret, I had better tell you frankly that I could not marry your son, even if he liked and wished to marry *me*, which I feel very certain he does not. Your flattering partiality for me has misled you. It is possible you might persuade your son into marrying me, but do you think that a marriage without love on either side, without a taste or a sentiment in common, can be happy? Be assured that it would only make us both miserable. Please say no more about it, dear Mrs. Pomfret. I feel your kindness in wishing to have me for a daughter-in-law, but it's quite impossible that this should be. Don't let us renew the subject.'

'There is one thing I *must* say to you, Olivia,'—and Mrs. Pomfret wiped the corners of her eyes with her worked handkerchief,—'there is one thing I must say very solemnly and seriously to you. If the cause of your refusing my son is the attention that you are receiving from Julian, you are doing a very *foolish* thing. Lionel mayn't be a brilliant fascinating man of society, like his cousin, but I'm sure he never *jilted* a girl—never trifled with a girl's feelings in his *life*. He is only too soft, and too *shy* with women, and you must remember that the shiest men make the best husbands. I don't mind telling *you* that he will have some day a clear eighteen thousand a year, and *that* isn't to be picked up every day. As to Julian, I feel, of course, a certain hesitation in speaking about my husband's sister's son, who has always been so much with us, and who, indeed, is always welcome here, for he is a most agreeable creature to have in the house, but——'

'You need say no more, dear Mrs. Pomfret, than you have already done on this subject,' interrupted Olivia quickly, and with an unconscious tinge of sarcasm. 'You are quite mistaken in imagining that your nephew has influenced in any way my refusal of the honour you have done me; consequently it can't concern me to hear what his past conduct has been, and I had rather not do so. Mr. Westbrook and I are never likely to be anything more than we now are to each other. I assure you there is no danger of my swelling the number of his victims—you need not be afraid for me.'

She smiled as she spoke, and laid her hand gently upon Mrs. Pomfret's arm, with one of those feminine impulses which convey a world of meaning in a very slight action. Westbrook came up at the same moment. The quadrille was over—would Miss Marston dance the next waltz with him? But Olivia was engaged; her partner even now approached to claim her hand. So Julian's opportunity was lost for that evening, and Mrs. Pomfret's edifice of maternal diplomacy crumbled into dust.

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THE CROMWELLIAN SETTLEMENT OF IRELAND.[1]

THIS volume, for its merits and its defects, deserves the attention of such of our readers as take an interest in Irish history, and in Irish political questions. It is an elaborate and instructive sketch of the Cromwellian landed settlement of Ireland, that is, to use the words of the author, 'of the dealings of the Commonwealth of England with the lands and habitations of the people of Ireland after the conquest of the country in 1652.' In order to do the subject justice, Mr. Prendergast has properly had recourse to the immense mass of original documents in the Castle and public offices of Dublin, which, though hitherto almost neglected, are the true materials for Irish history; and he has, besides, collected much information from the libraries and private papers of friends, especially of the late Lord Charlemont. His researches have been assiduous and successful; this is a clear, full, and minute description of one of the most remarkable revolutions that ever befell a European country; and as his narrative abounds in citations from contemporary records, State papers, and letters, it has much freshness, and is, in part, trustworthy. Yet, perhaps, the most censurable parts of his work are precisely those which educated Englishmen will consider most suggestive and curious. Mr. Prendergast is a cultivated student; he informs us that he is a senior member of a learned profession, the Irish bar; and his style and language, though not eloquent, show that he belongs to good society. That such a man should write Irish history on a theory that the Government and people of England have always been the worst foes of Ireland, that the relations between the two countries are a tale of the triumph of brute force and selfish cupidity over a race superior by nature to its conquerors, and that, in short, the philosophy of Fenianism as regards England is true in the main, is a phenomenon worthy the notice of those who would comprehend the condition of Ireland, and read the riddle of the Irish difficulty. If such sentiments are openly avowed by a person of intelligence and learning, what must be the traditions and sympathies of the ignorant masses of the Irish nation?

We can only indicate very briefly Mr. Prendergast's views of Irish history. They appear in an introductory chapter, which contains a *résumé* of the events between the conquest of Henry II. and the Great Rebellion of 1641. The chief idea of Mr. Prendergast is, that the Norman followers of Strongbow and the colony of Englishmen who succeeded them, were essentially an inferior race, and that the Celtic clans they subdued were the elements of a great people. The Fitzgeralds, De Lacys, De Courcys, and De Burghs of that noble breed, whose heroism and chivalry throw lustre over the middle ages, were 'a ruffianly horde of French pirates;' and the Anglo-Saxon dependants and settlers, who spread over the island under their auspices, were degraded 'serfs' and half brutish 'villeins.' The feudal institutions which they planted in the land, and which, although they quickly decayed, were in theory the same as those in England, were a debasing system of lawless force; and that stately organisation of society which, with all its faults, could have only existed among a really great race,

[1] *The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.* By John P. Prendergast, Esq.

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and in an age of disorder and war, was a guarantee for the rights of all classes, was a grinding and almost Turkish despotism. In fact the conquerors and first settlers in Ireland not only bore in themselves the marks of that odious *régime* of 'military bondage' which had been imposed by the Northern 'barbarians' on the vanquished nations of the Roman Empire, but actually introduced into the country a corrupt and enslaving system of government, that had the worst effects on the natives. On the other hand, the aboriginal Irish, 'having escaped Roman and feudal thraldom,' were, at the close of the twelfth century, a singularly interesting and enlightened people, whose 'original sentiments and institutions' gave promise of a brilliant destiny. The loose anarchy of the sept system was a proof of a happy 'freedom of life,' like that, we suppose, of the Athenian citizens; if the Irish had no political existence, it was because the engrossing state had not absorbed the energies of the individual; and with their amiable 'pastoral habits,' their ignorance of 'rent, tenure, and forfeiture,' their elective chiefs and legislating Brehons, and their common possession of the tribal lands, there were no grounds for dissension among them. In evidence of their superior culture, we learn they repudiated the 'use of swaddling clothes;' despising the panoply of the sluggish Norman, they 'fought naked,' or dressed in 'woollen very much after the present fashion;' they lived 'not in castles on the heights,' but, 'like the wealthiest of the present day,' in 'detached houses' which, we are told afterwards, were 'booths of boughs covered over with turf;' and 'their principal amusement was innocent hurling,' where 'a fair girl was the prize of the victor,' unlike the bloodthirsty feudal tournament. We should have imagined that the piety of the native Irish would have also been urged as an argument in support of this creed; but it seems their Christianity was a mistake; 'had they only continued honest Pagans, they would,' in Mr. Prendergast's judgment, 'have probably been even now unconquered.'

We shall not seriously discuss the paradox of the superiority of the Irish clans in the time of Henry II. and his successors, over their Norman and Anglo-Saxon conquerors. Without charging the aboriginal Irish with any inherent inferiority, it is enough to say that at this period they had not reached that degree of civilisation attained by the Normans and English, one reason being that they had never known that very 'Roman and feudal thraldom' which Mr. Prendergast condemns so absolutely. Their religion apart, they still resembled the Celtic septs of Tacitus and Cæsar—communities under half-barbarous chiefs, in a constant state of anarchy and discord, and spread in tribes over an uncultured land, as yet hardly the subject of property. Proceeding, however, with his theory, Mr. Prendergast thinks that Irish history has been the antagonism of hostile races, caused by the rapacity of the English people—for the most part aided by their Government—and the fierce but useless resistance of their victims. 'Land-hunger,' we are gravely informed, is the distinctive peculiarity of the 'Saxon.' Having little at home, they must plunder abroad; and the Irish having, unfortunately, lands which the English were determined to enjoy, the relations between the two people have been a perpetual quarrel on this subject. Nearly all the events of Irish history may be traced to this calamitous origin. The legislation of the Norman conquerors, which drew a broad line of demarcation between the 'Irishry' and the 'Englishry,'

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had nothing to do with the arrogance of caste: it was a scheme to deprive the natives of the benefit of the Anglo-Norman courts, and thus to oust them from their possessions. The condemnation by Plantagenet kings and their Parliaments of the degenerate English who had 'become Irish' beyond the Pale was not caused by their frequent rebellions, nor yet by the loss of their feudal services, but by a desire to send into Ireland a new race of covetous settlers. Henry VIII.'s plans to civilise Ireland, which aimed at extending the influence of the law of England over the whole of the island, and at turning the chiefs into English nobles, were really projects of confiscation; indeed, the rebellion of the Geraldines was closely connected with a scheme of this nature. The long Elizabethan wars which followed, and in which Ireland was undoubtedly overrun, and the natives lost a large part of their lands, should be ascribed to the same lust of plunder, the state of Europe, the policy of Spain, the great struggle of the Reformation, and the repeated insurrections of the Irish, being foreign, it would appear, to the matter. So it has been, too, with the other events which form the landmarks of Irish history: the settlement of Ulster, the administration of Strafford, the conquests of Cromwell and William III., nay, even the penal code itself, being ultimately caused by 'land-hunger'—this terrible instinct being the source of the long train of national misfortunes. Indeed, according to Mr. Prendergast, the passion is still as active as ever; and the Landed Estates Act and its results are the work of English and Scotch capitalists, who wished to engross the soil of Ireland.

Such theories as these are the result of ignoring some of the principal causes of Irish history, and giving one cause an undue predominance. No doubt attempts were made for centuries to separate the English and Irish races that dwelt commingled on the Irish soil, and bitter hostility was the consequence; and the reiterated conquests and settlements of Ireland were accompanied with great cruelty and bloodshed. Nor should we forget that these memories have sunk deeply into the hearts of Irishmen, and that, prolonged by a variety of circumstances, they make the management of the country difficult. But we must protest against the assertion that the antagonism of race is to be accounted the one great fact of Irish history, and that the conduct of England to Ireland has been regulated by mere cupidity. From the reign of Elizabeth to that of William III.—the most critical period in Irish annals—the old hostility of race in Ireland was effaced by the new hostility of creed, which becomes the great feature of Irish history. The standards of Mountjoy were attended by the Protestant O'Briens and the Protestant Kildares, and Hugh O'Neil and Desmond coalesced as champions of a Catholic league against England, sustained by Philip. In the next generation, the craft of the Stuarts, and of their evil satellites in Dublin, was directed against the Irish Catholics, without the least regard to their origin, and the result was seen in the rising of 1641, in which the Catholic Anglo-Normans of the Pale fought side by side with the Catholic aborigines. Cromwell made no distinction between Papists, whether of Saxon or of Celtic descent; and forty years afterwards, a Catholic army of mixed races, under Tyrconnel and Sarsfield, encountered the Protestant Irish colony. So the penal code knew no difference of race; it was levelled against the Catholics as such; and it placed in an equal category of subjection the De Burghs and the Plunketts, the O'Neils and the O'Connors. These facts are de-

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cisive of the question, and show conclusively that the antagonism of race is not the only, and, for a long time has not been the principal force in the dark current of the affairs of Ireland. In truth, 'race' has had little to do with the Irish question for many generations; the races that are found in the island have been intermixed for such a time that differences of this kind can be hardly traced, still less form a standard of division. Anglo-Saxon and Celtic names occurred indiscriminately in the Repeal Association; and many a gallant 'O' and 'Mac' will be found in command of British soldiers.

As regards the theory of 'land-hunger,' it is hardly necessary to examine it. It is true, of course, that the Government of England—for the most part after terrible provocation—has made immense confiscations in Ireland; that English statesmen, at different periods, have encouraged the colonisation of the island; and that several successions of British settlers have taken possession of five sixths of the country, in many cases by the strong hand, and in many by fraud and legalised injustice. But to assert that the Government and people of England have been usually guided in their dealings with Ireland by a mere passion for selfish spoliation, is to imagine what is morally absurd, and contrary to the facts of history. The very Norman legislation for Ireland, which Mr. Prendergast properly censures, and which, excluding the Irish from the Pale left them in possession of their tribal lands, proves that its object was the separation of the races, and not mere territorial rapacity. The Tudor princes in the sixteenth century would have gladly abandoned Ireland to the Irish could they only have made them good subjects. Indeed this policy was attempted; and if they afterwards confiscated largely, it was on account of repeated rebellions. Even the Stuarts never thought of 'planting' Ireland for the mere purpose of enriching Englishmen. They were led to believe that an English colony was a condition of the security of the island; and, bad as their measures often were, this certainly was their principal motive. Cromwell only carried this principle further, after a civil war of a terrible kind; and though in the plenitude of a conqueror's power he might have seized the whole soil of Ireland, it is remarkable that he limited his 'settlement' to what in his judgment was sufficient to assure the ascendancy of his followers. Besides, whatever may have been the acts and the policy of different English rulers, or the conduct of individual Englishmen, or even of England in any one generation, it is monstrous to exaggerate this into a sweeping charge against the English nation of selfish injustice to the Irish people. Such language was aptly put by Tacitus in the mouth of a fiery Celtic savage denouncing the encroachments of Rome; it has perhaps been used by the Maories with reference to the New Zealand colonists: but it is ridiculous in a writer of history; and, indeed, we have chiefly dwelt upon it as an instance of the unhappy sentiments still felt towards England by some Irishmen.

To understand the Cromwellian settlement it is necessary to appreciate the character of the events in Ireland which for some years preceded it. During the generation after the death of Elizabeth, the island, which had been at length subjugated, was gradually reduced to complete submission under circumstances often calamitous and atrocious. The Catholic chieftains of Ulster were overthrown; in several counties Catholic confiscations took place by very questionable means, and the government of the Stuarts, under Strafford espe-

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cially, was, on many occasions, fraudulent and offensive. Above all, the Catholics of Ireland, not as in England a small minority, but an overwhelming majority of the nation, were subjected to a penal code, which, though not so severe as that which afterwards became a disgrace of the British law, weighed heavily on all, and especially on the nobility. The result appeared in a combination between between the Catholic aristocracy of the Pale and the great mass of the Catholic Celts; and in 1641 the famous rebellion suddenly broke out, which, raging with terrible violence for a time, very nearly wrested Ireland from England. It was the moment when Charles and the Long Parliament were watching each other with jealous dislike; and, the Catholic confederacy having proclaimed that the rising was approved by the king, a rumour spread that a traitorous sovereign had connived at the fate of the Protestant Irish, and was about to coerce the Parliament and England with an army of Papist Irish rebels. The charge, if untrue, was widely credited, and its effect was to stir up in England a terrible feeling against Ireland, and to exasperate the fanaticism of the Puritan Commons into deadly hatred of Irish Catholicism. Cromwell and his irresistible army became the exponents of this sentiment; and when, in 1649, he landed in Ireland to subdue it anew, it may be said that the two nations, for the first and the last time in their history, encountered each other in mortal conflict. The struggle was desperate while it lasted, but fortunately was comparatively brief; and Puritan England within three years had at its mercy that Catholic Ireland which seemed an irreconcilable enemy, the accomplice of a condemned tyrant, and the champion of a detested religion.

Such, we believe, were the salient features of this period of woe for Ireland. A thoughtful person will bear in mind the character of the rebellion of 1641, and the relations between the Parliament and Charles, in estimating the grounds of the indignation which the Irish Confederates provoked in England. He will not confound the passing animosity of the English people in a terrible crisis with a settled national hatred of Ireland; and while he condemns the cruelties of the victors, he will remember what were the issues at stake, and will not conceal the acts of the conquered. He will not judge the whole course of a history by the incidents of a moment of frenzy, and he will reflect probably what in that age was the character of wars of religion in Europe. Considerations of this kind, however, cannot be expected in this volume. This period, in Mr. Prendergast's judgment, is merely an instance, on a large scale, of that inveterate hostility of 'race' which is the whole secret of Irish history, the formula which explains it completely. As usual, this hostility took the shape of 'land-hunger' on the part of the English, and of hopeless resistance on that of the Irish, and the civil war from 1641 to 1652 was merely a struggle for lands in Ireland. 'The English, incited by those who hungered after Irish estates, and therefore determined to make the Irish desperate, proclaimed all of them rebels, and invented crimes for them, thereby maddening the people of England. . . . . The work of Queen Elizabeth and James I. it was said would now be perfected. The Irish would be rooted out by a new and overwhelming plantation of English, and another England would speedily be formed in Ireland.' It is characteristic of statements like this that Mr. Prendergast actually denies that any massacre took place in 1641, although the fact, however

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it may be palliated, is established by irrefragable evidence. We hear, however, that 'it has been represented that there was a general massacre . . . . but nothing is more false; the Irish, to use the words of an old divine, having ever lacked gall to supply a wholesome animosity to the inveterate revilers of their name and nature!'"

We pass from Mr. Prendergast's theories to his description of the Cromwellian settlement, which, as we have said, is really interesting. In the autumn of 1652 the armies of the Catholic Confederates surrendered to the lieutenants of the Protector. More than a hundred thousand of the English, and almost a third of the nation of Ireland, had perished in the desperate contest. Whole tracts of country lay bare and desolate, for cultivation had nearly ceased; the harvests had been systematically destroyed in order to starve the Irish out from their fastnesses in the bogs and hills; and, as it was said, 'you might walk for miles before you saw the smoke of a housetop.' The Puritan veterans, thirty thousand strong, 'with their powder dry and their trust in God,' to use the quaint expression of the time, stalked proudly over the ruined island, looking down on the vanquished children of the soil, as the Israelites did on the accursed races predoomed by Jehovah to be extirpated. Nearly all of these who had fought in the war were permitted to go into foreign armies; the rest, including the wreck of an aristocracy and the great mass of the Catholics of Ireland, remained to await the decree of the conqueror. The misery and sufferings endured by thousands turned even their iron foes to compassion. Ireland was full of scenes such as those described by Spenser, when the woods and glens teemed with wretches 'like anatomies of death and speaking like ghosts crying out from the grave,' as they gibbered over their loathsome food, when women waylaid the passing traveller in order 'to seize his horse and devour it.' 'Some'—runs a minute of the Provisional Government administering the affairs of Ireland—'are found feeding on carrion and weeds; some stand in the highways, and many times poor children who lost their parents or have been deserted by them, are found exposed to, and some of them fed upon by the ravening wolves, and other beasts and birds of prey.' Nor was there any sign of improvement; the nation, crushed to the earth by its sorrows, seemed hopeless and incapable of industry; and the Council, 'after serious consideration,' declared 'that the devastation of the country' was not worse 'than the habits of idleness which the generality had acquired in the time of the rebellion.' What wonder, that viewing this wide desolation, they exclaimed, not with mere Puritan cant, as Mr. Prendergast seems to think, 'that the children had come to the birth without strength to bring forth?'

Such was the country which at this juncture lay under the conquering sword of Cromwell. The attention of the great Puritan usurper was at once directed to its settlement. After the rebellion of 1641, and during the years of war which followed, large sums had been advanced to the Parliament by 'adventurers,' chiefly Puritan merchants, on the security of Irish forfeitures; and the Protector's army had, besides, received a considerable part of its current pay in 'land debentures' allotted in Ireland. There was thus a debt of about 3,500,000*l.*, and, by means of these claims, and the confiscations which would be the result of the contest, the Protector resolved to effect a revolution in the whole territorial state of Ireland. His object was

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not, as Mr. Prendergast thinks, mere reckless plunder of a defenceless people; it was to replenish the Protestant colony in Ireland which had suffered greatly, to assure its supremacy in the country, and at the same time to keep down the Catholics in isolation and certain subjection. After setting apart a large tract for the state, he determined on settling the 'adventurers' and the soldiers who were the holders of 'land debentures' in such parts of Ulster, Munster, and Leinster, as should be adjudged forfeited, and to confine in Connaught the great mass of the Catholic owners of land in Ireland, who had been connected with the rebellion. This policy is disclosed in an Act of Parliament which passed in September 1653, and in a series of ordinances and regulations for the affairs of Ireland which form its complement.

These measures were a sufficient guarantee that there would be ample space for the intended settlement. Lists were made of those who had been most active on the Catholic side in the late war; and though 'mercy' was extended to their lives, they were exiled, and their estates confiscated. All the remaining Irish Catholic proprietors — they still owned perhaps half the island—were included in a summary sentence of general and extreme severity. They were declared to be 'presumed rebels,' and to have forfeited their lands in certain proportions according to the degree of their guilt; and they were condemned to go into exile in Connaught, receiving there, from two Courts of Commissioners who were to sit at Loughrea and Athlone for the purpose, allotments instead of the lands they had lost, and, as it would seem, retaining possession of the unforfeited residue of their estates elsewhere, provided they did not leave Connaught. The 'transplanters' might be accompanied by their families and any other persons they chose, but these were to be particularly described in 'certificates' of a specified kind, and they were not to attempt to move from their settlements. Eight months only were allowed for the emigration, and death was the penalty of 'recusancy;' and the sole exceptions from these provisions were children under fourteen and twelve, and persons who, after going to Connaught, should be able to prove that during ten years they had 'shown constant affection' to the Commonwealth—a saving clause that was all but a mockery. The districts in the three favoured provinces which in this manner were to become vacant, were to be colonised by the 'adventurers' and 'soldiers.'

We shall not attempt to defend these measures; yet Mr. Prendergast might have mentioned that they were followed by a general amnesty, that the necessity of the time was great, and that, after all, they were less severe than the confiscations of the French Revolution. This volume contains a vivid picture, in the state papers and letters in it, of the series of strange events that ensued. The Puritan administration at the Castle, charged with the execution of Cromwell's decrees, was appalled at the vast change contemplated, and at the short time allowed to effect it. They declared that such an emigration was impossible, that it could not be accomplished for years, that it would cause the loss of a harvest, and again reduce Ireland to a state of famine. Petitions poured in from the intended exiles, imploring forgiveness, or at least delay; and it is gratifying to know that, in many instances, 'dispensations from transplantation' were granted. The petitioners' names conclusively show how little considerations of 'race'

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had to do with the Protector's policy; they were mostly those of Catholics of the Pale, who a century before had done good service against the kernes of the 'Irish enemy.' It is curious to find upon the list a descendant of Spenser, in his day a colonist and a denouncer of the Irish; his fame, happily, as it would appear from a letter of Cromwell in this volume, preserved his great grandson from the flail now wielded by the Puritan Arthegal. Moreover, not a few of the proscribed were permitted, after surrendering their lands, to become tenants of the new settlers; some returned to their homes after a brief 'hiding;' and in several instances humanity got the better of fanaticism and national enmity, and united the colonists and the old proprietary by the ties of friendship, and even of intermarriage. Through all these causes the 'transplantation' was less quick and complete than had been designed; and the Protector's 'godly and great work' was mercifully carried out imperfectly. Several months after the period prescribed for the last emigrant to have crossed the Shannon, complaints were made that 'transplanting was at a stand, that the flood-gates of transplanting were shut, and that the evil waters were again rising.'

It would be, however, a mistake to imagine that the Cromwellian settlement has been grossly exaggerated, and that there was not an immense uprooting of the Catholic owners of land in Ireland, and an extraordinary transfer of property. Any 'slackness' in the administration in Dublin was rebuked by the Council in England, and provoked the angry complaints of the 'adventurers' and of the 'soldiers,' eager to get their allotments. 'Shall we join in affinity with the people of these abominations?' was the exclamation of the 'officers' in Leinster, on hearing that some 'transplanters were dispensed;' 'the land they go to possess is an unclean land, because of the filthiness of the people therein.' Another party of zealots ascribed the burning of Cashel to 'dispensations;' 'the Lord by a fire on the 23rd instant had burnt the whole town in a quarter of an hour,' except 'a few of the houses of the English;' this last miracle being probably caused by the fact that the conquerors were in possession of all the stone and slated habitations. In this state of feeling mercy was difficult, and in many instances it was disregarded. Some of the Catholics incurred the tremendous penalty of those who 'refused to transplant;' and therefore, so ran a petition afterwards, 'some were put to death with inscriptions on their breasts and backs, others detained in prison till they could not eat bread, and others sold as slaves in America.' These cases, however, were not numerous; and it cannot be doubted that the great body of the Catholic owners of the soil of Ireland who either could not obtain pardons, or otherwise could not elude their doom, were compelled to go into exile in Connaught. During three or four years the ways to the Shannon were crowded with these forlorn emigrants. The 'transplanters' occasionally marched alone, occasionally with their wives and children, more frequently with a train of dependants, all specified in the Government 'certificates,' who clung to their lords with Irish affection. Their steps were first directed to Loughrea, where they were to obtain from the Commissioners their 'provisional allotments' in their province of exile, instead of the lands they had forfeited, and there they had to settle temporarily. They were then, according to an order prescribed, to appear before the Commissioners at Athlone; and this court was to ex-

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amine their titles, to adjudicate upon their guilt or innocence, and either to grant them 'final settlements,' proportioned to their losses elsewhere, and to their participation in 'treason'—these apparently to be held with such parts of their former estates as had not been forfeited;—or else, on proof of 'constant affection,' to release them from their bondage in Connaught, and to restore them to their former properties. From first to last it was a strange procedure, inverting all ordinary rules of justice, assuming guilt and anticipating punishment, and casting on exiles the burden of satisfying a prejudiced tribunal of their innocence, with hardly a hope but that of obtaining 'a favourable place' in a list of confiscation.

An effort of the imagination is necessary to set before us the fate of the exiles. Mr. Prendergast has not estimated their numbers, but they were certainly several thousand families, perhaps more than 200,000 persons. As in knots, or crowds, or forlorn stragglers, they appeared before the court at Loughrea, they were cantoned off in a summary manner, wherever space could be found for them. The Government had given orders 'to exercise all tenderness that was consistent with carrying on the work,' and even that the 'provisional allotments of the 'transplanters' should, as nearly as possible, correspond in quality to their former possessions, but such injunctions proved absolutely fruitless, and the distribution became a mere scramble. The Commissioners were censured for despatching the first detachments into the wildest parts of Mayo and Clare—this county was then included in Connaught—not because it was any hardship to them, but because 'these places being known to be sterile, such assignations might hinder the business, and dishearten those who should come after.' More skill, however, could have made little difference. The province to which the exiles were sent, was, for the most part, at this time a waste, cut off from the rest of Ireland by the Shannon, and beaten by constant rains and tempests. To make it a more secure prison, and to close access to it from the sea, a belt round the coast had been appropriated to settlements of Puritan veterans, still known as 'the mile line' by tradition. What must have been endured by the emigrants, when huddled into a wilderness like this, without resources, and thinly inhabited, appears from several passages in this volume. The women and children died by hundreds; many of the men, appalled at their lot, escaped from their place of bondage abroad; many at any risk recrossed the Shannon, and wandered over the island in misery. There is much evidence that numbers of those to whom 'provisional allotments' were assigned, disappeared in ways unknown and untold, and never claimed their 'final settlements.'

Meanwhile the Court at Athlone was employed in determining the transplanters' titles, in adjudicating on their guilt or innocence, and in allotting them finally lands in Connaught. Month after month this tribunal sat, with fresh batches of claims before it, and with a fresh succession of ill-fated suitors. It seems to have been comprised of government agents and of officers of the Puritan army, men filled with all the prejudices of the time, and wholly unfit for a judicial inquiry. They made quick work, as was doubtless expected, in most instances placing the 'transplanter' in a category of 'treason' that entitled him only to a 'final settlement' of small amount, and to a small or no fraction of his old estates, for the rest doubtless very indifferent as to where his new lands were to be, as to when he was

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to obtain possession, as to what were the rights annexed to then. It does not appear that in a single case they found the claimant completely innocent, and restored him absolutely to his former property; in truth, the test 'of constant affection' prevented, probably, any such decision, even had they, as they repeatedly asserted, 'spared no pains to do justice and mercy.' These sentences had the desired effect of confiscating immense tracts in the three provinces to be colonised, and of reducing within limits comparatively small the 'final settlements.' It is impossible to respect such proceedings which were obviously at the dictation of the Government; and it is certain, besides, that some of the Commissioners were corrupt and accessible to bribes; yet if we reflect that the large majority of the Catholics of Ireland had in fact rebelled, this policy was not of unexampled harshness. Between what they received in Connaught, and what they retained of their lands elsewhere, compared with what they had formerly possessed, the whole landed estates of the exiles were diminished probably more than a half; having been owners of nearly half of Ireland, this was now reduced to less than a fourth; and this tenure was to be dependent on a residence in Connaught in a state of subjection. Nor was this all, for the 'final settlements' were, in many instances, merely illusory; a patch of bog or unprofitable land was allotted in lieu of a goodly inheritance; and the disproportion was, of course, felt by many to be an intolerable grievance. In this, and in other similar ways, many old and honourable families disappeared and left none to inherit their sufferings, the wrecks of a revolutionary tempest that had proved fatal to numerous victims. Of the ultimate fortunes of the 'transplanters' it is difficult to speak with any certainty. The large majority, we believe, retained some parts of their lands not forfeited in the provinces from which they had been removed, and many of these, or their descendants, returned to their homes at the Restoration. Some left Connaught in hopeless despair, and either enlisted in foreign armies, or escaped into other parts of Ireland, where they wandered 'coshering' and in reckless idleness. Others sat down in their 'final settlements,' and, exerting themselves in their land of exile, had become gentry, and founded families, still well known as 'transplanters,' in Connaught. This number, however, is not large, and the names of 'transplanters' are not common even among the peasantry of the province.

During the progress of this revolution in Connaught, the lands confiscated in the other provinces were being 'replanted' with new settlers. Mr. Prendergast has not estimated their extent, but they were probably about five millions of acres, nearly a quarter of the area of Ireland. He intimates, too, that even whole counties were deserted by the native population; but this is no doubt an exaggeration, great as the havoc of the war had been; and, as the peasantry had not been removed except by their own voluntary acts, the mass of the occupiers and tillers of the soil remained peaceably seated upon it.

The first step of the Government in 'replanting,' was to order a kind of Doomsday Book to be made of the forfeited districts, to ascertain their situation and value; and maps of these were also drawn up, destroyed unfortunately in the last century. This survey of the 'inheritance of the elect' was consecrated in the Puritanic fashion: 'the articles being signed by Dr. Petty'—the chief surveyor, and, as may be supposed, no small gainer in these transactions, as the Lansdowne estates to this day attest—

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'in the council-chamber of Dublin Castle on the 11th of December 1654, in the presence of many chief officers of the army, after a solemn seeking of God by Colonel Thomson for a blessing on the conclusion of so great a business.' The lands having been thus defined, 'were to be set out together, without intervals, and without picking and choosing,' for the 'adventurers and soldiers;' the object of the Protector being to plant the colonies of each class in close proximity to each other, so as to afford a mutual support, and to settle firmly in three fourths of the island a dominant class of Puritan landowners composed, for the most part, of a free yeomanry. The 'adventurers and the soldiers' elected to cast lots for their new possessions: 'they would rather take a lot upon a barren mountain as a portion from the Lord, than a portion in the most fruitful valley upon their own choice;' but this was subject to the above regulations, and according to a general estimate of the value of the lands in the provinces—that of Ulster being very much the lowest, for Ulster, even till a later period, was one of the most barren tracts in Ireland.

This volume is silent as to the mode in which the settlement of the 'adventurers' took place; but it contains a very interesting account of the 'plantation' effected by the 'soldiers,' by far the most numerous of the colonists. These proceedings were characteristic of the worldliness which mingled with the fanaticism of the Puritans. Resolved as they were to cast lots for the lands, they took care that the mode of distribution should not be a mere game of chance; that, for instance, ten thousand acres of bog, and ten thousand acres of profitable land should in no event be considered equivalents; and when the allotments were actually drawn, ingenious contrivances were adopted to adjust the shares between the possessors, and to make a tolerably equitable apportionment. Mr. Prendergast minutely describes the manner in which the lands were 'boxed for'—the phrase used for drawing the lots—and the Puritan regiments were planted by companies, with the 'adventurers' in their new possessions. As may be supposed, the design of Cromwell was very imperfectly carried out; and, indeed, ultimately proved a failure. Convenient surveyors for a bribe left spaces between the intended allotments; and these being 'jobbed for sale' and bought, the colonies were often separated from each other. The portions of land for the private soldiers were in most instances so minute, that they were tempted to sell them for trifling sums; and thus what had been intended as the nursery of a proprietary of yeomen was monopolised by officers, sutlers, and commissaries. There was a regular market for 'engrossing lands;' brokers dealt between the sellers and buyers; and the title-deeds of numerous families now of note in the aristocracy of Ireland commence with a document in which a troop or a regiment conveyed its lots wholesale to some fortunate or sagacious speculator. It may be well conceived too how fraud and cunning would find full scope in such a revolution; and how they would naturally be at the service of the powerful, the wealthy, and the ambitious, in depriving ignorant and reckless soldiers of the little freeholds allotted to them.

By means such as these the Cromwellian settlement did not realise its author's conception; it rather formed a large landed proprietary, than established populous Protestant colonies, to a great extent of the class of yeomen. Yet it succeeded in a certain measure; and during the years that immediately followed, Ireland, in the hands of its recent possessors, advanced considerably in wealth and

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prosperity. This fact, which was no doubt due to the energy and thrift of the Puritan settlers, and to the firm and peaceable rule of Cromwell, is not noticed by Mr. Prendergast, yet it is admitted by all contemporary writers. The attempt, however, to colonise permanently the island with a large Protestant population, must be allowed to have been unsuccessful. Before the end of the seventeenth century, the districts in Leinster and Munster, 'planted' by Cromwell, had once more become Catholic. Ulster alone continued Protestant, having been so essentially since the reign of James I. The cause of this was, no doubt, in part, the character of the Cromwellian settlement; the colonists were not sufficiently numerous to leaven thoroughly the people around them. But a deeper cause was the pervading influence of the old Catholic and Celtic race that remained on the soil which had changed owners. In vain Puritan edicts were hurled against 'marriage with Popish women;' in vain 'Popish nurses' were proscribed; in vain 'commerce with the Popish Irish' was prohibited under severe penalties; the 'godly custom' was in vain observed of 'having only Protestant tenants.' 'The wheat,' as it was said, 'was swallowed up by the tares;' and the descendants of the Puritan colonists yielded to the spells of the children of the soil and conformed to the condemned religion. As in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the knightly Fitzgeralds and De Burghs put off the garb and the manners of the Norman, and adopted the 'sluttish Irish custome,' so now the sons of Cromwellian troopers were turned by the power of the Irish character to altars deemed by their fathers idolatrous. The conquerors were subdued by the conquered; and forty years after the Cromwellian settlement, the colonists' descendants of the humbler classes were hardly distinguishable from the aboriginal Papists. ''Tis sure,' wrote a puzzled scribbler of the day, 'that no Englishman in Ireland knows what his children may be, as things are now; they cannot well live in the country without growing Irish.'

Mr. Prendergast draws a terrific picture of Ireland after the Cromwellian settlement. It is, perhaps, in some respects exaggerated; and, as we have said, he has not referred to the improvement which soon was seen in the island. Yet we can easily believe that the face of the country was scarred for years with the ravages of the war, that many districts remained wildernesses, that towns and villages continued in ruins. 'We have three beasts to destroy,' said Major Morgan, the Puritan representative of Wicklow in the United Parliament of the Protector, 'a wolf, a priest, and a Tory or robber;' and he proceeds to fix a death-rate for these vermin. The exclamation was no doubt correct; estates and farms within sight of Dublin were at this period granted on the terms of paying a yearly rent of 'wolf heads;' and Ireland, even at the Revolution, was known by the nickname of Wolfland. As for the priesthood of the subjugated race, they were proscribed as rebels and idolaters—a hard sentence, yet exactly the same as that on the Huguenot pastors in France, and followed by the same consequence, the growth in strength of the condemned religion. 'The Tory or robber' was a more real danger, for the country swarmed with armed banditti, and these caterans, issuing from the bogs and the hills, waged a kind of guerilla war with the colonists, and often descended on the new settlements, to destroy, to plunder, to ravish, and murder. Some of the old dispossessed owners were usually the leaders of these desperate men; and thirsting for booty and revenge, and

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supported by the sympathy of the nation, they were for many years the terror of Ireland. The exploits and atrocities of the 'Tories' may be traced in the Irish statute-book down to the middle of the last century; and, notwithstanding inhuman punishments, and frightful acts of private retaliation, they were only very slowly extirpated. In the reigns of the Georges their descendants were known by the name of 'the Rapparees;' and 'with fierce, wan, and wild aspect,' they were likened by a contemporary observer 'to the hyena that could be neither destroyed nor domesticated.' Nor is the spirit extinct in Ireland which provoked their deeds and gained for them sympathy; they were the forerunners of the ribbon societies and agrarian assassins of this generation.

The Restoration in a slight degree interfered with the Cromwellian settlement; but the great mass of the forfeited lands remained in the hands of the new possessors. Another series of Catholic confiscations took place in 1688–90; and the tale was completed by the penal code, which indirectly operated to wrest from its victims part of the wrecks of their properties. As the larger proprietary established in Ireland through the revolutions of the seventeenth century retained its Protestantism from several causes, a dominant aristocracy alien in creed, and to a certain extent in blood, was elevated in three fourths of the country, over a subject people, in part composed of an ancient *noblesse* unjustly despoiled, and throughout penetrated with the sense of oppression. Such a state of things, beside other results, prolonged inevitably evil recollections; and the policy and the confiscations of Cromwell are to this day unforgiven in Ireland. We have no wish to defend these acts; and the Cromwellian settlement in a special manner bears the odious character of violence and injustice. But it should be considered, we repeat, with a reference to the circumstances of the time, and to the general character of the age, and not viewed in the false light in which it has been placed by Mr. Prendergast. It was doubtless a measure of terrible vengeance, but it was the result of extreme provocation; it was planned at a most difficult crisis, and it was carried out in the century which beheld the conspiracy of the Stuarts against English Protestantism, and the atrocities done to the Huguenots of France. Above all, it was not caused by any ignoble love of spoliation; it was the deliberate act of a remarkable man, a fanatic perhaps, but a great ruler, pre-eminent among English sovereigns and statesmen. And if it was, in a measure, a sign of the passions of Englishmen in that generation, it is most unjust to represent this as a proof that the English nation has always marked out Ireland as a prey for rapine. Of all histories, the history of Ireland requires to be written in a spirit of temperance, and we regret to say that no evidence of this is to be found in Mr. Prendergast's pages.



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A DAY'S FISHING IN THE BUSH, 1848.

IT was upon a dark, soft morning in May: there had been heavy rains for some weeks before, which had swollen 'the Bush' and its numerous little tributaries, and turned their clear waters into a yellow clay colour, so that fishing had been out of the question during the beginning of the month; but for the last three days 'the fresh,' as they call it in the north of Ireland, had gone down, and the muddy tint had fined itself into the clear coffee hue, so dear to the eye of the fly-fisher. I had watched the change in the colour of the water from day to day somewhat anxiously, and observed with satisfaction that the little burn which raced below my front gate had become quite clear towards evening; another twelve hours would, as I knew, produce a like effect on the great river itself; so I rose very early upon that dark, soft morning, and prepared for a long, long day upon its upper streams.

I had, in fact, in those days the whole fishing of the river, from its source amongst the Breen moors to its mouth below Bushmills, but I seldom tried my luck below Stranochan—there were full fifteen miles of winding water above this, which I preferred as being less frequented by fishermen, and in the upper streams above Ballyquoich Bridge I hardly ever met a soul.

The lower part of the river was let to salmon fishers. Sir Richard Sutton paid 500*l.* for it one season, but I believe had little success. The middle was resorted to by a club of gentlemen from Ballycastle, interspersed occasionally with amateur policemen; but above the bridge I had it almost entirely to myself. It ran there through a wild, lonely district, far from any public road.

On the morning of which I speak I rose about three o'clock, and went into my little garden, which stood behind the house, to look at the weather. Those who live in the crowded streets of London may wonder at a man going out at three to look at the sky; but the dwellers in the country, especially in mountainous districts, learn to judge, by the slightest feeling in the air, the set of the wind, and the appearance of the clouds, the sort of day which is likely to follow, long before daylight appears. I may add that the moon, now in her last quarter, threw her faint light far into the morning.

The parish in which I then lived was a small one at the entrance of what is called the glen country. Small as it was, it had once, so said tradition, been a bishopric, having been probably the residence of one of the Chorepiscopi, country bishops of ancient times.

My little garden where I stood was raised a considerable height above the road; it stood, in fact, upon the very edge of a precipitous rock called 'the lag,' overhanging a ravine. The churchyard wall formed its boundary to the east, over which loomed in the dull light the newly raised spire of the village church, and the remains of an old round tower which had probably never been finished, having been abandoned for some reason when it had reached about two thirds of its intended height.

About this venerable relic of antiquity the country people had of course their traditions, and archæologists their theories; with the former I will not trouble the reader, and with respect to the latter, I am not sure whether our round tower was supposed to have been originally a bell tower, a Christian place of refuge, a treasure house, a monument, or a Buddhist temple. A

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short time before I became a resident in the parish a party of savants came down from Dublin to examine it, and I understand that, having dug under the outer wall, they discovered either five or three skeletons bearing marks of having been decapitated before they were deposited there, although I am not sure which of the popular theories this discovery was supposed to support.

I will only add that we might think ourselves fortunate in retaining the round tower at all. A rector of the parish in former years, being more of an economist than an antiquarian, proposed and actually set to work to pull it down for the purpose of building his glebe house with the stones. Luckily, his parishioners had more taste than himself, and resisted the outrage. So there it stood in my days—without any top, of course—open to the sky, with spaces near the summit which had formerly supported the beams of an upper platform, whilst a modern flooring below the round arched doorway served as a depository for coals.

Besides the traditions of forgotten ages connected with the old churchyard by means of its round tower, there was one of a more recent date, which I will record briefly, before I leave the old parsonage garden, with which, indeed, it is partly connected.

It was some sixty years ago that it happened. The rector at that time was an unmarried man of middle age, whom some disappointment in early life had kept single. He was a dreamer withal—one who delighted in solitary walks, regardless of the disturbed times in which he lived;—for he was quiet and charitable, and liked by all. Besides his fondness for more lengthened rambles, he had a habit of loitering in his own garden, especially at night, where he used to spend hours and hours—sometimes walking, but more frequently standing against the wall, or beside the hedge, looking down into the ravine.

One night, in the midst of his reveries, he was disturbed by hearing voices near him in the churchyard. He listened: they spoke in whispers, but he could perceive the different intonations of a male and female voice, without, however, catching the sense. It was a tryst held in a strange place, at a strange time. Presently he heard a shrill shriek, an execration, the sound of struggling, and in another moment the rector had vaulted over the wall and lighted in the churchyard, just in time to see a dark figure dragging something white towards *an open grave*.

At the sudden appearance of the rector, the dark figure fled. The rector pursued him to the east end of the church, where the ground, as from the garden, descended precipitously into the road beneath, saw him roll down the descent, cross the glen, and disappear in the solitary moorland beyond.

Mr. —— then returned to the white form which he had left. He found it to be that of a young girl in the neighbourhood whom the seducer had enticed to this solitary spot under the pretext of arranging for their marriage, and had felled to the ground with a bludgeon upon being reproached by her for a delayed promise and exposure to shame. That the brutal attack however had been premeditated was proved by the newly dug grave which the scoundrel had prepared to receive his victim.

The rector, having given the alarm at home, his servants carried the young woman into the house, had her put to bed, and the doctor was sent for immediately; but the shock had been too great, connected as it was with previous delicacy, and she died before assistance came, without disclosing the name of her

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murderer. Suspicion fell upon a young farmer of indifferent character, who disappeared from the parish about the same time; but it was not known that he had been acquainted with the deceased, and I am not sure what steps were taken to investigate the business. In my days it had become a legend of the place, varied occasionally according to the memory or fancy of the narrator, so that it is difficult to come to the rights of the story. I have told it pretty much as I recollect it in the distance of years, and the 'Maiden's Corner' in the old churchyard where the grave was dug, has often been pointed out to me.

But it is high time to leave the garden if I am to reach the stream to-day. Nay, but such thoughts which take long to write, pass very rapidly through the mind. The traditions of the round tower, and the legends of the burial ground had become so much a part of the scene in which I stood, that they used to follow naturally one upon another as the shadow follows the substance.

One more look over the hedge, and I must start, down the lag, across the ravine, over the waste of bog which lies beyond; upwards and upwards over the pleasant mountain farms which now sleep in the dusk of morning in the rugged townlands of Knockans and Monanacloigh, and higher up still, where, round, and black, and dreary, towers the summit of Knocklayde, presenting the same rude unbroken monotonous outline for miles and miles upon every side. There is its black outline now clear cut in the dark sky—it is what I have been looking for. If Knocklayde had had its 'night-cap' on, to speak more poetically, had been crowned with a diadem of clouds, we should surely have had heavy rain, and the trouts would not have risen; but as it is, we shall be safe from rain for the day. The stream is full enough without, and a very little more would bring down 'a fresh' again. Rain after dry weather if you like for fly-fishing, but not to-day.

It is not yet four, but I eat a hasty breakfast, fit my country-made creel to my shoulder, which is so much more convenient in shape than the awkward broad-bottomed fishing-basket, which a time-honoured custom has appropriated to the angler, and prepare to start. My Belfast rod with two tops and two reels, which are always called winches in books and nowhere else, is looked up and examined—for it will not do to find that you have left your tackle behind when you get six miles from home (there are neither carpenters or whitesmiths on the Breen moors); then I hang my landing-net to my button-hole—do not be shocked—its framework is only of cane, oval in shape, short in handle, light to carry, but quite sufficient for my purpose—I used no other for many years; and lastly, open, glance over, and tie up my poor old fishing-book, which I kept so long and lost so sillily at last. I made it myself twelve years before, merely out of folds of parchment, with slits cut in them to receive the flies, covering it with the red cover of a pocket-book, so that it looked like a citizen's portmonnaie full of cheques—full of checks it was in my time—checks upon the trout drawn upon the bank. I had it with me in Nova Scotia for some years, where I nearly lost it, having had the mortification of seeing it sailing down the Muscadaboit full of flies, from whence, however, I rescued it by the help of a friendly eddy. I had it with me in the West Indies, and on the coast of Africa, for companionship rather than amusement, to remind me amidst the sultry waters of 'the Line,' of the cool fresh northern streams, and after keeping it for fifteen years longer,

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I lost it only three years ago under the trees at Petersham fishing for bleak.

So then now I am prepared for a day's fishing. No, I have room for dunnage yet in my ample pockets; a paper of sandwiches and a volume of Tennyson balance each other. I shall have more use for the former than the latter, if the day is favourable and the sport is good, until I rest by the side of a pool at last, too weary to think my own thoughts, yet impatient of an empty brain.

And so I sally forth through the gate, sharp to the left, over the little bridge which spans the first little stream, or feeder of the Bush — the Well Water, as it is called— which runs not far from my own house. I am obliged to set my face steadily forward and walk quick for fear of temptation; every small run of water here is full of trout; smaller, but thicker and better fed fish than those in the Bush, and every fish presenting some curious peculiarities of its feeding ground. Out of two or three dozen trout, I could generally, in those days, name the particular locality from which they came. These feeders were all easily fished, no trees or bushes beside the banks to entangle your flies and embarrass you in your throw: keep back from the bank, that is all, and let your fly fall lightly under it,— but then they required particular days to fish them in. In a fine clear day you could do nothing, but when the stream ran turbid in its deep channels, just as it was beginning to fine, then you might fill your basket; in fact the colour of the water must be just as it is now, and a red hackle with gold twist would do wonders. I must not stop; the throw under the arch is very tempting, but I must hurry on; I have five miles to walk, making allowance for short cuts, before I arrive at Ballyquoich Bridge.

Only half a mile further and I come to another temptation, at the 'Well Town,'—such a grand name, but it only consists of four huts or cabins, with one two-storied house, the dirtiest of them all, in the middle. Here there is a passage over the Well Water by stepping-stones, by which I may cross and strike over for the Grace Hill or Flisk streams, or fall in with the Bush at Armoy; but brave in my resolution, I hold my way onwards, and soon leave the Clachan behind.

And yet small as it is, the Well Town is a place of note. In the garden of the larger house is the Holy Well, from which the brook and hamlet derives its name, and to this, crowds of women and children resort upon Hallow-e'en, to dip their babies in the well, on which occasion the garden and premises adjoining present the appearance of Rag Fair, all the hedges being covered with bits of duds, steeped in the holy element. It is the same well which, according to tradition, was formerly situated in the Rectory grounds, in the centre of the eight-acre field, and was famous for healing all manner of diseases, until it took offence at having a horse's broken leg bathed in it, withdrew its spring, and bubbled up again in Robert Fulton's garden.

And you must not forget that, although we are in the north of Ireland, we are in the glen countries, full of Roman Catholics, and abounding in superstitions. Some of these are very pretty and poetical, especially those which relate to the dead. I will tell you two whilst we walk along.

One is, that they never, however full the cottage may be, on a winter's night, fill up the space between the fire and the door; they leave it vacant, because they say that the spirits of their departed friends linger round the old spot, and, 'why wouldn't they on a could night? and shure yees would not keep the heat of the turf and the light of the bog

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wood from the poor souls, and they may be naked and bare?'

And there is another superstition upon the same subject, which improves upon the last. Upon All-souls'-night, in our mountainous districts, the fire is lit afresh before the cotters go to bed, and the white turf ashes are smoothed around the hearth, and when morning comes there is good proof that the thoughtful attention of the living is valued by those who 'are not,' 'for little footsteps lightly press the ground' upon the white ashes round the smouldering fire.

I pity the man who suggests 'mice' upon such an occasion. I am tired of hearing everything accounted for; I want to believe.

It is this remembrance of the strong feeling of the vicinity, so to speak, of the invisible world to them, in the minds of our mountaineers, which gives a melancholy solemnity to another scene which I have witnessed in that country, but which I have never seen or heard of anywhere else.

And I am now close to the very spot, it is about two miles on the road—or rather a little off from it, but I go that way to-day, partly for the old reason of wishing to avoid temptation, partly to visit that dreary solemn scene.

My temptation lies to the left, there a rugged footpath leads to the great stepping-stones below Moyarget, and from thence, after a smart walk to the three great lakes of 'Lough Guile.' Lough Guile—the lake of the fetters—a strange name, connected, perhaps, with some sad forgotten tradition of ancient times, but it has a sadder tale belonging to it now. By the side of the largest lake stands a pleasant modern cottage or fishing house, which had long been the residence of the family of the M——ys; behind it, towering above the trees, stood the old castle, which bore testimony to the ancient importance of the race in feudal times. This castle the owner rebuilt or restored at a considerable expense. Everything was completed, the furniture was partly removed into it; the evening before the family were to take possession, the mistress, a most amiable lady, went into one of the rooms which had been filled with packages, with a light. In a minute or two an explosion was heard, one wall of the building was blown into the courtyard, the rest of the strong walls shaken, and after a considerable search amongst the ruins, poor Mrs. M——y was drawn out from under them, quite dead. Some barrels of powder, but I know not for what purpose placed there, had exploded; and this was the result.

It has only just happened, the family are all gone away, the great building stands black, desolate and gloomy.

A pleasant place it was in times of yore,
But something ails it now, the thing is cursed.

No, I cannot go there now, although it is the best fishing ground in the country—the small lake swarming with trout, herring size. The second has fewer in it, but larger, finer fish. The third! if you rise a trout, then look to your tackle; they are not numerous, and are very shy, but you will seldom hook one of less than three pounds.

But there is nothing painful connected with the fords under Moyarget. There you are sure to meet with sport, but I have made up my mind not to begin yet, so to avoid the possibility, I strike off out of the road to the left, and pursue my way over the moors. It will bring me to the river near the bridge, at all events I am sure to hit it somewhere.

It is early yet, the mists hang heavy upon the fields, half bog, half heath, save where a few patches of stunted stubble show the spots

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where barley or oats have been. I can see little before me. Every now and then a great barrier seems to rise in my way, which turns out to be nothing but a huge turf fence when I come up to it.

If I was trusting only to guesswork as to the points of the compass, I should be in a bad plight, but I am not; there is a faint undulating track through the heather. I know that it will lead me in the right direction, and I know *through* what it will lead.

I am upon it now, a dreary oblong of broken ground, enclosed by an irregular ditch (Hibernicè) of about two feet high, looking as if it were the remains of a wall, of which nothing is left but the foundations. Within it the grass grows long and rank, grew rather, for it is never cut, but wastes and withers where it stands; all around it, if the mists would allow me to see them, are the brown ridges of the wild heathy hills, in the bottom of which it lies like a dry lake.

It looks and feels very cold and weird-like all around. It felt so especially that morning.

I enter it by a corner; no building is near it, no human being;—yes, at the sound of my feet, faint as that has been on the turf, a crouching figure rises from a small mound, on which it has been sitting or kneeling, hurries away towards the other side of the enclosure, and soon passes from my sight.

I make no effort to recall or follow her, her—yes, there is light enough to distinguish a slender girl-like form, with a cloak over her head, and bare feet, as she glides silently along. I do not wish to arrest her in her sorrow. I am standing in the burial place of unbaptized children, and she has been weeping over a grave.

I have never heard of any tradition of there ever having been a church or any hallowed ground in this place. I know not why it was chosen, or how long it has existed, but there it is, and I know of no more dreary spot in all the world, than that lonely burial place, as it lies unblessed, unhallowed in the middle of the Breen moors.

It would require no great stretch of imagination for those who can trace the little footsteps of the happy dead by the cottage hearth at night, to believe that they heard in the distant cry of the curlew or plover over the heath which surrounds that desolate place, the wailings of those poor little infant souls, who, having neither name nor place on earth, inherit, according to the stern creed of the Church of Rome, neither name nor place in heaven.

Continuo auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ flentes, in limine primo:
Quos dulcis vitæ exsortes et ab ubere raptos
Abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.

Why, when I came near the place on that cold misty spring morning, I heard something like the sound of weeping and sobbing amidst the little graves; but I imputed it neither to plover nor curlew, but to the slight hooded figure which had retired so quickly, and I knew that neither despair of the present nor uncertainty for the future could destroy the natural instinct of a mother's love. But I must press on more quickly now over the moor to the stream. It is misty yet, and ever and anon

from my path the hare
Flees like a shadow.

Great fat hares jumping up close at my feet, so that it is a wonder that I do not kick them; and yet my friend H—— will go out from day to day with his greyhounds and meet with none. Explain this mystery if you can. How do they know that my fishing-rod is not a gun? How do they know, humiliating as the confession is, that if it were a gun I could no more hit them with its contents than I could hit a haystack

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(which I take to be false logic)? How is it, to speak in general terms, that the idea of safety is connected in the minds of animals with certain times and persons, and not with others? Why, for instance, do a whole nation of rooks sit so wisely and warily on my railing all the day long, as my young friend Cecil informs me, quite out of shot, whilst the whole of Sunday they hold their grand parliament in the field, fearing and regarding no one? It is a knotty point, but I have no time to settle it; I have come to the Bush at last—at least I hear the murmur of the water over the rocks in the bottom below, see the tops of the bushes which skirt its sides, and follow with my eye the highway of white mist which points out its course through the uplands.

I have struck the stream higher up than I intended, a mile above Ballyquoich Bridge, and a mile below the upper salmon leap. I should have regretted this more three years before; at that time there were certain deep streams and pools from whence I have taken many a good-sized trout, but they are all gone now. The bed of the river in that part seems to have changed; deep channels are now sand banks, and are only conscious of the vicinity of the river in times of heavy floods; in a few years the sedimentary deposits will rise higher and higher, and rustic geologists will calculate by the inches of their mushroom growth the antiquity of a world.

But my only concern, at present, with the changes in the bed of the Bush above Ballyquoich is that the fishing is not so good as it was; the haunts of the patriarchs of the stream are broken up, and they are gone.

It is not much matter, therefore, that I strike upon the stream above it: more tempting is the vicinity of that great precipitous bank, or cliff rather, of red clay or sandstone, the 'Red Scaur,' as it is called, which rises perpendicularly before me on the opposite side of the river, under which runs a deep dark rapid current, which is sure to have fine trout, after these heavy rains, feeding at the tail of the eddy, or beside the smooth water close in to the bank. But I had better keep this for later in the day, should it turn out bright, and the rest of the river be unfishable; the sun will not penetrate to the dark waters under the Red Scaur, but will flow on quiet, and cold, and shadowless still.

Well, I must put up my rod, or I shall never begin. Between you and me, I know that I ought not, for reasons which you will see presently, but I have scrambled down to the bed of the river, and there it goes running, and whirling, and eddying, and foaming, and splashing, and sparkling amidst the black rocks and stones, and it has such an exceedingly fishy look that I cannot refrain any longer, although I know that I had better *not* fish here. But so it is; if you wish to avoid temptation do not go near it and see how nice it looks, and if you do not wish to begin to fish at a certain spot do not take your rod down with you to the tabooed place with the expectation of leaving it unwhipped if you do, for then—what then?—why see, I have taken my rod out of its case, and am putting it together as eagerly as if I had intended to fish in that very place all along; and now my rod is put together, or up, technically, my line rove, my casting line knotted to the line with a fisherman's bend, the lightest and strongest knot that you can tie, for, as for having a loop at the end of it, it is simply 'bosh,' unless you want to frighten the fish with a premeditated splash at first.

And now what flies shall I try? A red palmer for the drop—good always, especially in the early

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months of the year in mountain streams, before the flies have wings; a hare's ear for the spinner—a hare's lug they call it here—good again! it is a little early in the day, but a safe and steady friend always. In Nova Scotia I always fished with a fly which we called the cow-dung fly, but which is entirely different from that which bears its name in England. It had a starling's wing like the hare's-ear, or rather I used to tie it with the wing of the American robin, but the dubbing for the body was of mohair—a mixture of green, grey, and yellow; not having mohair, I used to make it of the dyed woollen cloth of a gun-case, it had no hackle, but the dubbing was teased out under the wings instead—very unlike, as I said, its namesake in England, with its bright orange body, landrail wings, and ginger hackle, &c. This fly always took the middle place then, as the hare's-ear does now, as it did on that day beside the Bush, as it has done many a time since by the Itchin, Test, and Arle—that is when I do fish with three flies there, which is not often.

And now for my tail fly, the most important of all, the fly with which I catch two thirds of my fish. What shall it be? Everything depends on it. Can there be a doubt?

> Let it be late or be earlie,
> The water be drumlie or sma',
> Still up wi' the bonnie red heckle,
> The heckle that tackles them a'.

I quote from memory, but everybody knows whom I quote from—Old Christopher North; so he sings, and so do I; and I have finished my arrangements by knotting a great red spinner, with gold rib and tip, to my casting-line, and now to work. One moment; the gut is not so straight as should be; a rub of Indian rubber—barbarous old practice, is it not?—takes the kinks out, and then, with bent arm and upturned wrist, both suddenly straightened as the rod is lowered, I make my cast. My line floats lightly down, unravelling as it descends, so that my tail-fly, just as I meant, my masters, touches the water first beside that great black stone; hardly a second of time elapses before the spinner and the drop follow it, and so the three together go down and across the stream.

A little ripple and ring under the palmer, a slight turn of the wrist, and a jerk at every fly. I have three on. What a fortunate cast! Is it? There, I told you what would happen, before I wetted my line. I told you that I ought not to have fished just there, in those broad streams of troubled waters below the falls so early in the spring. Now you shall understand why. I must reel up gently, for the current is strong, and though 'no that big, there are a gay wheen of them.' Here they come to the shore, and I break nor gut nor hook. 'No that big.' I know the weight, without seeing, from five ounces to twelve; and here they are. No call for a landing net. Beautiful little fish, the two largest white and silvery, the smallest darker, with five dark marks like brown fingers upon its side.

Of the two first there can be no doubt. They are salmon fry. Of the smallest much has been said and written for and against; to wit, whether the par is really a distinct fish, or merely the young salmon in an early stage.

It may help to decide this question, as far as my own observation goes, when I say that I never caught a 'par' above the salmon leap. But in those days I used to take advantage of the uncertainty, and settle it in this way:

If the sport was good, and my creel full or filling, when one of these jokers would come and be caught, I gave him the benefit of

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the doubt, and said 'Go away, little salmon,' and chucked him into the river. But when the day was queer, and the creel empty, I said 'Come along, little par,' and put him into the basket. In the early portion of the day, however, he is always spared. So into the river he goes, with his two brother captives.

And now for another cast. There is a rise just at the tail of the stream above me; not a bad fish either, by the curl. A gentle whisk flings the 'hare's ear' just over him. A splash follows as he makes the rush. He is disappointed; and so am I. Jerk, jerk, jerk: I have got three on again. They are too quick for troutie and me. I reel up my line with evil thoughts against a par, should he happen to be amongst them, and am rather glad to find this time that they are all unmistakably salmon fry. I must own that my mind was becoming unsettled with respect to the par controversy. But it need not disturb me now; in they all go, and on I must go; onward and upward.

Don't you see that if I stay where I am I shall never fill my basket? unless, as Horace says, 'coëat par jungaturque pari.' There is no need to take my rod to pieces; I take off my casting-line, and wind it round my hat, that is all. It will dry the flies, and do away with all chance of hooking them as I go along. So I scramble up the bank, and pursue my way up the stream, out of sight, but within hearing of the falls.

I walk on half a mile, and come to a cabin with a small patch of potato ground behind it. One of the fences of the garden has formed part of a dyke, or ditch, or turf wall, or sod bank, or what you will. That dyke has stood for years beyond the memory of man; but the present occupier has taken it into his head to level it for the purpose of extending the bounds of his little holding: about half of it is down, behind the cabin. The man has gone to his breakfast, I suppose. His spade and prong are standing erect where he has been working. I know nothing about him, and pass on. I am now skirting the banks of the river, with its thick underwood fringing the gulley which conceals its banks.

I hear a rustling in the bushes by my side. I am now about thirty yards from the cottage; but a turn in the path has hidden it from my sight. No dwelling place—no sign of civilisation—no human being near me: I am mistaken. Nearer than I thought. The rustling in the bushes continues; the branches are opened, and a man emerges from them.

He is a short, thick-set, rough-looking customer, with a low, battered 'caubeen,' a long grey frieze great-coat flung hastily over his shoulders, and reaching down to his ankles. The rest of his wardrobe consists of knee breeches, thick ribbed worsted stockings, and heavy brogues. There is nothing very startling or remarkable in his appearance, further than that he is evidently one of the Irish, or 'Romans,' as they call them in these parts: his dark features, black crisped hair, snub nose, and brilliant black beads of eyes prove it. Those eyes, it is true, are now twinkling with excitement, but there is nothing threatening or vicious in them.

The only suspicious circumstance about him was the manner in which he had evidently tracked me through the bushes, the suddenness of his appearance, and the abruptness of his address.

'Will your honour come in here for a minute?' As he spoke, his left hand was empty, but his right grasped something in his breast. Was there anything to be alarmed at? 'Oh, nothing, if it had not

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been in Ireland.' Very well; that is what you think of the lion, do you? Now, what does the lion think of you? It probably has its own thoughts upon the subject, like most birds, beasts, and fishes, aye, and men and women, too, whom we favour with our gracious notice, and on whom we pass our critical remarks. What do the people in Ireland think of the safety of living in England? I will tell you what they thought fifteen years ago. I was at that time leaving a parish in Ireland, having exchanged it for one in Norfolk. It was a little after Rush had committed his murders. I was sorry to leave the people, and they were sorry that I was going to leave them; but their greatest source of grief was that I was leaving such a quiet, harmless country 'as this same, your honour,' to go into a cruel, murdering country like England, where people could not sleep in their beds or open their front doors when they heard a ring without being shot down like a grouse or a woodcock. All which showed good hearts and bad logic.

It must be confessed, however, that the year of which I am now writing was an anxious one. Fenianism was, it is true, unknown, but Smith O'Brien had hoisted the standard of rebellion in the widow's cabbage garden, and Mitchell and his colleagues were at large on the mountain of Sleivenamoon; a hundred wild rumours were speeding through the country every day, and became no smaller on their journey to our lonely glens. Posterity, of course, can afford to laugh when an infernal machine goes off with a fiz instead of an explosion; but those who stand near to it may be excused from feeling a wee bit nervous when the match is just going to be applied to the train.

However, I may say, in truth, that with the exception of a general sense of possible insecurity, I am not conscious of having felt any personal apprehensions at the time, so that when the mysterious stranger asked me to come in with him for a minute into the bushes, I gave a ready consent, jerked down the spike of my rod into the ground, and left it sticking up outside to keep guard. I had a sort of suspicion, I may add, of what might possibly be the nature of the man's secret. It turned out to be something very different, as it happened; but I will tell you what I suspected, presently, if the fish don't rise.

When we had got into the bushes, and were quite screened from observation (there being, as I said before, not a living creature near to observe), the man, with a hurried and anxious gesture, drew his hand from his breast, and saying, shortly, 'Is it gould, your honour?' put the contents into mine.

It was a curious-shaped article, looking like a small horse-shoe, except that the members of it were round instead of flat, as if formed of very thick wire. At each extremity was an oval excrescence, like a button. It was, if I recollect, about two inches and a half long by two broad. I am not quite sure about its dimensions, but it did certainly look very like gold.

'Where did you find it?' I asked.

'Is it gould, your honour?'

'I cannot tell, but I will find out for you; but I want to know where you found it.'

'In the ould ditch beyont there, which I was levelling.'

'And how long has the ditch been there?'

'Faith, and I disremember—ever so many hundred years.'

'Did you dig it up below the ditch, or out of it?'

'Sure, your honour, it was just out of the face of it belike. I lifted up a great lump of a turf that was dhry and rotten entirely, and as it fell down it just crumbled to pieces, and I saw something bright and shining, and picked it up and hid

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it away, for I saw yees coming, and I thought, may be, you would tell me what it was, and whether it was worth anything before I let mortial eyes look upon it, or, may be, set the tongues going betwixt me and my luck.'

The reason why I asked where this article had been dug up was because, if it had been dug out of the undisturbed earth, it had probably lain there one thousand years; if it had been dug out of the ditch, as the old turf bank was called, it must have been taken up, long ago, embedded in the damp soil, by some poor workman, who never knew that he carried a small fortune on the end of his spade; and such, as it seemed by the man's replies, had actually been the case.

As for the article itself, I was pretty sure what it was, and, although I did not wish to raise the expectations of the finder too much, was almost equally convinced of its value. It was an old Irish fibula, or cloak buckle, worn at a time when cloaks must have been as useful as they were ornamental, according to Sir Richard Sewry. It was made of the very finest solid gold, gold without the least particle of alloy, having been forged before alloy was introduced, thus proving its great antiquity and value according to its size.

Having examined it attentively I returned it to its owner, who stood trembling with anxiety, mouth and eyes wide open, waiting for my answer.

'Well,' I said, 'it looks very like gold, but you must not make too sure of it; I really understand very little about these things; you had better take it to Ballymoney, and see what they will say about it there.'

'Ah! your honour, but I would not like to let on too much about it. By dad! I live here lonely and safe with my wife and the childer—and why wouldn't I, seeing that, glory be to the blessed saints, I've nothing to steal—but may be I shouldn't be let alone so quiet if they heard of my grand luck afore I got clear away to Ameriker.'

'But you must not be too certain of this being grand luck, as you call it. It may be nothing but brass, after all.'

'Brass, your honour! By the pipers! and you saying that it looked like gould; and, in troth, yez wouldn't have it belie its looks.'

'It often does, if the proverb is true,' I said, laughingly; 'but, at all events, I advise you to take care of it, and ask some honest tradesman to look at it, or take it to Mr. C—— of Glenbank, who knows something about these things.'

'Is it the magistrate you mean? troth! and I would not like to be showing it to him at all at all—may be he'd be saying that it was the Queen it belonged to, because it was dug out of the King's soil; or may be the landlord would get wind of it, and they would all be fighting—King, Queen, and landlord—and might forget him who found it, and has best right to it, ava.'

The man grinned as he spoke, but I could see clearly that, whatever notion he might have formed of royal or manorial rights, he had no intention of making the fact of his discovery public property; I was rather astonished, therefore, when, thrusting the article into my hands, for I had returned it to him after examination, he said,

'Will your honour just keep it for me, and get the money, and I'll take your word fair and free for whatever you get for it? Sure, if it's gould it would be worth a lump.'

'But if it's brass,' I persisted, 'it will be worth nothing.'

'There's the curosity of it,' said my friend. 'They will give a great deal for curosity.'

'Still,' I objected (for, to say the truth, I did not like the responsibility of disposing of the poor fellow's prize, upon the strength of which he was beginning to dream

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with forty Hibernical power), 'had you not better show it to the priest, Mr. Boyle?—you know him better than you know me—in fact, I'm not sure that you do know who I am all this time.'

'Not know your honour! 'deed and I know you as well as you know the trouts in the Bush, and that's a wide word: and why wouldn't I know you, and you at the head of the "Board" at James M'Bride's there, at Turna Robert, which kept us all alive once in the year of the famine, and——'

'Well, never mind the "ands." Why don't you show it to Mr. Boyle, whom you know better? Mind, I will take it if you like, only I would rather that you put it into the hands of some one whom you know well and can trust with it.'

'Troth! and that's your honour, and none else.'

'And why not Father Boyle?'

'Well then, if you must know,' said the peasant, 'the Church's dues are somewhat heavy, and may be,' he added with a sly look, 'they would be a sight heavier where there was a chance of coming by them; so, if you plase, we'll just leave it as it is, and I'll thrust your honour to put it into your pocket and do the best for me.'

And so that business was settled with that mixture of caution and confidence, acuteness and simplicity, which an Irishman is quite capable of when he does not act, as he too often does, under the influence of passion and excitement—when he looks before he leaps. So I pocketed the fibula, letting him understand that I did not intend to part with it without giving him the option of taking or refusing the price which might be offered; and that I may bring this adventure to a close, I may add that I wrote to the President of the Archæological Society in Dublin, and after some delay occasioned by the necessity of sending the brooch for his inspection, I was finally enabled to offer the man nearly 20*l.* for his prize. I do not think that his expectations, which had been raised to a great height from his total ignorance of its value, were quite answered by this sum, large as it was for a poor man, and unexpectedly as it had fallen into his hands. However, he had the sense to feel that he was fairly dealt with, and accepted the offer with many thanks.

The 'blue dun' and 'caperer' were up on the streams of the Bush when I passed the cottage and the potato field that spring morning. The 'blue bottle' and 'grouse hackle' and 'cockabundie' had succeeded them, with many a summer and autumn fly, before I came precisely to the same portion of the river again. When I did come, both cottage and field were deserted: the fortunate finder of the treasure had given himself no time to put away the money, but had expended it in his paying his passage to America, where I suppose he is living now, a moneyed man perhaps, and a major-general of the Irish Republican army on the point of invading Canada—who knows?

But he has delayed me long enough; I must be off again—off to the river, above the salmon leap. No; I must strike upon the water below, or I shall not be able to cross; and I must fish the river from the opposite side. On the side where I am the banks are steep, in many places consisting of perpendicular walls of rock, hollowed in by the stream below, and covered with thick bushes at the top, whose roots stand bare on the side of the river, and twist in and out in rough, gnarled festoons over the precipitous edge.

I shall be able to cross in the shallow water beneath the salmon pool;—well, it is not so shallow now: the floods, as we know, have only just gone down; but a foot or more of water does not make

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so much odds when one's blood is up, and one's work cut out for you. So I do not funk the passage, but—

> with my harness on my back,
> Plunge in the roaring tide.

Lower and lower, deeper and deeper, splashing as I go on, tottering as I stand still, with the deep red dark currents sweeping by—up to my knees, deeper and deeper. I feel a weight dragging beneath; it is only my coat tails in the water. My fly book is in my breast pocket; my sandwiches and Tennyson must take their chance. What does the poet of Locksley Hall think now of the comparative value of 'Water to Wine?' Water has the best of it, though 'good wine needs no Bush.' However, the stream is lower now, or I have passed the deepest part. The coat tails begin to emerge; so does Tennyson; so does the parcel of sandwiches, worse for wear; and thus stumbling, slipping, splashing, dripping, I reach the opposite shore. Well for me that I did not cross where I wanted to fish, or I should have disturbed the whole water; and now I scramble as best I may over the rocky margin, down into the little green dell, which is full of celandine and wood anemones, amongst which I shake myself, then wind up a rocky path which leads round the cascade, and find myself on the spot where I ought to have begun an hour before, if it had not been for the par and the fibula.

I am above the upper salmon leap now. Over it the water pours dark, and smooth, and glassy, until it breaks below in foam. But in the stream above it there is another dark pool, into which juts out a ridge of broken rock that makes a backwater for the current on the other side. At the upper side of this pool, a rippling run over stones and pebbles marks the channel by which the Bush descends from the hills.

In fine summer days, after dry weather, except in such rocky basins as this, it is easy to wade over the Bush from side to side.

In the dark water by the side of the rock must be my first cast. With a lift of the arm and a turn of the wrist, the top of the rod bends slightly behind me; the long line makes a circle through the air, flies forward, unfolding its long length as it descends, and the red-tail fly drops like thistle-down upon the water. It hardly alights before it goes down, down, down, and then the line runs rapidly, cutting the water up the stream: I have hooked a trout now, and no mistake. The resistance which followed when I struck, the fly taken down under the water, and now the mad violence with which he rushes away, show me that he is a good one. Now everything depends upon the manner in which he is hooked, the temper of the Limerick hook, the strength of the gut, and—the skill of the fisherman.

If you doubt the latter, look at that tyro, with all his neat expensive and scientific appointments. Look at him where he stands, with his eyes open and 'rabbit mouth agape,' beholding his line float back to him again, minus flies, casting line, and a fathom off its point, as with a rush and a swirl that big fish, which was his quasi-captive for a minute, breaks away unharmed.

'Bad line, sir! rotten gut! I barely touched him, that is all.' Very possibly, sir; but that may not be all. We know the old proverb of a workman and his tools. Do not think me cynical: it has happened to myself before now; but be satisfied that a large trout *will* not be caught if he can help it. But I have had this one on long enough to understand that he is hooked well and firmly; at all events long enough to know that there is nothing wrong with the line or collar. They would have

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gone when I first struck him if they meant to go; and now he is swimming deep in the middle of the rapids, with his head up the stream.

That will never do. He will swim on there for half an hour that way, and be none the worse. It is his natural direction; so I wheel up my line slowly with my rod nearly bent double, drawing him to the edge of the stream, and turning his head round as I draw, get him into smoother water, and immediately he is off and down he rushes, making the reel whiz again as he carries out the line. The instant that I dare, I give him a check, for he is drawing near the fall, and if he once goes, good-bye top of the rod and line and trout. It is only just in time, he runs back again, and I wheel up again as fast as I can, for a slack line would be fatal.

Will it be? He will try that directly, after a rush or turn up and down, making less distance and rising higher in the water every time, so that I get an occasional glimpse of his great tail and dark track above the surface; he fairly leaps clean out of it, and shows the goodly dimensions of a two-pound trout, if ever I saw one, and now unless my line is slack he breaks it, for he throws himself right upon the top of it as he comes down.

Yes, but I was up to that dodge, and as he sprung up out of the water, down went the top of my rod into it, and the heavy fish falls upon the loosened bight. Up he is, and into the air again, down goes the top into the water, and then he makes another furious rush up the stream, turns again, and I bring him easily back this time upon his side. I think that I can land him; no, he sees me as I steal my left hand down with the short landing net towards him, and makes another struggle for liberty—nearly succeeds this time, for I did not think that there was a run left in him, and he is only just turned in time. Then he gives in; a few short lengths run out and easily wheeled up, and I draw him towards me with his nose out of the water, my butt pointed towards it, my line tight, my elbow bent and wrist slightly turned back, left hand below the winch, right hand upon the handle, slowly and warily till he lies motionless close beside the gravel bank, and I slip the net under him, and he is mine.

Nearly two pounds and a half, beautifully spotted, with a belly as yellow as gold. A very uncommon trout in size and colour to meet in the upper streams of the Bush; I only caught two others like it in five years. In general the Bush trout are white in the flesh, and you seldom get them heavier than a pound and a half, but they are good eating, fry well, and pickle admirably. All the small ones went into the vinegar jar.

So you see this has been a great prize, and I celebrate the victory with a feu de joie, not without smoke.

> And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
> Through the tranquil air of morning:
> First a single line of darkness,
> Then a denser bluer vapour,
> Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
> Ever rising, rising, rising,—

and so on.

Yes, and it must be so on, for now I follow up the course of the stream smaller pools and narrower currents, but trouts in all. Here I take a pound fish just under the bank; here I hook one of half a pound by the tail, which gives me almost as much trouble to land as he of two and a half. Now, as I strike one hungry fellow rising at the hare's ear, a jerk at the red hackle informs me that I have got two on, three quarters each, but safe enough, for one will help to drown the other, only I must be careful in bringing them in to take off the trout from the drop first, in order

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to keep (the old story) the line tight on the other.

Onwards and upwards yet till I get to the highest bridge on the Bush, three miles and a half above Ballyquoich, a grey old bridge with a tall single arch quite in place and keeping with the brawling solitary mountain stream that runs below; the day is getting on, the sky is brighter, and the fish rise less freely, but I have four dozen now in my creel, some small enough, but all fish are fish here.

With the exception of putting on a fresh tail fly after catching my first trout, the other having lost its hackle in the struggle, I have been fishing with the same flies hitherto, now I have got a hint to examine my tackle. My arm is getting a little tired or perhaps I am grow- a little careless; at all events, I hear a noise behind me like the crack of a coach whip. I know well what that means. It is my last tail fly saying, 'Provide yourself with another, master, for I'm off;' so as the old cast seems to have lost its attraction, I try another and another — black palmer, March brown, Turkey brown. This is a useless experiment, and I know it. I ought to have a stormy rainy day for these; the blue—too early in the year; the little wren, the yellow dun, and the cockabundie—I take with these, but it seldom answers changing flies. If the fish do not rise to the old stagers, it is because the feeding time is over; so I change back to the old cast, and go on. The river is now running through the bare moors, a succession of rocky basins; I move on at a slow pace, making a cast occasionally as I meet with a likely spot. I rise some, strike some, miss more, but I have only one wanting to make up six dozen. I go in for that. How long it always takes to catch that last trout! So as the fish have ceased to rise I will tell you what it was that I thought the man had in his hand when he came so suddenly upon me out of the bushes, and afterwards will employ the interval which must follow before I can obtain that particular measure of success which is to make me perfectly happy, by relating an anecdote connected with such a suspicion, and not inappropriate to our proximity to the moors.

I thought, then, very probably, that my friend was connected with a distillery of illicit whiskey, and had brought a sample to show or sell. There was some little trade carried on in that commodity in those wild parts, and a friend of mine had had a similar offer made to him some little time before, and the suspicion of this purpose of his, although as we have seen a mistaken one, brought to my mind a somewhat amusing story which was told to me forty and five years ago by a young officer who was, I think, himself the hero of the adventure; but, at any rate, if he is alive now, I hope that he will pardon me for connecting it with his name.

The original narrative derived additional interest from being told as we were standing before the great long, empty worm of a private still taken by him some nights before in the mountains of Clare.

A young officer then, we will call him Sutherland, was shooting one day on the mountains of Innishowen. The weather, which had been dark and cloudy all the morning threatening rain, had finally settled down into a thick, heavy mist as the evening closed in.

The sportsman could hardly see a yard before him. There was no path to guide him over the moor, and the long slopes of heather and bog as he surmounted them successively, gave no distinguishing marks by which to direct his steps. He was cold, hungry, tired, utterly and irrecoverably lost.

All of a sudden a tall, shadowy figure rose up before him out of the mist.

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'My good fellow,' he shouted, 'can you guide me to the neighbouring town?'

'Is it the town, ava? Shure, your honour, I could not guide myself there, let alone another, on such a murky night,' was the frank, hearty reply.

'Can you direct me to some place of shelter, then, and I will pay you well?'

The figure came close up to him: a great brawny, broad-shouldered Celt, with twinkling black eyes and a broad, grinning mouth.

'Let me look at your honour's face.' The young soldier turned his open, honest eyes towards him. 'It's a fair one if the world don't spoil it,' the man muttered. 'Now, sir, I'll deal fairly with you, if you'll do the same belikes to me. Will you give your word that you'll never let on to any man, woman, or child what your eyes may see, or your ears hear, this blessed night?'

The promise was given.

'Come, then, your honour, and I'll give you the pattern of a lodging, and the best I can offer, and maybe something more besides.'

He then led the way in a contrary direction to that in which the young soldier had been going, and after about a quarter of a mile's walking paused. The sportsman listened; he thought that he heard the murmur of voices near him, but he could distinguish no sign of a dwelling. Presently, however, he thought that he perceived a black smoke rising up out of the heather through the mist, and became more certain of it as the vapour was mingled occasionally with sparks of fire.

His guide came nearer to him, and put his finger to his mouth, with an odd good-natured look of warning.

'Your promise, your honour—you mind it?'

'On my oath,' was the reply.

'Come on then,' and Sutherland followed his guide to the side of a hillock, in which was a rude door, from whence the smoke and the flames and voices clearly proceeded.

The man now gave a low whistle, which was answered from within, and a rugged head was thrust out from the door, and a short parley ensued, at the close of which his guide returned to Sutherland, saying that it was all right, and then, clasping his hand and uttering more sternly than before his brief admonition—'Remember your promise'—led him into the secret chamber.

It was in a cave hollowed out in the hill, and only consisted of one apartment, at the end of which blazed an enormous turf fire, with a huge caldron upon it, containing what Sutherland knew at once to be a private still, so that the mystery of the secret habitation and promise was at once explained.

There were no persons in the cave but the owner of the rugged head aforesaid, an old blear-eyed man, who appeared to be thoroughly smoke-dried in his vocation, and a bare-legged urchin of twelve who attended to the fire.

On the whole, barring the smoke, it was a cozy enough lodging to fall in with upon a cold, dark, misty night, upon the barren moors, and Sutherland felt no scruple of conscience in making himself thoroughly comfortable. He was no informer, and he had no intention of becoming one, so he warmed himself and dried his clothes by the great turf fire, and ate heartily of some oatmeal bannocks and capital potatoes which were set before him, and he took a very fair quantity of the very best potheen that had ever passed through his lips, drinking *sotto voce* to the health of the King, and openly to that of his host and ould Ireland, in every fresh pannikin; the only remark that Paddy condescended to make during the intervals between his draughts being—

'Bedad now, this bates Parlia-

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ment entirely.' Well, the end of it was, that what with the cold and the hunger, and the thirst, and the means resorted to counteract them, the soldier and sportsman accepted with gratitude the 'wrap-rascal' or frieze coat of his entertainer, and lay down beside the fire, and was soon asleep.

He had not slept long, as he thought, before he was awakened by the huge hand of his host being laid upon his shoulder. He started up.

'Shure, then, it's yourself that have had an illigant nap, as ye well may, whose heart is light and bones weary, but you must get up now, sir, for the morning's breaking, and it would be better for all parties that you were away from this before daylight comes.'

It was even so; the night had passed rapidly, but refreshingly: Sutherland rose as fresh as a lark, and a hasty bite and sup, consisting of some remains of the last night's meal and a glass of the staple commodity of the cabin, sent him off happily upon his journey, and a liberal douceur to the lame man and boy left happy faces behind him.

His guide of the preceding night accompanied him for a short distance, until he brought him to the track which, as he told him, led to a hill, from the top of which he would be able to see the town, and then, having accepted with reluctance the gift, and with a broad grin the thanks and hearty shake of the hand which accompanied it, he bade the young soldier remember his promise, and left him and went his way.

Now for the sequel.

Sutherland said nothing about his adventure, and very shortly afterwards was summoned home by the sickness of his father, who was an old man, and had been long failing. He found him in so weak and precarious a state that he was unable to leave him, and continued with him until, after six weeks of anxiety and watching, the old man died.

The necessary arrangements for the family, and the distribution of the property, and administration of the will detained him some time longer, so that it was more than three months before he returned to his regiment.

During that time he had heard frequently from his brother officers, but the news contained in one of their letters affected him strangely.

'We have been still-hunting,' said the writer, 'and have made a capture. Information was laid before the excise officer of the existence of a still in the mountains above us, and I was sent with my party to protect the gaugers. Nasty work, I hate it. Why won't the Government make better whiskey and sell it cheaper? they say that if they did it would not be so good as the old potheen, because it could not be made in such small quantities. I am no judge of what might be; I like the stuff as it is, and have no enmity to the poor fellows who make it, and here am I obliged, not only to punish, but ruin them! I had rather punish the informers.'

Not very loyal this of Sutherland's correspondent, but such sentiments were not uncommon with young officers in those days.

'Well,' continued the writer, 'we went out, made our point, and found the still; I will spare you the details. It was in a subterranean room or cave in the middle of the moors. The distillers had escaped, the informer got the twenty pounds, and I a cold *voilà tout*.'

I have said that this intelligence annoyed Sutherland greatly; he could not help fancying that the 'still,' so captured, was the same whose existence he had promised to conceal, and on his return to the regiment, his suspicions were turned into certainty by a description of the place from whence it had been taken.

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Time went on. Again Sutherland was out shooting upon the moors at some distance from the spot of his former adventure; again the mists gathered round him; again he lost his way, and the night drew in. His position recalled vividly to his mind the events of the first evening, and as if to make the resemblance greater, out of the thick darkness rose a tall figure, which the sportsman immediately recognised as that of his guide and host in the secret chamber.

The recognition was mutual, but to the officer the ideas which it awakened in his mind were far from pleasant.

'This poor fellow,' he said to himself, 'will most certainly connect me with the loss of his still. It is a lonely place to meet with an angry and desperate man, and he has doubtless companions within call; I am in for it sure enough. Well, if I must fight I must, but I will speak him fair at all events.' So he looked gravely in his old acquaintance's face, who returned the glance with a quiet smile.

'So ye are lost again, are ye?' he said; 'sure it's a pity but them ye belong to don't take better care of you, ava, and you'll be wanting a lodging again, I'll be bound for it, such as you had onst before.'

And his countenance to Sutherland's suspicious eye assumed an ominous expression.

'I have heard of your loss,' he said, 'and I swear to you that I had nothing to do with it. I kept my promise faithfully. I was away when your property was taken; I never mentioned it to anybody before or afterwards, I assure you upon my honour.'

'Is it your promise, sir,' replied the Irishman, 'shure and why wouldn't you keep it? and didn't I know when I took ye to the ould place that you would keep it, by your honest young face? Would I have taken you there at all at all if I hadn't? Is it the likes of you that would turn informer? Bad cess to the whole seed and generation of them; the curse of Cromwell be upon all those informing villians.'

'Well,' said Sutherland, 'I am glad that you did me the justice to think that I kept the secret. However, it got abroad.'

'Keep the secret, your honour!' said the other, with an inexpressible look of slyness upon his good-natured face, 'will your honour keep another if I tell you one?'

'Surely,' replied the officer, 'if you like to trust me.'

'Well then, by dad,' laughed Paddy, 'I don't see how I am to help it if you are to get food and lodging, and may be a thrifle of drink, this night on the lone moors. It was the informer that your honour was spaking about, and the ould pot, the poor ould pot, which is gone entirely anyhow.' And he shook his head with a comical air of gravity.

'And troth and she was a poor ould pot, and you see, she was worn out to next to nothing, and she done me many a good turn these last ten years, more or less; and she was not, so to say, good for much when I swapped her first; and so just because she was of no use and I had nothing but empty pockets to buy another with, I just—whist, whist, was that a foot I heard?—no, all safe—I just went and informed against her myself, the creature, and they went and got the sogers and carried her off in state; it was honour for the likes of her, and I got the informer's money. It was not so dirty as maybe it might have been, and I just went and—put your ear down, sir, and I'll whisper it to you—got a bran new one out of the notes, and if ye'll come with me a little beyondst ye'll find a place the very pattern of the last, and, maybe, a pannikin of the right sort out of

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the new still. Long life to his Majesty, and the back of my hand and the sole of my foot to the blackguard gaugers who paid for her.'

But all this time I am quite forgetting my fishing and my last trout. Not at all—I am throwing my flies into every little pool as I pass, or rather my fly, for I have taken off all but the 'tail;' there is not breadth enough between the rocks for more, and yet if I had been here earlier in the day, or if the weather were stormy and wet, I should have taken a half-pound trout out of every hole. But the fishing is over, and it is getting brighter and brighter. I never shall catch *that* trout. Wait, here it is at last. I will not tell you how many ounces it is. He makes up the six dozen, and I am now very near the head of the stream.

I have long passed anything like a river, but still follow the water to its source. It is nothing now but a small rivulet stealing along through a channel of moss and heath. But I am not the only fisher there; as I advance the long tapering blue head of a heron is lifted up from behind a tuft of heather, and presently, with a great flapping and whirr of wings, the heavy bird rises and sails solemnly away with closereefed neck towards a yet more lonely corner of the lonely moor.

And now I have come to a steep ledge of rock which forms a barrier to my further progress—a steep black rock in a little dell, down the sides of which, over festoons and pendants of moss, and fern, and 'maiden-hair' in tiny thread-like lines, the water drips—and so my fly-fishing and the Bush come to an end together.

I take my creel from my shoulder, glad to be free from the burden, for the strap begins to cut, and sit down to count my captives; seventy-five, I declare—I need not have fished so long for that last trout—and then I spread them on the ground beside me:

> Ranged side by side, and lessening by degrees,
> Up to the dwarf that tops the pinnacle:
> A splendid sight, together thus exposed;
> Dead—but not sullied or deformed in death,
> That seemed to pity what he could not spare.

As for weight, I cannot say that I have very much to boast of; I have only *one* above two pounds, the first caught; but I have *one* a pound and a half, *three* above a pound, *ten* from that to three quarters; the rest, so to speak, nowhere, with the exception of about a dozen—they will average half a pound each. This would be poor sport for preserved water, but these waters are not preserved. Flax-water, lime, and herons with bare black legs, and urchins with bare white legs, share the destruction with me. Ash-sapling, worm, and wire and net all take their tribute from these upper streams; so that I am not dissatisfied with my day walk by the cool river and over the breezy moors. With my rod by my side I rest a while, and refresh myself with my soaked sandwiches and damp Tennyson. But as I read how drops

> From the green rivage many a fall
> Of diamond rillets musical,

I feel very drowsy, and the wild bee's hum amid the heather and the trickle and tinkle of the water almost sends me to sleep; but I remember that it is only May, and four o'clock, and I have twelve miles to walk, so I arouse myself, and pack up my trouts cannily in my creel, putting, of course, the biggest at the top, and turn my steps eastward; and very pleasant it was, some three hours afterwards,

> to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
> Bay deep-mouthed welcome as I drew near home.

Whether the brighter welcome which the poet suggests awaited me there is nothing to the reader, for here ends my day's fishing in the Bush in 1848.

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ST. KATHARINE'S HOSPITAL.

OF those who go to the Zoological Gardens by the east drive of the Regent's Park, perhaps one in ten has been struck by a cluster of buildings that stand near the north end of the terraces which confer on that side of the path such adornment as it is in the power of stucco to give when in its most ambitious stage of development. The buildings in question have a somewhat quaint appearance. There are half a dozen comfortable-looking residences, though with something of almshouse uniformity about them, and what looks like a proprietary chapel crowning the pile. Very few people know what they are, or how they got there, or anything about them, except that the whole concern is somehow called St. Katharine's, and the incurious public passes on to its birds and beasts without caring more about the matter. It so happens that these buildings represent one of the oldest ecclesiastical foundations in the kingdom; and one which, even among these, is unique in its constitution, the sole remaining specimen of its kind. Of that particular kind there never were many. It was not a monastery. Its intention from the outset was practical utility. How far this latter object is attained, or attempted to be attained, by it in its present condition will appear as we proceed. Certain incumbents of parishes in the east end of London appear to have been struck by the contrast between its original objects and its existing fulfilment of them—a contrast almost as grotesque as that which distinguishes the imaginary alderman of the idealising Frenchman from the prosaic fact of domestic experience—and set their wits to work about a year and a half ago to see whether something useful might not be made out of the odd but wealthy little community which now takes its ease in the pleasant quarters we have mentioned. A committee of seven was formed to inquire into the matter, and its secretary was the Rev. F. Simcox Lea, one of their number. In making this appointment the committee did an effective stroke of work. Mr. Lea, besides being a hard-working East-end clergyman, happened to be a first-class man of Oxford, a late Fellow of Brasenose, thoroughly 'up' in mediæval Latin moreover, and also, by a happy accident, a man of much experience in all matters of business. The result of the subsequent investigations, hitherto, appears in a report made by order of the Charity Commissioners, and ordered to be printed by the House of Lords June 12, 1866. The report, naturally enough, passes lightly over the antiquarian part of the matter, and any one who compares its pages with those which he is now reading will discover how much the latter are indebted to the results of Mr. Lea's researches. He discovered, amongst other things, that the copy of Ducarel's *History of the Royal Hospital of St. Katharine* in the possession of the present chapter, is not a copy of the work in the most complete form in which it appeared, its Appendix, like that of the generality of copies, ending with p. 112, while the latest copies (they are very rare, but there is one in the British Museum, and another in the library of the City of London Institution, Finsbury Circus) go on to p. 126, and the additional matter is of great value, containing, among other things, a table of payment made out of the funds of the charity, as they stood in Queen Elizabeth's reign. By a singular piece of good fortune, Mr. Lea has also (but since the investigation of

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last year) stumbled, in an old bookseller's catalogue, on Ducarel's private duplicate of the MS. work itself—the original being perhaps to be found somewhere on the shelves of the Royal Library. The duplicate has been a good deal mutilated, probably when it was used by the printers, seventeen or eighteen years after its original composition; but it contains the old historian's book-plate, his signature to the dedication of his work to Queen Charlotte, and several autograph corrections of the text. It contains also, here and there, a few curious facts that Ducarel never intended for the public, supplying them to the latter in a slightly manipulated shape where it seemed expedient to do so, and occasionally venturing on direct misstatements on matters of fact (e. g. as to the relative rights of Queens Consort and Queens Dowager) which can hardly have been other than intentional. We lose a little confidence in the good man's trustworthiness when thus amusingly admitted behind the scenes; and we lose a little more when we come to compare his guesses at dates and facts with the revelations of the Record Office.

On the part of the subject that is more immediately interesting, viz., the present condition and revenues of St. Katharine's, the report of Mr. Assistant Commissioner Skirrow is minute and satisfactory. It is the result of an inquiry which lasted several days. The master and brothers were, except on a personal matter which incidentally crops out, sufficiently communicative; and probably the investigation was not the less searching from the fact that Mr. Lea was permitted to be present throughout.

The Charity Commissioners should, however, be a little more careful in their mode of preparing public documents for the press. Little mistakes like Lechdale for Lechlade, Edward Waller for Edmund, and the like, may be excused, though they might as well have been avoided. Misspellings, again, like pauperium and stabilitium (both in a line, by the way) only afflict the readers of Latin; and the odd statement that Henry VIII. and his first Queen founded the Guild of St. Barbara in St. Katharine's on the 1st of December 1815 only raises a smile, as does also the odd announcement that Doctor Mallett surrendered his patent to Queen Elizabeth in 1851—how this has been got out of 1561, the true date, one hardly sees;—and a Commissioner of the nineteenth century cannot perhaps be expected to be clear whether the 1st of March 37 Henry VIII. indicates March 1, 1544, or that day twelvemonth, or that day two years. But the myth about Anne Boleyn should not have appeared, even with 'it is reported' by way of apology: all known chronology makes it impossible. Nor should the suppression of the chantries of this hospital under Edward VI. be magnified into a supposed extinction of its charities. Nor should the 'average' expenses of repairs for the first five years after the society's removal to the Regent's Park be put at 28,759*l.*: it is quite preposterous enough that they amounted to that sum altogether. Nor should each brother's and sister's average share of the fines be stated at double its actual amount: the ladies and gentlemen in question have quite enough to answer for without it. Above all, why does the report systematically misspell the name of the institution it is reporting upon? If the brotherhood have any loyalty to their Hospital, they will resent this indignity more than many a severer injury. There is at all times something *gauche* in carelessness or insensibility in the matter of proper names; and in this particular instance (though

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perhaps the Commissioner's Greek is not fresh enough to make him aware of it) there is something almost touching in the unconscious irony with which, amidst every variety of abuses of very substantial sorts, the society has retained unsullied, through more than twenty generations, the purity of its name, Katharine, and even handed it on unimpaired to its inglorious successor, the Dock. It is unsatisfactory to be obliged to notice a string of mistakes like the above in a paper which only extends to forty-one pages.

And now a few words about the history of the Hospital.

In the year 1148, Matilda, Queen of King Stephen, 'founded and endowed in pure and perpetual alms, the Hospital of St. Katharine, on the east side of the Tower of London, and on the north bank of the Thames, for a master, three brothers (chaplains), three sisters, and six poor scholars.' The Queen having obtained the site from the neighbouring Priory of Holy Trinity, granted to the monks the perpetual custody of the Hospital, reserving only to herself and her successors the nomination to the mastership. This arrangement, however, was not found to be satisfactory—we should be inclined to wonder if it had been—and eventually, in 1261, Eleanor, Queen of Henry III., bought out the monks by the payment of an annual rent for the churchyard, in the shape of two pounds of wax, duly laid on the altar of the Priory Church. We have only an imperfect copy of Queen Eleanor's ordinance, as repeated in later documents, but we gather that her foundation included the master, the brothers (who were to be priests), the sisters, twenty-four poor men (of whom six were to be the 'scholars' aforesaid, and to assist in divine service), and ten poor women; in addition to which, 1,000 poor men were to receive an annual halfpenny, on St. Edmund's Day, the anniversary of King Henry's death. She adds the important provision that, 'when in future times the possessions of the Hospital should have increased, the number of chaplains, poor men, clerks, laymen, and women, should be augmented in form aforesaid, according to the means of augmentation of the goods of the Hospital;' a piece of information which Ducarel inserts in his MS. *History* of 1763, but judiciously omits in the printed edition of 1781, the regulation not being of a sort to win much acceptance from his patroness, by whom, as by her predecessors, it had been systematically violated. By 1351, the Hospital seems to have got into evil ways again; and Queen Philippa granted a new ordinance, reaffirming and extending all that had gone before. The master 'shall be a professed priest, and fully go through the duty and function of his office at the Hospital;' the brothers and sisters 'shall visit the sick and infirm, as well in reading to them as asking them questions in any matters of divinity, as other works of charity;' the clothing, victuals, and drink of the fraternity are minutely attended to; they 'shall not go into the city or elsewhere without license of the master, and shall not stay out of the Hospital to any late hour of the day;' in short, the community was to do a fair amount of parish work, and offered to a good many other religious houses of the time, at least the benefit to be derived from a good wholesome contrast. A century later, Henry VI. confirmed and extended the privileges of the Hospital by the Great Charter, a document still held in veneration, sanctioned an increase of the stipends of the members of the foundation, exempted it from all jurisdiction, secular or ecclesiastical, other than that of the Chancellor of England and the master of the Hospital, gave it immunity from all aids, subsidies, tenths, fifteenths,

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&c., and finally granted it the benefit of a fair to be held annually on Tower-hill. In short, the Hospital was meant to serve a very useful purpose. There had grown up around it a mixed sea-faring population of French, Flemings, and foreigners of all nations. These, with the native population, were to be, practically, its parish. Each successive Queen of England would take a natural interest in a religious house whose precinct probably comprehended many of her own countrymen, and which was, besides, part of her dower; it lay close under the windows (or what then did duty for windows) of her usual residence, and altogether it seems to have been the ecclesiastical pet of royalty. In the early years of the reign of Henry VIII., St. Katharine's Hospital found a national and hearty patroness in his first Queen, Katharine of Aragon. Ducarel makes a good deal of a pardon granted by the King to the master and brotherhood for all past offences, only wondering what could have been done to need it by so good a man as the worthy commissary evidently believes all masters of St. Katharine's to be, *ex officio*. There is nothing in it. Such pardons were granted plentifully at the beginning of a reign, and very probably were a good deal needed. Henry, of course, wished his Queen's favourite Hospital, and all belonging to it, to start fair. On the first vacancy, the Queen appointed her Spanish confessor, George de Athequa, to the mastership, and its glory came to its height when, in 1518, Henry and Katharine together founded within it the Guild of St. Barbara, of which the founders and many of the chief nobility of both sexes became the first—and last—members. The tide was now to turn. We do not understand, as we said before, why the Charity Commissioners repeat the stupid 'report' that the Hospital was saved at the dissolution of religious houses at the intercession of Queen Anne Boleyn. The story seems to have been invented by Ducarel to please Protestant tastes, some time between 1763 and 1781. It does not appear in the earlier version of his history; there is no trace of it further back; and it is disposed of by two very simple considerations:—First, that Anne Boleyn's intercession, to have been effectual, must have been made some nine years after her death; and secondly, that the Hospital was not saved after all. Old Fuller says that Henry made three meals of the Church lands, one in 1536, the next (if we remember) in 1538, and one in 1545. This last was his supper, which he enjoyed the more, says Fuller, because there was nothing else left. One of the dishes in the parliamentary bill of fare for this latest entertainment consisted of hospitals which were spiritual promotions — *i.e.* which had cure of souls attached to them; and now for the first time the general dissolution of religious houses included the class to which St. Katharine's belonged. Accordingly, one raw February morning in the year 1545-6, the Royal Commissioners appeared at the gates of the Hospital, and henceforth its history is, for some generations, a series of misfortunes.

'An old book of survey or rental of all the lands and tenements belonging to *the late* Hospital of St. Katharine's, within the precinct of St. Katharine, next the Tower of London, dated the 1st day of March, in the 37th year of King Henry VIII., and also an inventory of all the goods found within the said Hospital of St. Katharine, the 27th of February in the said year,' may still be read in the Record Office, annexed to a letter signed 'J. Fortescue,' demanding its restoration from one Robert Levesey, and dated June 6, 1600. It is a very business-like document, as the signature 'John Lawrence, *Receptor ibidem*' leads one to expect, and it

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is full of interest. The rental and receipts of the hospital are stated at 364*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, i.e., its revenues were equal to those of one of the greater monasteries; 210*l.* 6*s.* 5*d.* were paid to the brothers, sisters, and other members of the house, the brothers (of whom at this time it seems that there were four, but possibly a chantry priest or two is included) receiving 8*l.* each, the sisters the same, and the 'curate,' a separate officer, 9*l.* The six scholars had 4*l.* per annum each, in 'meat, drink, cloth, and other necessaries;' the ten bedeswomen divided 22*l.* 15*s.* among them, 'besides their houses;' and, finally, 'the yearly tenths' (of which we shall hear again) absorb 31*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* Then follows an inventory of the plate within the church and hospital, showing, exclusive of jewels, about 500 oz. of silver 'parcel gilt' in the vestry; about 100 oz. more for the use of the household, and a very humble catalogue of furniture, valued in the lot at 7*s.* 6*d.* The next paper is an inventory of goods in the hospital, appraised with the assistance of Mr. William Norce, vestment maker, the necessity for whose aid becomes obvious at once. The catalogue is enough to give a modern ritualist a fit of the spleen. There are 45 copes; 28 vestments, of crimson velvet, blue satin, white sarcenet, and all the tissues and colours known to the *Directorium Anglicanum*; there are 'a paire of orgens,' worth 6*l.*, and fourteen 'grete bokes:' the whole valued at 41*l.* 10*s.* 11*d.* The household gear is simple enough. In the boys' chamber there are a pair of bedstocks, an old featherbed, an old flock-bed, two old coverlets, with an old blanket, an old table with two trestles, a little form, and a pair of sheets. That is, as we are left to conclude, the six scholars slept three in a bed, and kept themselves warm on cold nights by fighting for the solitary blanket. The senior brother had in his chamber 'two chestes, a pres, and a kopborde,' but he seems to have been been better furnished than his fellows. Altogether the domestic arrangements give one a very satisfactory notion that at all events the vow of poverty was pretty well observed, the whole domestic apparatus being valued at 7*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* It is to be observed that no mention is made of the sisters and bedeswomen. It would seem that they had houses to themselves; they were paid in money, not (as the brothers) in meat and drink, and their goods are not catalogued; they were, in short, a separate establishment, and this appears to have contributed materially to their continued existence; the curate also had to be provided for, since the church had cure of souls within the precinct; but either in 1545, or in the course of the next few years, the rest of the establishment, except the master, came to an end. The master escaped the fate of his brethren in a curious way. Whether the then tenant of the office conveniently died at the right time, we know not; anyhow, the king died before the year was out, and Queen Katherine Parr presented to it her new husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, in 1 Edward VI. In 1547 the chantries attached to St. Katharine's fell to the Crown by Act of Parliament; in 1548, Queen Katherine died; and in 1549 Edward VI., on Seymour's death, made Sir Francis Flemyng master, his patent containing the following dispensing clause on account of his not being in holy orders: 'Licet ipse clericali ordine minime insignitus, sed forsan uxoratus sit vel fuerit;' a form considerably improved upon a few years later. Queen Mary displaced him, and presented Francis Mallett, D.D., who in turn was obliged by Queen Elizabeth to resign his patent, which was said to be invalid. Mallett has left behind hm a long and interesting paper addressed to Elizabeth,

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complaining bitterly of the injury done to the hospital by his two predecessors, 'mere temporal men,' who had done pretty much what temporal men in those times might be expected to do—had destroyed the statutes and records, taken away the plate and jewels, together with all the movable property of value, and left him nothing but bare walls. But annexed to this paper in the Record Office is a document of considerably more importance than Dr. Mallett's lamentations. It is a scheme of the Queen's for annexing the mastership to the Lieuteuancy of the Tower, on condition of his maintaining twelve additional warders in the fortress; a scheme, in fact, for making the revenues permanently available for the public service. It appears, by the way, from a paper (without date, but probably of this period) given in the appendix to the latest copies of Ducarel, p. 119, that the mastership was at this time, now that the brethren and scholars were suppressed, worth 200*l.* a year clear, a sum only slightly inferior to the respective incomes of the Deans of St. Paul's, Westminster, and Durham, as they appear a little earlier in the *Liber Regis*. The scheme fell through; the twelve warders would cost annually 206*l.*, and the governor of the Tower does not seem to have appreciated the advantage of an appointment which would leave him annually 6*l.* out of pocket, besides burdening him with the oversight of a church, two curates, three sisters, and ten bedeswomen into the bargain.

On the failure of this scheme, in November 1561, Thomas Wilson, doctor of laws, a rising favourite of the queen, and hereafter to become one of her secretaries, was appointed to the office compulsorily vacated by Dr. Mallett. Dr. Wilson was an astute man of business, and endowed with a keen eye for his own interests; but there is no necessity to believe with Ducarel, that he was a scamp who, in surrendering to his patroness the charter of Henry VI. in exchange for a new one, 'artfully left out the liberty of the fair, by which contrivance he was enabled to sell it to the city of London and get 700 marks for it,' and then formed another scheme for securing to himself the precinct estate, until the inhabitants frustrated the device by a petition to Secretary Cecil.

The sum mentioned by Ducarel is a mistake, and his dates are an amusing specimen of history written backwards. The Guildhall records give a very different and an entirely intelligible account of the negotiation about the fair. It happened to be held, as the City authorities say, 'a little before the tyme of Bartilomewe ffaire,' and therefore interfered a good deal with the interest of the City in this latter institution. Wilson, whose first patent of mastership is dated Nov. 7, 1561, was preparing in July 1563 to hold the fair as usual. The City questions his right and demands to see his patent. The truth is that the patent was invalid. Wilson was a layman; it contained no dispensing clause as Flemyng's had done; and the City for once was a defender of ecclesiastical rights against the innovations of the age. Nothing more seems to have happened on this occasion. Possibly Wilson adjourned his fair, and the glories of St. Bartholomew remained uneclipsed. But, a few months after (Dec. 7, 1563), Wilson procures an amended patent with a dispensing clause of unusual vigour. He is constituted master, all existing statutes, customs, provisions, prohibitions, &c., notwithstanding, 'licet ipse idem Thomas Wilson laicus sit, ac clericali ordine minime insignitus, sed uxoratus et conjugatus, ac etiam bigamus, ac alias beneficiatus, et non sacerdos.' Armed with these new powers, Wilson renews his claim to hold his fair in 1564. There are con-

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ferences with the city magnates from May to July, which lead to no result, until in the latter month a bright idea occurs to the citizens; an order is issued, dated July 20, 'Carmen and porters to be stayed from carrying goods to the fair.' This move seems to have perplexed Wilson considerably; and eventually a compromise is entered into. The haggling was long and close. The city was wary, Wilson pertinacious, and the bargaining was not finally concluded until Jan. 23, 1569. Wilson meanwhile, to facilitate matters, had surrendered the charter of Henry VI. to the Crown, receiving in exchange a charter copied from it word for word, and including even palpable errors and mistakes, but omitting all mention of the now alienated fair. Even then, the circumspect citizens decline to conclude the purchase until King Henry's charter is removed from the custody of the Court of Chancery and lodged safely among their own archives, where probably it still remains.

Another evidence of the extent to which St. Katharine's was secularised during the years that followed 1545 is supplied by a curious story, which we get from the Record Office. In the First Fruits' Roll, 7 Eliz. No. 5, roll 28, is a document which begins by setting forth a certificate of Edmund Grindal, Bishop of London, dated May 20, 1562. The Bishop alleges, first, that he was bound by his office to collect certain tenths for the Queen, and that he had done his best to collect them; next, that some of the clergy and others had declined to pay, and that, although he had admonished them first and excommunicated them afterwards, still 'dictam decimam solvere recusaverunt et adhuc recusabant.' Next that in his list of defaulters, appears the name of one Thomas Wilson, master of St. Katharine's *College*, who is in arrear for four years' tenths, to the amount of 12*l.* 6*s.*, besides first-fruits (amount somewhat uncertain, but probably 41 3*l.* 9*s.* 9½*d.*). Thomas Wilson replies that he owes nothing to the Queen, because by certain Acts of Parliament from 26 Henry VIII. to 1 Eliz., the payments in question do not extend 'ad onerandum aliquod hospitale fundatum et usum ac possessiones inde in relevamen pauperum expositas;' and to this class he says that, at the time of his presentation and long before, the Hospital of St. Katharine's belonged, being simply a foundation 'ad relevamen pauperum et debilium mulierum;' adding, 'quodque aliquod Collegium Sanctæ Katharinæ *non existit*.' Grindal, probably thinking that his chances of having to pay some 500*l.* to the Queen were considerably greater than his prospect of extracting the amount from Wilson, assists the latter by a rather astounding certificate. Although there exists in his own registry another document shewing that he was aware, two years before, of the ecclesiastical character of the foundation, he testifies that 'Hospitale Sanctæ Katharinæ juxta Turrim Londoniæ, per nomen Collegii S. Kath. taxatum' as aforesaid, 'fuit et est ex inspectione et certa scientia nostra de fundatione Reg. Elionoræ, . . . ac per nomen Hospitalis pro sustentatione pauperum et debilium mulierum erectum et stabilitum, et sic cognitum et reputatum; quodque in sua hujusmodi originali essentia in præsenti existit ac continuatur; bonaque, &c., ejusdem hospitalis ad eosdem usus juxta ejusdem originalem fundationem et erectionem prædictam disponuntur et disponi debent.' Wilson accordingly prays judgment in his favour, which is granted 'salvo semper jure Reginæ.' And thus the hospital has been exempted from payment of tenths for the last three centuries, and the masters have pocketed an additional thirty guineas or thereabouts per annum. One does not get a satisfactory notion from all this of

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Bishop Grindal's integrity, save on the supposition of his inability to read (or to understand) the charter of Queen Eleanor, and of his extremely defective memory in another matter. But whatever his or Wilson's evidence as to the original objects of the foundation may be worth, their testimony to the state of facts then existing is sufficiently distinct. There is no college, there are no brothers, there is no chapter, nothing but an almshouse for a few old women with Thomas Wilson for its master. The latter pays henceforth 24*l.* per annum to three sisters, 22*l.* 15*s.* for ten bedeswomen, 2*l.* for 'pittances,' a sort of composition for certain pittance days when the poor women used to dine at the master's table, 20*l.* to the curate of the church, and enjoys the remaining revenues with a quiet conscience.

That Wilson would have exonerated himself from these charges by still further secularisation of the hospital had he been able to do so, we think highly probable. But whether the trafficking about the fair roused a suspicion in the minds of the inhabitants that the precinct of St. Katharine's was about to be sold altogether, or whether (as Ducarel suggests) some such scheme was actually brewing in Wilson's over-busy head, in October 1565, a formal complaint against the master was presented to Secretary Cecil. In it the inhabitants set forth that 'Seynt Katheryns hath byn an hospitall or free chapell founded by kinges and quenes of this realme iii. c. yeres agoe, and altered never sithens the foundacion to any other use purpose or intent then accordinge to the graunte of the greate charter yt is mencioned;' that 'the true use of the gyft of the same hospitall was to the devyne service of God, a free pure and perpetual almes of the poor, vi. scollers to be maynteyned and of other charges of the same howse by due meanes to be supported and maynteyned, and yet how simply slenderly and coldely it is looked unto yt is to be sene there;' that they 'paye to the said howse or hospitall for all buryalls, chrystenings, mariages, iiii. offeringe dayes, and clerks wages orderly as other parishes do within the citie of London,—saving privie tithes which we never paide;' and that they 'gyve also a cherytie to the pore of the said presincte, which is *v.s.* at the lest every week throughout the whole yere, which we have continued for this xvi. yeres, and yt is distrybuted to and amonges the pore within the churche of the saide hospitall on every Sondaye in the weeke.' This petition seems to have been successful. Before long Wilson was employed in important matters of state by his royal mistress, and in time added to his other 'benefices' the deanery of Durham. Curiously enough the Durham patent contains no dispensing clause. The chapter of Durham had no fairs to sell, and there was no danger of prying city lawyers; the layman entered upon his deanery, and held it, with the mastership of St. Katharine's, until his death.

Once again the deanery of Durham was granted to a layman (Adam Newton, tutor to Prince Henry, son of James I.), but, this time, with a dispensing clause in the patent; and we believe a similar appointment was made on one occasion to the deanery of Carlisle. Perhaps in days of so much ecclesiastical irregularity, the marvel is that things went as steadily as they did. Any way, Wilson found more important matter to occupy his time than the further dilapidation of St. Katharine's. The petition of the inhabitants, however, throws a good deal of light on the question how far the foundation was secularised in the reign of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Elizabeth. There can be no doubt that it would have

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gone the way of other religious houses in Henry's time, but for the cure of souls attached to it; it was manifestly plundered in 1546, and was probably saved from extinction only by the death of the king, and the intervention of his widow, the patroness. That Queen Elizabeth intended at one time to convert its possessions to secular uses we have had sufficient evidence; and Wilson very possibly entertained some private views of his own tending in the same direction. But meanwhile the parishioners had been stepping into the place left vacant by the lay master and the defunct brothers; they contributed their fees, founded a weekly charity; and the quasi-parochiality of St. Katharine's once more saved it. The sisters and bedeswomen seem never wholly to have ceased, and even the brothers reappear after a time (possibly the reissuing of the charter, or some city lawyer's acuteness, drew Wilson's attention to the fact that the signature of one brother and one sister was requisite to the validity of every deed of the chapter); but there is no sign that they were in orders, except where one of them filled the curacy of the church—an arrangement by which the master probably saved 8*l.* a year—and none that they were, for a century afterwards, appointed by the Queen. By a happy chance there exists the nomination of a sister by King Henry in the brief period between his accession and his marriage; but nothing of the sort occurs during the whole reign of Elizabeth. It is pretty clear that such appointments as were made from time to time, were made by the masters: indeed at a later period it is clear that it was so. It is one of the charges against Sir James Butler, in 1698, that he used 'the common seal' in corruptly disposing of the place of a brother and sister; the employment of which is not intelligible on the supposition that the appointment then rested with the Crown or the Queen. We do not, however, suppose that persons like Dr. Wilson nominated more brethren than were absolutely necessary. Ducarel knows nothing of the brethren until they reappear in 1628; and their position, even then, in reference to the other members of the house, may be gathered from the bequest of Sir Julius Cæsar, who on his death in 1636, left to the brothers and sisters 3*l.* each, and to each bedeswoman 2*l.*

What was the condition of the fabric of the church all this time, is not clear. From an ominous mention of the lead upon the roof in the inventory furnished to Henry VIII., and from the rather remarkable amount at which the plumber's estimate figurers in a law-suit for dilapidations, instituted by Henry Montague against the representatives of the preceding master in 1640, we get an uncomfortable misgiving that it had long ago disappeared. Probably for some sixty or eighty years everything about the building was going from bad to worse. In Sir Julius Cæsar's mastership there are signs of improvement. Ducarel, in his MS. of 1763, tells us that 'the church was repaired in 1618, the gallery at the west end built in 1613, great additions to its breadth made in 1621, and the clock-house built in 1629, all at the charge of the precinct or parish'—this latter clause he thought it expedient to suppress in his printed work. He adds, however, that Sir J. Cæsar was good enough to 'to cause a handsome rough cast to be laid at his own expense over the whole building, the charge of which amounted to 250*l.*'—a pleasant way of 'improving' a church of the fourteenth century—and that he adorned the interior with the singular pulpit which still exists. This last mark of the master's taste and liberality evidently made a great impression on the good old antiquarian. Half

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the plates in his book are devoted to the display of its beauties; it is engraven in every possible point of view, and described in loving and elaborate detail. The carvings on its panels seem much to have vexed the souls of the curious, and to have been the subject of not a little acrimonious controversy. Some have held them to represent the buildings of the ancient hospital; others, the Tower of London; others, something invented out of the artist's own head. Whether any of these theories are correct, or whether (as has been irreverently suggested) they are a caricature of the notions popularly entertained about the temple at Jerusalem, the judicious reader may decide for himself any Sunday morning or afternoon on personal examination.

The actual condition of the church, even after all this repairing and beautifying, may be learnt from a very matter-of-fact document, to which we have already referred,—the estimate of dilapidations in the suit of Montague *v.* Ayton, which has just come to light in calendering the State papers (domestic) of the reign of Charles I. The plumber alone wanted 150*l.* The painter proposed to 'green' the walls, wherever there were no 'comportements' with texts of scripture, and from some unexplained reason, to adorn the fabric with 'two great counterfeit glass windows.' The whole cost of the renovation was laid at 545*l.*, and, perhaps, all things considered, it is well that nothing came of the law-suit. From a presentment in Cromwell's time, we find that the parishioners, then and previously, had contributed largely towards the stipend of the curate, and had exercised the right of nominating to the office. In fact St. Katharine's had become an ordinary parish church, or something very like it, with the usual offices, charities, &c. Henry Montague died in 1661, having probably been deprived of his mastership during a considerable portion of his tenure of the office, and was succeeded by his half-brother George Montague. The latter really did set about the work of restoration to some purpose, and earned the inscription 'hoc templum, vetustate et squalore obrutum, immenso pæne sumptu ab interitu ruinisque vindicavit,' which one may now, rather absurdly, read on his monument in the nineteenth-century chapel in Regent's Park.

In the reign of Charles II., the brothers appeared to have regained their regular position in the hospital, though it seems still doubtful whether there were more than two; and we fear the restoration of the divines to their place did not materially contribute either to the peace or to the efficiency of the society. In 1698, 'the master and other members and servants of the hospital having misconducted themselves,' the Lord Chancellor, the Lord Chief Baron, and Dr. Newton, were appointed by the then Queen Dowager (or in her name) to be commissioners for visiting St. Katharine's. The visitation ended in the suspension of Dr. Lake, one of the brothers, for six months, his offences being 'non-residence and not duly performing his office;' and in the deprivation of the master, Sir James Butler, 'for non-appearance according to admonitions, and contumacy; for improperly suspending a brother and sister, and using the common seal for corruptly disposing of the place of a brother and sister; for destroying the writings, neglecting the revenue of the hospital, and converting the greatest part thereof to his own use; and for other offences,' of which, however, non-residence was not one. Lord Somers, also, gave the hospital a set of rules and orders:—residence is to be duly kept by the master and all other members of the hospital; the brethren are to celebrate divine

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service in weekly or monthly courses; chapters are to be duly and frequently held; as the revenues increase, provision is made, after duly augmenting existing stipends, for the addition of a brother, a sister, two bedeswomen, and a school to the foundation, and for the application of any still remaining funds to 'such other good and charitable purposes as are suitable to the intention of the royal founders, and shall be directed, ordered, and established by the royal patron or patroness for the time being.'

Ducarel tells us (1781) that 'these regulations have ever since been duly observed,' a statement which is not repeated in the Commissioners' Report. Still, on the whole, Lord Somers's interference seems to have secured a quiet life to the hospital and its precinct for a century or more. We read of nothing worse than the mutilation of the west window of the church by the erection of a school-house, and a casual storm, fire, or riot.

With 1824, we come to the great revolution in the affairs of St. Katharine's. It had, on the whole, lived a creditable, if a somewhat prosy, life since 1698, and was fairly doing its duty to the population of the precinct, which was now upwards of 2,500. The sisters' houses had been pulled down (a public sewer which ran or oozed in front of them perhaps contributing to render them undesirable residences), and what became of the ladies we know not. The master (Sir Herbert Taylor) was of course too considerable a gentleman to reside in the neighbourhood of Wapping, but the brothers were resident in their turns, and appear to have been active and liberal men. The locality was not altogether an inviting one. Malcolm, in his *London*, says of it—'The situation of this ancient and respectable foundation is very unpleasant, surrounded by the lower class of the community, and bounded on the east by a filthy dock named from it.' Moreover, the lessees of the hospital property had, in many cases, sublet their tenements, and many of the occupants were of the most profligate class. There were twenty-three public-houses, most of which appear by their signs to have been frequented by seafaring men or soldiers from the Tower; and a gentleman who was then curate or chaplain of the precinct says—'The population of the near streets and courts was of so disreputable a character that those who might be in the greatest want had an aversion to religious interferences, and would rarely make application to the clergy of the Church.' In short, the population of the place then was extremely like what the population of Wapping, Shadwell, and St. George's-in-the-East is now. Still the list of monumental inscriptions in the church and churchyard shows that a good many respectable people yet lingered in the neighbourhood. The brethren were either contented with their neighbours, or, for other reasons, disinclined to change; and the first bill brought into Parliament by the St. Katharine's Dock Company was rejected, much to the delight of the inhabitants, who illuminated their houses on the occasion. But the wants of the mercantile community were urgent; the situation was the nearest available one to the City, and therefore, before the days of railways, the best possible for the purpose. The character of the population was hardly of a sort to gain a favourable hearing for its objections to submersion; the Company brought its influence to bear upon members of Parliament at a time when parties were nearly balanced, and in 1825 the bill passed. It was drawn with great tenderness for all vested interests. The rights and privileges of the kings and queens of England, the visitor, the master, the brothers and sisters, the commissary, and the other mem-

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bers or officers of the Hospital are expressly and scrupulously reserved.

The remains of the dead were removed to the churchyard of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, for reinterment, at a cost, for fees alone, of about 1,000*l.* The spiritual care of the 70 or 80 persons who inhabited the strip of ground that still remains above water, was transferred, with an endowment of 50*l.* per annum, to the incumbent of the neighbouring church of St. Botolph Without, Aldgate,—where, by the way, the Three Nuns tavern is, perhaps, the only remaining memorial of the departed sisterhood,—and the monuments of the church were in due time removed with much ceremony to the new chapel; one of them, that of the Duke of Exeter, at the cost of another 1,000*l.* For the master and the other members of the society everything was done to make the change agreeable. 125,000*l.* were to be paid for the fee-simple of the precinct; 2,000*l.* more for the site of new houses for the master, &c. in the Regent's Park; 36,600*l.* more for the buildings to be erected on it, besides all costs of surveying, investigating title, and the like; in addition to which the sum of 6,536 6*s.* 8*d.* was invested in consols, the interest to be paid to the brothers, chapel clerk, sexton, bedeswomen, sealers, and servants, as compensation for the loss of fees, and Mr. Secker, the chapter clerk, received 2,700*l.* sterling. As this gentleman has continued to hold the office from that time to this, the reason for this munificence is not altogether apparent; but everything was done liberally, and probably the society's man of business was no unimportant person in the arrangements.

A scheme for apportioning the now improved revenues of the Hospital was in due time sanctioned by Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst. The master was henceforth to receive 1,200*l.* a year; the brothers 300*l.*, and the sisters 200*l.* each; the stipend of the receiver (the already compensated Mr. Secker, if we do not mistake), was increased by 100*l.* a year; ten additional bedeswomen and twenty poor bedesmen were endowed with 10*l.* a year each; the repairs of the building were provided for, and 300*l.* a year was set apart for the maintenance of a school for thirty-six children, and for apprenticing them at the age of fourteen. Briefly, the members of this ancient foundation were transplanted to very pleasant quarters, and provided with very comfortable incomes, with nothing whatever to do, beyond keeping residence for four months in each year in the Regent's Park villas, attendance at a chapter now and then to audit accounts and receive dividends, and the performance of divine service in the new chapel. This latter condition appears to have weighed heavily upon the brotherhood. In the Charity Commissioners' Report of 1837, it is said that the resident brother is assisted by a gentleman called the reader, who has a salary of 100*l.* a year paid from the Hospital funds. It was not said how long this had been the custom, nor by whom, or in what way, he had been selected or appointed; but it was absolutely necessary to the well performance of the service for the brother to receive such assistance. 'If so,' the Commissioner rather disconsolately adds, 'there can be no possible objection offered.' Of course not. The Commissioner does not seem quite to have understood the sort of persons he was dealing with. The brother of St. Katharine's of the nineteenth century was no longer the poor fellow with 'two chestes, a pres, and a kopborde,' nor the respectable, but not over wealthy clergyman, with his 40*l.* a year, and poky rooms down behind Aldgate, with whom Ducarel had made us acquainted a century before; he was now a full-blown

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gentleman, had his country living, and came up to town for his four months' holiday *en grande tenue*; how could such a dignitary be expected to read his own prayers? Bishop Thurlow, if we remember, once called the performance of a similar service in the House of Lords, 'doing the junior bishop's dirty work,' and a brother of St. Katharine's naturally took much the same view of it—a view not wholly obsolete among London rectors at this moment.

But, alas! all is not gold that glitters, even in Regent's Park Villas.

> Medio de fonte leporum
> Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angat.

This same report of 1837 discloses a very sorry story about the expenses the poor brotherhood were at before they could get comfortably settled in their new abode. In the erection of the chapel and the rest of the buildings, and in their fittings up and completion, considerably more than the sum granted for the purpose by the Dock Company was expended. Their estimates had been formed in utter ignorance of the site intended for them. They had no notion how grand a place Regent's Park was going to be. So, when they got possession of their building-ground, they found that the spot chosen required 'a style of building much more expensive than they had reckoned on, and much ornamental work was introduced in order to harmonise with the surrounding objects.' Then, again, great difficulties arose in consequence of the nature of the soil; it was found necessary to expend immense sums in repairing the foundations which gave way, it was said, in consequence of their imperfect construction in the first instance. It was necessary also to purchase large quantities of gravel and rubbish to endeavour to ameliorate the soil, without much apparent success. Again, the expenditure upon the interior of the chapel was profuse. Furniture for it cost 700*l.* and upwards, refitting and tuning the organ 200*l.*, and everything else in proportion. Then, large sums were expended for the iron railings and walls round the premises, trees and shrubs, on the heraldic painter for stained glass, on expenses of conveyance, and fees to the Crown officers, fees for consecration, and to the Lord Chancellor's secretary, &c. Next, the well and an ornamental pump were constructed at an expense of many hundred pounds, and when completed it was discovered that the water was totally unfit for use. Finally, the dry rot made its appearance in the master's house and those of the brothers with the usual results. True, the Treasury behaved with unusual liberality in the emergency, and forgave the brotherhood the 2,000*l.* which they were to have paid for the unlucky site of their new home, and surplus income also began by degrees to accumulate to meet the unexpected charges. Still, the balance-sheet is sufficiently unsatisfactory. The original cost of re-establishing the hospital amounted to 44,709*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.*, instead of the 36,600*l.* contemplated in the agreement with the Dock Company (a loan of 7,150*l.* from the chapter clerk contracted on this account, remains unpaid to this moment), and, in addition to this, we are told in the last report of the Commissioners (1866) that 'the expense of repairing and upholding buildings which cost so much in their first erection amounted, from 1826 to 1857, to no less a sum than 32,088*l.* 2*s.* 1*d.* Cynics will perhaps say, all this comes of clergymen dabbling in bricks and mortar; but surely the chapter's man of business might have done something for his additional hundred a year, and 2,700*l.* in hard cash, and the masters at all events have been

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laymen and might have known a little more about secular matters.

The property of the corporation is very considerable. It consists of certain houses in and near the City, of 7,287 acres of land in various counties, and of 62,947*l.* 6*s.* 10*d.* consols, besides the houses of the master, brethren and sisters, and the chapel. The City property is let on leases, of which about thirty-five years are unexpired at rather less than 100*l.* a year; on the expiration of the leases this property is expected to produce annually about 4,000*l.* More than half of the landed property is let on the old and wasteful system of leases on lives, and, as might be expected, brings in about half its value. It is an odd illustration of the way in which the affairs of the charity are managed, that while the rents and dividends are received *minus* income tax a return of this tax (to which the charity is entitled as such) has never been obtained; i.e., a sum has thus been simply thrown away through mere carelessness, which would before now have paid off the 1,750*l.* due from the chapter to its clerk, and left a considerable surplus at the disposal of the hospital. The present gross income of the whole charity is 7,097*l.* 4*s.* 10½*d.*, while the estimated future income, when the leases have fallen in and a better system of management has been established, is 14,832*l.* 15*s.* 10½*d.*

The existing financial system of the hospital (or rather its want of system) can hardly be better described than in the words of the Commissioner's report:

> The financial arrangement adopted at the hospital are anything but convenient, for the fines are passed to one account kept at a banker's in the name of the chapter, and the rest of the income to the private account of the chapter clerk, kept in his own name at his own banker's; and it appears to me that the amalgamation of the fine with the general account, and the opening of one account at a banker's in the name of the chapter, to which all moneys belonging to the hospital should be paid by the receiver, and drawn upon by the chapter, will work a considerable improvement. At the same time I recommend the employment of greater care and accuracy in keeping the accounts, and in rendering to this (the Charity Commissioners') office those required under the Charitable Trusts Acts: for the inquiry disclosed the existence of many serious discrepancies between the last-mentioned accounts and those detailed by me in the preceding schedules, and now admitted by the chapter clerk, in writing, to be correct.

Pretty well, this. Commissioners do not generally indulge in sensational language, and the meaning is scarcely to be mistaken. These good people have nothing whatever to do but to keep their accounts in intelligible order, and do not even manage to do that. We need not say, there is not the slightest suspicion intimated of any unfair or underhand dealing of any sort, and there seems to be not the shadow of a foundation for any thing of the kind; it is simply a case of easy-going landlords with an easy-going steward jogging contentedly on in the old ruts, and letting their property lie fallow for want of active oversight and thrifty management.

And now let us take a brief survey of this great charitable foundation as it exists at this day. The master is the Hon. William Ashley. He was Queen Adelaide's vice-chamberlain and treasurer, and was appointed by her to the mastership in 1848. Close proximity to Marlborough House was desirable at the time for the performance of these offices, and a house was accordingly assigned him within the precinct of the Palace of St. James's, in which he has resided ever since. 'His duties as master of the hospital were as well performed whilst residing in the Palace as if he had resided in the lodge;'—so the master says in apology for his non-residence, and the enumeration of them which

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follows entirely confirms the statement. He informs us that 'upon his first appointment to the mastership he visited the hospital four times a week, the brothers then being aged persons, but that since that period such visits have been less frequent, as the immediate charge of the hospital more particularly devolves upon the brothers in residence, who have been for late years comparatively young. It is added that 'the master attends the meetings of the chapter, which are, comparatively speaking, of rare occurrence, but seldom or ever the chapel, in which divine service is performed on Sundays and saints' days; he occasionally visits the schools, but these are considered to be sufficiently superintended by the brothers and sisters in residence.' His emoluments consist of—

Stipend	1,200	0	0
Fines (average of 27 years) .	228	6	4
Blackwall dividends, &c. . .	28	6	8
Rent of master's lodge, say 550*l.*, less paid for rent of extra ground, 7*l.* 10*s* . .	542	10	0
Total . . .	1,999	3	0

The Commissioner who conducted the inquiry tells us that this last item is necessarily a speculative estimate, as the chapter were 'disinclined to give him any information on the subject; but that the rent of the master's lodge is assessd above at anything but too high a rate; indeed he has some reason for thinking that, with its present advantages of all rates and taxes (except property tax), all reparation, and all gardening being paid out of the hospital funds, it would let for 600*l.* or 700*l.* a year.' We are inclined to agree with the Commissioner. We learn in another place that 'the premises, for their size, constitute one of the most desirable residences in London. On the basement there are six rooms: on the ground floor a hall, dining-room, library, two drawing-rooms, and another room; on the first floor seven bedrooms and dressing-rooms, together with five attics and a laundry containing two rooms. The lodge, together with a coach-house for two or three carriages, stabling for seven horses, conservatory, greenhouses, and forcing-pits, stand on two acres of ground,' in one of the pleasantest situations in the Regent's Park. When one adds to this description the substantial advantages in the shape of repairs, rates, taxes, &c., which we have enumerated, one gets a pleasant enough impression of the satisfactory nature of Mr. Ashley's mastership.

The brotherhood does not make a more savoury subject of investigation than the mastership. They remain the original three in number. True, Queen Eleanor's charter prescribed that, as the possessions of the hospital increased in value, the number of the chaplains, poor men, clerks, lay men and women, should be increased also; and the orders of Lord Somers point in the same direction, but these are overruled by Lord Lyndhurst's more recent directions. As the chapter was then just removed from a locality in which it had at all events done something, to one in which it was certain to do nothing, probably his lordship saw no benefit likely to arise from increasing the numbers of persons whose vocation would be to help each other in this not very laborious occupation. Their duties are simply to preach in the chapel during their several periods of residence (reading the prayers, as we have already heard, is too hard work), and to receive their stipends. We fear the preaching powers of the fraternity are not of a shining order. A chapel in which the system of pew-rents flourishes in full luxuriance, surrounded by terraces of fine houses, could hardly help 'paying' under ordinary circumstances. We regret to find that the receipts from this

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branch of the establishment only amounted, in 1864, to 95*l.* 11*s.*, while the ordinary expenses of the chapel came to 89*l.* 2*s.* 11½*d.*, besides the reader's 100*l.*, the organist's 40*l.*, and the sexton's 42*l.*; the latter probably intended to solace him for the misfortune that no funerals are allowed to take place, except that of a brother now and then, in the chapel vaults. In short it is clear they should let it, as they do everything else that is let-able: a hot Irishman, or a lively ritualist, would make a decent thing of it, and pay them a good rent into the bargain.

The brothers, on the whole, live a happy life. Their annual income amounts to about 367*l.* each, besides his house, estimated at 100*l.* a year. In addition to this, the senior brother (formerly domestic chaplain to Queen Adelaide) has a living of about 600*l.* a year in Yorkshire; the second (son of a late librarian at Windsor Castle) has a Northamptonshire benefice of 700*l.* a year net, in the patronage of the hospital; the third is vice-consular chaplain to what we may call the extra-parochial British Christians at Dieppe, and lets his house of residence.

The senior sister (once lady in attendance to Queen Adelaide) has never resided during the thirty-two years of her incumbency, 'her means, it is said, being insufficient to meet the expense of personal occupation;' the second (a daughter of a late canon of Windsor) resides constantly—the only member of the society, apparently, who does so; the junior (late preceptress to the Royal Princesses) has held the office for five years, and had at length, 'virtually, if not actually, entered into residence' when the Commissioner's inquiry took place. The emoluments of a sister are about 240*l.* a year, besides the annual value of her house, estimated at 90*l.*

The chapter clerk (whose immediate predecessors in the appointment were his father and grandfather) has held his office since 1819. On his appointment he gave a bond for the due performance of his duties to the amount of either 300*l.* or 500*l.* with two sureties, but the bond cannot be found and the sureties are long since dead. Mention has already been made of the eccentric way in which the accounts are kept. Whether it is owing to laxity in this gentleman's or the surveyor's department, or to an unavoidable concatenation of perpetually recurring misfortunes, we know not; but the repairs of the hospital buildings seem permanently to amount to about 700*l.* a year, i.e. about sixty per cent. of the estimated rental of the whole property. At the end of 1863 the chapter had a balance in hand on their general account of 1,898*l.* 13*s.* 5½*d.* The Commissioner gently suggests that as this sum 'earns no interest, at least for the hospital,' it might as well be applied to the liquidation of the debt of 1,750*l.* owing by the chapter to their clerk—an idea which somehow seems never to have occurred to the parties more immediately interested.

The twenty bedeswomen, with their 10*l.* each, are the best feature of the establishment. They consist of decayed governesses, servants past labour, and the like, all comparatively if not positively poor. The list of bedesmen is far from being equally satisfactory. Seven servants of St. Katharine's, including the schoolmaster, are quartered on this branch of the charity, and among the rest are, or recently were, a surveyor in St. James's, a tradesman in the Caledonian Road, and a tenant farmer in the country. We are glad to add that, before the inquiry, the master had removed the most flagrant of these cases, and has since removed two more, and that to one of the vacancies, a poor and worn-out clergyman, lately working in East London,

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has been appointed. The mere fact that there are clergymen to whom an alms of 10*l.* a year is a matter of serious importance is perhaps as simple a commentary as can well be given on the way in which the funds of this (originally) spiritual foundation have been employed.

The schools clothe and educate 33 boys and 18 girls. The numbers have soared as high as 36 and 18, but 'a reduction has lately been made in their number on the ground of economy.' Neither master nor mistress, as may be supposed, possesses the Privy Council's certificate; but the boy's school, at all events, 'perfectly satisfies the chapter.' Not even so much as this can be said of the other half of the educational apparatus.

We fear that we have wearied our readers — we have certainly wearied ourselves—with the detailed account of the present condition of the royal foundation of St. Katharine's. The hospital has, or should have, its interest for all England, as the one religious community of the kind that has come down to us from the middle ages; and if the contrast between the magnificent mediæval theory and the ludicrous modern fact is a little too complete, we cannot help it. The original design, repeated in successive charters, was as beneficent as can well be conceived. The master was to be a 'professed priest,' to reside constantly in the Hospital, and 'fully go through the duty and function of his office' there. The brothers and sisters were to be always present at divine service, except when employed about other necessary business; they were to spend the rest of their time in visiting the sick and infirm, 'as well in reading to them and asking them questions in any matter of divinity, as in other works of charity.' Scholars were to be taught, abundant alms distributed; — in short, St. Katharine's precinct was to be a model parish, under the immediate eye of its royal patronesses. To its substantially performing its parochial functions, we take it to be owing that it was not wholly secularised in the evil days of Seymour, Flemyng, and Wilson; and even into the nineteenth century it still did its duty, perhaps after a feeble fashion, and certainly with no assistance from its masters—one cannot readily imagine the Earl of Faversham, or the Hon. George Berkeley, M.P., or Sir Herbert Taylor, troubling themselves much about the details of district-visiting in the queer localities eastward of the Tower—yet still with fairly honest purpose and performance on the part of the brotherhood of the time. Now, the brothers preach so many sermons a year; the sisters, perhaps, inspect the needlework of the eighteen little girls; the master and the bedespeople do nothing at all; but among them they manage to fritter away some 7,000*l.* a year, let us hope to their own satisfaction: it can hardly be to that of anybody else.

Let it be entirely understood throughout that we have not a word to say personally against any single member of this rather grotesque body. They have simply inherited the system as they found it. For generations it seems to have been understood on all hands that St. Katherine's was the private property of royalty, a sort of home paddock, where its spare protegés might be turned out to grass; and the persons who now monopolise the pasture are probably quite as competent as any other that could be found to discharge their agreeable duties. We are only desirous of doing what little lies in us to aid the object of the Charity Commissioners, and, if it may be so, to rescue a great foundation from a position in which it is neither dignified nor useful.

And here, the first thing that is

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evident is, that it was designed to benefit the poorer parts of London, and especially those of its eastern districts: not to ornament the Regent's Park. Next, that the influence of its charities was not intended to be confined to the mere precinct of the Hospital: the thousand poor men and their half-pennies at least tell us this. Next, that while it is essentially an ecclesiastical foundation, it is, in the widest sense, one for the benefit of the poor in almost every way in which they can be benefited by its charitable ministrations. Bearing these fundamental doctrines in mind, it does not seem difficult to devise a scheme by which an income, which will ultimately reach something like 15,000*l.* a year, may be made the means of doing good on a really noble scale.

Two propositions were submitted to the Assistant Commissioner with this object. In one, the 'Parochial Mission Women's Association' pleads, with a good deal of truth, that the duties of a sister of St. Katharine's, as set forth in the old charter from which we have quoted, represent with considerable exactness the office of a modern Bible-woman, mission-woman, or by whatever name a new, but very useful agency is called. The other, that of the seven East-end incumbents, is a rather grand scheme, but one which very strictly adheres to the intentions of the original founders. It proposes that St. Katharine's be re-established in or near its old neighbourhood; i. e. that a church be selected within the old parishes of St. Botolph, Aldgate, Stepney, and Bromley, to be made the collegiate church; that the master become its dean, and the brethren its canons, each doing parochial work within the parishes specified, and endowed with a moderate stipend from the funds of the Hospital, the patronage, of course, to be in the Crown; that the sisters superintend the work of the bedeswomen, who should not be limited to ten, and who should be (as in the other scheme) mission women, the bedesmen doing the work of Scripture-readers; and that the surplus income should be devoted to ecclesiastical and eleemosynary purposes within the same limits, the claims of the London Hospital being especially mentioned. We can only give a rough outline of the scheme, and feel that we are doing scanty justice to the full and elaborate way in which it has been worked out by evidently able hands. There is much more to be said than occurs at first sight in behalf of a proposal of this sort. Any one who knows the East end of London knows the depressing uniformity of its poverty-stricken incumbencies, and probably knows, also, amongst the excellent clergy who are contentedly working there, men in every respect fit to fill the stalls in the proposed collegiate church of St. Katharine's Eastminster with conspicuous ability. Our chief fear is that the age is not sufficiently in love with the average dean and chapter to care much about a proposal which might possibly end, after all, only in adding one more to the number. But there will be time enough for the discussion of this part of the question hereafter. Our special desire at present is to call public attention to St. Katharine's as it exists, and to do what lies in our power that the Charity Commissioners' report may end in some practical result, be it almost what it may.

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CONINGTON'S *ÆNEID*.[1]

TRANSLATIONS of Homer have for some little time past largely engaged the talents and energies of our poets, scholars, and scholar-statesmen. If Virgil's *Æneid* has been less successful in attracting their attention, the fact may, perhaps, be attributed partly to the somewhat exclusive bent of modern taste towards the great masterpieces of Greek literature, partly to the comparative difficulty of giving to the complex and subtly-knit frame of the Roman epic anything like an adequate modern representation. Homer is very remote from us, yet in many respects he is less remote than Virgil. His points of contrast with us, whatever, according to the varying ideas of critics, they may really be, are salient and easily seized. Mr. F. W. Newman tries to catch the antique ballad-spirit in the *Iliad* (and rightly enough, for it is there), and succeeds, even under the rough form of his odd translation, in preserving some of the Homeric life and movement. Mr. Matthew Arnold would invest Homer with the pastoral elegance of the English hexameter. The late Mr. Worsley has shown, with signal felicity, how the Homeric narrative can be adapted to the tender refinement of the Spenserian stanza: Mr. Tennyson gives the weight of his high authority to the claims of blank-verse. If none of the attempts indicated can be said to have entirely succeeded, none can be said to have entirely failed. The reason seems to be that all the elements seized upon singly by his various translators are to be found in Homer, though none exclusively predominates. The nervous simplicity of the ballad, the grandeur and continuity of the epic, the light and clearness and elegance desired by the modern literary spirit are all there, and thus, though it can rarely if ever happen that any single translation can give the entire combination of effect, yet a rendering which seizes on any one of these points, if executed with sufficient sympathy and ability, must to a certain extent command success.

But the web of Virgil's epic is far less easy to unravel. Homer stands at the very beginning of poetic thought and diction: he is plain, direct, intelligible at first hand: his utterance is clear and spontaneous, as if Nature herself were speaking and prophesying in Greek. Virgil's is the reflective mood of a mind resting on a long historic past of strong national action and thought, and stored with all the traditional beauties of cherished classical forms. It is an easy criticism to say that Virgil has often copied the Greeks, and sometimes copied them unsuccessfully. It is a harder task, and one not so often attempted, to show that his imitation is not the mere imitation of the copyist, but the action of mind upon mind, the sympathy of poet for poet: that Virgil has seldom adapted without transforming and giving new poetical lustre: above all that the real key to the right reading of him is the recognition of the genuine and original Roman spirit which is everywhere present in his work, infusing a new life into the Greek forms, and subduing and informing his vast multitude of material in a unity of thought and purpose. Hence that complexity of conception and workmanship, which—however often Virgil may appeal, in slight touches, to the

[1] *The Æneid of Virgil.* Translated into English Verse by John Conington, M.A., Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford.

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modern spirit—is harder for the translator to reproduce than the far-off but distinct outline of the Homeric epos. It is not possible in dealing with him, as in dealing with Homer, to work exclusively with any chance of success on one element of the original merely: on the style alone, or the learning alone, or the idealised Roman patriotism alone: for it is by the combination of all these that Virgil produces his impression. The effect, therefore, which the translator of Virgil should endeavour to realise must be, above all things, a combined effect, however short it may fall of the standard of the original.

Paradoxical as it may sound, these considerations may perhaps go some way to justify Professor Conington's choice of Scott's ballad-metre. Of course it might be urged with easy logic that if a ballad-style is inadequate to Homer, it is wholly unsuited to Virgil: that the spirit and diction of the modern ballad-epic are not the spirit and diction of the ancient heroic poem; that while the style of the one rarely rises beyond dignity and pathos, that of the other is full of grandeur and passion: that Scott is as far from Virgil as the ballad of *Chevy Chase* is from Homer: and that the true metre for a translation of the *Æneid* must be sought in the heroic couplet or in blank-verse. But it might be answered that if a translator desires to convey anything of the combined effect insisted on above in a really readable form (and an unreadable translation is useless), he will be wise if he avoids metres the handling of which must, for his purpose, present such enormous difficulties. The *Æneid*, of all poems, demands continuous reading, if its character is to be rightly seized: and we very much doubt whether a translation in rhymed heroic couplets or in blank verse would be read extensively for more than a book together. The heroic couplet as managed by Dryden is out of fashion: and probably even Dryden's own splendid performance is seldom looked at now except by scholars. The same metre, wielded rather after the manner of Milton (in his *Arcades*) than after that of Dryden or Pope, was employed by the poet Wordsworth in a translation of the end of the first *Æneid* (published in the *Philological Museum*, vol. i. p. 382 foll.). We select as a specimen his rendering of the passage, 'Cithara crinitus Iopas Personat aurata,' &c:—

Graced with redundant hair, Iopas sings
The lore of Atlas, on resounding strings,
The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings:
Whence human kind and brute: what natural powers
Engender lightning, whence are falling showers.
He chants Arcturus—that fraternal twain
The glittering Bears, the Pleiads fraught with rain:
Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights,
Post sea-ward, what impedes the tardy nights.

If Wordsworth appears to flag somewhat, it is perhaps rather from want of intellectual sympathy with Virgil than from want of rhetorical power. It may be doubted whether his style could sustain the reader long; and a translator would be bold to essay a task in which Wordsworth scarcely succeeded.

That Virgil might be adequately represented in blank verse has been shown by one splendid example, the brilliancy of which, however, might well deter more attempts than it encouraged. Milton was a poet whose spiritual affinities were much more Virgilian than Homeric. Perhaps the truest representations of Virgil's manner that exist in English may be found in his works: not in the way of direct translation, but of paraphrase and reminiscence. Even Dryden's powerful rhetoric seldom recalls so

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much of Virgil's rare and exquisite cadence as Milton's—

> This drear wood,
> The nodding horror of whose shady boughs
> Threats the forlorn and wandering passenger:

or—

> Ah me, whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
> Wash far away:

or—

> And at heaven's door
> Look in and see each blissful deity,
> How he before the thunderous throne doth lie:

or—

> Satan with vast and haughty strides advanced,
> Came towering, armed in adamant and gold:

or—

> The gate
> With dreadful faces thronged, and fiery arms:

or—

> As when the sun new-risen,
> Looks through the horizontal misty air
> Shorn of his beams, or from behind the moon
> In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
> On half the nations, and with fear of change
> Perplexes monarchs—

passages taken from his poems at random, in each of which the classical student recognises an echo of Virgil.

But to produce a readable translation of Virgil in Miltonic blank verse would require Milton's thought and diction, passionate, concentrated, severe: his elaboration of workmanship, his repose in classical memories. We are not inclined to think, therefore, that Professor Conington has sinned very grievously in evading greater difficulties by preferring a spirited and readable measure to one which would, formally, have given a better representation of the Latin hexameter. The experiment was a novel and a bold one; but it will probably be justified by the popularity of the book. The metre which he has chosen is excellently adapted for description, narrative, and rhetoric: and even in passages of higher grandeur and tenderness Professor Conington (though not always successful in escaping an Ovidian tone) has often contrived to subdue his rhythm into gravity and elevation. A detailed discussion of his method in handling the eight-syllable verse is rendered unnecessary by his instructive preface, in which it is clearly exhibited. We proceed to give specimens.

The success of the measure is perhaps, as might be expected, greatest in descriptive passages. Take, for instance, the following (i. 157 foll., 'Defessi Æneadæ,' &c.):

> The tempest-tossed Æneadæ
> Strain for the nearest land,
> And turn their vessels from the sea
> To Libya's welcome strand.
> Deep in a bay an island makes
> A haven by its jutting sides,
> Whereon each wave from ocean breaks,
> And parting into hollows glides.
> High o'er the cove vast rocks extend,
> A beetling cliff at either end:
> Beneath their summit far and wide,
> In sheltered silence sleeps the tide,
> While quivering forests crown the scene,
> A theatre of glancing green, &c.

Or this from the fourth book (vv. 522, &c., 'Nox erat, et placidum'):

> 'Tis night: earth's tired ones taste the balm,
> The precious balm of sleep,
> And in the forest there is calm,
> And on the savage deep:
> The stars are in their middle flight:
> The fields are hushed: each bird or beast
> That dwells beside the silver lake
> Or haunts the tangles of the brake
> In placid slumber lies, released
> From trouble by the touch of night:
> All but the hapless queen: to rest
> She yields not, nor with eye or breast
> The gentle night receives, &c.

Or to quote another passage of a different complexion (vi. 268 foll. 'Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram'):

> Along the illimitable shade
> Darkling and lone their way they made,
> Through the vast kingdom of the dead,
> An empty void, though tenanted:
> So travellers in a forest move
> With but the uncertain moon above
> Beneath her niggard light,
> When Jupiter has hid from view
> The heaven, and Nature's every hue
> Is lost in blinding night.

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In no passage is the finish of Virgil's workmanship more conspicuous than in his description of the shield of Æneas. Lessing, in his *Laocoon*, complained of it as dull. That is a matter of taste; but there can be little doubt that Virgil comes nearer to a realisation of the principles which Lessing himself established concerning the relation of poetry to painting and sculpture than Homer does in his shield of Achilles. Lessing pointed out clearly enough that while a poet can only present an action in continuous development, a painter or sculptor can only present it in a single moment by which the rest is suggested. The story of Laocoon is given by the poet in continuity from beginning to end: the sculptor can only fix and embody the crowning moment of agony. It follows that if a poet is describing a painting or a sculpture, he must make himself as far as possible one with the artist whose work he is representing: he must not present the action as a series, but must seize upon the one moment which the picture or sculpture has seized upon as suggestive of the rest. Thus Tennyson, in his *Palace of Art*, has described the pictures as pictures, catching in each the prominent point of action and colouring, and leaving the rest of the story to be inferred. Thus too in Virgil's shield—more accurately than in Homer's—each picture, the wolf and the twins, the rape of the Sabine maidens, Mettus, Porsenna, is given as but a single scene, a single moment of the story to which it belongs. This is very clearly brought out, on the whole, by Professor Conington's translation: take for instance the following (viii. 630, 'Fecerat et viridi,' &c.):

There too the mother wolf he made,
In Mars's cave supinely laid:
Around her udders undismayed
  The gamesome infants hung:
While she, her loose neck backward thrown,
Caressed them fondly one by one,
  And shaped them with her tongue, &c.

Or this, of Cæsar at the battle of Actium (viii. 678, 'Hinc Augustus agens,' &c.):

Here Cæsar, leading from their home
The fathers, people, gods of Rome,
  Stands on the lofty stern.
The constellation of his sire
Beams o'er his head, and tongues of fire
  About his temples burn, &c.

And Cleopatra (viii. 704, 'Actius hæc cernens,' &c.):

Then Actian Phœbus bends his bow:
Scared by that terror, flies the foe,
  Arabia, Egypt, Ind:
The haughty dame in wild defeat,
Is shaking out her loosened sheet,
  And standing to the wind.
She, wanning o'er with death foreseen,
Through corpses flies, devoted queen,
  By wave and zephyr sped:
While mighty Nile, through all his frame
Deep shuddering for his people's shame,
His ample vesture opened wide,
Invites the vanquished host to hide
  Within his azure bed.

The translation is no less successful in some of the passages of rapid narrative: as, for instance, in the following from the banquet scene in the first book (i. 712, 'Præcipue infelix,' &c.):

But chiefly Dido, doomed to ill,
Her soul with gazing cannot fill,
And kindling with delirious fires,
Admires the boy, the gifts admires—
He, having hung a little space
Clasped in Æneas' warm embrace,
And satisfied the fond desire
Of that his counterfeited sire,
Turns him to Dido. Heart and eye
She clings, she cleaves, she makes him lie
Lapped in her breast, nor knows, lost fair,
How dire a god sits heavy there.
But he, too studious to fulfil
His Acidalian mother's will,
Begins to cancel, trace by trace,
The imprint of Sychæus' face,
And bids a living passion steal
On senses long unused to feel.

Or take this battle-piece from the end of the eleventh book (xi. 868, 'Prima fugit, domina amissa, levis ala Camillæ,' &c.):

First turns to flight, its mistress slain,
Camilla's light-armed horseman train:
The Rutules and Atinas fly:
  Lorn bands and chiefs astray,
For safety to the city hie
  In rout and disarray.

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The deathful onset of the foe
None further dare sustain:
Each slings behind his unstrung bow,
And horse-hoof beat in quick retreat
Recurrent shakes the plain.
Forward there rolls a dusty cloud:
The matrons catch the sight
From their high station, shriek aloud,
And on their bosoms smite, &c.

Or this, of the race of Æneas and Turnus to the town (xi. 906, 'Sic ambo ad muros rapidi,' &c.):

So both make speed the walls to reach,
Nor long the space 'twixt each and each:
At once Æneas sees from far
The rising dust of Latium's war,
And Turnus knows Æneas near,
As tramp and neigh assail his ear.
Then had they clashed that hour in fray,
And tried the fortune of the day,
But Phœbus in the Hiberian seas
Bathes his tired steeds, and sunlight flees;
So by the wall they pitch their tents,
And guard their mounded battlements.

Of Professor Conington's power in dealing with Virgil's swift and powerful rhetoric, the following rendering of Numanus' invective in the ninth book (ix. 598, 'Non pudet obsidione iterum,' &c.) is a good instance:

Twice-captured Phrygians! to be pent
Once more in lenguered battlement,
And plant unblushingly between
Yourselves and death a stony screen!
Lo, there the men that draw their swords
To part our ladies from their lords!
What god, what madness brings you here,
To taste of our Italian cheer?
No proud Atridæ lead our vans:
No false Ulysses talks and plans:
Ere from the birth a hardy brood,
We take our infants to the flood,
And fortify their tender mould
With icy wave and ruthless cold, &c.

The ballad metre is naturally less adapted to the expression of exalted pathos, or the rendering of subtle rhythmical effects, than to the run of description or the flow of rhetoric. But the following passages are not unsuccessfully dealt with (ii. 281, 'O lux Dardaniæ, spes O fidissima Teucrum,' &c.):

O day-star of Dardanian land!
O faithful heart, unconquered hand!
What means this lingering? from what shore
Comes Hector to his home once more?
Ah! since we saw you, many a woe
Has brought your friends, your country low:
And weary eyes and aching brow
Are ours that look upon you now!

Or Dido's vision (iv. 460, 'Hinc exaudire voces,' &c.):

Thence, when the dark was over all,
There came a sighing and a call,
As in the dead man's tone:
And midnight's solitary bird,
Death-boding, from the roof was heard
To make its long, long moan;
And prophecies of bygone seers
Ring terror in her 'wildered ears, &c.

Or this, of the blessed in the under-world (vi. 661, 'Quique sacerdotes casti,' &c.):

Priests, who while earthly life remained
Preserved that life unsoiled, unstained:
Blest bards, transparent souls and clear,
Whose song was worthy Phœbus' ear:
Inventors, who by arts refined
The common life of human kind,
With all who grateful memory won
By services to others done;
A goodly brotherhood, bedight
With coronals of virgin white.

There is great clearness and elegance in the version of the incomparable lines, ix. 314–15 (of the departure of Nisus and Euryalus on their fatal adventure):

Egressi superant fossas, noctisque per umbram
Castra inimica petunt: multis *tamen* ante futuri
Exitio.

The trenches past, through night's deep gloom
The hostile camp they near:
Yet many a foe shall meet his doom
Or ere that hour appear.

The rhythmical effect of the Latin is well preserved in the following:

Et gemitum ingentem pelagi, pulsataque saxa
Audimus longe, fractasque ad littora voces.
(iii. 555.)

We hear the sea's stupendous roar,
And broken voices on the shore.

Multa modis simulacra videt volitantia miris,
Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
Colloquio, atque imis Acheronta affatur Avernis.
(vii. 89.)

Strange shapes before his eyes appear,
Strange voices whisper in his ear:
He communes with the sons of bliss,
Or talks with Acheron's dark abyss.

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Crethea Musarum comitem; cui carmina semper
Et citharæ cordi, numerosque intendere nervis;
Semper equos atque arma virûm pugnasque canebat. (ix. 775.)

And Cretheus, to the Muses dear,
Cretheus, the Muses' friend:
The minstrel lay, the tuneful shell
Had touched him with their magic spell,
And still the warrior strung
To martial themes his glowing lyre,
And arms, and men, and steeds of fire,
In lofty numbers sung.

These quotations, we think, will give an adequate specimen of the standard of execution throughout: though here and there there are passages which seem to us to fall below them and the general average of the book in finish of workmanship, or in realisation of Virgil's poetical spirit. But these occasional blemishes will probably contribute but little to hinder the well-deserved success of the work. The rendering is almost invariably life-like, flowing, and readable. If it cannot be said to rival Dryden's version in power, it is, for the modern reader, a simpler, truer, and more natural representation of Virgil: and will probably live in popularity much longer than such translations as that of Sotheby, Symmons, or Singleton. Professor Conington's prolonged commentatorial study of Virgil has given him a freedom and power in bringing out the meaning of his author which has enabled him, on the whole, to keep remarkably close to the original, notwithstanding that his metre is one which would, perhaps more than any other, justify a translator in leaving the track. A bright and pleasing poem in itself, his book will certainly do much to increase, among the general public, a right understanding and appreciation of the great Roman poet.

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THEATRICAL LICENSES.[1]

THREE interests are at stake in the matters referred, in the last session of Parliament, to the Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the working of the Acts of Parliament for licensing theatres and places of public entertainment. They are—the interests of dramatic art, of public morality, and of private property. As regards the first of these interests, it is strange to think for how long a time the poor drama has been on its deathbed. Its friends and admirers have been holding themselves in readiness to attend its funeral for ever so many years; and we find contemporaries croaking out their alarms and fears of a speedy dissolution even in the days which we are now taught to regard as those of its most robust health. A hundred years ago there were complaints that the theatres royal were leaving their proper functions, and trespassing on the prerogative of buffoonery. Garrick himself was taunted with resorting to illegitimate attractions, and hastening the degeneracy of the stage. Then, as since, and as now, it was suggested that the tailor was a more important personage in the theatre than the poet, and the carpenters more potent to fill the treasury than the actors; and as the scenery, dresses, and decorations of the stage have from time to time received more attention, it has always been said that there has been a corresponding decline in the merit of the acting. This course of criticism has been so uniform, that it cannot be doubted that in the days of the early drama the admirers of Thespis in his waggon shook their heads at the novelty of a permanent stage, and saw speedy ruin to the nascent theatre in the introduction of the buskin and tragic robe. In truth, no generation can easily bear with the improvements which put younger people in a better position than they enjoyed themselves. Ancient persons in authority at school and college will grudge to a younger set the enjoyment of comforts which were not accessible to themselves, and bad dinners and stupid customs are in this way perpetuated with a sort of posthumous life to gratify prejudices that should have been long obsolete. The stage, indeed, is peculiarly exposed to depreciation of its actual merits, at any time, as compared with bygone excellence. In other regions of art a fair comparison can be instituted between the productions of different ages. The poems of Homer may lie on the same table with those of Messrs. Moxon's youngest client, and passage after passage may be read and examined together. So in the arts of painting and sculpture—the works of the ancients and the so-called old masters can be viewed and compared with those of living artists almost simultaneously. But with acting it is different. Even in appealing to the judgment of the same mind, the eye and the ear are retained on one side, while memory only holds a brief on the other; and in the case of a discussion on the merits of two actors of different generations, the elder disputant alone has the advantage (even if he be disposed to use it fairly) of having seen and heard both.

The controversy, therefore, that is now going on about the supposed decay of the theatre is nothing new. Fifty years ago, Hazlitt, one of the finest critics who ever wrote on dramatic subjects, laid it down that

[1] *Report on Theatrical Licenses and Regulations.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, June 28, 1866.

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no good tragedy or comedy had been written for half a century, naming, at the same time, Home's *Douglas* and Sheridan's *School for Scandal* as the last of each. The volume of collected *Essays on the Stage* (published in 1820) which contains this opinion, also serves to express Hazlitt's views on other points now, as then, in agitation. He believed that there was in his time only theatrical strength enough for one good company in London; and he discountenances the notion of starting more playhouses as nurseries for histrionic talent. The years elapsed since 1820 may have done something to alter the critical sentence of that date upon authorship for the stage. But the *School for Scandal* still reigns supreme as the best acting comedy, although it may be suggested that better pieces have been produced within the last twenty or thirty years than those which were the most striking novelties of Hazlitt's period. *Douglas* may now, without dishonour, be relegated from the stage to the region (whatever or wherever it may be) usually referred to by the name of the closet, for which certain plays are conceived to be better fitted than for public representation—the limbo alike of departed greatness on the boards, and of still-born talent which has never breathed the vital air of the theatre. On the other hand, the actual performance of such plays as *Virginius*, *Ion*, and *Philip van Artevelde*, is enough to prove that the highest forms of literature have not been entirely excluded from the stage in modern times, and that poetry and passion have been exhibited to living audiences in their best habitudes by authors themselves still living, or not long departed to join the illustrious dead. These, it is true, are not very recent instances, and one of the questions which occupied the time of the Committee of last session was whether the art of dramatic writing is not now extinct beyond all powers of resuscitation. On this point, some of the evidence before the Committee is certainly encouraging; for Mr. Horace Wigan, differing from other witnesses, takes issue on the alleged decline of dramatic writing, and holds that the pieces now written are as good or better than ever they were. He rightly enough says that to be playable is the best quality of a piece (literary merit being subordinate for the purposes of the stage), and that in this quality most recent pieces are superior to those which preceded them. It would be invidious to name plays, but we are by no means ready to give up the case as desperate, and to resign the chance of improving the stage, and make over the evening amusement of London to the music-halls. The Committee were also asked to consider whether the art of acting—by some persons also supposed to be quite defunct—may not be revived by the very process of multiplying the number of the metropolitan theatres, condemned by Hazlitt as hopeless, and actually tried when the exclusive rights of the old patent theatres were abolished.

The extent to which attention to the material accessories of the scene can be carried without detriment to the living business of acting, must always much depend upon the amount of knowledge accessible and generally diffused as to what would be the proper dress of the characters in a piece, according to their age and country, and the fitting background of scenery, either natural or architectural, among which they should move. The moment it was felt to be absurd that Macbeth should wear the uniform of a British general officer of the year 1770, and he had been seen in the equally incorrect, but certainly more appropriate dress of a Highland chieftain, the cocked hat and laced coat be-

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came thenceforth impossible. In the same way, ever since oriental travel and research have made us acquainted with the probable dress of the inhabitants of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, it has become necessary for painters to lay aside the conventional draperies which served the purpose of the great Italian masters, and which have been followed until quite recently in our own time. Every picture need not be such a complete cyclopædia of Jewish costume as Mr. Holman Hunt's great work of Christ in the Temple, but the old treatment can never again be repeated. In this manner there has grown up a passion for the realistic and the *vraisemblable* which has extended to theatrical delineations of modern life: and the drawing room or cottage interior on the stage must now be an exact counterfeit of its prototype in reality. The boards must be carpeted, the windows must be curtained, there must be a fire in the grate, and real fire-irons by the side of it, while the mantel-piece must be surmounted by a mirror, a clock, and the usual array of chimney ornaments. All this has indeed become now-a-days so much a matter of course that it has probably ceased to exercise any injurious effect (if indeed it ever did), on the actor's power of making an impression upon the audience. So long as such things are a novelty they may tend to distract attention from the performers and the play, but when they are familiar—and their absence would be remarked although their presence is not especially noted—they are no more likely to interfere with the actor's ability to do his best, or that of the spectator to appreciate him, than the wearing of the most usual and ordinary articles of dress. Scenery, stage-furniture, properties, and dresses are more easy to be procured good of their kind than acting; this has been always so, and always will be so, as long as the craft of the carpenters and the upholsterers, and the taste of the dressmakers continue to flourish. But three centuries of the English stage have failed to produce more than some half-dozen actors of the highest order of merit. In France no great actor has risen since the days of Talma, and it was only by a rigid system of protection and by government aid, that a high school of acting was maintained in Paris. The material accessories can always be had to order, and for money; good acting cannot. The great actor, like the great poet, is born and not made; but we agree with Mr. Horace Wigan, who stands up manfully for his art, and speaking on an experience of twenty-five to thirty years, declares that performers are better now on the whole than they have been in his recollection, and that plays are better cast, and all the subordinate parts better done than they used to be. We are disposed to side with him in his more sanguine and hopeful view, although great opinions, including that of Mr. Charles Kean, are ranged against it. Be all this, however as it may, the state of things in this respect does not admit of alteration even by the omnipotence of Parliament.

In discussing the causes of the real or assumed deterioration of dramatic performances it is too much the custom to seek for them entirely behind the curtain, and to omit any search for them in front of it. But in truth there are faults on both sides. If the actors are without good training (and this, although the best founded accusation against them, is not their own fault, for how can they go to school when there is no school to go to?) the audiences are without knowledge and discrimination. For the due appreciation of every kind of art a certain amount of previous education is requisite—the eye and

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the ear and the mind must have gone through some discipline before justice can be done to any great effort of the painter, the musical composer, or the poet, and before the full amount of delight and enjoyment which it should produce can be derived from it. The theatre is not exempt from this law. Some acquaintance with the drama in general, some previous experience of the play-house, some knowledge of the names and persons even of the performers, are wanted for the full enjoyment of the theatre. How many persons in a modern English audience combine these qualifications, or indeed possess any of them? In former days when the theatres were few and regularly frequented by all classes, the great majority in any given audience would consist of habitual play-goers; but at present it is probably the other way. The great bulk of the spectators are not residents in London, but are, so to speak, casuals from the country, and they bring nothing with them but the money paid for their places, and their own desire to be amused. The child's pleasure in the first play can never be realised by a grown-up *débutant* at the theatre; and although some ignorance is bliss, it is not always folly to be wise. Yet we confess once to have envied the innocence of a couple of people who sat in the pit at a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*. They were evidently friends, and as the drop fell at the end of the first act, one of them observed to the other: 'There seems to be a good deal of bad blood between those two families.' These indeed were simple and reverent play-goers, forgetful of themselves, and absorbed by the interest of the piece, of whom more perhaps are to be usually found in the pit and galleries of the more fashionable houses, than in the stalls and boxes, where ignorance, coupled with conceit and frivolity, may sometimes be seen in unabashed self-complacency. Mr. Webster, in his evidence, says he has played to better audiences, and more discreet, at the Standard, City, and Surrey Theatres than at the west end. It is among the better dressed part of the audience that there is the frequent remark, the foolish and ill-timed question, and the perpetual chatter, which distract those who have come really to see and hear the play, and not merely to get through an evening. Another modern grievance is the move to get away and catch the train, which is now so often a source of annoyance and interruption, and is one of the many nuisances appurtenant to the rapidly enlarging area of suburban residence. All this goes to establish that the public, knowing no better, is satisfied with an inferior article, presented (except as to scenery, &c.) in an inferior way. The grand object of managers is to have pieces to secure a long run, and cover the outlay of 'mounting.' For this purpose a few striking situations pay better than passion, language, or plot, and the criticism of the press and of the discerning few in the audiences is powerless to correct the prevailing bad taste.

The importance of restricting the number of theatres licensed for the representation of the regular drama, with a view of maintaining the best interests of histrionic art, was much insisted upon when the Select Committee on Dramatic Literature sat in 1832. But that Committee reported that in their opinion the exclusive privileges accorded to Drury Lane and Covent Garden, had neither preserved the dignity of the drama, nor been of much advantage to the proprietors of the theatres themselves. Indeed, the Committee seem to have thought (as the evidence amply proved) that the patent theatres were in such a bad way that nothing could make them worse; an assertion which could not now be made

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with truth of the majority of the regular London theatres, which are probably a much better property to their owners and lessees, at this time, than the houses of the Lane and the Garden ever were. The great work of that Committee, however, was to secure a better remuneration for dramatic authors than was previously to be obtained; and for this dramatic authors should be very grateful, although it was no more than an act of bare justice to them. Whether the better payment has really insured a more constant supply of a better article to the public is a question upon which opinion must remain much divided.

In 1832 Mr. Macready gave evidence before the Committee, and his valuable opinion was against the opening of more theatres as a likely means of multiplying good actors. If the theatres were thrown open the public would suffer in consequence of the efficient companies being broken up. He also gave as a reason for the decline of acting, that the profession of an actor is so unrequiting that no one with the power of doing better for himself would deliberately take it up. There is, however, now some evidence that the prospects of the stage as a profession are rising, and that more young men than formerly are turning their attention to it.

Change of hours and social habits, and the greater facilities afforded by cheap books and by the circulating library, for intellectual amusement and excitement at home, have all been at work to keep people away from the theatre. As Hazlitt expressed it, the press has been the ruin of the stage. While so much else has changed, there has been comparatively little alteration in the hours and prices of the London theatres. A hundred years ago the performances commenced at Drury Lane and Covent Garden at six o'clock, and the prices of admission were—to the boxes, five shillings; to the pit, three shillings; and to the gallery, two shillings. In those times five o'clock was the latest dinner hour for fashionable people, and the vast bulk of London would be dining in the middle of the day.

Lastly, there has been for some years past the counter attraction of the music-halls and the casinos, which must obviously draw away part of the theatrical audiences, and which has led to the efforts now making by the regular theatres to protect themselves from encroachment, in the same spirit that thirty years ago moved the old patented houses to clamour for increased protection against their younger rivals.

The social and moral bearings of public places of amusement in large towns, very properly occupied much of the attention of the Committee of last session. The costumes of the ballet-dancers, and the regulations of the so-called 'canteen' at the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, provoked a good deal of inquiry. Honourable members were curious about the quantity of muslin in the skirts of the young ladies of the ballet, and very anxious for information upon the possibility of admission to the place of refreshment so benevolently provided for the use of the establishment during the hours of performance. They were also careful to inquire into the securities adopted against danger from fire, and for the health and general safety and comfort of the audiences. These are clearly very serious points, but like many other important matters in this land of liberty, they have come to be regulated (if at all) rather by the growth of a legal fiction than by the direct action of the legislature or government.

By the statute law in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, professed stage-players were classed as vagabonds, sturdy beggars, and rogues, and only such companies of actors could hope for personal security or claim respectability, as belonged

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to the household establishment of the Sovereign or of some great lord. Hence the still continued phrase of 'Her Majesty's servants,' and hence the commencement of the control of the Lord Chamberlain, as the chief officer of the royal household. The records of his office show that from 1628 to 1660, the Lord Chamberlain licensed or closed theatres, interfered in the copyright of plays, and either personally, or through the Master of the Revels, completely controlled the managers and actors. Charles II.'s patents to Killigrew and Davenant date from 1662 and 1663; their holders united in 1692 in order to create an exclusive monopoly for their benefit. But in 1695, William III. granted a license to Betterton, which was converted into a renewable patent, and it was under these authorities that the sole privilege of representing the regular drama was for so long maintained by Drury Lane and Covent Garden. The Italian Opera House was opened under license from Queen Anne to Sir John Vanbrugh in 1704, but was not allowed to give plays. From 1778 the Haymarket theatre was licensed for the regular drama, but only during the summer months when the great theatres were closed. In 1809 the Adelphi and Lyceum appeared, with licenses for 'musical dramatic entertainments, and ballets of action,'—'burlettas, music and dancing, spectacle and pantomime.' At various intervals followed the Olympic, St. James's, and Strand Theatres. All these houses were within the limits of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction; that is to say, in the liberties of Westminster, where the Court resided; and the theatres on the Surrey side or elsewhere were beyond his control. In 1737, an Act of Parliament recognised and extended the powers of the Chamberlain, who was to grant licenses for theatrical entertainments within the city and liberties of Westminster, and wherever the Sovereign might reside; and he was to license all new plays throughout Great Britain. The Act of 25th George II., chapter 30, passed in 1751, is the Act that has given rise to the chief discussions and difficulties on the proper limits and definition of stage-plays. This Act was due to a pamphlet by no less a person than Henry Fielding (quoted by Mr. Pownall in his evidence), entitled *An Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, &c.*, which he ascribed to the increased luxury of the higher classes, and the attempt to imitate them by the lower classes, and he recommended some regulation of the places of entertainment frequented by the lowest orders. The Act indeed is entitled 'An Act for the better preventing thefts and robberies, and for regulating places of public entertainments, and punishing persons keeping disorderly houses.' And the sorts of amusements it was intended to stop were bear-baiting, cudgel-playing, bull and dog fights, or women fighting on a Sunday morning for a new shift. It empowered magistrates to license houses for music, dancing, and public entertainment after five o'clock in the afternoon, with heavy penalties for infringing its provisions, from which however the patent theatres, Crown and Lord Chamberlain's licenses were excepted. It is pretty clear that the '*dancing*' contemplated in this Act was not a performance on the stage, but the dancing of the company assembled at a tavern or other public place to amuse themselves. Under this Act the Lord Chamberlain granted licenses concurrently with the magistrates for such objects as concerts, masquerades, recitations, astronomical lectures (let us be thankful that these dreary affairs no longer exist among the amusements of London, even in Lent), fantoccini, oratorios, exhibitions with

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music, and so forth. In 1843, further legislation extended the London area of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction to the cities of London and Westminster, and the limits of the metropolitan parliamentary boroughs, and provided for the regular licensing of country theatres by magistrates. It so defined the meaning of 'stage-plays,' that (as Mr. Spencer Ponsonby informs us in the well drawn paper handed in by him to the Committee) the Lord Chamberlain decided to grant the same form of license to all London theatres, whether formerly under his power, or for the first time then brought within it. All the theatres and saloons had license to give stage-plays in the fullest sense of the word: stage-plays being defined to include 'tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, burletta, interlude, melodrama, pantomime, or other entertainment of the stage, or any part thereof.' All respectable places of entertainment then in existence are said to have received licenses, but in the case of saloons connected with taverns (of which several then existed), the rule was enforced that the entrance should not be through the bar or tap-room of the tavern; and that no drinking or smoking should be allowed, and that no saloon should open before 5 p.m. The object of this evidently was to assimilate them as far as possible to the regular theatres; and in fact the four of them which still survive as places of public amusement have become regular theatres.

By the Act of 1787, magistrates could give temporary licenses for theatrical performances described as 'tragedies, comedies, interludes, operas, plays, or farces,' but not within twenty miles of London, nor near a royal residence. But this did not affect the metropolis, and so far as London was concerned there were, previous to 1843, various theatres and saloons illegally open for stage performances, which were beyond the Lord Chamberlain's old jurisdiction, confined as it was to the liberties of Westminster, and for which no legal license seems to have been, in fact, possible. The number of theatres now open in London under the Lord Chamberlain's license (including the Gallery of Illustration in Regent-street, and the new theatre in Holborn) is twenty-six, to which must be added Covent Garden and Drury Lane. There are between thirty and forty music halls, and it does not appear that any proper request for leave to open a new theatre has ever been refused. It must be remembered that the public duties of the Lord Chamberlain are two-fold. He has to license each particular building destined for a theatre, as well as to license plays to be performed at any place. His business in the one case is to be satisfied of the safety and comfort of the structure, of its security against fire, the efficiency of its means of ingress and egress, and so forth; and in the other, to act as censor, and to prevent the performance of anything of an immoral or impolitic nature. Every care is taken, by an annual inspection, to enforce continued compliance with the necessary conditions of architectural safety, and there is no room for difference of opinion on the propriety of having some central authority for the material protection of the public.

The other branch of the Lord Chamberlain's jurisdiction meets with general, but not, perhaps, universal acquiescence. It seems, however, clearly desirable that there should be some such superintendence over what is to be said or done upon the stage with regard to 'the preservation of good manners, decorum, or of the public peace,' to use the words of the Act of 1843. The good feeling of the audiences may in general be relied upon to check and put down any outrageous violations of moral propriety. But

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amusing mischief might get established if not prohibited in the first instance. There are attractive but dangerous exhibitions like those of Van Amburgh and Blondin, and there are political, personal and international topics and allusions, and (under particular and temporary circumstances) even entire plays, which it is well to have the power of keeping off the stage. The power, however, of refusing to license a new play has been rarely exercised. During the last fourteen years 2,797 pieces have been submitted for license, and of these only 19 have been refused. The titles of these at once suggest the reasons for the refusal. The pieces prohibited are either founded on sacred subjects, or derived from the Newgate Calendar, or, like a piece entitled *The Last Slave* (Federals and Confederates), intended for representation at Liverpool, appealed to excited political feelings. In 1859 *Jack Sheppard* was for the future forbidden at all theatres, but probably not before its performance had raised up many living rivals of its hero. The due execution of this portion of the Lord Chamberlain's functions requires a union of qualities not often found in combination. They can at no time have been discharged better than by the gentleman who now fills the important post of theatrical adviser to the Lord Chamberlain. The present examiner of plays adds, to the highest excellencies of a scholar and a gentleman, a remarkable acquaintance with dramatic literature, and a long and familiar knowledge of the stage. Witnesses who disagree in other things, are unanimous in bearing testimony to the tact and courtesy with which he discharges the delicate and responsible duties which are confided to him. All must pity his annual hard fate in having, just before Boxing Night, to read through all the pantomimes and burlesques, with all their 'business,' put down upon paper.

The great present contest is between the music-halls which have sprung into existence during the last few years, and the regular theatres, and here the interests of property and private enterprise come into play, as well as those of art, and of public convenience and morality. These places of entertainment differ essentially from anything which preceded them, for they combine in themselves every feature of the tavern or public-house, with every material appliance for use as concert-rooms, or for the acting of plays. Drink and solid refreshments are served to the company, who can at their ease enjoy them sitting at tables; smoking is general, and there is all the theatrical apparatus of orchestra, footlights, stage, curtain, and scenery. They have everything ready for the performance of regular theatrical entertainments, except an admitted legal authority to do so. Some confine themselves to musical selections, which, although sometimes involving the use of quasi-stage costume, do not directly challenge rivalry with regular operatic performances. Others have dialogues, or part performances, which, although trenching on the domains of the drama, can hardly be considered as actually invading them. But at the Alhambra, in Leicester Square, which, from its size and importance, and from the interest taken in its affairs, now occupies the front of the battle of the music-halls, there is a nightly performance of ballet, which has especially provoked legal proceedings on the part of the adverse forces of theatrical proprietors, who justly conceive their own profits to be in danger. The ballets at the Alhambra are said to be the best ever given in London, and the musical performances are good at other places, where music is made the chief object. But the better these performances are the worse for the theatres, whose benches they thin by exercising a more potent attrac-

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tion than themselves, and the stronger the theatrical hostility against them. The great case of *Wigan* against *Strange* was brought before the Court of Common Pleas in November 1865, but with no very conclusive result, owing to the form of the proceeding in which the opinion of the Court was desired. In the case submitted to the Court it was in substance stated that the Alhambra was a place of public resort, licensed by the justices, with a lofty and extensive interior, and having in the part where the pit would be in an acknowledged theatre, a space occupied by tables, at which refreshments are served. There were also balconies and stalls, an orchestra with a full band, a stage and proscenium, with footlights and side-lights, a curtain, and wings and grooves for scenes, with drops and flies, and all the stage appointments of a regular theatre. In fact, one of the elaborate pieces of scenery at that time used at the Alhambra, has since been transported to Paris and employed with great effect at the Porte St.-Martin. There was a ballet with sixty or seventy performers, who came down through a large opening at the top of a platform painted like rocks, and danced down to the stage, after which they formed into two parties and danced a *pas de poignard*, or dagger dance. This ended in several of the females standing over others as if in triumph, and retiring when others came forward holding *property*—not of course land, or three per cents., but sham palm leaves—in their hands, and danced waving them, and formed an avenue, as if expecting an arrival. Then a lady dancer, who at a regular theatre would be called the *première danseuse*, passed between the others, who retired while she performed a *pas seul* with gestures. The others formed groups, placing the palm leaves so as to represent the opening of a flower, and some had 'property' called a pallisade, and danced with it so as to represent a basket of flowers. Several more *pas seuls* having been executed by the *première*, the rest went through other evolutions and the performance concluded. To such a dry and formal residuum as this, is reduced a gay and brilliant ballet, when passed through the alembic of one legal mind, in order to be submitted to the further operation of other legal minds. The question raised was whether the performance thus described was lawful without the Lord Chamberlain's license, and although most persons on reading the description would be inclined, off-hand, to say that it was not, yet the judges did not, under the circumstances, see their way to sustaining that view. The question left to the Court was, indeed, one of fact rather than of law, and it was difficult for learned judges to decide on the true nature of a performance which they had not enjoyed the advantage of seeing in person. The Chief Justice Erle said it was a question of degree, and was not prepared to define where dancing ceased to be lawful and became a stage-play. The ballet at the Alhambra may have been very near to being a dramatic performance, but the Chief Justice was unable to say, from the description before him, that the point of degree at which music and dancing becomes a stage-play, had been passed. The other judges inclined to think that the performance described was a stage-play, but felt that they were without means sufficient to enable them to interfere as upon a question of law. Thus the matter ended without any effective judicial decision on the grave points in dispute, but the immediate result was, that there might have been performed in the Court of Common Pleas a *pas de deux* by Mr. Strange and Mr. Wigan, in which Mr. Strange might (according to the business of this

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ballet) have stood over Mr. Wigan 'as if in triumph.' The Alhambra has since increased its attractions, but unless the learned judges could be induced to sit in banc there and witness the performances with their own judicial eyes, it does not seem probable that a more effective conclusion can be obtained. In the cases of other music-halls where performances have been attempted with dialogue, and of a more decidedly dramatic character, there has been no difficulty in stopping them.

With the music-halls the Lord Chamberlain now has nothing to do. They have the magistrates' 'music and dancing' license; and unless they want a license for stage-plays, they would have no occasion to approach him. A little confusion, and perhaps some prejudice against the theatres in the pending discussion, has been created by the fact that the Lord Chamberlain's theatrical license (under an Act of Parliament passed in 1835), as well as the magistrates' 'music and dancing' license, confers the right to have a spirit license direct from the Excise Office, a privilege of which theatrical managers have very naturally availed themselves. Vigorous but ineffectual attempts were made to prove, from the mouths of some of the witnesses examined before the Committee, that in the regular London theatres there is a considerable demand for drink, and that the supply of it is regarded as an important item of profit, as it is admitted to be at the music-halls. They were, indeed, as frequent and constant as the efforts employed to show that the decline of the drama dated from the introduction by John Kemble of elephants upon the stage. No drinking or smoking, however, is allowed in the audience part of a theatre, and no success resulted from the endeavour to extract an opinion that there is very little difference between a regular theatre in this respect and the music-halls. The Lord Chamberlain's department have insisted that the drama and drinking should be kept separate as much as possible. The music-halls must look in a great measure for remuneration to the profits on the sale of drink and refreshments, and even boast that these profits enable them to provide a better entertainment for their audiences. At the theatres the taking of refreshment is entirely subordinate to the duty and pleasure of the evening, in witnessing the performance on the stage; while at the music-hall the ballet, or whatever else may occupy the performers' portion of the building is not the only or principal inducement to visit the place. Devilled kidneys, Welsh rabbits, gin and water, and segars, at least equally divide attention with what is going forward on the platform; and no impartial person, placed in a theatre or a music-hall, could for one moment doubt where he was. The statement handed in on behalf of the London Music-Hall Proprietors' Protection Association, while it repudiates the profits on refreshments as the primary object of the music-halls, very fairly admits that enjoyment at them is derived from the privilege of smoking and the lounge while witnessing the performance; and this seems to indicate a state of mind hardly favourable for receiving the highest or best dramatic impressions, and to afford a candid criterion for distinguishing the listless frequenter of the music-hall from the attentive occupant of a seat in any part of a theatre. On the point, however, of the supposed incompatibility of smoking and the drama, it is remarkable that only one witness, namely, Mr. F. G. Tomlins, made any allusion to the fact, that in the most palmy days of English dramatic art, smoking was universal in the theatre. All Shakespeare's plays must have been produced and acted

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in a thick atmosphere of tobacco-smoke, rising in clouds from every part of the house, and from the stage itself, where the 'swells' of the period occupied their privileged stools. In addition to the quotations made by Mr. Tomlins, it may be noted that Master Prynne, in his *Histrio-mastix*, published in 1633, seeks to aggravate his accusations by denouncing the play-house as a place 'where the pot, the can, the tobacco-pipe are always walking till the play be ended;' and no doubt the public at the Red Bull, the Fortune, or the Globe, enjoyed the facilities of refreshment during the performance, which are now denied to the regular theatres, and can only be obtained at the so-called music-halls.

It is plain that if the music-halls were licensed to act plays, they would not meddle much with the more important regions of the drama. Their pieces must be short and light, to suit the convenience of a changing and moving audience; and, as Mr. Strange of the Alhambra himself declared, Shakespeare's plays would never be thought of there, because, in fact, they would not be heard. It is nevertheless probable that if the music-halls were allowed to perform the regular drama, even of the lighter kind, the existing theatres would be injured, and possibly even more than by an increase in the number of regular theatres, and the fortunes of the actors would unquestionably be affected by it. Perhaps it might tend to increase the salaries of some, but would scarcely have the effect of elevating the profession to which they belong; and they should remember that the respectability of the player depends largely upon the general respect in which his vocation entitles itself to be held; and, in the end, a debased art may very likely lead to a permanently lowered scale of remuneration. Some of the evidence given goes to show that the competition for actors by the music-halls makes it more than ever difficult to obtain them for the theatres. Rising ability is tempted by the opportunities of display and higher pay afforded by performing at more than one place in the same evening; and although the better class of actors may consider this a degradation, and as fatal to the proper study of their art, it must always have obvious attractions for the mass of those seeking a livelihood on the stage. Formerly the school for acting was in the country, and a London engagement was the great ambition of the provincial actor. Now, although in some towns there has lately been a considerable revival of theatrical interest, no good provincial school of acting can be said to exist. So says Mr. Benjamin Webster, who declares that there is at present no school of acting, confessing that it has been destroyed by free trade in the drama, and admitting that he took the chair to get free trade for the drama, and has repented of it ever since. The freedom of the theatres has dispersed the talent. A man who ought to be doing walking gentleman at Drury Lane or the Haymarket, can play Hamlet at the East end, which he naturally prefers, and get a larger salary for it. A good cast of an important play for all the parts is now almost impossible. Mr. Webster says he thinks it degrading to act before people who prefer drinking and smoking to the intellectual amusement of the drama, and he is right; but it is not likely that anything very intellectual will ever be presented to the drinking and smoking audiences. The result of fully extending the privileges of the theatres to the music-halls would not be to expose good actors to degradation in performing to an inattentive audience, which would never answer the purpose of their proprietors, but to lower

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audience and performers alike to a style of entertainment at no time partaking of a high or improving character. Mr. Boucicault gave a good answer on this point. He was asked if there was smoking, eating, and drinking in the American theatres. He said there might be, but there was not; for which he accounted by saying that the audience go to the theatre for a specific thing: for an intellectual not a sensual enjoyment, which cannot be carried on together. The intellectual enjoyment may be reduced to a level which addresses itself to the eye or ear, and which can be enjoyed at the same time as smoking, drinking, and eating; but a purely intellectual entertainment, such as the drama, which requires mental attention for its enjoyment, cannot be combined with these things. But he afterwards gives it as his opinion, that the more the music-halls are encouraged the better the theatres will succeed, keeping the two, of course, distinct in their functions, because he thinks that they in fact cater for the theatres, by affording a stepping-stone from the sensual to the intellectual enjoyments of the people, who will not go straight from one to the other; by which it seems that he considers them to be a sort of border-land between the public-house proper and the theatre proper, and that the way from eating and drinking *pur et simple* to the drama *pur et simple* lies through them. We confess to preferring a less dubious mode of dramatic education for the people, and would rather see them going to the regular theatres by the direct route. Mr. Webster, Mr. Buckstone, and Mr. E. T. Smith are all certain that the music-halls damage the theatres, and especially their half-price; and the last of these gentlemen evidently has a low opinion of the taste of the public, which he believes to be running more on music-halls than on theatres, 'because,' he says, 'a man can sit down and drink his glass of grog, and blow his pipe, and enjoy himself there, not caring for anybody.'

Another interest that might be affected by any change in the present system is that of the dramatic authors, whose profits now depend upon the frequency with which their pieces are represented, a payment being due in respect of every performance at all theatres. Before the protecting Act due to the Commons Committee of 1832, there was no legal penalty to prevent any manager from playing an author's piece without paying him for it, if it could only be got hold of; and under this state of things the dramatic author's remuneration was derived only from the sum agreed to be paid for the right of bringing it out, and the value of the literary or bookselling copyright. The latter had long ceased to be a substantial source of emolument, except in a very few instances. There has never been in modern times such a demand for dramatic literature as Prynne had to complain of when he wrote that, as the stationers informed him, above forty thousand play books were printed within two years, and that they were more vendible than the choicest sermons.

As it is, a successful writer for the stage may hope to command a large return for his skill and ability to produce a popular article. Mr. Boucicault informed the Committee that he goes straight to the treasury which he so largely contributes to fill, becoming for the time a quasi-partner in the theatre where his piece is being played, and agreeing to receive one half of the net profits. He has had a large experience, and making it the business of his life, has written between 180 and 200 pieces, some of which have had enormous runs in England and America, and have been acted all over France. Such an author might

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have the same piece being performed at five or six different theatres on the same night in various parts of the country, or, as has lately happened to Mr. Boucicault, three or four London theatres may be playing different new pieces by him at the same time. He has been exceptionally fortunate; Manchester and Glasgow have paid him nearly 200*l.* a week, the Princess's in London has paid him 400*l.* a week, and New York alone has paid him 500*l.* a week. At one time he monopolised, as he states, two of the London theatres with two pieces for fourteen months. This long exclusion of his fellow authors was disagreeable to Mr. Boucicault's better feelings, and, as he says, he generously retired for a time to leave the space free for others, which need not have happened if there had been more theatres in London, so as to leave plenty of room for all. And so Mr. Boucicault, sighing, like Alexander the Great, for more worlds to conquer, laments the want of more theatres at which his pieces and those of his brother playwrights can be produced.

Mr. Horace Wigan, however, thinks that no one man, unless he were a Shakespeare or an Alexander Dumas, could supply the whole of the London theatres with good plays. He knows of no such man. He cannot get any good plays, although he has offered large sums of money for them, and in his opinion the chief difficulty against which London managers have to contend is that of getting good pieces. He believes there are very few original dramatic authors in England. Nearly all our pieces for the last hundred and twenty years have come from abroad. In short it is more difficult for any human being ever to be a dramatic author than it is, according to Rasselas, to become a poet.

Mr. Tom Taylor thinks there are already more theatres than can be supplied with attractive pieces, and modestly agrees in acknowledging the difficulty of getting good plays. Neither does he think there are good actors enough to satisfy the present demand, or that there is a theatre in London which is manned as a theatre ought to be. He is strong also for keeping separate the public-house element and the dramatic element, and sees in their mixture nothing but future degradation to the drama, which it cannot be safely left to the public taste alone to prevent; and he regrets the absence of any such houses as the old patent theatres, where a high standard of excellence both in authorship and acting could be preserved.

Mr. Shirley Brooks thinks there is no fear of hurting the drama by the music-halls, as they have already got as low as they can go. We cannot accede to this, and fear there is the possibility of things getting much worse, and that there is a necessity for more efficient and reasonable regulation than the existing state of the law permits. The subject is, indeed, altogether one of no small importance. We are told that there are fifty thousand persons in the London theatres and other places of entertainment every night, and all these people are open to influences which may be made good or bad. A glance at the advertisement columns and provincial intelligence of the *Era* will indicate to any one the immense multiplication of theatres and of places of quasi-theatrical amusement all over the country, and the large number of persons in one way or another interested in them. The demands for 'first old men,' 'good utility people,' 'low comedians,' 'singing chamber maids,' 'second old women,' 'gents for responsible business,' 'first-class niggers,' and 'comic singers,' for theatres and music-halls in every part of the kingdom, show how extensive the taste is for the

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entertainments provided by them. A great opportunity for popular improvement and education lies under what may at first sight pass for mere amusement, and it is worth the while of all those who care for the mental advancement of the people to look after the good that may be promoted in schools, where attendance is sure to be numerous, although it is voluntary; and where there is no necessity for a 'conscience clause' to secure their universal usefulness.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist on other points, it is clear that the law relating to the licensing of places of public entertainment is confused, and inapplicable to present circumstances, and that it requires amendment. With most of the recommendations of the Committee we heartily agree. It is right that the entire regulations of theatres, music-halls, and other places of public entertainment should be placed under a single authority; and that they should be exercised by an officer of high position and dignity, who would not be open to canvassing or personal solicitation for or against the granting of any particular licenses, and would have all the responsibility attaching to an individual in the exercise of his duties. No better depositary of this power can be found than the Lord Chamberlain. It is obviously proper that what may be termed the structural regulations should be compulsory. It will be a great improvement to extend the Lord Chamberlain's censorship over the performances to all places, retaining it of course over theatres as at present. It may also be desirable, upon the original granting of licenses, that there should be an appeal from the Lord Chamberlain to the Home Secretary, who is a member of the Cabinet, generally in the House of Commons, and on some points may be better qualified to deal with the interests of the public than the Lord Chamberlain's department; and whose aid is indirectly invoked by the recommendation that there should be a more active police control than now exists over places where unlicensed entertainments are attempted. It is well, too, that in the country, the Lord Chamberlain should have power to license theatres, and that music-halls should be put under regulation. But for reasons which we trust have been already appreciated, we do not wish to have the so-called music-halls allowed to give the regular drama, and to see realised the situation, so feelingly deprecated by one of the dramatic witnesses, who, supposing himself to be performing in a music-hall, puts the case—'While I am speaking Hamlet's soliloquy, perhaps a man asks for potatoes and a kidney.' The drama, as a high form of art, and as a means of education, is worth preserving, and we venture to think that it should be, and that it may be preserved.



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ATHENS AND PENTELICUS.

IT was with no small sensation of relief that I, in company with two friends, left Constantinople for Athens in a steamer of the French Messageries. I had been told from my childhood that three of the most beautiful sights in the world were the Bay of Naples, the Harbour of Rio de Janeiro, and the Golden Horn of Constantinople. I have since seen them all; and though without doubt the palm ought to be given to the marvellous scenery of Rio, yet it is certain that the first view of the City of the Sultan is enchanting in a high degree. The varied elevation of the land, the huge mosques and palaces, the tall minarets shining among dark cypresses and gigantic planes, form a very beautiful scene; while the picturesque caïques skimming over the crowded waters give a sufficient element of animation. Fair without and foul within. Walk about the streets for a week, get smothered in mud and abominations, or stifled with dust, according to the state of the weather; turn out, if you dare, after dark to be devoured by dogs whom you disturb in their nightly vocation of fighting for the filth of the city; search in vain for any rational amusement or occupation, for a decent street, or for any symptom of science or art; and then say if this place is not a whited sepulchre. The stagnation of Islam is a stain upon Europe, and it is a grave misfortune that mutual jealousy has induced the most powerful and civilised states to support the barbarian on his throne. Few things can suggest sadder reflections than half an hour's perusal of the visitors' book at Mysseri's Hotel in 1854 and 1855, full of the names of gallant Englishmen who stayed there on their way to death in a war to maintain the integrity of Turkey. Yes, barbarism has been most effectually maintained. Any civilised power would have made such a place as Constantinople the delight of the earth; but it seems as if all the dirt of Europe, moral and material, has been swept into this last corner of the continent, waiting for some vigorous broom to drive it into the sea.

The natural situation of the place is lovely in the extreme; the shining waters of the Bosporus and the varied outline of the hills delight the wanderer as he floats in his caïque; the bazaars are curiously rich and quaint, teeming with objects which remind one at every step of something in the *Arabian Nights*; the mosque of St. Sophia is intrinsically grand, but has been utterly defaced with the huge and hideous green escutcheons of departed Sultans; and the dancing dervishes provoke the ridicule of gods and men. These things are worth seeing, but they are soon exhausted, and disgust ensues. It is most nauseous to see a piece of Europe subjected to the system of the Turks. Thus it was that, though glad to have seen Stamboul, we turned our backs upon it with a species of satisfaction.

We left at four in the afternoon, in a vessel fitted up with all the luxury and comfort for which French steamers are so justly celebrated; and early next morning we were aroused by stopping at the Dardanelles. Here we took in a few passengers, and a great many oysters, the latter of which were highly appreciated in the course of the day. We passed close to the shore of Tenedos and the plains of Troy; the sky was without a cloud, and a fresh breeze rippled the sea with *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*, as we thought of Hector and Ajax and the 'tale of Troy divine;' and the 'many-fountained Ida' was looking down upon the scene, as when pale Œnone sought

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her faithless Paris. All that day and night we raced over the bright sea, threading the needle among the Isles of Greece, and early in the following morning the ship was anchored in the Piræus.

We had not been long at our moorings when the descendants of Themistocles came off to fetch us in their boats and fight for our luggage. Travellers are comparatively rare at Athens, and proportionably worth fighting for. In the midst of the confusion we surrendered ourselves to a stout and comfortable-looking individual who rejoiced in the name of Philosophopoulos. He offered himself as courier and *cicerone*, so we dubbed him at once as our guide, philosopher, and friend, and looked on with pleasure as he cleared the ring of competitors. We had about a mile to row, in which we passed some fine English and French men-of-war, wondering what Themistocles would have thought of them.

On landing, the Philosopher had to make his way among contending porters; his principle appeared to be the old one of 'Divide et impera;' by a judicious use of bad language he set various rivals by the ears, and then consigned our goods to those of his own choosing. The custom-house people were particularly civil; and we were soon packed in a very respectable carriage, with the Philosopher on the coach-box.

The modern Piræus is but a half-grown and somewhat shabby place, consisting chiefly of stores and drinking shops; but in a few minutes old Athens begins to dawn upon the traveller, as he finds himself close to the remains of the Long Walls. The road to the city is about five miles in length, and at first gave us a very unfavourable impression. The fruit season was over; and clouds of dust had covered the vines, olives, and fig trees with a monotonous grey mantle for a considerable part of the way. As we approached Athens, however, and saw the temple of Theseus and the Acropolis standing out clearly in the sun, with the long, graceful slopes of Hymettus and Pentelicus behind them, our notions began to change rapidly: our spirits rose as we drew near to the dwellings of the Immortals.

Who shall worthily describe his sensations on approaching that wonderful place? Perhaps it would be as well to fall back upon the words of the great traveller, Clarke. 'It were useless,' he says, 'to relate the feelings with which we viewed the grandest and most affecting sight that hath been left for modern times. The classical reader, already convinced that nothing exists upon earth to equal it, may give a traveller credit for emotions similar to those excited in his own mind by the mere mention of an approach to Athens; and he will anticipate by his imagination what it is impossible to describe.'

We were well stared at by the Hellenes in their gay costumes as we passed through the dirty suburbs and drove into the best part of the modern city. Here everything was neat and clean; the streets were open and airy, and the houses built in French style. At the Hôtel d'Orient we were installed in as good quarters as any reasonable man could wish for; and for the moderate charge of ten francs a day we had the whole front of the first floor, consisting of a very large and well-furnished sitting room, with capital bed rooms opening out of it by folding doors. Nothing could exceed the civility and attention of the landlord and his servants during our whole stay; and our only regret at Athens was that of leaving it.

King George had just come into his kingdom; the remains of wreaths and decorations were still

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to be seen; the walls of the Acropolis were still crowned by hundreds of huge clay pots which had but a few nights before been filled with fire for a stupendous illumination; suspiciously new patches of mortar in the walls of the Bank and some of the principal hotels displayed a laudable wish to conceal the many bullet-holes which had been made during the troubles of the few preceding months. People looked busy and lively in the streets. The 'good time coming' was supposed to have come at last, and we prepared to avail ourselves of it. Of course I had read that delightful little book, the *King of the Mountains*, in which Edmond About describes in his very best style the state of life of those whom it has pleased Fate to call into the unsought company of Greek brigands; and at Corfu and elsewhere we had been specially cautioned against venturing out of Athens, or even walking about the streets after dark. But it seemed absurd to think of such apprehensions now: Hadji Stavros was a creature of the past; King George was come to his own; and we would rejoice and be merry.

There could be no harm, however, in asking a few questions; so we sent for our civil friend, the landlord. Forced by the exigencies of an English University education—which, while familiarising us with the literature of Greece, compels us to pronounce the language in so absurd a manner that it is impossible to understand or be understood in the simplest attempt to converse with the natives—we were reduced to adopting French as our means of communication. We suggested to him that we should like a good carriage and horses to enable us to spend the next day in a pilgrimage to the shrine of Ceres at Eleusis, or the marble crags of Pentelicus. 'Oh, nothing could be better,' said the worthy man; 'all should be arranged by the morrow.'

'Mais l'on dit qu'il y a des brigands dans les environs,' we hinted rather cautiously.

'Oh, non, monsieur,' said he, with much energy, 'il n'y en a pas; et s'il y en avait, ce ne serait pas votre affaire: cela ne vous touche pas; le brigandage, c'est une *affaire de politique*.'

Politics indeed! thought I; this is not very reassuring. Suppose some of these active politicians make a mistake, and pillage us before they find out that we have nothing to do with their political principles and are absolutely guiltless of intrigue? I very much doubt if we should recover our property. No, we would not order the horses just yet.

In the course of the same evening I had an opportunity of asking the English Minister what he thought of the matter. He informed me that he had in the morning received official intelligence of eight or nine bands of brigands in Attica; adding that, though we might perhaps not fall into the hands of any of them, yet the country could hardly be considered safe under the circumstances. I heard at the same time a trustworthy account of one of the latest brigand adventures, rather startling in itself, and specially confirmatory of the '*politique*' theory of plunder.

Three British officers, accompanied by a somewhat celebrated and superior dragoman, 'all proper,' as the heralds say, were on their way back to Athens after a very pleasant expedition to Pentelicus, when they found themselves suddenly performing in the well known tableau of a party surprised by brigands, who present guns at every button of their waistcoats. Resistance was useless; and the British lion, thus caught in a net, submitted to have his claws cut. The country gentlemen took the rings, purses, and

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watches of the officers, and then politely allowed them to return to the city. There they made indignant complaints to the English Minister, who at once applied to the Greek Government. Profuse were the apologies, and eager were the assurances of speedy restitution. A few days afterwards a distinguished member of the Greek Cabinet himself called at the British Legation to express his gratification at being enabled to announce the fact that the brigands had been discovered, and induced to disgorge their prey. It had been all a mistake, a sad mistake. Saying which, the amiable minister with his own hands produced the spoil. It was all right, with the exception of a single ring. This was a sad blot upon the general happiness. The brigands were perfectly grieved at having unfortunately lost that ring; but they were rich, and would gladly pay its value if his Excellency would only condescend to declare it!

I suppose the 'politicians' had allowed themselves to commit an error in tactics, and were profoundly sorry for it. It was as if some youthful member of the House of Commons had introduced a ridiculous amendment which he had been compelled to withdraw with humiliation. That was all.

On this occasion they had 'done their spiriting gently,' and luckily no bones had been broken. But this is by no means always the case, and men whose names are 'linked (not) with one virtue, but a thousand crimes,' may every now and then be seen walking about the streets with impunity, when the spirit moves them to come into the city to see their friends and 'do a little shopping.' Upon one of these gentlemen being pointed out to me and described, I asked a foreign sojourner in Athens how it was that such a man could escape immediate hanging. 'Hang a brigand!' said my friend, 'Mon Dieu! you would have first to get rid of half the National Assembly! Besides, perhaps you might not think it, but this fellow was of immense use to the Government in the last revolution: he brought in his men like a trump, and helped to defend the Bank!' I had no more to say. It was clear that politics and brigands were intimately connected.

But the sequel of the affair with the officers was to come. There was a *concierge* at the British Legation, an elderly Greek, of singularly handsome form and countenance. There he was, erect in his picturesque national costume, and it was really pleasant to see the native dignity with which he performed the duties of his office. He looked as if he could on the shortest notice play the part of Ulysses or Agamemnon with equal ease and success. Unfortunately, though I believe his own conduct was in every way excellent, he had rather a *mauvais sujet* for a son. It was discovered that this son had been one of the party who robbed the officers on their way from Pentelicus; and the good old father, when informed of this by his master, replied in an agony of grief, 'Oh! your Excellency, have I not always begged and entreated him to abstain from *politics*?'

Well then, the landlord was right after all. 'C'est une affaire de politique.' I looked into my Thucydides for a half-remembered passage in one of his earliest chapters, where I found that in the early days of Greece it was the most natural thing in the world to begin the conversation with a new comer by asking if he was a pirate. Apparently he would be no more surprised or outraged by the question than a modern Englishman might be if he were quietly asked for his opinion on Reform. History seems not unfrequently to repeat itself.

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Meanwhile the practical question for us to decide was this. Considering the uncertainty of 'politics,' and the possibility of being robbed by some discontented ex-Prime Minister, who might be 'appealing to the country' or 'starring in the provinces,' should we, or should we not, go to Pentelicus? Our uncertainty was increased by the fact that there was a lady in the party. However, our friend at court said that, if we determined to go, he would give notice of our intention to the proper authorities, who would in all probability take the hint and furnish us with an escort. This seemed to be the best plan. One evening at the palace a member of the corps diplomatique was giving an account of an agreeable day which he and his friends had been spending in an excursion to Pentelicus. The young king remarked, with a good-natured laugh, 'You seem to be afraid of my subjects, monsieur, as you took an escort.' 'Pardon me, your majesty,' was the reply, 'it must be your majesty's ministers who are afraid of them, for they gave me the escort without any solicitation on my part.'

This settled the matter; the weather was brilliant; Philosophopoulos was to make all arrangements; saddle horses were to be sent forward to the monastery, and an open carriage was ordered to be ready at half-past eight in the morning.

I had just jumped out of bed and was rubbing my eyes when a loud tap at the door made me call out 'Entrez.' It was the waiter, apparently in great excitement. I suppose that my silent look of surprise conveyed an idea of my feelings, as he proceeded at once to ask in an eager and voluble way, 'Monsieur, avez-vous commandé des soldats?' Of course I guessed in a moment what he must mean, but I amused myself with expressing blank astonishment at his question. 'Ordered soldiers! a very improbable thing; I was prepared to order an omelette for breakfast, and cutlets if I could get them, but why should I order soldiers?' He led me hurriedly to the window, and begged me to look down into the street. 'Les voilà, monsieur,' he said, and there they were in reality. About a dozen troopers, well armed and not badly mounted, were waiting in front of the hotel, chatting with one another and apparently receiving the compliments of an admiring crowd.

Your modern Athenian is essentially a loafer; he smokes continually and drinks endless cups of coffee; he chats and lounges up and down the streets, always, however, preserving the high action and stately stride which seems still to mark the descendants of a noble race. It is easy to attract a crowd of them, and I was much amused by watching the people from my window. One arrival was very remarkable. Just on the other side of the street a carriage, very much like one of our old hackney coaches, stopped at the door of a liquor-shop. Two men descended from the box and proceeded to refresh themselves, but the inside passenger received no attention whatever. It was a fine calf, standing up between the seats, with its head projecting from one window, and its tail from the other.

We were not long at breakfast; and then stepped into our carriage with the best appearance of easy dignity that we could assume. The dragoons were all ready; three or four of them rode in front, one at each door of the carriage, and the remainder protected the rear. The faithful Philosophopoulos sat by the side of the coachman, and away we went through the staring lines of 'well-gaitered Greeks.' I could not help laughing as I thought of Edmond About and the King of the

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Mountains. If Captain Pericles commanded the troops we might yet be handed over to the latest edition of Hadji Stavros, while the dragoons and the brigands embraced one another over the division of the spoil.

In Italy it was always customary to say that to take an escort was to invite robbery; the presence of the soldiers at starting announced to all the world that the traveller was worth robbing, and the brigands robbed him accordingly, while the dragoons galloped away. They manage these things differently in Greece. It is true that, if a body of troops is ordered into the country to catch or kill the perpetrators of some atrocious outrage, the probability is that they will not greatly exert themselves to do their duty; sometimes they will make it the occasion of a pleasant holiday; and, after quartering themselves upon the unhappy villagers for as long as they please, return to Athens, declaring that after frightful toil, they have never been able to come up with the brigands: at other times they boldly fraternise with the miscreants; and either way nothing is gained. But on the other hand, we must not forget the 'politique' theory of brigandage already alluded to. It may be good policy and sound tactics to rob one set of people, while it may be a deplorable error of judgment to rob another set. Those, therefore, who are at the head of affairs in such a state of things as this, are bound to show their capacity for office by the exercise of their discretion; and, if for political purposes they do not wish a particular person to be robbed, they have only to give him an escort, and it is accepted as a signal that he is not to be robbed by anybody. The traveller does his pleasure, the escort does its duty, and everybody is pleased except the brigands, who console themselves with the reflection that their turn will come another day.

I remember a good illustration of the tenacity with which a Greek escort can do its duty. The son of one of the foreign ministers, with a secretary of legation and a couple of friends, resolved to have some quiet quail shooting, and take their chance of brigands. They hired a boat and its crew, and sailed down the coast one fine evening. The night was darker than they expected; the boatmen could not find the place they wanted to land at; and at last, weary with looking in vain, they determined to run the boat on shore at once, light a fire, and camp out till daylight. The sun rose in all his splendour over the shining Archipelago, and the party prepared for a good day's sport. But a thundering noise was heard, and a galloping serjeant of dragoons entered upon the scene. He explained that the Government had been shocked to hear of such distinguished young gentlemen having made so rash an expedition by themselves, and he had been ordered with a party of his men to ride through the night till they found the milords, and keep close to them till their return to Athens. The other soldiers now came up and proceeded to obey their orders literally. The intending sportsmen could neither sit, nor stand, nor move without finding their faithful guardians in unpleasant proximity. They finished their breakfast, and hoped that at all events they might be allowed to take care of themselves when they had their guns in their hands. Not so, however. No sooner did they form into line and proceed to beat the country for quail than these infernal dragoons formed on both sides of them to protect their flanks. Birds and beasts fled from such an alarming sight long before the guns could get within reach of them, and there was no remedy. In vain they attempted to explain to the gallant fellows that they were a most detestable nuisance; the

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Greek mind was far too vain to see the matter in that light. It was useless to contend against their fate. They were compelled to break up the party and return to Athens at the end of the first day, having bagged one solitary brace of quail.

It was about nine in the morning when we followed our vanguard out of the streets of Athens. Though the place has been augmented since the Crimean war by several pretty suburban villas of the French type, it is not large enough to detain the swift coursers of our Athenian Jehu for many minutes between its walls; and in a very short time we were out in the open country. A bright and clear cool morning promised a fine day, and we looked over the Attic plain to the exquisite slopes of Hymettus and Pentelicus, Parnes and Cithæron. The first feature which attracted my attention in looking at these renowned mountains was the singularly refined grace of their general outline. In this respect they differ from any of the mountains with which I am acquainted in other countries of the world. They are neither peaked with precipices nor rounded in undulations; the eye is led upwards by a line of continuous beauty to a gentle summit, whence it descends in the same calm fashion; and it is not difficult to imagine that the mind of the glorious artists of old Athens was powerfully influenced by the marvellous purity and perfection of form which the hand of nature has stamped upon the surrounding country.

Our road passes close by the side of Lycabettus, a hill which used to afford us one of the pleasantest strolls in the neighbourhood; half an hour from the hotel was enough to reach the summit, which commands an almost perfect view of Athens, and all that remains of her former splendour. On the other side we had for a near neighbour the Ilissus, a mere dried-up rivulet which, as About remarks, is 'occasionally damp in winter.' The open land on both sides of the road, is, for the most part, uncultivated, and something like a Scotch moor in appearance and colour. The prevailing plant is a species of thyme, which provides the favourite food of the Hymettian bees, and which gives a powerful and delicious perfume when rubbed in the hand. Asphodels and lilac crocuses were in great abundance, but the appearance of everything denoted want of water. Attica is a dry and thirsty land. Further on our way, as the road began to rise above the level of the plain, a considerable variety of bushes and flowering shrubs, most conspicuously the oleander, refreshed and enlivened the scene.

The pace was decidedly good, and our driver kept the dragoons at a sharp trot for about an hour; we then pulled up at a small village, where the natives indulged in a good stare at us, while our people were refreshing their horses and themselves. In a quarter of an hour we were off again; the plain soon seemed more and more below us, as we found ourselves winding up the road over the lower slopes of Pentelicus. Our spirits rose with our bodies, as every minute added some new object of beauty or interest to the ever extending view. The trees became larger and the shrubs thicker; magnificent bay-trees mixed with the olive and the ilex; and clumps of purple cistus could still show a few lingering flowers among the arbutus-clad rocks. Presently there was a bend in the road among a group of noble trees, and in two hours and a half from Athens we found ourselves at the door of the monastery, to which our saddle-horses had been previously sent forward.

The soldiers threw themselves from their saddles, and stood in

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picturesque little groups among the trees which came almost close to the white walls of the monastery. Philosophopoulos advanced to the entrance, and presently returned with one of the monks. We had expected to see only the roughest and dirtiest of holy men in this secluded retreat among the mountains; for piety and isolation when combined are seldom accompanied by that cleanliness which is next to godliness. Great, therefore, was our surprise when a very pleasant-looking man of about five and thirty came forward to the door of the carriage, and with all the grace of a true gentleman welcomed us in good English to the hospitality of his monastery. The carriage was left to take care of itself, and the horses and soldiers were taken in for refreshment, while our new friend offered to show us over the establishment. The building is not large, but the situation is perfect.

Those of my readers who have been fortunate enough to scramble about the slopes leading from Baveno to the Monte Motterone will not easily forget the charm of that half park, half mountain, region where the oaks and chestnuts rise magnificently from among green flowery slopes, diversified with grand rocks and clumps of ferns and underwood. An opening among scenery of this kind had been chosen by the founders. A terrace-walk within the walls commanded an enchanting view of the neighbouring mountain side, and the forests stretching from our feet to the plains below, beyond which shone Athens and the Bay of Salamis. In the middle of the courtyard there was the finest bay-tree that I have ever seen—a real tree, under which some scores of men might shelter themselves and read the pretty inscription which, in classical language, invites all men to enjoy the perfumed shade, and to abstain from injuring the friendly branches.

Surprised at the correctness with which our *cicerone* spoke English, and the ease and freedom with which he conversed on the general topics of the world, we could not help asking him a few questions about himself. It appeared he had been in England for about two years, employed in translating the Bible for one of the religious societies of London. He reminded me of the agreeable and intelligent man who was for a long time *clavendier* of the Grand St. Bernard, and who has so often turned a frightful night among the Alps into a pleasant remembrance for the traveller. His conversation was liberal and enlightened, but we were hardly prepared to find him openly heretical. He showed us the little chapel, which was well worth seeing for its quaint pictures and ornaments, and its walls covered with reliquaries and votive offerings subscribed by peasants and by brigands with equal liberality; but he boldly denounced the ignorance and credulity of the people who could attach any value to such things; and, as Paul on Mars' Hill eighteen hundred years ago declared, so did this modern priest declare that the Greeks are 'too superstitious.' To hear Mahomet cursed in the shrine of Mecca would scarcely have astonished me more than to hear such a complaint as this in the monastery of Pentelicus.

We saw very few brethren, but our Anglicised companion took an opportunity to introduce us to the venerable head of the establishment; he was a very dignified old man in appearance, combining the long white beard of Calchas with the portly form of a lord abbot. We were informed that he made us a polite and complimentary speech, but unfortunately we could not understand him; and I amused myself by speculating as to what he would say or do if he knew what our introducer had been saying about superstition. He passed on

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his way; and a supply of coffee and honey was brought into a small room in which we were invited to rest after making our round. But we could not stop long in this agreeable idleness. The day was advancing, and Pentelicus had to be climbed.

The monk escorted us politely to the door, where we found the soldiers mounted and our horses in readiness, under the charge of Philosophopoulos. We mounted also and filed off in procession. The ascent began under the shadow of some very magnificent oaks of a sort which I have never seen elsewhere. The leaves were much the same as those of the English species, though larger; but the acorns were at least double the usual size, and many of the cups were fully two inches in diameter, covered outside with close hard curls like those of the crimped trees in children's toy zoological gardens. Turning to the left, we followed a rude apology for a road leading through the forest to the quarries above. The smooth and grassy slopes gave way to rougher ground as we gradually rose through woods of ilex, arbutus, bay, and other evergreens, till we found ourselves in a stony land at the entrance to the quarries themselves.

Here was a field for reflection upon the past! Hence came the Parthenon, the glory of the world; and the very lumps of marble among which our horses were twisting their feet might have been the chippings of blocks that were ordered by Phidias or Praxiteles. What priceless treasures of art have been carved from the bosom of this Pentelicus, to be the delight of the educated world! What visions of past glory rise before the imagination of the spectator! Nor is there any necessity for him only to think of the past. Even now, though the greatest period of sculpture may have departed, yet the marble of Pentelicus is the same; and there is nothing required but labour and activity to make it a source of great profit to the Government, and of benefit to the world.

Turning again to the left, we ascended for a considerable time by a slightly hollowed ravine in the mountain, the road consisting entirely of pieces of marble of all shapes and sizes, over which the horses struggled with some difficulty. My saddle was by no means adapted to this process of going up an irregular staircase; nor were my stirrup-leathers any better, as they were far too short, and refused to be lengthened. It was difficult to avoid slipping over the horse's tail, so at last I made up my mind to dismount and ascend on my own feet. I was myself again, and happy. One of the most charming features of this part of the expedition was the vast quantity of arbutus trees now in the full splendour of their fruit. They were of two sorts, one being the species usually seen in English gardens, with its large berries of crimson and orange; the other having smaller berries, but much thicker bunches of them. They were all laden with fruit from top to bottom, and it would be very difficult to imagine a more exquisite effect of colour. In all directions they lined the banks, or hung from clefts and terraces among the rocks of white marble, in masses of orange and red, set in the dark green of their foliage, and all shining together under the glorious blue sky of Greece.

In due time we emerged from the region of trees and bushes; the view to the north was added to all that we had seen in the south; and the bare open top of the mountain was before us. The last part of the ascent was the steepest, and the soldiers remained below with our horses while we finished the climb with the attendance of our guide only. Turning a corner, we saw a

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wolf bolting away at our approach; as far as we knew he was the nearest approach to a brigand that we had seen. The upper part of the mountain consists of islands of short grass among a sea of rough stones, but in about twenty minutes after leaving our escort, we found ourselves on the top at two o'clock.

It had been my good fortune to stand on the tops of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Finsteraarhorn, and to wander among some of the golden-hued mountains of Brazil. Truly, these are grand things to think of, but though Pentelicus is only about 3,500 feet above the sea, yet I never felt so intensely interested, I may say so profoundly affected, as when I looked upon old Greece from its summit. The sacred region of art, poetry, and philosophy, the land of heroes, the abodes of the Immortals, were all spread out in one enchanting view. Almost at our feet, on the north, lay the plains of Marathon, all corn-fields down to the edges of the fatal swamps; we could see the tumulus raised by the Athenians over the bodies of mighty dead; and near us must have passed Phidippides when he ran to Athens from the battle-field and died as soon as he could give utterance to the glorious tidings that the Persians had been driven into the sea. There lay the blue channel of the Euripus, and beyond it Eubœa. That long island which so puzzled us in our map-making youthful days with its odd points, and corners, and bays, was now glorified into a chain of exquisitely beautiful mountains, rejoicing in a sun which covered them with purple and gold. More to the west rose Cithæron and Parnes, towards which Aristophanes made his Clouds fly when disgusted with their reception in the city. Then came the shining plain of Athens, and the dark olive groves of the Academy where Plato walked and taught, the bright hills of Corinth, and far away the snowy summits of the Peloponnesus; Athens itself, where Sophocles and Æschylus triumphed, where Demosthenes thundered against Philip, and Paul preached on Mars' Hill; beyond it the island of Egina and the blue bay of Salamis, once covered with the Persian wrecks.

Here at last was the realisation of the student's fancy; the explanation of much through which we had blundered somewhat darkly in the days of Triposes and lectures. The eye that had seen could now understand something more of the land of Homer and Thucydides. Now, too, we could reflect in sadness on 'the changes and chances of this mortal life' which have dragged Greece down from the goodly fellowship of heroes to the supremacy of Pallikars and rogues, leaving this fair country in the state 'where all save the spirit of man is divine.'

Among the most striking features in a panoramic view of Greece from the summit of a mountain, is the marvellous variety of outline presented by its sea-coasts. There are absolutely no dull, monotonous lines: bold, rugged headlands, warmed with tints of orange, and moulded in every variety of form, standing forth in a sea of exquisite blue, divide the coast into shining bays and picturesque recesses. In every part of the shores of Greece the traveller finds himself among a combination of beauties which would delight the heart of a landscape painter. A peculiarly exhilarating brilliance, moreover, pervades the Greek scenery, owing to that excessive purity of the atmosphere, which seems to have always infused buoyancy into the hearts of the people, and which must have inspired Euripides when he burst into that soul-stirring chorus of the *Medea*:

'Ερεχθεΐδαι τὸ παλαιὸν ζλβιοι,
καὶ θεῶν παῖδες μακάρων, ἱερᾶς
χώρας ἀπορθήτου τ' ἀπὸ φερβόμενοι
κλεινοτάταν σοφίαν, ἀεὶ διὰ λαμπροτάτου]
βαίνοντες ἁβρῶς αἰθέρος. . . . . .

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No such exact epithet as λαμπρότατος could be found to describe the sky under which we basked, gazing at the enchanted land beneath us and around. The fragrant breeze whispered to us of the great Pan. Ah! what would that dear old divinity have thought in the days of Homer could he have known that in these latter times the only outward and visible sign of his worship would be the pipes that are stuck under the chin of a crusty Punch and Judy player? Sorrowfully we descended from that glorious summit, down to where our dragoons awaited us, on a point which looked over the field of Marathon. Down among the slabs of marble—down through the shining arbutus woods—down under the mighty oaks, which might have spoken oracles, but the oracles are dumb. The monks received us again kindly, and provided more coffee, and more honey from Hymettus. We left a present for the monastery, in return for the hospitality which they had afforded to ourselves and our men; and we parted with sincere regret. The dragoons resumed their saddles, and we took our seats in the carriage. It was easy work going down hill, and with rattling wheels and clanging sabres we sped swiftly back to Athens, as the sun went down, with indescribable glory, over Salamis and the Isthmus of Corinth.

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ON THE INFLUENCE OF ARABIC PHILOSOPHY IN MEDIÆVAL EUROPE.

A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, Albemarle Street, February 2, 1866.

By Earl Stanhope.

FEW things in history are more striking than the encounter, in divers parts of Western Europe, between the rising tide of Mahometan invasion and the settled races of Christendom. In Sicily the Saracens achieved a short-lived conquest, one curious token of which may still be traced in the modern name given to Etna of Mongibello, a name made up of the Latin *Mons* and the Arabic *Ghebel*; both words meaning the same, and conjoined together by the mingled races of the time. At the mouth of the Tiber the victory of Pope Leo IV. over the Moslem marching on to Rome, even if it failed to be recorded by the muse of history, would be rescued from oblivion by the genius of art, since it forms the subject of one of Raphael's glorious frescoes in the Vatican. More to the northward the Arab conquerors of Spain, advancing into France, had passed the Garonne and well nigh reached the Loire, when their progress was arrested and hurled back by Charles Martel. Then, after centuries, came the Crusades; then, after centuries more, the final expulsion of the Moslem from Granada, their last stronghold in Western Europe. All this course of history is more or less familiar to my present hearers. But perhaps they may never have had occasion to observe the remarkable fact, not noticed, indeed, in many histories, that the race which showed itself the inferior in warlike prowess, gained the upper hand in some main points of intellectual influence. While the Moslem had, for the most part, to yield to the Christians on the fields of battle, they acquired an ascendant in the schools of philosophy.

This intellectual or literary influence—a strange portent, surely, in an age of utter intolerance, when it was unusual to allow merit of any kind in a misbeliever,—may be mainly ascribed to two men of high renown, Avicenna and Averroes. Avicenna—whom, if we strove to be quite exact, we should call Aben Sina—flourished in Central Asia, and died in the year of Christ 1037. Averroes—or, more precisely, Aben Roshd—was born at Cordova, and died, according to the best authorities, in the year of our Lord 1198. Both are combined by Dante in two lines of his *Inferno*, where he enumerates the principal pagan worthies. I will give you Dante's lines as Mr. Cary renders them:—

> Orpheus I marked. . . .
> Galenus, Avicen, and him who made
> That commentary vast, Averroes.[1]

In like manner are they combined by Chaucer in his prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*. Much may be ascribed to the genius of these two men. Yet in the middle ages, when books were few and critics fewer still, we may suspect that the two names were sometimes used in a collective or representative sense. We may think, perhaps, that all the lore of Central Asia was taken as summed up in Avicenna, as in

[1] Averroës, che 'l gran comento feo.

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Averroes all the lore of Mahometan Spain.

The works of Avicenna, as is believed, were brought to Europe at the time of the Crusades in the form of a Latin translation, with which alone I have now to deal. This Latin version was put into type very soon after the discovery of printing, and there were several editions in the course of the sixteenth century, above all at Padua and Venice. Most of his treatises relate to his profession of medicine. But there are also some of a more general nature, and bearing on the great questions of philosophy.

The principal work of Avicenna is a so-called canon, in five books, on the art of healing. During several centuries, this canon may be said to have reigned supreme in the Christian schools of medicine. M. Jourdain, writing in the *Biographie Universelle*, about the year 1811, observes, that scarce a century back—in the last years, therefore, of Louis XIV.—the canon of Avicenna was still the text-book in both the Universities of Montpellier and Louvain. At present, it might be difficult to name any book which is more entirely unread, or has fallen into more complete neglect. One of the last writers who seems to have paid it attention is Dr. Friend, the famous physician in the time of George I.; and he speaks of it in by no means favourable terms. 'In general,' says Dr. Friend, 'Avicenna seems to be fond of multiplying the signs of distempers without any reason. He often, indeed, sets down some for essential symptoms which arise merely by accident, and have no immediate connection with the primary disease.'

Of the numerous remedies which the works of Avicenna recommend, many seem in a high degree fanciful; yet some, perhaps—though we are unconscious that they rest on his authority—have survived to the present time. Thus when corals are still placed in the mouths of infant children, in preference to ivory or any other hard substance, we may probably derive that practice from the words of Avicenna, where he declares that there is an occult or mysterious virtue in coral which makes it the highest of all remedies for the comfort of the gums. As is said in the quaint and semi-barbarous Latin of his translated works, 'Summus est corallus in confortatione gingivæ.'[1] In other passages we find him share the common belief of his age as to the planetary influences: 'If,' he says, 'those stars which are called unpropitious are in the ascendant, they bode decay to animated beings; but if those which are called propitious, then the signification is health.'[2] In like manner he considers the efficacy of remedies as dependent on the wane or the increase of the moon.

Another authority on the healing art held in high estimation all through the middle ages was the School of Medicine at Salerno. That school was, as Gibbon expresses it, 'the legitimate offspring of the Saracens.' It was trained by Arabic professors; it was taught from Arabic books. Towards the year of Christ 1100, a curious little volume was compiled by John of Milan, one of the physicians of this school, and was dedicated to the King of England, but to which is not quite clear: 'Anglorum Regi scribit Schola tota Salerni.' This volume embodies some of the most approved maxims for health in Latin verses of the kind called leonine, that is, in rhyme according to the favourite fashion of the middle ages. Thus put into a popular form, these maxims appear to have enjoyed a high popularity until a recent period. They were annotated with great care by

[1] *Op. Medicinæ*, vol. i. p. 287. Ed. 1608.

[2] *Op.*, vol. ii. p. 379.

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Arnald de Villanova. And to the edition of 1649 is prefixed an elaborate preface by Zacharias Sylvius, a physician of Rotterdam. The second chapter of his preface opens as follows: 'There is scarce any physician in Holland but has frequently in his mouth the verses of the Salerno school, or who fails to quote them on every occasion.' This, you see, is little more than two centuries ago.

Indeed, as I imagine, no doubt at all can exist that all through the middle ages the Arabic school of medicine was greatly superior to the Latin. There is a very able essay upon these points which appeared in the *National Review* at New York in the month of July last.[1] I do not know the author's name, but I would recommend his essay to any one who might desire further information on this curious subject. He enumerates many of those barbarous modes of medical treatment which prevailed in Christendom through great part of the Middle Ages. I need mention only two—the *hoplochrysma*, as it was learnedly called, or anointing the instrument which inflicted a wound in the hopes of healing the wound itself; and the supposed cure of scrofulous diseases by the touch of royalty—a practice which, you may remember, was continued in England even down to the reign of Queen Anne.

The superior skill of the Arabic physicians seems indeed to have been admitted all through the dark period of the middle ages. It was mainly at the revival of letters that another appreciation arose. Thus we find Petrarch declare vehemently against the whole Arabic system, both in philosophy and medicine. But his main motive, I think, was national prejudice. In a Latin letter addressed to his friend Giovanni Dondi, he says that he shall not be easily persuaded that any good thing can come out of Arabia. And in another part of his writings, Petrarch goes so far that he says he will not consent to be cured by any medicines if they bear an Arabic name.

I may add that in the darker ages the Saracen professors of medicine may, I think, be traced, not merely along the limits, but in the very heart of Christian Europe. Thus there was published in France fourteen years ago, a very curious record of the visitations of Eude Rigaud, Archbishop of Rouen, commencing in 1248, and I have found in this the mention of a Moorish physician on the banks of the Seine and in a company of Norman monks. *Magister Maurus physicus.* It may be observed on the other hand that the skill of the Arabic physicians never extended to Arabia properly so called. Nothing, at least, can be more unfavourable than the account of the healing art, past and present, in that country, recently given by Mr. Palgrave, in his most agreeable and ably written volumes of travel.

Reverting to Avicenna, not in his character of a physician, but of a philosopher, we shall find that he is disposed to distinguish between a higher and a lower spirit or intelligence in man, that is, as I apprehend it, between the life and the soul. He considers the vital spirit not so much as one, but rather as the aggregate of the different vital powers, taking after Galen the brain as the seat of thought, the heart as the seat of courage and other emotions, and the liver as the seat of the animal exertions or powers. In general, Avicenna seems only too ready to assign causes, sometimes with little discretion, for the various phenomena of created beings. But in some passages he shows a deeper humility and a truer wisdom. 'This,' he says, of one mysterious

[1] *National Quarterly Review.* New York, July 1865.

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process, 'is among the secrets known to God alone. All glory then be to God, who is the King of all, the source of truth and praise, the aim of our benediction, and the first of all things that have being.'[1] Surely such words as these ought to have exempted Avicenna from the vague charges of impiety and atheism which some writers of the middle ages, as William of Auvergne, are I see quoted as having with much presumption brought against him.

The views of Avicenna on our spiritual nature are, however, best deduced from an essay, to which even in the Latin version there is given the title of *Almahad*. It is a book of some rarity. I endeavoured in vain to obtain a copy in London, but it may be read as I have read it, in the library of the British Museum. *Almahad*, then, is the condition or the place to which the soul of man will take its flight after his decease. The supreme happiness to which the soul aspires has here, he says, for obstacle the body. Therefore, in another life, its felicity will be in its separation and enfranchisement from its earthly trammels. Its reward would lie in the nearer contemplation of the Almighty, and of those sublime essences which adore him. On the other hand, its punishment would lie in its exile and its distance from these. Some souls, however, which though perfect in speculation were not perfect in deeds, will be consigned to an intermediate sphere—the *Berzach* or purgatory—a mean between felicity and suffering. Thus it will be seen that the religious aspirations of Avicenna, although a Mahometan in creed, have none of that material grossness which is commonly ascribed to the Paradise of Mahomet. On the contrary, adopting as they do the doctrine of a purgatory, they appear in close accordance with the teaching of Catholic theologians in that age.

Before I pass from Avicenna, I may mention another instance which has but lately come to light of the favour which he found in the West. The present Dean of St. Paul's has printed for the Philobiblon Society a catalogue of the books of Richard de Gravesend, Bishop of London. It bears date the year of our Lord 1303, and 'this I apprehend,' adds the Dean, 'is the earliest priced catalogue known.' Now one of the entries in it is *Liber Avicennæ*, priced at 5*l*., which, according to the Dean's calculation, is equivalent to about 150*l*. of our present money. A strong proof of the estimation in which Avicenna was held at that period among the prelates of another creed.

I come now to Averroes. The writings of that philosopher are far more voluminous than those of Avicenna; they had also an influence far more extensive and deep rooted. Like those of his predecessor they were known to Christian Europe only through the medium of a Latin translation. Of late years, however, the original sources also appear to have been carefully explored. Special notice is due to the learned and able work of M. Ernest Renan, which in its revised and completed form appeared in 1861. It is free, so far as I can trace, from any such unhappy prepossession as on some other and incomparably more important subjects may justly detract so much from the weight belonging to the author, and it gives both the life and the doctrines of Averroes far more fully than within the limits of this lecture I could hope or attempt to do.

In philosophy, Averroes professed himself a follower of Aristotle, whose works—having them before him in an Arabic version of older

[1] *Op.*, vol. i. p. 924.

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date—he made the subject of a long and laborious commentary. I have said that he professed himself a follower of Aristotle—had I said a worshipper it would scarcely be too strong a term. Nothing can well exceed his adoration of his idol. 'The doctrine of Aristotle,' he says, 'is the sovereign truth. The researches of Aristotle mark the limits of the human understanding, and there can be no dissent from anything that he has stated: the only doubt would be as to the right interpretation of his words, or as to the logical consequence to be deduced from them.'[1]

But in noting this homage to the Stagyrite, we should bear in mind, that the other wise men of the East in the middle ages were nearly agreed on this point with Averroes. All of them were disposed to acknowledge Aristotle as their chief and master. How wonderful, I may say in passing, is this proof of the supremacy of the old Greek race, as shown in the instance of two men who stood to each other in the relation of pupil and preceptor. The pupil Alexander the Great, by dint of military genius, subjugates Asia! The preceptor, Aristotle, after the lapse of centuries and solely by the force of intellect, holds Asia in thrall again!

In considering, however, the relation of the Arabic philosophers to those of ancient Greece, there are at the outset two remarks that present themselves. It is certain that in some places, Averroes ascribes to Aristotle doctrines which Aristotle never held. Divers writers—as Bayle in his *Dictionary* draws them out in array—suppose that these errors of Averroes may have arisen from the faulty Arabic version that lay before him. But as it seems to me there is another conjecture at least equally probable. Some of the speculations of Averroes, as will be presently be seen, were extremely bold. They greatly displeased the leading muftis. They exposed him to no small amount of obloquy and persecution in his latter years. What more natural then than that Averroes and his followers should endeavour to anticipate attacks like these, and bring forward their tenets with the great name of Aristotle as their shield?

In the second place it may be observed that the Arabic philosophers had studied the Greek literature only so far as regards the scientific branches of knowledge. Of all its other branches they were profoundly ignorant. They never seem to have read even a single line of Plato. They had never, perhaps, heard more than the names of Homer and Hesiod, of Sophocles and Pindar. In consequence they sometimes committed ludicrous mistakes. Thus in one passage Averroes, confounding together Heraclitus the philosopher, and Heracles, or as we say Hercules, the demi-god, asserts that there had existed in Greece a school of philosophers called the Herculeans, and that Socrates was the chief of that school! Thus, again, he supposes that Tragedy is only a rhetorical term for the art of praising, and Comedy only a rhetorical term for the art of turning into ridicule, and he goes on to contend that since the Koran has within it several passages of panegyric and also several passages of invective, the Koran is fairly entitled to the praise of containing both tragedies and comedies!

Avicenna and Averroes were, I think, exactly on a level in their study of Greek. Both could read it only by means of an Arabic translation; both applied themselves mainly to the same two authors, Aristotle and Galen. But there was this difference between them: Avicenna desired to hold the balance

[1] See these passages in Renan, p. 55.

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even between his two Greeks; Averroes, on the other hand, in his almost idolatry for Aristotle, laboured hard whenever Aristotle and Galen may differ to reconcile their views, but if reconcilement seemed to be impossible, he then invariably sided with the Stagyrite.

I may add that Averroes showed throughout a most unfriendly feeling towards his Arabian predecessors. He seldom refers to Avicenna but in disparaging terms, nor quotes his opinions unless with a view to gainsay them. This aversion was certainly real—not so the train of idle legends which has sprung from it. Thus, Vossius, a writer once of some archaic repute, is quoted by Brücker, in the third volume of his *History of Philosophy*, as alleging that Avicenna, having travelled to Cordova, was there seized by order of Averroes, and put to death in torment, upon a wheel. It may suffice, in answer to this ridiculous fable, to observe that Avicenna had died some ninety years before Averroes was born.

The instance of Averroes is another proof that a prophet hath no honour in his own country. His doctrine was of little or no mark among the Moslem communities. During his lifetime indeed, as we have seen, it excited sufficient notice to draw upon him a considerable degree of religious persecution. But after his decease it was speedily forgotten. Thus in his own Mahometan sphere he left no followers and founded no school. It is shown by M. Renan, who gives the particular examples, that this author of eleven folio volumes, as since published in a Latin version, is not once mentioned even by name, in several lists of Mahometan philosophers and other worthies, which were drawn up in the ensuing centuries, at Cairo, and other main seats of Oriental learning.

There might indeed, I think, be written a curious chapter enumerating what I may call the unconscious founders of sects—men who have died without the least suspicion or idea that after their death their name or their tenets would be assumed by a religious party. Such was the case with Averroes. Such was the case also, for example, centuries afterwards, with Jansen, Bishop of Ypres, who, on his death-bed, had no reason whatever to foresee that a party would arise to be called the Jansenists in France.

The renown of Averroes is therefore entirely dependent on the great and extraordinary favour which his tenets found among the learned men, both Jews and Christians, of Western Europe. And first as to the Jews. When we consider how that people was persecuted and down-trodden, all through the middle ages—how without any fixed country of their own, they were driven to and fro from place to place, to escape the bigot and the spoiler—we must be struck at the indomitable spirit which enabled their chief men even amidst these heavy trials still to apply themselves to the pursuit of knowledge. A list is given of eminent Jewish scholars from Maimonides downward, who, in their study of philosophy, have eagerly applied themselves to Averroes, translating his principal treatises from Arabic into Hebrew, and adopting as their own many of his tenets. Of these Jewish works upon points of philosophy, apart from the teaching of Averroes, the latest in point of time, and also, I should apprehend, by far the highest in point of ability, is that most ingenious dialogue in the Platonic manner, the *Phædo* of Moses Mendelssohn.

The Jewish people have indeed in a manner most remarkable combined two characteristics which at first sight may seem almost inconsistent with each other. While with inflexible determination they

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have clung to their ancient faith, they have been willing from time to time to bring into unison with it some of the principal philosophical speculations which arose. Thus, at the commencement of our era, Philo and his school at Alexandria drew to themselves, as is well known, several of the doctrines of Plato, and trod in the footsteps of the Neo-Platonists. Thus, in like manner, Maimonides and his successors were willing to take as their guide in philosophical science Aristotle, under the sanction of the Arabic commentator.

Next, as to the Christian writers. The earliest of these who appears to have translated Averroes or brought him into note in Western Europe, was our own countryman, the reputed wizard, Michael Scott. He is mentioned by Roger Bacon as having first brought forward certain books of Aristotle with certain learned commentaries, and we collect from other sources that these commentaries were no other than those of Averroes. 'Through him,' adds Roger Bacon, 'the philosophy of Aristotle was glorified in the Latin sphere.' '*Magnificata est Aristotelis philosophia apud Latinos.*' This he says was in the year of Christ 1230, that is, as my hearers will observe, in little more than thirty years from the death of Averroes.

Seen by the light of modern science, some of the deductions of Michael Scott from his Arabic source, are not a little fantastic. They seem the stranger when, as in some cases, invested with the forms of the Aristotelian logic—forms which at one time were considered as affording one main security for the demonstration of truth. Here is a fragment, the Latin original of which is still preserved at Paris in the library of the Sorbonne: 'The firmament of heaven is round, and all that is round is perfect, therefore the firmament of heaven is perfect. But everything that is perfect is free from motion, because it can want or seek no good gift which it has not already; and the firmament of heaven is perfect, therefore, the firmament of heaven also is free from motion.' Accordingly, as Michael Scott goes on to say, any danger to the great celestial system would lie in the possible motion of its parts; and this, he adds, is what Averroes teaches.

Such then, as a translator of the recent Arabic and a novice in natural science, is the true position of that Michael Scott, who is no doubt far more familiar to you in his popular character of a magician as he is mentioned in Dante, and as Sir Walter Scott portrays him in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*:

> A wizard of such dreaded fame,
> That when in Salamanca's cave
> Him listed his magic wand to wave,
> The bells would ring in Notre Dame!

The legend you will observe names Salamanca as indicating that the source of Michael Scott's knowledge was in Spain. In truth, however, it was not at Salamanca but at Toledo that Michael Scott pursued his Arabic studies.

I may add as another curious point in the character of this 'dreaded wizard' and Arabic scholar, that he was at one time Archbishop designate of Cashel. A papal document which Dean Milman has produced to the Philo-biblon Society, shows that in 1223 Pope Honorius III. named Michael Scott to that high dignity. But Michael Scott declined, pleading his entire ignorance of the Irish language—a plea which has not always been put forth as a disqualification by later archbishops in that country!

Hermannus Alemannus, or the German, is mentioned as the next in order of the translators of Averroes into Latin. He also studied at Toledo, and availed himself of Jews as his Arabic interpreters in the version which he

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made. The doctrine of Averroes being thus made known to the learned men of France and Italy, it speedily raised up powerful defenders and no less powerful opponents. Chief of the latter, as taking their stand on the theological fastness, were, in the first age, Albert, surnamed the Great, and Thomas Aquinas.

But you will naturally ask, what then was that doctrine on the one hand so extensively adopted, on the other hand so keenly assailed? I here come then to that one distinctive tenet which has been the main source of Averroes's fame. He maintained, as the true Aristotelian doctrine, that there is an *anima mundi*—a soul of the world. He held that there exists one common intelligence, which is immaterial and immortal, and which still preserves its numerical unity, though disseminated among the many millions of mankind. It might thus be put perhaps—that a spark of the intellectual flame flies forth to join each human being at its birth, and that at the decease of that human being, it flies back, to be again absorbed in the central intelligence.

I must observe, however, that it is by no means easy to describe with even approximate precision a doctrine which was much clouded over by the animosity of its opponents, and still more frequently obscured by the fears of its defenders. Several of its points were not, I think, expressed in plain terms, and were rather left to be inferred. One of the necessary deductions arising from it is stated as follows by Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his *Literary History*: 'If the human soul as a universal possess an objective reality, it must surely be intelligent; and being such it may seem no extravagant hypothesis, though one incapable of that demonstration we now require in philosophy, to suppose that it acts upon the subordinate intelligences of the same species, and receives impressions from them.'

Even from so slight a sketch of this doctrine we may readily see how it could happen that a long and stubborn controversy arose whether or not it admitted the immortality of the soul. The disciples of Averroes maintained that it did; his opponents urged that it did not. And certainly there is something to be alleged on both sides. If the soul on quitting its tenement of clay becomes absorbed into a superior but still kindred intelligence, it cannot be said to perish. But on the other hand, if it is to possess no self-consciousness nor personal identity, then, to say the least, there is a wide departure from the idea of an immortal soul as commonly understood or received.

It is not to be supposed that this doctrine of Averroes was understood in the same manner by all his disciples. On the contrary, there were numerous subtleties and subdivisions, according as learned men who were attracted towards it laboured from time to time, and with more or less success, to bring it into harmony with the tenets of revealed religion. Thus, it might be supposed, that the spark of the *anima mundi*, which according to Averroes is sent to animate each human being, need not at the death of that human being immediately, and of course, rejoin the central essence, but may be destined in punishment or reward first to pass through either higher or lower phases of existence. Such a view of the case would therefore not be irreconcilable with the doctrine of future retribution for the good or the evil deeds of the present life, though evidently falling short of the orthodox dogma which teaches an eternity of acceptance or of condemnation.

It seems far from easy, judging from the passages which I see adduced, to reconcile the followers of Averroes with one another. But

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hardest of all is the task to reconcile Averroes with himself. The occasional divergence in his views might indeed be well explained by supposing that he, like most other philosophers, had varied in his views at different periods of his life. But what shall we say when we find these divergences occur in one and the same piece of writing? Thus in the controversial treatise which bears the singular title of 'Destruction of Destructions,' Averroes contends in the plainest terms that the soul is not divided according to the numbers of the human race, and that it is the same in Socrates or in Plato; that intellect has no individuality, and that what seems individuality is only the result of sensation. Yet in the same essay there occurs the following passage, which appears to take up the old and the orthodox ground. 'The eyesight of an old man is weak, not because his visual faculty is weakened, but because the eye which serves as its instrument is weakened. If the old had the eye of the young he would see as clearly as the young. Moreover, sleep supplies a manifest proof that the *substratum* of the soul is permanent, since all the operations of the mind, and all the organs that serve as instruments to these operations are, as it were, annihilated during this time of repose, and yet the soul does not cease to be. From such considerations the learned are brought to share the views of the vulgar upon immortality. And further still, the intellect does not seem attached to any particular organ, while on the other hand the nerves are all localised, and may be so affected in different parts of the body as to produce contradictory sensations.'[1]

It was not merely on the soul of man that Averroes formed his speculations. I have already found occasion to give you some of his views on the celestial bodies as deduced by Michael Scott. In his own writings these views are still more clearly expounded. He looked upon the heavens as forming together a series of animated beings whose various orbs represent the members essential to life, and whose main mover is to them what in the human frame the heart is to the limbs. Each of these orbs, according to Averroes, has self-consciousness, and knows also what is passing in the orbs inferior to itself. The highest sphere of all has therefore a full knowledge of whatever is passing in the universe. You will see at once how closely this system connects itself with the idea of a central intelligence.

And yet, notwithstanding dreams like these, in which many men of genius, besides Averroes, have at times indulged, it may I think be said with truth, that this Arabian, far from being behind his contemporaries on this subject of astronomy, was greatly in advance of them. All at that time clung with undoubting faith to the astronomical system of Ptolemy:

Cycle and epicycle, orb on orb.

The system of Ptolemy is well known. He explained the divers movements of the stars by the supposition of crystalline spheres without any stint of numbers, so that, as Fontenelle long afterwards observed, crystalline spheres cost him nothing, and he designed a new one at each fresh occasion that arose. On this point Averroes, greatly to his honour, forsook his Grecian guide. There is a remarkable passage upon it in the twelfth book, chapter iv. (not the thirteenth book, chapter viii., according to the erroneous reference of M. Renan) of his commentary on Aristotle's Metaphysics. He gives arguments against Ptolemy's whole system of

[1] See these two passages in Renan: *Averroes*, pp. 154, 155.

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epicycles and eccentrics, which he declares to be impossible. 'Nature,' he adds, 'does nothing in vain, and it is unworthy a philosopher to suppose that she employs two instruments when a single one will effect the object in view. It is therefore needful that there should be a renewed investigation of that genuine astronomy which rests on natural foundation. In my youth I hoped that such an investigation might be made by myself. Now in my old age I despair of it; but still, my observations may stir up some other man to pursue these inquiries in my place.'

This wish, as you well know, was fully accomplished, but not until centuries after Averroes had ceased to be.

The doctrines of Averroes then, taken as a further development of the doctrines of Aristotle, provoked much keen discussion in the middle ages. But that discussion was by no means always uniform; on the contrary, very different phases of it may be traced as it proceeded. Under the Emperors of the house of Suabia, engaged as they were in ceaseless conflict with the ecclesiastical powers, a sceptical spirit was afloat. Indeed it has been observed that in this respect Italy, during the thirteenth century, bore a striking resemblance to France during the eighteenth. With the sceptics then of the thirteenth century the disciples of Averroes came to be allied. Still we find the name of the philosopher held in high respect, even by many who dissented from his doctrine. A passage in proof of this may be cited from the twenty-fifth book of Dante's *Purgatorio*. Here the poet Statius is introduced as solving some doubts that were felt by Dante, and he proceeds to say—I quote from Mr. Cary's version—

How babe of animal becomes remains
For thy considering. At this point more wise
Than thou has erred, making the soul disjoined
From passive intellect.

Now the early commentators upon Dante tell us that the man 'more wise' (*più savio*[1]), here respectfully referred to, is no other than Averroes. And Mr. Cary adds: 'Much of the knowledge displayed by our poet in the present canto appears to be derived from the medical work of Averroes, called the *Colliget*.'

Judging from Dante, then, we may assert that Averroes had no cause to complain of the poets in that age. But he was not treated quite so honourably by the painters. There is, above all, a picture in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, which is described by M. Renan, the artist being Andrea Orcagna, and the date 1335; and in this picture, which represents the *Inferno*, there is a special *bolgia* reserved for the leaders of misbelief. Three figures are there placed side by side: first, Mahomet, next Antichrist, and lastly a figure marked by a turban and long beard, and entwined in the folds of a serpent: this last is Averroes.

But another phase of opinion was near at hand. Not only the race of the Suabian princes but their traditions having passed away, the sceptical spirit which had been cherished at their court subsided as rapidly as it rose. The followers of Averroes were no longer regarded as of course enemies of the church. No stronger proof of this can be given than that for a long period they held supremacy in the Catholic University of Padua. The faith in Averroes came to mean faith in his commentary; that is, to regard him as the best and most trustworthy of all expounders of Aristotle. In like manner the Averroist

[1] Quest' è tal punto
Che più savio di te già fece errante.

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tenet of a common intelligence was frittered down until it came to little more than the identity of spiritual principles and powers in the divers souls of men,—a dogma to which, as thus modified, no reasonable objection could be made. Still, however, we are to understand that the doctrines of Averroes, in their primitive sense, continued to be held and even taught in private by no small number of persons.

In the mitigated form which Averroism had now assumed, or at least professed, it might still have continued during many years to bear sway in Northern Italy. But, at the commencement of the sixteenth century, there came that great stir and upheaving of the human intellect which produced Luther, and in its results tore Christendom asunder. It was at work even earlier in Italy than in central Europe, but embraced other topics besides those of the Reformation, since even so fundamental a doctrine as the immortality of the soul was in some quarters frequently denied. Then, as had already happened in the thirteenth century, the sceptics, if they were not joined by the Averroists, endeavoured at least to shelter themselves under their name and authority. Then, as was natural and reasonable, the theologians took alarm. A council was held at the Lateran, and in December 1512 there was issued a pontifical bull, joining in one common condemnation the men who denied the immortality of the soul, and the men who maintained the *anima mundi*. And in this manner came forth at last an authoritative decision of the Roman Catholic church against, in one form or another, the favourite and distinctive tenet of Averroes.

In my view of the case, however, the decline of Averroism may be traced to a different cause and to a somewhat earlier period. Its decline, as I conceive, dates from the 4th of April 1497, on which day a learned man, whose name is given, rose in his professorial chair at Padua to lecture upon Aristotle, then first from the original Greek.[1] Then fell Averroes never more to rise. For let it be remembered what was in truth the commentary of Averroes. It was derived by him from a faulty Arabic version, and it was transmitted by his disciples to the Western races in a faulty Latin version. How could a commentary thus exposed to a twofold cycle of errors in translation continue to hold its ground against other commentaries founded on the living, the authoritative, Greek?

To conclude; there is only one other observation which I have to make. The subject which I have chosen does not imply any knowledge of the original Arabic sources. If it did I could not have undertaken it without the most extreme presumption. But in truth the subject which I announced and which accordingly I have now discussed is solely the 'influence' of the Arabic philosophy—its influence in mediæval Europe. Now as I have already had occasion to say, that influence was exerted in every case and quite exclusively by means of Latin translations. It is therefore, only with these translations or with the testimonies to them, that my appointed subject has led me to deal, or that I have dealt in the address which at this point I have the honour to conclude.

[1] His name was Nicolas Leonicus Thomæus. See Renan, p. 385

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AMONG SOUTH-WESTERN CATHEDRALS.

I AM sitting, quite alone, in a shabby comfortless little room, dimly lighted by two candles, not of wax. The room has a low ceiling: the walls are covered with a very ugly paper. The fire is small, and will not be made larger. The room is on the level of the street: and just outside, close at hand, there is a noise of loud and vulgar laughing. This is a little inn, in the chief street of a little town. I have had dinner: the meal was solitary. The dinner was extremely bad: and the hour at which it came plainly appeared to the landlord a very late one. I have written several letters, and dipped into a volume of dreary theology, the sole volume in the room. An hour must pass before one can well go to bed: for it is only nine o'clock. So let me begin a faithful record of events which happened in a period reaching from Monday morning to Saturday night, early in this month of October.

At six o'clock this evening, I was walking along a gravelled path, leading through fields, to the west. The grass was very rich and green: far more so than what I am used to see. There was a magnificent sunset: the air was bright blue overhead, but somewhat thicker in the western horizon, where all was glowing red. Around, everywhere, noble trees; and the scene was shut in by wavy hills. A solemn bell struck the hour, in deep tones. Look out towards the sound; and there, in the twilight, you may see three massive square towers. Let us go on a little, and we approach an ancient dwelling surrounded by a wall, and a moat. The wall is ivied: the moat is broad: the water clear as crystal, and not deep. Two swans, who are floating about on it, by turning themselves up in an ungraceful manner, can reach the ground with their bills. The water comes brawling into the moat by a little cascade; and it escapes by three sluices, on different sides of the large square space it encloses. Pollard elms of great age, the leaves thick and green as at midsummer, are on the further side of the broad walk, which here skirts the water. This moat was made five hundred years ago. Pass on, under an ancient archway: pass into a great square expanse of green grass, with many fine trees. The grand cathedral rises in the midst: all round the green (that is the name here) are antique houses. There is a charming deanery: you enter it by passing under an arch, and find yourself in an inner court, quaint and ivy-grown. No words can express the glory and quietness of the place: for this is the ancient city of Wells, amid the hills of Somersetshire. The moated dwelling is the episcopal palace. There dwelt holy Bishop Ken: and there Dr. Kidder, who was found willing to take the place from which that good man was cast out, was killed by the falling upon him of a stack of chimneys.

Vainly should I seek to express the beauty of the scenery, or the magnificence of the Gothic churches, which I have seen in these last few days. There is no country in the world to travel in, after all, like England. And though this be the tenth of October, you might have forgotten, for days past, that it was not summer. Bright and warm has been the sunshine: thick and green the trees; though sometimes there is the crisp rustle which follows the foot stepping on fallen leaves. Yet somehow the quiet of a cathedral close is inconsistent with a solitary feeling of a little-travelled stranger: one ought to feel at home to duly be aware of the genius of the place.

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Far, to-night, is the writer from his home: and no doubt a little lonely in the strange place.

Let me look back on what I have seen this week: it has been a great deal to one accustomed to a quiet, unvaried life. Sunday is beyond question the first day of the week: what passed on that day need not be recorded. On Monday morning, in a thick white fog, I entered a little steamer at the landing-stage at Liverpool. The steamer carried many human beings to a place on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, named Rock Ferry. There we embarked in another steamer: and went on, out into the river; till there loomed ahead a huge shape, quite familiar, though never seen before. It was the *Great Eastern*: and up its side did the writer go, following the steps of its captain, who has won a name in history. It made a Scotchman proud, to look at the brave, quiet, sensible Scotch face, which reminded one a good deal of the portraits of George Stephenson. Well has Sir James Anderson earned the honour done him by his Queen. It must have been an awful charge, that great vessel, with her crew of five hundred and fifty men, and her historic burden of the Atlantic cable. You felt, looking at the man, with what implicit confidence you could have trusted to him in any emergency or danger. With great kindness and clearness he explained the machinery for paying out and picking up the cable. He told how on a very stormy night of pitchy darkness, he stood at the extremity of the stern beside the wheel over which the cable was passing; but could not see it. Only a faint phosphorescent point of light, a long way off, showed where the cable was entering the water. He told, with the vividness of reality, of the tedious endeavours to pick up the cable of the former year from where it lay three miles down at the bottom of the Atlantic. At last, standing on the prow, he heard a stir below, looked over, saw the cable fairly there above water; 'and then,' said the gallant man in his quiet way, 'I was very thankful.' A thing to be wondered at was how the slender cord was able to turn all that complex apparatus of heavy wheels.

Good-bye to the *Great Eastern* and its brave commander; and away from Birkenhead, by railway, in the bright sunshiny day. Not long, and there is not unfamiliar Chester: on, and Wrexham, with its grand and massive church tower. How these things impress the lover of Gothic who dwells in a country of churches of inexpressible trumperiness and shabbiness! By Ruabon: leave on the right Llangollen, for Yarrow must remain unvisited to-day. Never were these eyes gladdened by the sight of a lovelier country. So to renowned Shrewsbury, on the famous Severn. Here let us stop for a little, and have a walk through the town. You pass from the railway station, under the shadow of an ancient castle; elevated a little, on the right, is a considerable Gothic edifice of red stone: if you ask what it is of the same man whom I asked, you will be told 'The College.' Then you may think of head master Butler, who was made a bishop, and of Dr. Kennedy, quite as good a scholar, the head master of to-day. Quaint old wooden houses: queer names of streets: one is called *Murivance*. Rapidly let the eyes be feasted: then back to the railway. On, for a journey of two hours more. You must pass Ludlow unwillingly in the failing light: one cannot see everything. Then, in the dark, Hereford is reached: the end of the day's pilgrimage. Proceed in an omnibus to the hotel: there you may have tea, accompanied by mutton chops. Afterwards you may go out and enjoy the sensation of being in a new city,

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among new men; and in the starlight look at the cathedral. Cats, however, are the only creatures who see an edifice, or any other object, best in the dark.

Next day was a lovely summer day: nothing autumnal in the air, and hardly anything in the trees. Let us be up early, and have a good walk about the city before the hour of service. By the city flows the Wye, 'the babbling Wye.' From the bridge which crosses it you have a fine view of the cathedral and the palace: here and there, about the streets, antique houses of wood. At ten o'clock, let us pass into the cathedral, under the great porch leading to the nave: let us enter an undistinguished name in the large volume which lies on a table to that end; and, obeying the behests of the Dean and Chapter, drop into a box with a hole in the lid a great sum towards the complete restoration of the sacred building. And it is a noble church, nobly restored: at least in so far as that has been done by Mr. George Gilbert Scott. Wyatt, unutterable Vandal, put up that execrable western front in place of a western tower and spire which fell. The floor is of tiles: the roof of the nave is illuminated: there is a magnificent rood screen: the choir is sacred to the clergy and those who perform the service: the congregation sit on rush-seated chairs in the nave. Pleasant it was to the writer, who seldom hears choral service now, when those whom he had seen enter their vestry a few minutes before as shabby little boys, came to their places in procession as surpliced choristers: twelve of them, with six singing men, making the double choir complete. The congregation was small: one did not feel any want of a greater. The service was beautifully given: the music was severely simple: and how the noble praise thrilled through one to whom it can never grow common and cheap! Pleasant, too, to see the perfect propriety of demeanour among the choristers: it did not always use so to be in every cathedral church. There was an anthem, admirably sung. Let it be confessed, one thing revived the writer. Of another communion, because dwelling in another country and within the bounds of another national church, he felt, looking at the noble edifice and joining in the noble service, that for outward dignity and majesty, we in the North have nothing to compare with this: and he felt decidedly taken down and humbled. But in a little he was cheered. That morning there was a sermon! Oh, what a poor sermon! Yes, at least we can beat *this*, he thought: and beat it by uncounted degrees. A church which makes the sermon too much the great thing in the worship of God, is likely at all events to give you good sermons. And though the South may have its great preacher here and there, yet sure it is that the average preaching of the North, in many a seedy little country church, is just as much better than that brief but unutterably tedious sermon at Hereford Cathedral, as Hereford Cathedral is better than the seedy little country church.

Walk all about the cathedral: all about the close. Deanery, palace, fine trees, Wye: grammar-school, pleasant walks by river side. Pervade the town: already it has grown quite familiar. And as day declines, depart by railway to Gloucester, distant little more than an hour; studying on the way the photographs of Hereford, city and cathedral, which you may buy at various shops.

Passing through the lovely English landscape, at last you may look out on the right: there is the city of Gloucester: there the great square tower of the cathedral. Hasten to the *Bell*: let the luggage be left: we are just in time for

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afternoon service. Again the train of choristers: here the music was much more florid than at Hereford, and (so it seemed) not so careful and good. The church is a noble one: the eastern window, which has a curious grey sheen, is as large as any in England. But after trim Hereford, the church had a neglected look. In some places, plaster has dropped from the roof: plaster which should never have been there. And after brilliant encaustic pavement, the rude floor of stone in choir and sanctuary looked poor. Led by an intelligent verger, let us examine the great edifice: the strange, rude crypt: the beautiful cloisters. Let us ascend to the triforium, and enjoy the varied views of choir and nave thence obtained. Here is buried the murdered Edward II.: there is a shrine of the richest decorated tabernacle work: a recumbent statue of the poor monarch which must be a likeness: there is inexpressible pathos in that beautiful but sorrowful face. Coming forth from the cathedral, let us pervade the close. It is a quiet and charming place. The deanery, built up to the west end of the church, is striking: the palace, on the north side of the choir, seems an ambitious architectural failure. Beautiful is the turf and rich the shubbery at the east end of the choir: quaint and pretty various ancient houses in which cathedral authorities and functionaries dwell. Passing out of the close towards the west, under an archway, you come on the statue of Bishop Hooper, erected on the spot where he was burnt.

Various shops in Gloucester are rich in photographs of cathedrals, near and distant. If you walk down towards the Severn, you will find yourself amid the bustle of a considerable port. Docks of no small size, and abundant shipping, form a scene in contrast to the quiet one just left behind. But by half-past six it has grown dark: so to the *Bell*, and have dinner.

The next day was Wednesday: a beautiful warm sunshiny morning. Be early afoot: pervade the city: walk about the close. Never seen till yesterday, how familiar it looks to-day; and we sadly part from it as from an old friend. But we have far to go to-day; and at 11.15 A.M. again the railway train. An hour of rapid running, without a stop, through rich green fields: Berkeley Castle is off there to the right: and here is busy Bristol. The cathedral here is poor: but there is St. Mary Redcliffe, the most magnificent of all parish churches, superior to many cathedrals. Yet there is lacking the environing close: the grand church is surrounded by dirty streets. Here Chatterton, 'the marvellous boy,' spent the greater part of his feverish life; in a room in the tower he declared he found the Rowley manuscripts. To the train again; by Bath, Westbury (near which on a hill to the left is a large and quite symmetrical White Horse on the hillside, made by cutting away the turf down to the chalk), and Witham. If you are fond of changing carriages, you may have enough of it here. At length, as the sun is declining in glory, you reach that paragon of cathedral cities in which I am writing: beautiful Wells.

I have little doubt that if one were to live at Wells for several months, and still more for several years, the quiet little city would come to look and to feel like anywhere else. But now, to a stranger, it is 'an unsubstantial, fairy place.' Hard by is the vale of Avalon; and the ruins of Glastonbury: all round the Mendip Hills. And though England can boast of some bigger cathedrals, nowhere will you find one of more exquisite beauty. Nowhere, too, will you find the ancient cathedral seat so much like what it was in ancient days. I shall not be

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tempted into any architectural details: all I say is, Go and see the place, and you will be all but intoxicated with the loveliest forms of Gothic beauty.

Here I ceased for the night, in a sort of bewilderment. Next morning was a cloudy one, with flying gleams of sunshine. Long before service, let us enter the magnificent church and gaze at it. It is in exquisite preservation. The light colour of the stone of which the shafts are made adds to their airy grace. The four great piers at the intersection of the transepts threatened to yield under the pressure of the central tower; and their bearing power was increased by three curious inverted arches, the like of which I believe you will not see in England. It was a graceful disguising of a defect: but of course they would be better away. The stalls in the choir are of stone: an unusual material, but the effect is beautiful.

It is near the hour of morning service; let us take our place. Carelessly the choir straggles in; never were arrangements more slovenly. The little boys come in, not in procession, but in a huddled heap: in a little, by himself, the clergyman who is to perform the service. Then the dean and the canon in residence come in a free and easy way: two or three of the singing men rush hastily after them: two singing men scuttle in after service has begun. It was a painful contrast: the noble church and the ostentatiously irreverent arrangements. The music was good, after the choir got themselves settled to their work. But if I were Dean of Wells, there should be a thorough turn-over, and that without a day's delay. Slovenly, slovenly!

Worship over, let us see every corner of the church: then climb a winding stair in a transept wall; walk along the stone roof of the transept, the lofty wooden one still far above your head. Climb, higher and higher, till you come out to daylight on the top of the great central tower. The first thing that will strike you is not the grand prospect: it is the rusty creaking of the four weathercocks, one on each pinnacle: the sound is eerie. Look round. A richly-wooded green country, with undulating hills. To the west, the vale of Avalon: that pyramidal hill is Glastonbury Tor, three miles off. Below, on the left hand, the cloisters: beyond, the palace, with its moat, and expanse of greensward. On the other side the deanery, and the vicar's close, with a bridge leading from it across the road into the cathedral. The country round seems to be all grass. One turret of the tower has a bell whereon a hammer strikes the hour, being pulled by a wire from below. The cloisters have perpendicular tracery. In the middle space there is an ancient yew. An amphitheatre of hills closes in all the scene. Oh! hard-working Scotland, where no one, except a few folk of political influence, is paid without toiling rigidly for it, when will you have such retreats for learning and religion, combined with very little to do?

I esteem Wells as the climax of my little journey, though I went next to Salisbury. I did not leave Wells, till I had gone over the beautiful church of St. Cuthbert, which is partially restored. Not completely, because the dissenters will not agree to a church-rate. I thought of the Cathedral, and of the vale of Avalon, and could but hold up the hands of wonder, and exclaim 'Dissenters here!' Two hours and a half by railway to Salisbury. Hasten to the close: let the most intelligent of vergers conduct you through the famous church. Dare we say, Disappointed? I do not allude to the horrible

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arrangement of the old monuments, one in each bay of the nave, on the floor, midway between the piers; nor to the stalls of shabby deal, painted brown; nor to the ugly way in which the Lady Chapel has been thrown into the choir. Even looking at the vast building, with its double transept, and its spire, the loftiest in England, I could but vaguely say, that I have seen cathedrals which impressed me infinitely more. Long neglect laid its hand on the great church, till Bishop Denison took it in hand. Much work is going on now: the west front is concealed by scaffolding, and great saws are cutting stone at its base: but there is a vast deal yet to do. Rather to undo. The execrable hand of Wyatt has been here, obliterating and destroying. The spire, of near 400 feet, is a good deal off the perpendicular: at the capstone it is two feet to the south and near a foot and a half to the west. No further deviation has occurred for many years. The close is large. The ancient deanery is opposite the west front of the church; the palace stands within grounds of moderate extent near the Lady Chapel. The present bishop has published to the world his profound conviction that it was not his good luck that placed him there: it would be gratifying to many if he would inform them what else did it. Assuredly it could not have been his skill in conducting a controversial correspondence. Sorry, indeed, is the figure he makes in the hands of S. G. O.

Two miles from Salisbury is Bemerton, hallowed by the memory of George Herbert: a mile further towards the west is Wilton, where a beautiful Byzantine church was built a few years ago by the late Mr. Sidney Herbert. One regrets that so much cost should have been lavished on a building of an inferior style; however splendid a specimen of that style it may be. And eight miles from the graceful cathedral of a somewhat wearisome perfection, you will find the grandest specimen of the rudest of all architecture. There, in the plain, is mysterious Stonehenge: 'awful memorial, but of whom we know not.'

Stay at the *White Hart*. In the evening, after dark, you may pervade the city, not without its bustle and stir. Next day, as long as may be, saunter about the close, and look at the cathedral from all points of view. Again wander through its interior. I am mistaken if you do not depart, vaguely disappointed.

So to the never-failing train. Basingstoke, Farnborough, on the skirts of Aldershot camp; and in the gathering dark approach awful London: awful with its vast bulk and ceaseless whirl to such as dwell amid quiet scenes; awful with its contrasts of the greatest luxury and the most abject poverty. Here is Waterloo Station: enter the rapid Hansom. And, speeding this Saturday evening towards the place of sojourn, look back to Monday morning, and try to recall what has been beheld since then. You give it up, confused. A. K. H. B.

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MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS.

THE Carlton Club having uniformly refused to accept Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli as infallible interpreters of their creed, a new club, called the Junior Carlton, has been formed upon an understanding that the members will constantly conform to the views for the time being of the recognised leader of the Conservative party. His opinions are to be their opinions, and his policy is to receive their unhesitating support, no matter how often or how rapidly he may waver or wheel round. This being so, it would be curious to ascertain the state of their political conscience at this hour. If not utterly devoid of delicacy or sensitiveness, it must be singularly troubled and agitated. To be or not to be reformers, that is the question. Are they or are they not about to aid in subverting or upholding the ancient constitution of these realms? Will they be ordered to denounce democracy with Mr. Lowe, or to aid in accelerating its progress with Mr. Bright? Will they have to repeat the Tory arguments of the last session or to repudiate them? And what language are they to use in the distressing interval between this first day of January 1867 and the day of the delivery of the next Queen's speech, when (and probably not before) the matured intentions of the Cabinet will be made known?

Unluckily, the majority of the political world, although not quite so painfully pledged, are more or less in the condition of these gentlemen, and may be found studying the signs of the times with uncertain or unsatisfactory results. There is positively no clue to follow, no beacon light to steer by. The Cabinet has confessedly no policy: its master-spirits laugh consistency to scorn: they will be guided by expediency: they will do what the honourable House wishes, or leave undone what the honourable House disapproves: and the grand problem for immediate solution is what course of proceeding promises the longest lease of office. Solve that problem, and you may confidently predicate what course Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli will pursue.

Mr. Brand, a practised politician of quick intelligence, restricts them to one of three alternatives. In a letter, said to have been composed after a consultation with Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, he says:

'Three courses are open to the Government: 1. They may decline to deal with the Reform question at all. 2. They may propose an illusory or pernicious measure. 3. They may propose a measure, if not good, at least capable of being made so.

'It seems to me that the line to be taken by the Liberal party is clear. If the Government take the last and best course, we ought to support the second reading of their bill and endeavour to improve it in committee. On the other hand, if the Government take either the first or the second course, it will be for Parliament to pass judgment on them.'

Giving the Conservative ministers credit for a keener insight into the exigencies of their position than Mr. Brand, we should say that they will adopt neither of these three alternatives—at least not as presented for their choice in this epistle. They must know that they cannot stand as an anti-reform Government; and they will hardly place themselves at the mercy of their opponents by bringing in an insufficient or unsatisfactory bill. But suppose they come forward at the commencement of the session and announce, with all due regard to official and parliamentary form, that, considering the uncertain state of

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opinion upon the subject, they do not see their way with sufficient clearness to a measure which would command the approval of the enlightened men of all parties: that it would be absurd, if not dangerous, to waste another year in bickering: that they will lose no time either in collecting materials or in announcing a decision by which they will be prepared to stand or fall; and that, if the popular assembly declines to concur in this arrangement, they are content to appeal to the country. We take for granted that this announcement would be accompanied by a pledge that the interval of delay should be beneficially employed in practical legislation of the best sort. Would a vote of want of confidence, or a hostile amendment on the address, be carried against them if they took this course?

There is no disguising the fact that such a line of tactics would be far from displeasing to three fourths of the members, including many who are pledged to reform; whilst a large proportion of the constituent body deprecate any alteration or disturbance of the existing system. As the Manchester alderman frankly observed, 'God bless you! we are all for ourselves in this world;' and it is not in human nature to suppose that the possessors of power or privilege are anxious to part with it or go halves. Lord Byron, summoned from a ball to attend a division on the Catholic Emancipation Act, confessed that he came away with regret to emancipate five millions of his fellow-subjects; and the most patriotic senator would feel a pardonable reluctance to precipitate a dissolution, which might lose him his seat or compel him to pay over again the heavy price he has recently disbursed for it. If such a postponement could be made to appear other than evasive or reactionary, it would have in its favour not only all the ignorance, selfishness and prejudice which were brought to bear against Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, but the honest doubts or fears of many respectable politicians, the studied declamation of Mr. Horsman and the brilliant sophistry of Mr. Lowe. The Liberal party require time to consolidate. A European war, an American difficulty, or a Fenian rising, might be adroitly used to justify a pause so that a temporising policy would certainly give the Derbyites their best chance of tiding over the session.

On the other hand, it would be a plain betrayal of conscious weakness, it would lay the foundation of distrust, and it would exasperate instead of allaying the popular discontent. If we could be sure that there is no deep-rooted desire for the franchise among the working classes, if there was a fair chance of these demonstrations dying out, then, indeed, we might venture to wait; but there would be small prudence in provoking an extra year of them, at the obvious risk of their becoming more threatening in demeanour and more peremptory in tone. The members of the trades unions, or of Mr. Beales's league, will not be conciliated by being told that a Royal Commission is about to be issued, to ascertain how many of them can be allowed a vote without affecting the distribution of political power. So immeasurable has been the recent advance of the question, that this haggling mode of dealing with it is already out of date. Nor will it be forgotten that, within a week of the formation of the Derbyite Cabinet, they were challenged to issue their Commission at once if they ever meant to issue one at all, instead of reserving it as a dodge till the expiration of the period during which it might have been usefully at work.

Mr. Disraeli, too, with characteristic restlessness, declared seven months ago to his constituents at

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Aylesbury, that he and Lord Derby were already prepared at all points, were confident against the world in arms on this subject, and saw their way clearly to a satisfactory arrangement of the whole. We reprint the passage which is most important:

'Gentlemen, I hear very often, or I should rather say that I read very often, that the subject of parliamentary reform is the great difficulty of the present ministry, and will be their stumbling block. I am of quite a different opinion. I see no difficulty in the matter, and if we stumble, rest assured we shall not stumble over parliamentary reform. If it is to be dealt with, I think the present Government have as good a right to deal with it as any body of statesmen in existence. The great Reform Bill of 1832 was mainly devised by Lord Derby, and it was entirely carried by his energy; and as regards the only measure of Reform since the great Reform Bill, that is ever mentioned with respect—why, I myself am the person who brought it in.'

His speech on the Redistribution of Seats Bill manifested the same self-confidence. He would fain lead the public to believe that he is as well provided with Reform Bills as the Abbé Sièyes is reported to have been with constitutions. If so, he cannot be permitted to imitate the philosopher who declared that, if he had his hand full of truths, he would keep it tight clasped, or (parodying Falstaff's refusal of a reason) reply to the demands of the working men: 'Give you a Reform Bill on compulsion? If Reform Bills were as plenty as blackberries, I would not give one on compulsion.'

According to a well accredited rumour, Mr. Disraeli is the solitary member of the cabinet who is earnestly bent on grappling with the difficulty at once; and this seems probable enough, considering his ingrained tendencies, and his natural wish to succeed where Mr. Gladstone had failed. The successor of Hampden has never yet contrived to associate his name with any measure of legislation; and here is a golden opportunity of associating it with one of enduring renown and influence, for evil or for good. If his colleagues and party were capable of rising to the occasion, they might haply confer a benefit on their country, similar to that which was conferred by the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act in 1829, or the Repeal of the Corn Law in 1846. But they would have to submit to the sacrifices, and must make up their minds to endure the taunts, which so sorely tried the temper and courage of the late Sir Robert Peel.

It is true that, abandoning the genuine Conservative creed as understood by its framers, they supported the Reform Bill in 1859, but they lost no time in acknowledging their mistake, and they have ever since been by no means sparing of their censures on the leaders who planned this ill judged concession to supposed expediency. On the opening of the parliamentary campaign of 1866, they were anti-reformers almost to a man, vehement anti-reformers, shuddering at the bare mention of a reduced franchise, frightened out of their wits by the Spectre Rouge of democracy, and applauding to the echo every speaker who expatiated on the ignorance or corruption of the numerical majority of the people. The character of their opposition was accurately described by Lord Amberley in his spirited and pointed speech at Stroud on Nov. 28:

Six months ago we had a Liberal Government in power, and a Liberal Reform Bill before the House of Commons. Had that Reform Bill been passed into law, it would have been unnecessary for us to hold any such assemblage as this which is now before me. That Bill, moderate as it was, and although it could not have satisfied the wishes of advanced Reformers, would at least have shown that Parliament was

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not determined to turn a deaf ear to the just expectations of the people. It would have shown that they were willing to make some concession, however small, in the direction of an extension of the suffrage: but, gentlemen, moderate as the Bill was, it did not meet with the acceptance of the House of Commons. I need not detail to you, because you doubtless remember it perfectly well, the manner in which it was opposed. It was opposed acrimoniously, strenuously, and constantly, as much so as if it had proposed to create a complete revolution in the institutions of the country. Now, what was the ground of the constant opposition? Under whatever parliamentary forms it may have been veiled, whatever shapes it might have assumed, it is impossible to doubt that the real reason of the opposition was that the Bill proposed to extend the franchise to some portion of the working classes. That was the reason of the hostility it created, and that was why the House of Commons was not prepared to accept it, either with or without a redistribution of seats.

It will be remembered that the Bill of 1859 broke down because it did not propose to reduce the borough franchise, and as it could not have been accepted by the Liberal party without such a reduction, we do not exactly see why so much regret is expressed that they threw it out. But whether they were right or wrong in voting for Lord Russell's resolution instead of waiting to modify the measure in committee, there can be no longer the shadow of a doubt that a Derbyites committed a far graver error in vehemently rejecting a 7*l.* borough franchise, instead of jumping at it as a compromise between the two extremes. As for the Adullamites, a pretty figure they will cut, if, after voting for 6*l.* in 1860, and denouncing 7*l.* as revolutionary in 1866, they should be brought down to 6*l.*, 5*l.*, or household suffrage in 1867. What weight or authority could be claimed by or for men who should fluctuate in this fashion?

Some of them will not submit to the humiliation. Mr. Lowe, for one, makes no secret of his determination to resist any downward or vertical extension of the franchise, and he will not be left alone in the cave. Before the Conservative party can be brought again to serve under a reform banner, they must undergo changes tantamount to a dissolution or break-up: which Lord Derby thought to be so great an evil that, rather than risk it, he consented (most reluctantly, he declared) to take office for the third time in the teeth of a majority. Mr. Lowe's famous metaphor of the bird placed in the strongest light the shortsightedness of those (if any such there be) who would rejoice at that break-up, or who should wish to free the Government for the time being from 'the check of a vigorous opposition, directed by men of the same stamp and position as those to whom they were opposed.' But from which party should this much desiderated opposition be supplied when parliamentary reform is the matter in hand? Most assuredly from the Tory or Conservative party. The left bench is the place for them when a great constitutional change is to be proposed from the Treasury bench. For a Government to sink its distinctive character for the purpose of prolonging its existence, is one of the worst kinds of political suicide; it is sacrificing for the sake of life all that makes life valuable; 'propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'

In a wide and strictly logical sense, all rational politicians may fairly claim to be conservative, but when we speak of the Conservative party, we mean the body of gentlemen who are located at the Carlton, who arrogate the appellation exclusively or as a right; and they in our opinion could not, without forfeiting all title to it, support any Reform Bill which would or could be accepted by the bulk of the Liberal party; not even by the most moderate of the earnest and consistent reformers as contradistinguished from the section which co-operates or sympathises with Mr. Bright.

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In a recent number of *Punch* there appeared a clever sketch of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli as manager and property-man of a theatre:—'*Manager*: Now, then, Benjamin, what have we got for the opening scene?—*Property Man*: Well, sir, here's the old '59 banner. A little touching up 'll make it as good as new.' Mr. Disraeli is constantly reverting, with amusing self-complacency, to this Bill; but he is exceedingly mistaken if he supposes that its reproduction, with any amount of touching up, will avail.

Emendare lituræ
Multæ non possunt, una litura potest.

It would have to be treated like the Irishman's knife or Sir John Cutler's stockings. The days of grace are past. The Sybil has withdrawn her first offer. Mr. Gladstone's avenger, the 'nostris ex ossibus ultor,' is close at hand. Never before in our time did a cause advance in so accelerated a ratio; never did a conviction grow up and spread so rapidly as the now prevalent one that a far more extensive measure than was thought sufficient a few months since has become indispensable, if we are to have one at all. When Sir Roundell Palmer declared for household suffrage, he startled the House, and was thought to have compromised the Government by the indiscreet candour of the declaration. But thoughtful people of all parties are gradually becoming reconciled to the proposal as affording the only safe or sure resting-place. When the *10l.* standard is once abandoned, there is little or nothing to be said for any particular figure in the descending scale, except that it is necessary to draw an arbitrary line somewhere; and the broadest and most intelligible is that which we find ready drawn to our hands in the municipalities.

Obvious as this reasoning now appears, we find some difficulty in accounting for its favourable acceptance amongst so many who recently rejected it. The change may be partly owing to the inevitable reaction for which the extravagant anti-reform language of the last session paved the way; but it is principally due to the demeanour of the classes for whom the extension of the franchise is required. They are not answerable for the strong language which Mr. Bright, or any indiscreet member of their own body, may address to them. They have studiously relied on the justice of their cause—on moral, not physical, force. They have met and marched to prove their earnestness, to supply the best possible refutation of the argument based on their alleged indifference. They have also incidentally refuted that founded on their means of combination for political purposes by Mr. Lowe, when he pointed to the trades unions as possessed of a machinery which would enable them to concentrate their forces. We now know that they are as much divided as any other portion of the community, and in much the same manner; that they include all shades of opinion; and that a large minority disapproved the employment of that machinery for any purpose alien from the original design of their incorporation. Thus, the society of printers, a society of more than ordinary intelligence and education, held aloof, notoriously from no indifference to the franchise.

The preliminary arrangements bear striking testimony to the spirit of peace and order in which the Demonstration of the 3rd of December was got up, and we see matter for congratulation in much that provokes the sneers or censure of a fastidious contemporary. 'Since the days of Lords Noodle and Doodle,' says the *Saturday Review*, 'there has not been so elaborate an exhibition of the high formalities and minuet graces as the

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recent interviews between Ministers and the Trades' Societies. Whether Mr. Potter and Mr. Hartwell attended at Downing Street in bag wigs and buckles, or whether Mr. Coffey for the occasion sported the Forester's picturesque slouch hat and buskins, we are not informed; but the first Commissioner of Works certainly showed that he was a Manners in something more than name, and Mr. Walpole handled his lachrymatory with the courtly grace of Sir Plume himself. It is all very reassuring and satisfactory.'

We honestly think it is. We think, moreover, that the minister who promotes a good understanding between classes, instead of creating or widening a breach, discharges his duty better than one who should ape the bearing and tone of Castlereagh armed with his Five Acts, or valiantly challenge a second Peterloo.

'We are all,' continues our contemporary, 'on our very best behaviour. The gentlemen whose logic is only the terrorism of numbers, and who have organised a monster procession two hundred thousand strong to take possession of London, and who are engaged in a demonstration which, as far as we understand the law of England, is illegal, have been received at the Home Office on terms of perfect equality as high contracting parties to an arrangement or understanding, or whatever the phrase may be for a treaty between the Government and the trades unions. How much is actually agreed upon, and how much is left to the chapter of accidents, the amiability and forbearance of the roughs—and it seems almost a pity that this interesting body of the Queen's subjects was not represented and admitted to conference—or to the possible intervention of Jupiter Pluvius, is not so clear. But we are all in high spirits, and we are all determined that next Monday shall be a great success. Everybody has combined to be in the best possible humour.'

Everybody did contrive to be in the best possible humour, and a great success it was—not in the sense (which was never intended) of intimidation, not by the terrorism of numbers, a logic to which the leaders notoriously refused to resort, but by showing that everybody concerned was amenable to reason, and equally desirous to uphold and abide by the law. If the demonstration was illegal, so is every extraordinary meeting or procession which any way obstructs the streets or attracts a crowd; and when Mr. Walpole refused to authorise the swearing in of special constables, unless some one would make oath that the demonstration was calculated to lead to a breach of the peace, he practically decided that it was not illegal on the face of it.

We commented in a former number on the recent growth or revival of the arbitrary, almost slavish, doctrines which would end by abolishing or ignoring the most valuable of constitutional rights, the right of public meeting; and it was fortunate, not merely for the Government but the country, that the Home Secretary was not led astray by the fashionable cant in these matters; that he did not confound the quiet, well disposed working men with the 'roughs.' Even as regards them, a useful lesson has been learnt. They have obviously no means of concerted action on a large scale: they are instinctively repelled and quelled by the well disposed of the lower class, and can only be made really formidable by some blunder of the authorities, such as led to the disorders in Hyde Park. It was a mistake in the anti-reform organs to provoke these demonstrations by taunts of indifference or incapacity. It will be a still greater mistake to

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treat them as failures in point of numbers; for this (as the Secretary of the Trades Unions has pretty broadly intimated) is a deficiency which may be easily and speedily supplied.

We are glad, at all events, to find that the familiar fallacies and commonplaces against democracy have lost much of their force, despite of the indiscreet language of Mr. Bright and the swelling cry for manhood suffrage. Sensible people no longer think themselves justified in refusing to do anything, because, do what they will, something more will be required. Looking at the stand which the ten-pounders are disposed to make against household suffrage, they can hardly fail to see that the surest mode of averting manhood or universal suffrage, is to strengthen the present possessors of the franchise, to reinforce the garrison with those who would otherwise join the assailant army before the walls. At the same time, we must not under-value the critical nature of the proposed addition. 'An Englishman's house is his castle; not that it is surrounded with walls and battlements: it may be a straw-built shed.' In many cases it is little better; for to humour the national fancy for a detached residence, houses have been run up in many populous districts to suit the convenience of the very lowest description of occupier. Still, with the limitation of two or three years' consecutive residence, and the payment of rates, household suffrage will be separated by a wide interval from manhood suffrage, the next and penultimate step in the dangerous and deprecated descent.

A great deal of nonsense has been talked about confining the franchise to the sober and industrious, and denying it to the idle and vicious,—to the drunkard, the bad husband, or the bad son. How is this division to be brought about? If a good moral test can be devised, let it by all means be applied to the existing constituencies at once. Let us have the benefit of it in all grades of society, in all departments of the State. What are called the fancy franchises are hampered with so many practical difficulties, that their operation is likely to prove exceedingly limited, and unless the coming Reform Bill is a sham, its essential features will be the old occupation or property tests.

Mr. Lowe says that it is open to any man to acquire the franchise by his own exertions, by simply earning money enough to enable him to rent a ten-pound house. But the same argument would hold good if the franchise were raised to twenty pounds, and it strongly resembles the reply of Horne Tooke when it was urged that the law was open to every man,—'So is the London Tavern;' or the remark of the bencher at Lincoln's Inn, when it was first proposed to open the bar to Jews, 'Let them turn Christians, and be d——d to them.'

The language we hear on all sides favours the supposition that the majority of the Conservative party might be brought to sanction a large reduction of the franchise, both town and county, provided the monopoly of the county representation were secured to them by provisions which should neutralise or eliminate the Liberal element, which (to borrow Mr. Bright's pointed phrase) should make that representation conterminous with the estates of the landed aristocracy. Their lowest terms would be a boundary bill to include suburban districts in boroughs, and a clause to abolish the right of voting for counties in respect of property in boroughs. But these are terms which it would be impossible to grant; terms which no prudent, far-sighted or patriotic statesman would entertain; for to grant them would be to lay the foundation of an internecine war of classes, to precipitate

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a conflict in which neither side could prove victorious without destroying that well balanced system of blended interests which constitutes our freedom and our strength.

The ministerial dilemma consequently stands thus. If they procrastinate, they will have the secret wishes of the majority of the House of Commons and haply of the constituencies in their favour; but inclinations may be counteracted by pledges and apprehensions; for every party, without exception, stands pledged to parliamentary reform, and the chances are that the growing discontent of the excluded will not be permitted to subside. And what, it will be asked, is the real object of procrastination? What are we likely to gain by it, either immediately or in the long run? Simply the continuance of the present ministry in place; a result, we admit, not altogether destitute of advantages, although the main end of their accession to office, as defined by Lord Derby, has been attained.

They have already had enough of the loaves and fishes, in the shape of honours and promotions, to stay their appetite during another period of dearth, and prevent their party from breaking up in disappointment and despair. Regarded simply as administrators, they stand well. The Foreign Office and the India Board are confessedly in good keeping. Lord Carnarvon manages the complicated and multifarious affairs of the colonies with a firmness and ability which (no slight praise) has hitherto prevented the absence of Mr. Cardwell from being felt. As we have already intimated, we cannot agree in the censure that has been thrown on Mr. Walpole's mode of dealing with Mr. Potter and Mr. Beales; and we deem it a happy accident that, during the arrangements with the popular delegates, placed a man of his amiable disposition and conciliatory manners at the Home Office. He will certainly not suffer in comparison with his respected predecessor touching any of the essential qualifications for his post. General Peel, again, is actively at work in the right direction, and Sir John Pakington has every motive and opportunity for distinguishing himself which the peculiar condition of his department and a more than ordinary responsibility of his own creation can supply.

He has been likened to Mrs. Poyser's cock, who (she said) seemed to fancy that the blessed sun itself only rose to hear him crow. The right honourable baronet surpassed the best of his former exhibitions in the crowing line, when, before he had well time to look about him in the Admiralty, he exulted over the alleged shortenings of the recent displaced Board, and gave the world clearly to understand that the advent of the new First Lord was the incident amongst the recent changes of which the country had most reason to be glad. He was so eager to announce his superiority that he altogether overlooked the want of generosity towards an absent predecessor, as well as the danger to the State, involved in the announcement of the destitute condition of our ports; and unless he meets Parliament with a case complete at all points, he will neither receive nor deserve quarter. He must come prepared with ample proofs of what the Duke of Somerset culpably left undone, and with satisfactory estimates of what he himself proposes to do.

Amongst the rumours which derive plausibility from probability, is one that the large demands on the Treasury for the army and navy have caused no inconsiderable anxiety to the Cabinet; and the fear of adding to the public burthens will not restrain the Chancellor of the Exchequer from conciliating Irish or English support by jobs if he sees an opening; so that, if they manage to clear the Reform breakers, they

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may be suddenly submerged in the quicksands of finance. Their grand difficulty, however, is not departmental or administrative; neither is it one that any amount of ingenuity or prudence can evade. It lies in the fact that their principles and modes of thinking are opposed to the progressive and improving tendencies of the period. Take the entire range of ecclesiastical questions, beginning with Church-rates, and how is it possible that they can deal with these as enlightened opinion will require, committed as they are to uphold the claims and maintain the doctrines of the most bigoted section of the clergy? Mr. Disraeli's memorable 'angel' speech at Oxford will be freshly remembered whenever he attempts to approach this class of subjects in a tone befitting a legislator.

In Ireland, again, the course of policy to which they are bound by their professions and antecedents is about the worst that can be chosen; and the very measures that may be forced upon them for the preservation of the peace will be vitiated by the instruments and the source. The self-same words falling from the lips of an Orange viceroy or chief justice will be heard and read in a widely different sense from that given to them when pronounced by a lord lieutenant like Lord Kimberley or a judge like Mr. Justice Keogh. Lord Abercorn and Lord Naas cannot help governing for a party; whilst an essentially national system of government was never more imperatively required for Ireland than at this hour. Resident landlords, speaking with knowledge and authority, insist that Fenianism is a plant of foreign growth, uncongenial to the soil. They assert that Lord Kimberley lay under a grave error when he told the House of Lords that this phase of disloyalty was rife amongst the tenant farmers; and Lord Dufferin contends that emigration is no proof of wrong or oppression, inasmuch as an equal or greater drain has been experienced in parts of England and in Germany, where there was no complaint of unequal laws or misgovernment. When means of transport are provided, people will go where they hope to better their condition, and they confer a positive benefit on an overpopulated country by departing from it. Charles Buller said, thirty years since, the best thing that could be done for Ireland would be to bridge over the Atlantic; and it has been practically bridged over by steam.

Lord Dufferin's political economy is sound, and much of his reasoning just; but how happens it that the Irish are the only emigrants who carry away a bitter sense of wrong, who brood over it in the land of their adoption, and watch with burning hate for the opportunity of returning as avengers to the land of their birth? There is nothing analogous to Fenianism in Darmstadt or Hesse Cassel; and it would have created no alarm in Ireland if its sole reliance had been on its head centres and recruiting officers in the United States. The Athenians were warned by Demosthenes that, if they got rid of one Philip, they would speedily raise up another by their mismanagement; and if the Irish Executive should succeed in catching and hanging Stephens, his mantle (or green uniform) would immediately devolve upon a successor. 'Uno avulso non deficit alter.' Or, to borrow the fine imagery of Burke, 'You destroy the body, but the spirit transmigrates: it walks abroad and continues its ravages, whilst you are gibbeting the carcass or demolishing the tomb.'

An admirable painter of Irish manners insists that there is nothing new in Fenianism except the name:—'At the time I speak of (1866), Ireland was suffering from one of those spasmodic attacks of

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rebellion which every now and then occur through the chronic disaffection of the country, just as certain eruptions are thrown out over the body to relieve, as is supposed, some feverish tendencies of the system. Now, although the native thinks no more of these passing troubles than would an old Indian of an attack of the "prickly heat," to the English mind they always suggest danger, tend to increase the military force of the kingdom, and bring on in Parliament one of those Irish debates—a political sham fight—where, though there is a good deal of smoke, bustle and confusion, nobody is hurt, nor, if the truth be told, is any one the better when it is over. Through such a paroxysm Ireland was now passing. It matters little to our purpose to give it a specific name, for the Whiteboy or the Rockite, the Terry-Alt, the Ribbonmen or the Fenian, are the same; there being only one character in this drama, however acute viceroys and energetic secretaries may affect to think they are "assisting" at the representation of a perfectly new piece, with new scenery, dresses and decorations.

'In ordinary disturbances in Ireland, whenever they rose above the dignity of local mischief, the assistance and sympathy of France was always used as a sort of menace to England. It was a threat very certain to irritate, if it did no more. As, however, in course of time we had begun to form closer relations with France, to believe, or affect to believe—I am not very sure which—that we had outlived old grudges, and had become rather ashamed of old rivalries, France could not be employed as the bugbear it had once been. Fortunately for Irish rebellion, America was quite prepared to take the vacant post, and with this immense additional gain, that the use of our own language enabled our disaffected in the States to revile us with a freedom and a vigour which, if there be that benefit which is said to exist in our seeing ourselves as others see us, ought unquestionably to redound to our future good.'[1]

The native is not quite so indifferent to the new form of the disease as Mr. Lever, writing in Spezia, may suppose. The fears of the proprietary class have been thoroughly aroused: the English are getting angry; and an influential portion of the press have been calling for measures of repression similar to those by which Mr. Eyre 'saved' Jamaica, or Napoleon III. 'saved' society in France. They would try the effect of bloodletting: they would renew what Lord Russell terms 'the melancholy history of the Irish Rebellion—the burnings, the tortures, and the outrages by which it was fanned into a flame by the Government.' This *régime* would answer precisely as it has always answered: it would avert the temporary danger and aggravate the permanent evil; and it is fortunate, on every account, that there has been no defensible ground for resorting to it; for there is now a bare possibility that wiser counsels may prevail. A distinguished Irish member, practically versed in Irish legislation, whom we requested to communicate his views, writes thus:

'As to Ireland, the one really valuable thing which you can do is to enforce the true lesson of Fenianism, namely, the vital necessity of such a courageous policy as shall cure that great amount of disaffection and discontent which, though not Fenianism, is the thing that renders Fenianism possible or formidable. For this purpose, the Irish policy of Government and Parliament must be *national*. It must

[1] *Sir Brook Fossbrooke.* By Charles Lever, 1866.

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deal with Irish domestic questions, as Gladstone said this year, in accordance with Irish opinion and feeling; or rather, as unhappily there are two Irelands with two sets of opinions and feelings on many subjects, it must try to arrive at such a fair compromise as a wise and patriotic Irish Parliament, representing both sections, might be expected to make if shoved out into the Atlantic, or otherwise left to its own resources.

'Such a policy, therefore, must get rid of every vestige of "ascendancy;" must secure to the cause of order and imperial connection the Roman Catholic priesthood; must not be bound down to British precedents, or afraid to apply exceptional remedies to special diseases; and, as it cannot give Ireland a separate nationality, must make her feel an integral part of the great nation which, unfortunately, has no name.

'Translated into the concrete, these abstractions would mean:—first, a Land Bill, at least as considerable as that of the late Government; a real grappling with the Church question; concessions in the matter of education to the denominational party, that is, the bishops and priests with the powerful portion of the Roman Catholic laity, who are influenced by or sympathise with them; and the occasional presence of royalty; to be followed, as soon as practicable, by the abolition of the Lord-Lieutenancy—the vice-regal residences being kept up as regal. For my own part, if I thought I could carry such a measure, I would give the small holders, the cottier-tenants, a "limited fixity of tenure"—say for twenty-one years—at their present rents, which would give them breathing-time, and confidence to improve, and break the habit of discontent. As to the Church, my rough idea is an equal division of all the revenues (paid into a central fund) between Protestant and Catholic; each portion to be administered and applied by a board representing each Church. The Roman Catholic agitators go for total disendowment, and total appropriation to education or other objects; but I don't see why the Established Church should be totally disendowed, though it should cease to be Established; and I think the Roman Catholics would take their half of the cake.

'As to education, I believe we may maintain State control and non-sectarianism, to a large extent; but it must be by concession and "transaction," not under the guidance of Queen's College professors or educational doctrinaires. This is a sore subject with some of the most enlightened English Liberals, like Mill or Hughes; but they ought to remember that they are not legislating for their own country, but for what, in a matter of this kind, is practically another, and that there are greater objects for a statesman than "mixed education," however valuable that may be.

'It will be no easy task for any Government to obtain the consent of Parliament and public opinion to such a policy as the above; but I am convinced that we must enter upon it, if we would not have Ireland a constant and increasing scandal and danger. I want you to insist upon this at the present moment, because Bright's reception by the working men of Dublin, and the revival of Fenianism, have led several of the leading papers—the *Times* and *Saturday Review*, especially—to pooh-pooh all legislative remedies, because, they say truly, the Fenians don't care for Tenant Right or the Established Church. A more superficial and dangerous doctrine could not be preached to the British public.

'Remember one very important and encouraging fact. The Roman Catholic party, including the priesthood, is rapidly forgetting the

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Durham Letter, and the Italian question, and the Palmerston-Peel *régime*, and is drawing closer and closer to the Liberal, mostly, of course, to the Radical, party in this country. Underneath this great political party, no doubt, the revolutionary element ferments; the traditional disaffection of the peasantry; the more dangerous dreams and passions of the half-educated mechanics and shopboys. But it is a great thing to have the Roman Catholics, priests, middle-classes, farmers (as I believe you have them for the most part) taking to constitutional agitation for the redress of grievances, and exciting themselves to return Charley White to Parliament! Thus, a friend of mine heard to-day from an old electioneerer, who is working for De la Poer in Waterford against all the Beresfords, "We have had no demonstration since 1826 such as we had here (Dungarvan) yesterday." Fancy a numerous Polish or Venetian constituency in a state of wild excitement about the choice of a representative to sit for them in a parliament at Petersburg or Vienna! On the other hand, conceive the dreadful embarrassment or having moral-force Fenians or "Nationalists" sent to the House of Commons by the Roman Catholic constituencies of Ireland; and then, thank Heaven that things are not worse than they are, and that there is a *πού στῶ* for the future.'

Things must have gone farther than they have gone yet, and the hopelessness of palliatives must become patent to all who have their eyes open, before our correspondent's 'platform' will be favourably received by a British Parliament; before even the Established Church will be given up. But there is one point in this communication that must carry instant conviction to every impartial understanding—namely, that our Irish policy must be divested of every vestige of ascendancy; and for this reason, were there none other, it can no more be entrusted to the Derbyites than the conduct of a Reform Bill, or our ecclesiastical policy, can safely be committed to their hands.

Neither can we forget, except during a brief period of transition, that the essence of our representative system is government in accordance with the political complexion of the majority. Prolonged government by sufferance is fatal to principle, to firmness, to sound legislation, to public confidence, to self-respect. Nor is it consolatory to be told that many members will vote for a ministry they disapprove rather than risk a dissolution. If Lord Derby thinks he can gain enough to turn the scales by an appeal to the country, let him dissolve at once, but not undermine independence of thought and action by the threat.

The manner in which his advances were received by the Adullamites at the formation of his ministry, must have destroyed all hope of a coalition and there is no more probability now than there was then that Lord Grosvenor, Lord Elcho, and Mr. Lowe will repeat in 1867 the part enacted by the Duke of Portland, Lord Fitzwilliam, Burke, and Windham in 1794. The alarmist cry is daily growing weaker, despite of the imprudent language of Mr. Bright; for it is seen that he is not gaining ground for his extreme doctrines; and we suspect that (with rare exception) the Liberals who helped to bring in Lord Derby are beginning to find out that they committed a capital error, even so far as the solitary question on which they differed from their party is concerned. So soon as they are of one mind with their former friends on this point, the fate of the third Derby Government will be sealed.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

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THE LAND SYSTEM OF THE COUNTRY A REASON FOR A REFORM OF PARLIAMENT.

By T. E. Cliffe Leslie, Esq.

I.

IT is becoming apprehended by all classes, and apprehended in the sense of dread by some, that the question of Reform is not only a great political, but a great economical question, concerning, especially, legislation calculated to modify the structure of our territorial system. It may, perhaps, tend to reassure those to whose minds the presentiment takes the form that private property is in danger, to be reminded that a lawyer of the highest eminence, now a peer and an ex-Chancellor, and in the enjoyment of all the rights of property known to English law, assured the House of Commons, on the third reading of the Reform Bill of 1832, that 'he could conscientiously say, that looking to his own interests as a member of the community, and casting about to see how he might place any property he might possess in security, he was at a loss to find out a satisfactory way, and he believed that a large proportion of those who possessed property thought with him. He came down to this House night after night to discuss the Bill, but he felt—as he believed others did—depressed more and more on each occasion, with the fear of the results from it.' Sir Robert Peel, too, at various stages of the Bill, uttered several gloomy presages, foreshadowing among them, as tending to shake the security of property, the very measures on which his own reputation rests,[1]—of which the one evil has been that they have so prodigiously added to property and wealth, that members of Parliament are disposed to think no evils remain requiring another reform of Parliament for their redress.[2] The object of this article is to show that evils of great

[1] 'With respect to property, he had no fear of its destruction by confiscation; but he was afraid that some popularity-seeking Chancellor of the Exchequer might be found by a democratic assembly to propose the repeal of taxes, and adopt steps the ultimate tendency of which would be to shake the confidence of the country in the security of property; and that confidence once shaken, there would be an end to the chief stimulus to productive industry, the foundation of all our wealth, power, and eminence.'—Speech of Sir R. Peel, on the second reading of the Reform Bill, March 22, 1832.

[2] 'I believe the problem of Reform may be thus stated: On the one hand we have a system which since the great Reform Bill of 1832 has worked admirably, which has carried out so many reforms that no practical grievances remain to be redressed.'—Speech of Mr. Laing to his constituents, August 27, 1866.

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magnitude do remain in our land system, urgently demanding measures of reform which Parliament, as at present constituted, would not even patiently consider, although they are measures in perfect harmony with, and the mere logical development of, successive improvements in our jurisprudence for many centuries, are essential to its symmetry and simplification, and are, moreover, measures which, so far from confiscating the present rights of property in land of its possessors, would very greatly enlarge them.

The prospect of a failure of the supply of coal before many generations pass has occasioned serious alarm, but a far greater peril is at our doors. The supply of land has already failed. This failure presents itself in the most palpable form in great cities, and most people are more or less distinctly aware that throughout the country also there is an insufficiency of land for the requirements of the population; but the connection of the failure of the supply in cities with its failure in the country, and with the entire structure of our territorial system—with the unseating of the rural population, and their decline in numbers and prosperity; with artificial restrictions of the business of towns to particular spots, and with a forced and unnatural aggregation of disproportionate multitudes in a few principal towns—especially the metropolis—seems hitherto to have escaped attention. It will be the first object of this article to exhibit, step by step, the connection of these facts.

Paradoxical as it may be, especially in contrast with the progress of England in trade and manufactures, and the progressive rise of the cultivators of the soil in all other civilised countries, from the Southern States of America to Russia, it is strictly true, that the condition of the English rural population in every grade below the landed gentry has retrograded; and, in fact, there is no longer a true rural population remaining for the ends, political, social, and economic, which such a population ought to fulfil. The grounds of this assertion are well known to students of our social history; but it is necessary to a sufficient presentment of the state of the land question to show what they are. The different grades which are still sometimes, in unconscious irony, spoken of as the landed interest, once had a common interest in the land; an unbroken connection both with the soil and with each other subsisted between the landed gentry, the yeomanry who farmed their own estates, the tenant farmers, and the agricultural labourers. From the yeomanry who owned land downwards, moreover, each of the lower rural grades had risen politically, economically, and socially; and there was for the members of each a prospect of a higher personal elevation and a larger interest in the soil. Now the landed yeomanry, insignificant in number and a nullity in political power, are steadily disappearing altogether; the tenant farmers have lost the security of tenure, the political independence, and the prospect of one day farming their own estate, which they formerly enjoyed; and lastly, the inferior peasantry not only have lost ground in the literal sense, and have rarely any other connection with the soil than a pauper's claim, but have sunk deplorably in other economical aspects below their condition in former centuries. Thus a soil eminently adapted by natural gifts to sustain a numerous and flourishing rural population of every grade, has almost the thinnest and absolutely the most joyless peasantry in the civilised word, and its chief end as regards human beings seems only to be a nursery of over-population and misery in cities.

The landed yeomanry at the head of the triple agricultural class, once

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so numerous in England, were many of them the descendants of peasants who had held their land in villenage, or by a yet more servile tenure; and in the sixteenth century, after villenage had become extinct, we find their numbers, in spite of a succession of adverse circumstances, still recruited from a humbler rank, and themselves recruiting one above them. The graphic chronicler of that age, describing the yeomanry with small estates to the value of six pounds a year in the money of the time, says: 'These commonly live wealthily, keep good houses, and travail to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the least artificers, and do come to great wealth, insomuch that many of them are able and do buy the lands of unthrifty gentlemen, and often setting of their sons to the schools, to the universities, and to the inns of court, or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereby they may live without labour, do make them by those means to become gentlemen. These,' he concludes—and the conclusion is important—'were they that in times past made all France afraid.' The important and independent part which such small landowners continued long to fill in both the social and the political world has attracted the notice of all historians. In the last quarter of the seventeenth century their number exceeded that of the tenant farmers, amounting at the most moderate estimate 'to not less than 160,000 proprietors, who with their families must have made more than a seventh of the whole population.'[1] How great a change in the English polity is made by the gradual disappearance and political annihilation of this ancient order, and the absorption of their territorial influence and representation along with their estates by a higher class, must strike any reader of the passage in which Lord Macaulay briefly paints their former place in constitutional history:—'A large portion of the yeomanry had from the Reformation leaned towards Puritanism; had in the Civil War taken the side of the Parliament; had after the Reformation persisted in hearing Presbyterian and Independent preachers; had at the elections strenuously supported the Exclusionists; and had continued, even after the discovery of the Rye House Plot and the proscription of the Whig leaders, to regard Popery and arbitrary power with unmitigated hostility.'

In some few counties, descendants of these small proprietors may still be found in the possession of their estates, but they are each year becoming fewer; and instead of exceeding, as they did two centuries ago, the tenant farmers in number, the latter, though far fewer than they might be, are now more than twenty times as many. Historical evidence has been adduced by several writers to prove that the total number of persons now in possession of land is less than it was at the Conquest; but the literal exactness of such evidence appears of small moment when it is carried in mind that the greater part of the island was then in forest or waste, and was actually to spare. The extent of land really engrossed by a few is now greater by all that has since been applied to private use; and again, of the actual number of landowners, a small proportion holds most of the land in the kingdom. The total number of landowners enumerated in the last census was 30,766, which is said to omit some returned under other denominations; but, on the other hand, it is well known to include many who, on very little ground, in the literal sense, assume the title of

[1] Macaulay's *History of England*, chap. iii.

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landowners as one of social distinction, often having above them, moreover, some lord of the soil, who is the real proprietor.[1] The exact number of hundreds or thousands of owners of land is, in fact, of no importance or relevance here. The question we are concerned with is one that relates, not to the hundreds or thousands, but to the millions—to the amount of room left for the nation at large, in town and country together. Speaking, however, of the disappearance of yeomen proprietors, it may be added that many enumerated as landowners in the census belong to a civic rather than to a rural class of proprietors, and, in place of adding to the latter, occupy the places of ancient yeomanry, whose estates they have bought at a price men of a yeoman class could not afford. It is sometimes alleged that this is the result of economic liberty and the natural play of commerce, and therefore beneficial; but it is easily shown to be the result of an artificial system, which makes the greater part of land unmarketable, and therefore makes the little that is sold a luxury for the rich, and an unprofitable investment for the poor. In the language of Adam Smith, it is the result of 'regulations which keep so much land out of the market, that there are always more capitals to buy than there is land to sell, so that what is sold sells at a monopoly price. The small quantity of land which is brought to market, and the high price of what is brought, moreover, prevents a great number of small capitals from being employed in its cultivation, which would otherwise have taken that direction.' By one and the same system, the old farming class of proprietors is extinguished, a new farming class is prevented from rising in their place, and a non-productive class is maintained and gains ground. A line of eldest sons has the odds against it, in the long run, in any line of business; and accumulating family charges and legal costs and difficulties swell the odds against the small proprietors with whom farming is a business. The unproductive owners of great estates, upon the other hand, though heavily encumbered for the most part, too, are seldom actually dislodged; and when they are, a rich man buys their estates. He does not buy them for immediate profit; and he can afford to buy legal advice in his subsequent dealings with them.

The disappearance of the yeoman landholders evidently renders it of great importance that the next agricultural order, that of the tenant farmers, should possess such security for improvement and such political independence as should both enable them to fill to some extent the place in society and in the constitution of the disappearing *grade* above, and also furnish them with some substitute for their ancient prospect of acquiring land of their own. But here, too, we find a retrograde movement, and the

[1] The Duke of Argyll, criticising, before the Statistical Society, a paper by Mr. Leone Levi on the Economic Situation of the Highlands, found fault with official statistics quoted in that paper for enormously exaggerating the number of landed proprietors in some counties in Scotland. Mr. Levi, he said, upon those returns 'gave the number of proprietors in Sutherland as 272, but every one knew that Sutherland was in the hands of five or six.' Mr. Levi really much understated his own case by assuming for the moment the correctness of the official return; and the duke's criticism only exemplifies in the case of one county what is true of Great Britain, that most of the land is really owned by fewer persons than is likely to appear in any official enumeration.

It may be added that in a speech on a Bill before the House of Commons, relating to the succession to real estates, a noble lord asserted that a recent return showed the number of landed yeomen to be at least 300,000; but the noble lord must have confounded the technical title of freeholders with yeoman proprietors.

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course of ancient progress interrupted and reversed. The tenant farmers of this country were originally of two descriptions—copyholders, and tenants for terms of years—both of whom rose gradually from a servile status and dependence for their holding on the mere will of the landlord, to a position of great security and independence. The copyholders, who might once be ousted at the pleasure of their lords, gained by successive steps the point at which Sir Edward Coke could say: 'Now copyholders stand upon sure ground; now they weigh not their lords' displeasure; they shake not at every blast of wind; they eat and drink securely; only having an especial care of the main chance, namely, to perform carefully what services their tenure doth exact;—then let lord frown, the copyholder cares not, knowing himself safe.' The estates of this once numerous order of agricultural tenants have long been passing, like those of the yeomanry, to a different class; and as with the yeomanry, so with the copyholders, 'vestigia nulla retrorsum.' The other class of tenants, those who held for years, were originally in the eye of the law the mere husbandmen of the landlord, but their position in like manner was improved by successive steps, until they gained the remedy of ejectment against both lord and stranger; and a legal writer concludes the history of their gradual ascent: 'Thus were tenants for years at last placed on the same level with the freeholder as regards the security of their estates.' This gradual elevation of the English tenantry, and the growth of a custom of long leases, has been dwelt upon with especial emphasis by the author of the *Wealth of Nations*, who, after remarking that a great part of them in his time held by a freehold tenure which gave them votes, and 'made the whole order respectable' by the political consideration it gave, concludes by attributing the grandeur which England had attained to in his time especially to the growth of laws and customs so favourable to its agricultural tenantry. At the same period, Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding the strength of his political bias on the side of rank, and his confession that if he were a landed gentleman he would turn out every tenant he could who did not vote as he desired, expressed his opinion that none but bad men could refuse leases to their tenants, or desire 'to keep them in perpetual dependence, mere ephemeræ—mere beings of an hour.'

A writer of our own generation, not without something of Dr. Johnson's bias, comments, in various editions of the *Wealth of Nations*, on Adam Smith's opinion of the value of the suffrage to the farming class, when safe from dispossession, as they were by the freehold tenure common at that time; and after remarking that the last Reform Act extended the franchise to all tenants at a certain value, adds: 'There is too much reason to fear that it will in the end subvert that system of giving leases for nineteen or twenty years certain, that has been the main cause of the wonderful improvement of Scotch agriculture. Tenants, as such, are the last description of persons on whom the franchise ought to be conferred. It would be easy to corroborate this by reference to the history of land both in England and in Ireland, in both of which the conferring of the franchise on tenants has been most injurious to agriculture and to the public interest. But the circumstances must be perfectly well known to all moderately well informed readers.'[1] Mr. M'Culloch's premiss that the actual consequence of the extension of the franchise—a

[1] Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, by J. R. M'Culloch.

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consequence, as he says, 'most injurious to agriculture and to the public interest' — has been a subversion of the ancient English custom of long leases, is beyond dispute. Where the legislature meant to enlarge the political representation of the farming class, the result has been that they have lost at once their old political representation and their old security of tenure; their votes have become part of the private property of their landlords, and they have ceased to have a voice in legislation for their own interests, or even to have a claim to the suffrage according to the old doctrine of the constitution, that the ground of the freeholder's vote was his absolute independence of the will of his lord. But instead of the conclusion which Mr. M'Culloch draws, that tenants are the last description of persons on whom the franchise ought to be conferred, the true conclusion is evident, that the country needs another Reform Act to restore the independence and security of its tenant farmers. At present, instead of balancing the power of the great territorial proprietors, they only swell the power of the latter to legislate adversely to their tenants, when matters which concern them, such as game laws and compensation for improvements, are before Parliament.

Passing next to the third agricultural order, the labourers, we find here again the ancient course of upward movement turned into a decline. Not to advance is to fall back in a progressive world; but the peasantry of England have in many important particulars positively as well as relatively retrograded. By the aid of Christianity and commerce, and of fundamental principles of the common law, derived from the civilised jurisprudence of Rome, and in perpetual conflict with the barbarous jurisprudence of feudalism, the serf became at length a free labourer for hire. The legislation respecting his wages and apparel in the fifteenth century, though intended to restrict them, proves that his condition had become one of affluence compared with what it is at present. The rules of the Church alone limited his consumption of animal food, and his clothing was abundant and even rich for the age.[1] Soon afterwards, indeed, his class began to lose in many instances the best of their possessions, their little plot of ground; and by the eviction of numbers of the peasantry of every grade was laid the foundation of English pauperism, and of that unnatural migration to great cities of which we have to speak. Nevertheless, the connection of the lowest grade of the rural population with the soil, and their comparative *real* wealth at the close of the last century, was still such that Arthur Young could say, 'I know not a single cottage without a piece of ground belonging to it.' The eminent agriculturist who, in the middle of our own century, trod in the steps of Arthur Young, would have been nearer the truth in saying of several counties, 'I know scarcely a single cottage with a piece of ground belonging to it.' Mr. Caird's tour in 1850 and 1851 through the counties of England established moreover, that while in the purely agricultural counties the rent of land and the rent of a labourer's cottage had risen since the tour of Arthur Young 100 per cent., the price of butter 100 per cent., and of meat 70 per cent., the rise in the labourer's wages was but 14 per cent. Mr. Caird adds, indeed, that the price of bread, 'the great staple of the English labourer,' was about the same in 1850 as in 1770; but

[1] *History of the English Peasantry: Over-Population and its Remedy.* By W. T. Thornton.

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bread was not always the labourer's staple.

In the year in which Mr. Caird began his tour, Mr. Kay's admirable book on the *Social Condition of the People of Europe* was published, with the following description of the cottages of the people of England: 'The accounts we receive from all parts of the country show that their miserable cottages are crowded in the extreme, and that the crowding is progressively increasing. People of both sexes and all ages, both married and unmarried, parents, brothers, sisters, and strangers, sleep in the same room, and often in the same bed.' Thus by the middle of this century not only the plot of ground and the cottage had gone, but a separate room, and even a separate bed, was going or gone. And following the chain of evidence to the present decade, we find the rural labourer still descending in the scale of material civilisation, and the room made for him in the land diminishing fast. Accounts published by Parliament last year showed that between 1851 and 1861 the number of houses had diminished in 821 agricultural parishes, while the population had increased; and it is known that in many other parishes a decrease in the rural population was accompanied by a still greater decrease in the number of houses in the same period. Nor does what has been said exhibit the whole change for the worse in the agricultural labourer's lot. 'A hundred and fifty years ago there was scarcely a parish without a considerable extent of common, on which every householder was at liberty to turn out a cow or a pig, or a few sheep or fowls. The poor man, therefore, even after the loss of the fields attached to his cottage, might nevertheless contrive to supply his family with plenty of milk and eggs and bacon at little or no expense to himself. He has since, in most cases, been deprived of this advantage too.'[1] The process of enclosing common land began in the reign of Anne on a scarcely perceptible scale, increased steadily in the two following reigns, and afterwards with such rapidity that between 1760 and 1834 nearly seven million acres had been taken from the public property of the poor and added to the private property of the rich. The legislature of the present reign has only put a limit to the process by almost completing it.

Thus every grade of the rural population has sunk; the landed yeomanry are almost gone; the tenant farmers have lost their ancient independence and interest in the soil; the labourers have lost their separate cottages and plots of ground, and their share in a common fund of land; and whereas all these grades were once rising, the prospect of the landed yeomanry is now one of total extinction; that of the tenant farmers, increasing insecurity;[2] that of the agricultural labourer, to find the distance between his own grade and the one above him wider and more impassable than ever, while the condition of his own grade is scarcely above that of the brutes. Once, from the meanest peasant to the greatest noble all had land, and he who had least might hope for more; now there is being taken away from him who has little, even that which he has—his cottage, and even his separate room. Once there was an ascending movement from the lowest grade towards the highest; now there is a descending movement in every grade below the highest. Once the agricultural class had a political representation, and a voice in legislation which they dared to raise

[1] Thornton's *Over-Population and its Remedy.*
[2] Caird's *English Agriculture*, p. 505.

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against the landed gentry and nobility; now the latter have the supreme command at once of the soil and of the suffrages of its cultivators. Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, in a recent interesting essay, argues, with respect to agricultural labourers, that 'time is a necessary element in the elevation of any class,' and that 'the extension of the suffrage to any class enfeebled by traditional dependence and servile habits results in its political subserviency.' But time is only a name for the operation of causes which may tend either to elevate or to depress, according to their nature. The very steps by which the villein rose, as Sir James Shuttleworth describes them, are now lost to the peasantry of England: 'Our ancient Saxon polity had a representative constitution in which the villein gradually rose to participate, and that just in proportion as he was admitted to the possession of property independently of the lord of the soil. The gradual transition from the occupation of land by villenage to the cultivation of loan land, and the freedom of the tenant to migrate, to carry with him his acquisitions, and to acquire land as a personal possession, are the chief steps of advance of the class of villeins to the class of small tenant-farmers, and to the establishment of the independent class of yeomen and "statesmen" who cultivated their own land.' Only one of these steps can now be said to remain—the freedom to migrate; and the consequence is a forced and unnatural migration from the country to a few great manufacturing towns and the metropolis, largely swollen by other circumstances (also connected with our territorial system), which limit to a few centres the space for manufactures and urban employments.

We are told that the movement of the rural population to cities is an effect and symptom of progress, resulting from the great increase of manufacturing employment and wages on the one hand, and the economy of labour by the natural tendency to the enlargement of farms on the other. With respect to the former of these allegations, it will presently be shown that the same causes which limit the employment, the wages, and the room for the labouring population in the country, diminish all three for the labouring population in towns. But it ought first to be shown it is a wholly fallacious assertion that the natural tendency of agricultural improvement in England is towards the enlargement of farms and a smaller employment of labour. The chapter at the end of Mr. Caird's standard treatise on *English Agriculture in* 1850–1851, contains a table of the rent of farms in different counties, and the following observations upon it:

> The great corn-growing counties of the east coast yield an average rent of 23*s.* 8*d.* an acre; the more mixed husbandry of the midland counties, and the grazing, green crop, and dairy districts of the west, 31*s.* 5*d.* Leases are the exception throughout England; and though more prevalent in the west, there has been no sufficient uniformity to account for the difference of rent. But the *size* of farms has an undoubted influence on the rent. In the dry climate of the counties on the east coast the operations of a corn farm can be carried on on an extensive scale. By this means the landlord's outlay in buildings and fences is economised. As we proceed westward the country becomes more wooded, and better adapted for pasturage; the enclosures are smaller, the farms less extensive. Still farther west the moistness of the climate materially affects the mode of cultivation—unfavourable to corn crops, and favourable to grass. The farms are of small extent, and held by a numerous class of tenants, who live frugally, and in many cases assist, with their families, in the labours of the farm. We have here all the elements necessary to make a difference in the rate of rent. The large eastern farmer looks principally to barley and wheat. The landlord of the western and midland counties possesses the two great advantages of his soil being used for the production of the most valuable of our agricultural commodities,

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whilst his farms, from their size, are accessible to a larger body of competitors; in short, are in greater demand than the (large) farms of the east.

After these conclusions with respect to the past, Mr. Caird proceeds to some with reference to the future:

As the country becomes more prosperous, the difference in the relative value of corn and stock will gradually be increased. The production of vegetables and fresh meat, hay for forage, and pasture for dairy cattle, which were formerly confined to the neighbourhood of towns, will necessarily extend as the towns become more numerous and populous. The facilities of communication must increase this tendency. Our insular position, with a limited territory and an increasingly dense manufacturing population, is yearly extending the circle within which the production of fresh food—animal, vegetable, and forage—will be needed for daily supply, and which cannot be brought from distant countries. They can be produced in no country as well as our own. Wool has likewise increased in value as much as any agricultural product, and there is a good prospect of flax becoming an article in extensive demand. The manufacture of sugar from beetroot may yet be found very profitable to the English agriculturist. Now, all these products require the employment of considerable labour, very minute care, skill, and attention, and a larger acreable application of capital than is requisite for the production of corn. This will inevitably lead to the gradual diminution of the largest farms, and to the concentration of the capital and attention of the farmer on a smaller space.

In a speech in the House of Commons little more than two years ago, we find Mr. Caird again saying: 'I differ with my honourable friend (Mr. Dunlop) with regard to the change which he asserts to be taking place in Scotland. My honourable friend says that the small-farm system is disappearing, or is likely to disappear. My own observation leads me to say that it is quite the contrary. The more minute and perfect the system of farming adopted in order to work them with profit, the more likely is the system of small farms to increase than to diminish. The arable farms in Scotland and the north of England sixteen or twenty years ago were much greater in extent than they are at present.'

It is thus clear that the natural tendency of this country was never, and is less now than ever, towards large farms; and that the causes of the tendency which formerly existed, and which still exists in many of the counties of England, towards the extinction of small farms, have been the following: first, and especially, the inability and indisposition of encumbered inheritors of great estates upon the one hand, and of tenants without leases on the other, to furnish small farms with the requisite buildings and fixtures; secondly, the artificial pauperism produced by causes already mentioned, and the anxiety of landlords, resulting therefrom and from the frame of the poor law, to clear their estates of the peasantry; thirdly, protectionist legislation in favour of corn. The chief of these causes are still in existence, and customs and opinions engendered by the rest also remain.

One of the ablest living advocates of the existing law of primogeniture has urged that it is favourable to agriculture, because large estates tend to make large farms.[1] They certainly do; but it is because they are encumbered, and because their owners prefer political power to good farming, such as leases alone can produce. It is beyond contradiction that the products which are best suited to the soil and climate of England are those which small farmers produce best; it is found that small farmers can and do pay higher rents than large farmers in England itself, as in Flanders; and it follows that the English peasantry have been dislodged from the soil and degraded in condition by laws and customs contrary to those of political economy and nature. There is

[1] Speech of Sir H. Cairns on the Real Estates Intestacy Bill, 1859.

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no reason in political economy or in nature why there should not be in England a predominance, not only of small farms, but of farms such as foreigners call small. The petty farmer of a few acres outbids every other in Flanders on a soil far inferior to that of England.[1] 'The larger farms in Flanders,' says the highest authority on the subject,[2] 'tend constantly towards subdivision, for the simple reason that when subdivided they yield a higher rent. This subdivision, too, increases the gross no less than the net produce. In general, the smaller the farm the greater the produce of the soil. Cultivators and proprietors alike rejoice in the subdivision: the former, because it places more land within their reach; the latter, because it doubles their rents.' When to this we add the consideration that the farm produce for which England is best suited requires, as Mr. Caird states, an immensity of labour, and that, as Mr. Thornton expresses it, 'English agriculture would be exceedingly benefited by the application to it of at least double the actual quantity of labour,' we may pronounce that England is fitted by nature to support an immense rural population in comfort; that landlords, in clearing their estates of the labourers' little farms and cottages to diminish pauperism, have fallen into the common error of mistaking the preventive for the disease; that the immense migration from the country to the city has been a forced and unnatural movement; and that the misery and decline of the English rural population is the result of a system adverse to the interests of all classes, not excepting the proprietors of the soil. But the evils of the system do not end here. As it has cramped and misdirected the industry of the country, so has it the industry of the town; and the migration of the peasantry has been accompanied by another forced movement of the population to a few great cities, to which urban industry has been in a great measure unnaturally restricted. The result is, that enormously disproportionate numbers are huddled together in a space which yearly becomes less as those numbers increase; that the town population, like that of the country, has yearly less room for its growth; that the mass of the labouring population is degenerating both in country and in town; and that a land question has arisen in our cities, more imperiously demanding solution than even the land question *in* the country.

Adam Smith observes that, contrary to the course of nature (which makes agriculture the first, because the most necessary and the most attractive, of human occupations), the first growth of industry and opulence in mediæval Europe was in towns; and that this inversion of the natural order of progress was caused by the insecurity and oppression of the cultivators of the soil, while the inhabitants of towns enjoyed comparative liberty and safety. But the philosopher's reasoning, taken along with well known facts of history, leads to a further conclusion which he does not expressly state, that urban industry was itself unnaturally confined to a few walled and chartered cities, within which the inhabitants might leave their substance to their children, and were tolerably secure from both legal and illegal pillage. Such of these towns as made remarkable progress were uniformly enabled by their situation to obtain supplies of food and materials of industry and

[1] On the natural quality of the soil of Flanders, see M. de Laveleye's *Essai sur l'Économie rurale de la Belgique*, pp. 1-2 and 37.

[2] M. de Laveleye may be called the highest authority on this subject, because he not only has made it a special study, but is both a distinguished professor of political economy and one of 'the landed interest.'

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trade from a distance; but it was not so much the superior facility as the superior security of water carriage which gave towns in such places their principal advantage, for the want of means of land carriage was more the consequence than the cause of the backwardness and misgovernment of the country. The villein need not have fled to remote fortified cities, had artificers been free to settle at his door; towns would have come to him, would have grown up around him by the gradual extension and improvement of village manufactures. But civic industry and traffic were confined by feudal laws and customs to certain privileged sites, and custom and prestige, and the facilities which time and labour bring, gave some of them a lasting superiority not ascribable to natural gifts alone. So far the past operation of our territorial system is in fault. The truth, however, is that it tends at this day to limit trade and manufactures to places with no economic superiority over a number of others from which they are excluded by the great monopoly of land; and that immense unapproachable estates, overgrown demesnes, restricted rights of proprietorship, defective titles, and all the other causes which keep land out of the market, keep out manufactures and trade from many natural homes for their settlement, and imprison them within bounds where space is at once insufficient and extravagantly dear. One of the most flourishing towns in the United Kingdom owes its extraordinary progress in the present generation chiefly to the fact that it stands upon ground which the sale of the estates of a ruined noble made the property of its citizens, and thus transferred to the many from the one. Those who are versed in the published and unpublished history of towns will readily call up several similar cases. But of many eligible sites for urban industry and opulence the history has not been suffered to begin. In the same county in which the town just spoken of is situated, a wealthy manufacturer deplored to the writer of this paper, some years ago, that he could not extend his manufacturing premises where he lived, and had been driven to invest a large capital in a factory many miles from his own eye, because he could not obtain the security of a sufficient lease from a proprietor of the soil who had only once visited his immense estate, and had not even a residence upon it. In such and many other ways the space for urban life and industry is artificially limited. 'Even in towns,' a member of Parliament complains, 'the great landed monopoly is often grievously felt. How many towns there are, favoured by natural position, whose growth is stunted, and the prosperity of the inhabitants cut short, because the great proprietor under whose shadow they lie would rather preserve the privacy of his demesne than add to its revenue. Nor is this the only way in which a town is liable to suffer from the contiguity of a great estate, and the abuse of the power that belongs to it. It is matter of notoriety that in many cases the course of a railway has been marked out, and the places of its stations have been selected, to suit the convenience of the landowner, in place of that of the small town.'[1]

Thus it is that the paths and homes and bounds of trade are far from being what nature would have made them; nor can there be a reasonable doubt that, although time and legislation never may restore the course of nature altogether, yet, if the restrictions which now surround them were once removed, the population and capital

[1] *The History of the Law of Entail and Settlement.* By Charles Neate, Esq., M.P.

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in our straitened cities could forthwith find an outlet and a relief, and much capital which leaves our shores would find new and profitable employment upon English ground. Nor is it capitalists and labourers alone who are pent unnaturally within a few great cities. There, behind counters, is the pale youth which might have recruited the ranks of a blooming tenantry; there the children and descendants of the fading yeomanry, of the rural clergy, and of country gentlemen themselves, are gathered; there are the many shops and trades that might have prospered well in country towns; there are the families of every middle grade whose incomes are no longer equal to the costly luxury of a country home. Thus the middle classes involuntarily occupy the space in our chief towns which the working classes want; and the tide of immigration from all ranks throughout the country meets a town population yearly increasing from within in a space long since insufficient, and ever growing less. Already in 1861 it was found that while the country population of England little exceeded nine millions, nearly eleven millions were inhabitants of towns, and of these more than seven millions and a half had congregated into the larger towns.[1] Of the latter number, again, nearly three millions (more than a million of whom were born elsewhere) peopled the metropolis, where railways, immense buildings, and clearances of all kinds, are diminishing the space for the poorer classes to live in with fearful rapidity, entailing consequences which have been well described by Lord Shaftesbury from his personal knowledge. Speaking in the House of Lords of the destruction of the dwellings of the poor by railways, in the face of a natural increase of the city population, and a yearly immigration in addition computed at from thirty to forty thousand, he said:

> First look at the financial effects. There is a large population of workmen, such as shoemakers, tailors, printers, and dockyard labourers, who cannot remove from their place of employment without their occupations being wholly destroyed. Next, there is the change in the accommodation and its price. The proprietors of the meanest houses, seeing the great demand, raise the prices so that poor people who before lived in two rooms at a comparatively low rate are forced to pay much higher rents, and have further to put up with the indecencies and discomforts consequent upon sleeping eight, nine, or even ten in the same room. This is the story, not of hundreds, but of thousands. And see, moreover, how the change affects their social condition. Their burial and sick clubs are broken up, their reading rooms destroyed, their social meetings for what is called social improvement are rendered no longer possible, and they are forced into other neighbourhoods where they find none of these comforts, and are in addition highly unwelcome arrivals, from the fact that they come still further to burden a labour market already overstocked, to raise rent, and to reduce wages.

After alluding to the shocking scenes he had lately witnessed in one of these wretched refuges of the displaced poor, the noble lord added:

> One very decent woman said to me, 'We are just over the main drains, and the walls are so ruinous that Jack and I take it by turns to sit up at night, for the rats come up in such numbers that we are afraid that if we do not, they may carry off the baby.' But why did the man remain? Because he knew that if he left his dwelling he could not find another in the neighbourhood, and would lose his employment.

This frightful situation of things is every month becoming more frightful. Six years ago there were nearly three millions of people in London. The whole population of England doubles in about fifty-two years; but the chief increase is in the large towns, and most of all in the metropolis, where most of all the space for human habitation rapidly decreases. We are thus coming to

[1] These towns contained in 1801 a population of only 2,221,753.

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a dead lock both in country and in town for want of bare room for the people to live in, while there is land enough and to spare. Already the population is degenerating both in town and country. The barrister threading the crowded lanes and courts between the Strand and Lincoln's Inn has noticed year by year the signs of a degenerating race upon old and young, and now they, too, have been displaced to swell the numbers in some more crowded and more squalid haunts. In the country, the degeneracy of the race is its most striking feature; intelligence is almost extinct among the rural poor; and in no other civilised land, and even in few savage lands, has any class of human being a look so cheerless, so unreasoning, so little human, as the English agricultural labourer, without the light either of intelligence or of animal spirits in his sullen face. But the working classes are not the only sufferers. Already the dwellings of the middle classes in great cities not only are becoming dear beyond their means, but are beginning to disappear altogether; and they too will find before long that there is no room for them in either country or town, and that they have before them only the hard choice of the ancient Britons. And the danger threatens a higher class still. A landless and houseless population will ere long be brought face to face with a few thousand engrossers of the soil, who seldom can sell or divide it, or make adequate leases of it if they would, but who will be charged with the consequence—with making 'pleasure-ground,' as the *Times* recently called it, of all the land in the kingdom, while the nation has not enough for bare existence. Nor does the danger beset all classes only from within. We are coming closer year by year to both Europe and America; and if we are to hold a place, not to say as a great, but even as a small independent State, we must find room for the nation to grow, and to grow in health and strength; we must find room for increasing numbers of men to live as men, and not as rats.

It is this land question in both country and town, traceable in both to the same source, which legislation must solve to rescue the nation from degeneracy, revolution, and subjection; but it is a question which the present Legislature is unable to solve—not that it is insolvable by legislation (if it were, it would be all the more awful), but because, upon the one hand, the sufferers, whose energy and invention would be exerted to the utmost, are unrepresented or misrepresented in Parliament; and because, on the other hand, a class, which is omnipotent in Parliament on all questions relating to land, inherits its opinions as well as its estates, and naturally but unwisely imagines its interests concerned in maintaining things as they are; regarding all those who would do anything effectual to remedy the evil, though it threatens themselves and the existence of their estates, as its authors. In a speech on the question of intestate succession to real estates, Mr. Lowe declared: 'The present state of our law with respect to land is the result of a series of conflicts in which the landed interest has invariably been on the illiberal side, and has as invariably been overborne and conquered by the feeling of the country.' It is because 'the landed interest' is conscious of this that it seeks to exclude the feeling of the country from representation in Parliament.

> Et est qui vinci possit, eoque
> Difficiles aditus primos habet.

But it is surprising that a statesman, with the opinion just quoted of the legislative qualities of landed proprietors, should not see in the land question an unanswerable argument for reform, instead of an

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argument against it. In a speech on the extension of the franchise, Mr. Lowe said: 'Look at the land question alone. In America nobody courts land, because he can get as much as he likes. But here the case is different; nothing is easier than to get up a cry about land; and at this moment it is generally believed upon the Continent that there is a law in existence under which the possession of land in England is confined exclusively to the aristocracy.' It is just because the supply of land is so limited by nature in England, that it is so necessary that it should not be limited artificially, and that a Parliament which will not remove the artificial limitation needs a reform. In America, 58,000 square miles kept out of the market by the state of the law would hardly be missed from the market; but in England there are only 58,000 square miles altogether.

It is to the reform of the law of landed property, and the reform of Parliament for that end, that we must look for the solution of the land questions, which present themselves alike in country and in town, and the same reforms will go far to solve both. To find dwellings for the overgrown population of the metropolis, for example, we must make outlets for industry elsewhere; we must remove the causes of the displacement of the rural population—of a perpetual influx of extreme poverty into the principal cities—of the little land which enters the market being artificially dear, and of the greater part never entering it at all from one century to another. If the unnatural congregation of multitudes in extreme poverty in one spot could be stopped, the question of dwellings for the poor in the metropolis would lose the chief of its terrors for the future. The evil has indeed been enormously increased by the merciless encroachment of companies powerful in Parliament, and with the instinct of 'the landed interest' on their side. Everything is possible in engineering, and the energy and skill which laid a cable under the Atlantic could have carried every metropolitan railway under ground. There is, again, no mechanical reason why an increase of space for the population of London should not be made upwards, in substantial houses ten, twenty, or thirty storeys high; but there must be a foundation left to build on; a forced competition must not make the rents of such houses exorbitantly high; and the tenants, on the other hand, must not be paupers, too poor to pay even a moderate rent. And the state of the law of landed property, and the system founded upon it, are the main causes of all the pauperism in England. The law of landed property is, moreover, the radical cause which makes our jurisprudence a byword in the civilised world, and prevents the possibility of reducing it to a simple and intelligible code. Thus the political question of Reform, which has been shown to be also a great economical question, involves a great juridical question besides. And the solution of the chief difficulties of both the economical and the juridical question may be found in measures which would not diminish but greatly enlarge the rights of property, properly understood, in which, however, cannot be included the right to deny them to men's successors, or to appropriate the property and votes of their tenants.

Even Dr. Johnson, notwithstanding his bias in favour of regulations tending to place hereditary leaders at the head of mankind, foresaw that the time would come when 'the evil of too much land being locked up' would have to be dealt with. But his was the not very philosophical way of thinking to which another very learned man in our own age was inclined—that cure is

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better than prevention.[1] For want of prevention the evil has now reached the magnitude only imperfectly described in these pages, and we are driven to seek at once for cure and prevention. There are three different methods recorded in history to make choice from. One is the French law of partition of family property among all children alike—an expedient which deserves no higher commendation than that it is better than the feudal system of disinheriting all the children but one. A second method which suggests itself, with higher reason on its side, is a limitation of the amount of land that any single individual shall take by inheritance. Such a measure, however shocking to present proprietary sentiments, could not diminish the real happiness, it may safely be asserted, of one human being in the next generation; nor can it be confidently pronounced that the mischief resulting from the long retention of a restriction of a different kind upon the possession of land may not yet be found such that some such measure will be of necessity adopted, to make room for the natural increase of population. But it would be a remedy which only a violent revolution could at present accomplish, and what we want is a remedy which needs only an adequate reform of Parliament for its accomplishment. And if neither the French system of partition nor the agrarian system of the Gracchi is to be our model—if the feudal model is set before us only as a warning—we may yet find a model in the general tendency of English law reform since the system was established which first limited property in land to a particular line of descent in a particular number of families; for that end depriving each successive proprietor of the chief uses of property itself. The feudal landholder forfeited the right to sell his own land, to leave it by will, to let it securely, to provide for his family out of it, to subject it to the payment of his debts; he forfeited, therefore, the chief rights of property, taking only in exchange a right to confiscate the property of his tenants. The whole movement of English jurisprudence relating to land ever since may be summed up as an effort to restore to landowners the just rights of proprietorship on the one hand, and to protect tenants from the unjust right of confiscation on the other. In a memorable speech on the reformation of Parliament, three quarters of a century ago, the illustrious scholar, Sir William Jones, rested his main argument on the following ground: 'There has been a continual war in the constitution of England between two jarring principles—the evil principle of the feudal system, with its dark auxiliaries, ignorance and false philosophy; and the good principle of increasing commerce, with her liberal allies, true learning and sound reason. The first has blemished and polluted wherever it has touched the fair form of our constitution. . . . What caused the absurd yet fatal distinction between property personal and real?—the feudal principle.' This argument errs only in representing the struggle as one of feudalism with commerce alone; it has been a struggle with the interests and instincts not only of commerce, but also of natural affection, morality, and justice. The

[1] *Boswell.*—'I expressed my opinion that the power of entailing should be limited thus: that there should be one third, or perhaps one half, of the land of a country kept free for commerce; that the proportion allowed to be entailed should be parcelled out so that no family could entail above a certain quantity.' *Johnson.*—'Why, sir, mankind will be better able to regulate the system of entails when the evil of too much land being locked up by them is felt, than we can do at present when it is not felt.'—Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*

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view taken by Sir W. Jones resembles that of Adam Smith, already referred to, which attributes all the progress of Europe to a gradual victory of the commerce of towns over the feudal institutions of the country. The progress, however, which has actually been made, so far as it is due to the influence of commerce, is due to its action, not only in and by the towns, but in the bosom of feudalism itself—in the commercial wants and necessities of the feudal lords of the soil, as well as of their tenants and their neighbours in towns. But we must go further and add, that not only the commercial side of human nature, but also its moral side, in the breasts of the feudal proprietors themselves, rebelled against a system which sacrificed the whole family save one, and all its dependents, to maintain the line of feudal succession. From the moment when the power of bequeathing and alienating lands, which the civilised jurisprudence of Rome had introduced into England, was abandoned for the barbarous and retrograde rule of male primogeniture, an unremitting struggle began to recover the ancient and legitimate essentials of property, by requiring testamentary powers on the one hand, and breaking the fetters of entail on the other. With regard to the former—the efforts and devices adopted to regain the right of testation over lands—we may apply, *totidem verbis*, to England the description an eminent jurist has given of the origin of wills among the Romans: 'We might have assumed, *à priori*, that the passion for testacy was generated by some moral injustice entailed by the rules of intestate succession; and we find them at variance with every instinct by which early society was cemented together. Every dominant sentiment of the primitive Roman was entwined with the relations of the family. But what was the family? The law defined it one way, natural affection another.'[1] The writer referred to adds that the system of *fidei commissa*, or bequests in trust, was devised to meet the disabilities imposed by ancient law on the proper objects of natural affection. But the Roman law at least embraced in the family all the children in the line of agnatic descent, whereas the feudal system confined it to one single and perhaps remotely related descendant — the heir-at-law. The device resorted to in England to remedy this still grosser outrage on nature was the same as in Rome—the invention of uses or trusts.[2] No more conclusive proof need be given of the total incompatibility of the feudal rules of inheritance with the wants of society, than that whereas the Statute of Uses was passed in the reign of Henry VIII., expressly in order to put an end to testamentary and other dispositions by uses away from the line of feudal descent, only five years afterwards it was found necessary to pass the Statute of Wills, which begins with a recital that the king's subjects, as daily experience shows, cannot 'discharge their debts, or after their degree set forth and advance their children,' and proceeds to enact that two thirds of lands held in military tenure shall be thenceforward disposable by will. Nor could the restriction on the remaining third survive the favourable experience of its abolition by an ordinance of the Commonwealth, of which the Act of Charles II. was a mere copy.

The history of entails presents a

[1] Maine's *Ancient Law*.

[2] 'I hold that neither of these cases was so much the reason of uses as another reason in the beginning, which was, that the lands, by the common law of England, were not testamentary or devisable.'—Lord Bacon's Reading on the Statute of Uses.

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similar record of a revolt of the feelings and wants of human nature against the principle of descent which still governs the transmission of the bulk of landed property in England at this day. For 200 years after the statute De Donis restored the feudal restrictions, which landholders had already found means to shake off, continued attempts were made in Parliament to obtain the repeal of that statute the consequences of which are well described in an old treatise commonly ascribed to Lord Bacon, in terms which have lost little of their application since: 'By a statute made in Edward I.'s time, the tenant in tail could not put away the land from his heir by any act of conveyance, nor let it nor encumber it longer than his life. But the inconvenience thereof was great; for by that means the land being so sure tied upon the heir as that his father could not put it from him, made the son to be disobedient, negligent, and wasteful. It hindered men that had entailed lands, that they could not make the best of their lands by improvement, for that none upon so short an estate as his own life would lay any stock upon the land that might yield rent improved. Lastly, those entails did defraud many subjects of their debts, for that the land was not liable longer than in his own time.' Two centuries after the statute of Edward, the method of barring entails by recoveries was introduced by the judges, and that fiction was succeeded by the Statutes of Fines in the three following reigns. In the foregoing and many similar efforts of our law, which we have not space to detail, one constant aim and movement is discernible—to neutralise and evade, by shifts and artifices, the feudal restrictions on the rights of property in land, and its free alienation, lease, division, and bequest.[1] But it may be laid down as a general proposition in the philosophy of law, that wherever, in the law of an advancing society, a perpetual effort and tendency manifests itself in a given direction by a succession of devices and changes, the general aim of those changes is essential to progress, and the tendency represents the spirit of progress itself—the spirit of civilisation struggling with the old spirit of barbarism. The ground of this proposition is simple, and it is one especially strong in the case of a country so tenacious of custom, so suspicious of speculative reason, as England—that the expedients and changes in question are such as society is forcibly driven to by the personal experience of its members, and the demands of human nature and daily life. But the proposition is applicable only to the general aim and end of the efforts we speak of, not to the means.

The means adopted to rid land of its fetters were in the first instance the fiction of uses and trusts, out of which grew the baneful division of our jurisprudence into a double system of equity and law. And this was only the beginning of a new evil superadded to the old; for the new pieces which lawyers have put into the old garment of our law have only made its unfitness for the wear of civilised life greater than before. Lord Bacon, after observing that 'the main reason of uses at the beginning was that lands were not by the common law testamentary or devisable,' adds that, since the statute, another reason was 'an excess of evil in men's minds affecting to have the assu-

[1] For example, powers of leasing entailed lands, and charging the inheritance with improvements—a mode by which the law attempts to restore indirectly and partially the rights of property which entails directly withhold.

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rance of their estate and possession to be revocable in their own times, and irrevocable after their own times.' The object of settlements in tail, renewed in each succeeding generation, is to accomplish ends still more inconsistent — to give each generation a free disposition over land, yet to bind the land from generation to generation in the feudal line of descent—to give all the family property to the heir, yet not to ignore those claims of nature and justice which feudalism, in its naked and consistent barbarity, boldly set aside. The consequence is the practical retention of the old evil of perpetual entails, and along with it the new evils of heavy incumbrances on land, of increased incapacity of its owners to improve, of an unparalleled complexity and uncertainty of title, and of a division between law and equity carried into interminable fresh ramifications.

There is one way to remedy the old and new evils together, and at once to purge our jurisprudence, and to emancipate land from its burdens and trammels—and that is to extinguish the force of settlements as binding and irrevocable instruments, save so far as a provision for a wife is concerned; to put family settlements, save as to a wife, on the same footing as wills, *ipso facto* void upon marriage, and revocable by any subsequent conveyance or will; to enact that each successive proprietor shall take the land he succeeds to free from any restriction on his rights of proprietorship; and further, to make provision that all lands left burdened with any charges shall be sold immediately on the death of the owner to pay off the incumbrance. A moment's reflection might satisfy any unprejudiced mind that settlements impose unjust and impolitic restrictions, as well as pecuniary burdens, upon the owners of land. Take the case of an ante-nuptial settlement, for example, in which the son joins with his father. It is commonly supposed that the son acts with his eyes open, and with a special eye to the contingencies of the future and of family life. 'But what are the real facts of the case? Before the future owner of the land has come into possession—before he has any experience of his property, or of what is best to do or what he can do in regard of it—before the exigencies of the future or his own real position are known to him—before the character, number and wants of his children are learned, or the claims of parental affection and duty can make themselves felt, and while still very much at the mercy of a predecessor desirous of posthumous greatness and power, he enters into an irrevocable disposition, by which he parts with the rights of a proprietor over his future property for ever, and settles its devolution, burdened with charges, upon an unborn heir, who may be the very person least fitted or deserving to take it. To make a settlement void upon marriage, unless so far as relates to a provision for the wife, is only to apply the principle of jurisprudence which, under the old law of wills, made marriage and the birth of a child—and which, under the present law, makes marriage alone—the revocation of a will. It is plainly absurd to make an arrangement for children irrevocable, which is entered into before they are in existence, and, therefore, before their claims can be weighed and provided for justly. It would, for the same reason be insufficient to enact, as one eminent writer has proposed, that no estate should be vested by settlement in an unborn child;[1] since immediately on the birth of the first son, a settlement in con-

[1] *The Economic Position of the British Labourer*, p. 51. By H. Fawcett, M.P.

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formity with that restriction, yet open to all the objections just stated, might be made.

To complete the emancipation of land from artificial restrictions upon its distribution and use out of the feudal line of descent, it is necessary to assimilate its devolution in the case of intestacy to that of personal property. Every mischief and injustice which settlements leave uncommitted, the law of primogeniture steps in to accomplish. In assimilating in this and other respects the law of real to that of personal property, the legislature will be only promoting a movement which has characterised civilisation both in ancient and modern times. 'The idea,' in the language of Mr. Maine, 'seems to have spontaneously suggested itself to a great number of early societies, to classify property into kinds. One kind of property is placed on a lower footing than the others, but at the same time is relieved from the fetters which antiquity has imposed upon them. Subsequently the superior convenience of the rules governing the transfer and descent of the lower order of property becomes generally recognised, and by a gradual course of innovation the plasticity of the less dignified class is communicated to the classes conventionally higher. The history of Roman Property Law is the history of the assimilation of *res mancipi* to *res nec mancipi*. The history of property on the European continent is the history of the subversion of the feudalised law of land by the Romanised law of movables; and in England it is visibly the law of personalty which threatens to absorb and annihilate the law of realty.'[1]

Every step which has been made to communicate to land the alienability by which personalty was early distinguished, has been a step in the path of the assimilation of real and personal property law. The process of assimilation may be traced in the invention of uses, the fictions of fines and recoveries, the Statute of Wills, the abolition of military tenures, and (by a long series of piecemeal reforms) the subjection of inherited land to the debts of its former possessor.[2] But, as has already been said, a tendency persistently evinced in the modifications of law in a progressive community carries on its face the proof of its necessity and good policy. The principle of feudal descent, which is the root of the two monstrous anomalies of English jurisprudence—the divisions of law and equity, and of real and personal property law—is the root also of the artificial limitation of land; and at once to reform our jurisprudence, and to set land free from restrictions against national industry and life, we must strike at the root instead of lopping off branches one by one, as has hitherto been done by a territorial and half-feudal legislature. Having done this, the remaining steps to facilitate the commercial transfer of land are obvious and easy, and it could be readily shown that history supplies the same argument in their favour which applies to the reforms already suggested. These steps are (in addition to some stated already)—first, the compulsory registration of all dealings with land in a registry open to the public at a trifling expense; secondly, a new Statute of Limitations, greatly shortening the period within which non-claim shall perfect the title of the present possessors, who might otherwise be injuriously affected by registration; and thirdly, the sale of all encumbered estates, or of enough

[1] *Ancient Law*, p. 273.

[2] For a remarkable example of the assimilation of real and personal property law, see also 27 & 28 Vic., chap. 112, as to judgments.

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to defray the incumbrances, with a parliamentary title to the purchasers.

One more measure is requisite to remove the restrictions which limit artificially the trade and manufactures of towns to particular spots—namely, to revise and alter the regulations of the Customs, which confine the import and export trade of the country to particular harbours, exclusive of several well adapted by nature for commerce. It is, of course, well to diminish, as far as can be done without injury to trade, the collection of duties; but the present restrictions undoubtedly hurt the revenue as well as the trade of the country.

Finally, there is a matter with which, above all, only a Reformed Parliament can deal effectually—the insecurity of tenure, of which the mischief of game may be considered as part. The insecurity of tenure is a public calamity, purposely maintained to deprive tenants of the political power and independence given to them by law; and if some more direct remedy be not applied to remove it, the makeshift of the ballot will be used.

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FRAGMENT ON THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

From the Posthumous Papers of Mr. Buckle.

The most finished portion of the materials left by Mr. Buckle for his History of Civilisation in England, consists of five chapters on the reign of Elizabeth, of which the three first, forming in themselves a tolerably complete fragment, are now before the reader in the order in which they were left by Mr. Buckle, and with the titles affixed to them by himself.

Although there are many passages which would evidently have been altered had the author lived to correct his MS. for the press; some left partially incomplete, and others to which he has affixed a mark of interrogation (?), indicating, apparently, a doubt in his own mind as to the accuracy of the facts stated, it has nevertheless seemed best to the present Editor to print the MS. exactly as it stood, without omissions, alterations, or additions, except such as are marked by brackets [ ], and excepting the notes which have been added from Mr. Buckle's Commonplace Books.

It appears to have been a habit with Mr. Buckle to write down the reflections suggested by the books he read in very voluminous Commonplace Books, along with references to the passages which supported, or had suggested, his own observations or assertions. Sometimes he arranged these observations under distinct heads, collecting together passages illustrative of topics on which he intended to write; at other times (but seldomer) they appear to have been written down in the order in which they were accidentally suggested by his reading. This latter happened sufficiently often for the same quotation to reappear occasionally several times in different parts of his Commonplace Books. Sometimes he merely notes down passage after passage from different authorities; sometimes whole pages of the Commonplace Books consist almost entirely of original matter. Whenever he quotes from other writers, his references (so far as the present Editor has been able to verify them) are given with the utmost precision, and he appears to have been careful to copy word for word, often erasing a word in which he had originally made some trifling variation from an antiquated spelling, and carefully substituting the form in which it occurs in the author from whom he quotes. In some cases, where he collected in his Commonplace Books materials illustrative of particular points of history, he has brought the most contradictory passages into close juxtaposition; of which the reader will find some examples in the notes appended to the present fragment.

Although there can be little doubt, on a close examination, that Mr. Buckle had already in these chapters worked up much of the materials collected by himself in his Commonplace Books, still it has seemed desirable to add whatever illustrations can be made available from these sources; both because it is probable that in revising his work Mr. Buckle himself would have had recourse to his Commonplace Books for his notes and references, and also because it will be interesting to the reader to be able to form from these illustrations some idea of the manner in which Mr. Buckle was accustomed to work.

For the order in which these extracts have been inserted the Editor is responsible; they were found scattered about in many large folio volumes, and the object of the Editor has been to insert them so as to

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interfere as little as possible with the current of the narrative. In one place a passage from the Commonplace Book has been inserted in the text, where it seemed peculiarly appropriate; but in this and every other instance the letters C.P.B. mark whatever is extracted from the Commonplace Books. Although, as a general rule, no alterations whatever have been made from the author's manuscript, yet in a few instances, where the addition of a word or two has sufficed to finish an otherwise incomplete sentence, such an addition has been made, but has always been marked by brackets, thus [ ]. Every word that is not so marked is from the pen of Mr. Buckle. H. T.

I.

Political.

At the accession of Elizabeth the position of England was more pregnant with danger than it had been at any period since the Danish invasion. Indeed, the hordes of ferocious savages who in the eighth and ninth centuries ravaged the kingdom, were not more formidable than those enemies who now threatened it from every quarter. It would not be consistent with the object of this work to enter at length into the mere political events of civil history, but it will be impossible fully to understand the real magnitude of this crisis without giving some account, not only of the internal state of the country, but also of those peculiar foreign hazards which, during many years, were so imminent. And to the adoption of this course I am decided, not so much by the obvious interest of the struggle as by the consideration that during the reign of this great queen not only was every obstacle surmounted and every danger repulsed, but that, by the application of principles hitherto unknown or neglected, England was raised to a position which made her the envy and wonder of Europe; that the way was paved for the establishment of a prosperity which not even the wretched misgovernment of her immediate successor could seriously disturb; that a prodigious impulse was given to all the great branches of manufacture and commerce; that all the arts which minister to the comfort of man, and lend a charm to civilised life, were cultivated and encouraged; and, what is more important than all these, that there was laid the foundation of a literature which is by far the proudest boast of this mighty people, which will long survive the country that has given it birth, and which will be read with astonishment by nations yet unborn, even when the very name of England has almost faded from the memory of man.

The chief danger to the new Queen arose from the agitation of those religious disputes by which, for nearly forty years, Europe had been convulsed.[1] In all the other great countries there was a decided majority on the side either of the Protestants or of the Catholics. But in England the nation, in point of numbers, was about equally divided between the two great religions; and though, under ordinary circumstances, the Government could, perhaps, easily have turned the scale, yet the Catholics were at this time even more formidable than might have been supposed from their mere

[1] Camden draws a most gloomy picture of the position of England at the accession of Elizabeth (*Annals*, in Kennett, ii. 370). On such a matter he is of the highest authority, for he was a man of considerable learning, of fair judgment, and only eighteen years younger than Elizabeth.—C.P.B.

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numerical force, for they counted among their adherents an immense majority of the aristocracy, who exercised over their dependents an almost unlimited authority. England was thus split into two hostile sects, each of which had its martyrs and its miracles: each of which was equally confident of the truth of its own tenets, and of the damnable errors of its adversary: and each of which thirsted for the other's blood. Of these great parties, one occupied the north and the other the south, and a line drawn from the Humber [blank in MS.] formed the boundary of their respective dominions. The Catholics of the north were headed by the great families of [the Percies and Nevilles][1] and had on their side all those advantages which the prescription of ages alone can give. To the south were the Protestants, who, though they could boast of none of those great historical names which reflected a lustre on their opponents, were supported by the authority of Government, and felt that enthusiastic confidence which only belongs to a young religion.

While the nation was thus severed in twain by the accursed spirit of religious faction, the aspect of Europe was so threatening that it might well have appalled the stoutest heart. For half a century the Spanish power had been supreme. Francis I., defeated in the field and baffled in the closet, was at length taken prisoner by his great rival, and could only purchase his liberty by the most degrading concessions. After his ignominious reign was brought to a close, the languishing fortunes of the French monarchy were, with the greatest difficulty, sustained by his son and successor; (?) but on his death the last symptoms of vigour disappeared from the national councils, and everything fell into disorder. In the meantime the power of Spain was rapidly progressing. The reign of Philip II. was ushered in by the battle of St. Quentin, at which Philibert of Savoy cut in pieces the chivalry of France, and shook the throne of Henry.[2] Then followed the battle of Gravelines, at which the star of Philip was again in the ascendant; and at the accession of Elizabeth the Spanish empire, which had been built up by three generations of statesmen and of warriors, had reached a height of alarming grandeur. Even at the present day such a power would be formidable: in the middle of the sixteenth century it seemed irresistible. The population and the revenues of the European dominions of Philip were more than double those of France and England put together. The only power that could in the least pretend to balance so prodigious a preponderance was France: but France, during thirty years of the reign of Elizabeth, was governed by three ignorant and profligate boys: was torn by the agitations of civil war: and was hemmed in by Philip at every quarter, with the single exception of the side of Germany, and even there the throne was occupied by the uncle, and afterwards by the cousin, of the Spanish monarch.

If anything is wanting to complete this picture, we have only to consider the neglected and, indeed, the almost defenceless condition of the nation which had to contend against such imminent perils.

During the whole of the four-

[1] Wright (*Queen Elizabeth and her Times*: London, 1838; vol. i. p. xxxiv.) says that the different families who took part in the rebellion of 1569, 'perhaps without an exception, were all allied by blood or intermarriage with the two families of the Percies and Nevilles.'—C.P.B.

[2] At the very same moment the Spanish troops pushed forward to the gates of Rome, and compelled the Pope to sign a peace under the walls of his own capital.—[Author's note.]

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teenth and fifteenth centuries, the power and reputation of England had been steadily advancing, and the national resources, though not developed with any extraordinary skill, were found more than equal to meet those emergencies which occasionally arose. But during the latter years of Henry, and under the extremely feeble government of Edward, everything went to ruin. The throne of the sickly and bigoted boy was surrounded by advisers who were too much occupied with caring for the souls of men to trouble themselves much about their bodies. It could hardly be expected that statesmen who were busied in the exalted functions of drawing up canons for a church and forms for a sacrament should stoop so low as to provide for the national prosperity: still less was it likely that they should be anxious for the national honour. Indeed, whatever may have been the other merits of the English Reformation, it is remarkable that during the early period of its progress it did not produce a single man of genius. There were some expert reasoners, there were many able scholars, but there was not one original thinker; there was not even one competent statesman. Even when Mary came to the throne, and called to her councils two advisers of unquestionable ability, Gardner and Pole, still the frenzy of religion had so occupied the minds of men, that there was no room left for the realities of government. All the energies of the executive were directed to burning heretics and refuting schismatics. The foolish and bigoted Queen thought that she had fulfilled one of the first of her royal duties so soon as she had converted an apostate, or even comforted a repentant sinner. It may be easily imagined that during the heat of this religious fervour the real interests of the nation were entirely forgotten. Indeed, it would be difficult to find in modern Europe an instance of a country worse governed than England was during the generation that elapsed between the fall of Wolsey and the death of Mary. The men who ruled the State were profoundly ignorant of the affairs of Europe, of which, indeed, they took no trouble to instruct themselves. At many courts there was no English representative, and even when there did happen to be one, his information was as bad as it could possibly be.[1] The consequence was that their foreign

[1] Under Edward and Mary there was not a single man to deserve the name of a statesman. Gardner indeed had considerable talents, but they were almost entirely *directed* to domestic policy. The consequence was, that at the accession of Elizabeth England had entirely lost the position of European umpire which it had been the pride of Henry VIII. to obtain for her. At many courts there was no English minister, and when *there* did happen to be one his information was as bad as it could possibly be. Very soon after the accession of Elizabeth, Dr. Wotton writes to Cecil from Brussels, 'every bodye hath espyes abrode save we' (Forbes, i. 23).—C.P.B.

In Forbes' *Elizabeth*, vol. i. pp. 15–24, there is a confidential letter from Wotton to Cecil, dated Brussels, 9th January 1559. Dr. Wotton, who from his special position had the best information, takes a very gloomy view of the position of England in relation to foreign politics. See in particular pp. 17, 18, 19. He evidently feared France more than Spain. The correspondence of her foreign ministers loses that gloomy tone which it had, and as early as May 1560 Throkmorton writes to Cecil, 'Thys I can tell you, that the Spaniards are affered you wyll ally yourselves with France; and that you do deskant unkyndly off their doyngs. Why shulde not the Queen looke upp? She had never so moche cause; for now bothe these grett princes do strive who may have her amytie assuredly' (Forbes, i. 452). In the very same letter Throkmorton writes, 'I am advertyzed that the Kynge of Spaine doth grettly mistrust the revolte of his low countries, and therefore dare not retyre hys Spanierds from thence' (pp. 453 and 474). Philip was bitterly galled; and on the 24th January 1563 Mr. Middelmore writes to Cecil from Paris that the King of Spain had ordered 'Alphonsus Episcopus, *alias* no ane,' to 'wryte

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policy was a continued succession of perpetual blunders. During the eleven years which were occupied by the contemptible reigns of Edward and Mary, we endured a series of disgraceful disasters such as even now it is painful to remember. Whenever we made a claim, it was sure to be rejected; whenever we put forward a pretension, it was sure to be spurned. If we attacked a city, it was always too strong to be taken; if we defended one, it was always too weak to be held.

. . . . .

But this was only a precursor of what was to follow, and just before Mary died we sustained a loss more serious than any of the others. For more than two hundred years Calais had been an English possession, and was considered as part of the national domain. And yet this most important city, which was so strong by nature and by art as to be considered almost impregnable, was wrested from us in the middle of winter in three weeks, and almost without resistance.[2]

. . . . .

Scarcely was Elizabeth seated on the throne when she began to feel the alarming embarrassment of her position. The bishops unanimously refused to crown her. The Pope denied her legitimacy, and would not recognise her as queen. The two universities of Oxford and Cambridge, which at that time had immense influence, united with Convocation in presenting to the House of Lords a solemn declaration in favour of the Papal supremacy. This was almost tantamount to a declaration in favour of the pretensions of Mary, and those pretensions were openly supported by her father-in-law, Henry II. of France, who caused her not only to assume the arms and title of Queen of England and Ireland, but to execute a solemn instrument transferring to him the right of succession in case she should die without issue.

With the risk of a rebellion hanging over head, and exposed at any moment to the presence on her shores of a foreign army, it seemed that Elizabeth had only one escape that was yet left to her. Philip had already saved her life; he now offered her his hand. With him for her husband, there would be no fear of foreign aggression, and his power, combined with that of the English Catholics, would afford ample protection against any insurrection which the Protestants might be willing to excite. The offer was indeed tempting, and the ministers of Elizabeth advised her to accept it: but the Queen herself, with a magnanimity of which history furnishes few examples, rejected his proposal, and determined to trust entirely to the resources of her own enfeebled and divided kingdom. Philip, deeply mortified by an answer which he had little expected, determined to ruin the presumptuous heretic who had ventured to repulse his addresses. He proceeded with singular and characteristic cunning. Fearing that by a declaration of war against England he would compel Elizabeth to throw herself into the arms of Henry, he endeavoured to cut away that resource by inducing her to continue (?) the hostilities with France into which Mary had so imprudently embarked. He knew that in England men of all parties eagerly desired the restitution of Calais, the loss of which they con-

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against the late apology made by the Bishoppe of Salisbury' (I presume Jewell) (Forbes, ii. 308). He adds (p. 308) that the Queen Mother had sent to Spain for 'more ayde.'—C.P.B.

[1] Lingard, vol. vii. p. 237; London, 1838.

[2] No standing army; no navy. Gunpowder had been in general use for two centuries, but the English were entirely ignorant of the art of making it. The Crown was overwhelmed with debt.—[Author's note.]

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sidered as a national disgrace, and he now proposed that Spain and England should jointly carry on the war until that city was restored. But Elizabeth suspected the snare. Doubtful of the sincerity of Philip, and certain that the kingdom, such as Mary had bequeathed it, could hardly support the efforts of a single campaign, she determined to give it rest, even though Calais should be the price of the peace. She had already sent ministers to the different foreign courts, and to them she now issued the necessary instructions. The result was the treaty of Château Cambresis, which was signed only [five] months after her accession to the throne, and which, for a time at least, secured to the nation the tranquillity that was necessary to recruit its wasted energies. Relieved for a moment from the open hostility of France, Elizabeth now concentrated her attention upon domestic affairs. Her first care was to put the country into a state of proper defence.[1]

. . . . .

[Here Mr. Buckle has marked in pencil in his MS. the word 'Military,' and at a short distance 'Toleration,' as though it had been his intention to insert at this stage of the history a chapter on each of these subjects. For the first of these, however, there remain no materials, and the very few notes in his Commonplace Books upon it have too little reference to the reign of Queen Elizabeth to be in place here. His materials for the chapter on Toleration are as follows.—EDITOR.]

II.

TOLERATION.

While she was thus actively employed in developing the neglected resources of the country, her conduct in matters of religion was still more admirable. It is the peculiar trait of this great Queen that she was the first sovereign in Europe who publicly tolerated the exercise of a religion contrary to that of the State. Indeed for many years she showed a disposition not only to tolerate, but even to conciliate. Her first act of authority was to form a council for the management of public affairs. Of the members of this council thirteen were Catholics, and eight only were Protestants.

Even the administration of foreign diplomacy was entrusted by her to the professors of an adverse religion. In 1564 she sent a commission to Bruges to treat with Philip respecting some affairs of great importance. One of the members of this commission was the celebrated Dr. Wotton: but at the head of it we find the name of Lord Montague, a zealous and well known Catholic. Several years later (in 1572) she sent the Earl of Worcester as her proxy to Paris, to stand in her room as godmother to the daughter of the French king. The earl who was selected for this honourable office was brother-in-law to that foolish rebel, the Earl of Northumberland, and was himself a prominent and notorious Catholic.[2]

But without accumulating similar instances, I need only mention that

[1] The energy of the Queen was shared by her subjects. The nation strained every nerve to meet the impending crisis; and by 1561 the fleet of Elizabeth, joined to the ships fitted out by private persons, 'was so potent that it was able to furnish out 20,000 fighting men for her service' (Camden's *Elizabeth*, in Kennett, ii. 388). In 1590, says Camden (Kennett, ii. 558), 'Toward the supply of her navy she appointed a yearly sum of 8,970 pounds sterling.' In 1592, some English merchants having exported guns to Spain, Elizabeth 'forbad the iron workers from that day to cast any ordnance bigger than those we call minions, and those not above 16,000 pounds weight' (Camden, in Kennett, ii. 569).—C.P.B.

[2] In 1586, when Leicester was in Holland, the Queen wrote to rebuke him for having by his intolerance, discouraged the Catholics.—[Author's note.]

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several years, and indeed shortly before the arrival of the armada, Sir Philip Stanley, a Catholic, received charge during the time of war of the important town of Daventer.

Indeed, so anxious was Elizabeth to avoid even the semblance of religious bigotry, that on the death of Cardinal Pole she not only adopted the unusual course of issuing an order in council that all debts due to him should be at once paid to his executors, but she actually caused letters to be written to the same effect to all the bishops, and where there were no bishops, to the deans and chapters of all the cathedral churches throughout England. In another instance she acted in a similar way, though in a manner entirely opposed to the genius of that bigoted age. Sir Francis Englefield had been a privy councillor to Mary, and had taken an active part in her proceedings against the heretics. (Query.) He, apprehensive of the consequences, and conceiving that his fortunes were irretrievably ruined, abjured the realm. He not only corresponded with the enemies of Elizabeth, but wrote to Leicester an insolent letter respecting her. But notwithstanding this, the Queen allowed him to receive abroad all the revenues of his English estate, only reserving a small portion for the support of his wife, who still remained in her own country, and who had brought him a large fortune.

In all her public acts she displayed the same spirit. The oath of supremacy was that which most offended the conscience of the Catholics. Of this the Queen was well aware, and she in 1562 ordered that if it was once refused no bishop should presume to tender it a second time to the same person, but should wait for express instructions for each particular case.[1] The ministers of Edward, with that tendency to excess so characteristic of apostates, had inserted a clause in the Litany, 'From the tyranny of the Bishop of Rome and all his detestable enormities, good Lord deliver us.' This blasphemous language, in which the Reformers invoked the name of the great God of love and peace as a pander to their own malignant passions, was by the order of Elizabeth immediately expunged from the services of the church.

In the same way, and in a spirit which might teach a salutary lesson to the contemptible polemics of our own time, she issued a proclamation forbidding 'the use of opprobrious words, as Papist, papistical, heretic, schismatic, or sacramentary.'[2]

[At these merciful and politic proceedings of Elizabeth the bishops and clergy were seriously displeased. With the bigotry which, unhappily for the interests of religion, seems almost characteristic of their profession, they endeavoured to goad the Queen into a general persecution of the Catholics. . . . These and similar acts have been often assigned to a partiality which Elizabeth is supposed to have had

[1] So that none of the Popish bishops or divines were burdened with it except Bonner and one or two more (Neal's *History of the Puritans*, vol. i. pp. 146, 147).—C.P.B.

[2] See Neal's *History of the Puritans*, edited by Toulmin; London, 1822; vol. i. p. 129.—C.P.B.

In 1592 Viscount Montacute died. The Queen always showed him favour, and visited him a short time before his death, though he was a 'stiff Romanist' (see Camden's *Annals*, in Kennett, ii. 570). On 7th March 1563 Sir Thomas Smith writes to Cecil, 'I cannot lyke that our house is still so extreme in making more penal laws; and in my mind specially it is not that can advance religion' (Forbes' *Elizabeth*, ii. 352).

In 1587 some justices of the peace were Catholics (Strype's *Annals*, vol. iii. part ii. pp. 462, 463.) See also vol. iv. p. 402. See also Strype's *Life of Whitgift*, vol. i. p. 514.—C.P.B.

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for the Catholic worship. But, after a long and careful study of her reign, I think myself authorised to say that this supposition is entirely gratuitous. No historian has advanced any evidence to support what has now become a traditional hypothesis; and, so far as my reading extends, it is not warranted by any contemporary document which has come down to us. The truth seems to be that in religious matters she was naturally tolerant: her mind, bent on great objects, cared little for mere polemical dispute: and it was not until a later period, when her temper was soured by opposition, that she descended to the level of such men as Bonner and Cranmer. Protestant historians, who, with two or three brilliant exceptions, have always been intolerant, choose to represent this as the Popish inclination of Elizabeth.][1]

Even towards the Irish, who, ever since they have been connected with England, have suffered so bitterly from Protestant intolerance, she displayed a similar spirit. In a remarkable letter written in 1573, which is yet extant, the Earl of Essex gives an account of an interview which he had with the Queen just before going to Ireland, in which she particularly charged him 'not to seeke too hastely to bring people that hath bene trayned in another religion from that which they have bene brought up in.'[2]

In the meantime the Catholics, presuming upon her forbearance, or perhaps merely instigated by a spirit of mischievous activity, were so far from aiding the Government that they did everything to throw it into confusion. White, Bishop of Winchester, publicly delivered in London a most inflammatory sermon, in which, with an obvious allusion to Elizabeth, he reminded his hearers of the address which Trajan had made to one of his officers when he delivered to him the sword—'If my commands are just, use this sword for me; if unjust, against me.' During the reign of Henry such language would have cost the bishop his head: Elizabeth merely ordered him to keep his house, and at the end of a month dismissed him without further punishment. In the same year the well known Dr. Story, in his place in the House of Commons, publicly boasted of the number of Protestants he had caused to be burnt: and he not only expressed his regret that he had left so many alive, but pointedly added that 'it grieved him that they laboured only about the young and little twigs, whereas they should have struck at the root.'[3]

The bishops, all of whom were Catholics, had, as I have already mentioned, unanimously refused to crown her: and it was with the greatest difficulty that one of the meanest of them was at length induced to perform the necessary ceremony.[4] It is, however, remarkable that this open hostility from the heads of the Catholic Church did not cause the least change in her conduct towards them. Dr. Kitchin, who alone

[1] See Commonplace Book. Strype, whom no one will accuse of loving the Catholics, fully exonerates Elizabeth from the charge of having an undue regard for their religion (Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. p. xi.).—C.P.B.

[2] See Wright's *Elizabeth*; London, 1838; vol. i. p. 485. So much for Elizabeth being a persecutor!—C.P.B.

[3] In order to check violent recriminations, Elizabeth in 1558 forbad any one to preach without a license. Lingard represents this as directed against the Catholics, but he ought to have known that she punished Protestant clergy who presumed to disobey it (Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. part i. p. 63).—C.P.B.

[4] Maclyn seems to say that at Elizabeth's coronation *all* the bishops officiated (Maclyn's *Diary*, p. 187; Camden Society).—C.P.B.

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of all the bishops would take the oath of allegiance, (?) was allowed to retain his see; the others, who openly avowed the supremacy of the Papal power, were of course deprived, but only one of them was punished; and Heath, who was one of the most prominent, and who during the last reign had been Lord Chancellor, was allowed to retire to his estate, where at a later period he was often visited by Elizabeth.[1]

We have the statement of the Catholics themselves that no less than one thousand priests were allowed to remain with their patrons in different parts of England, and perform for them the ordinary functions of their religion. Indeed, a Protestant author who wrote eight years after the accession of Elizabeth states that at that time the number of Catholic priests in England exceeded the entire number of the Protestant clergy, a statement which, however incredible it may appear, is confirmed by other independent and contemporary evidence.[2]

In 1569, the year of the great northern rebellion, an inquiry was instituted at the Temple with the view of testing the loyalty of the lawyers. The question put to them was, not whether mass was celebrated, nor whether they attended it, but merely 'whether at Mass they prayed for the Queen.'[3]

It may, perhaps, appear to some that such instances as these are by no means remarkable, and that a sovereign who merely obeys the dictates of an ordinary charity is scarcely deserving of an extraordinary praise. But those who by such an objection think to lessen the merits of Elizabeth, must have a very scanty knowledge of the real history of the sixteenth century. The broad and general features of intolerance which distinguished the governments of that age are no doubt familiar to every reader: but only those who are acquainted with the lighter literature of the time, its biographies, its correspondence, even its very poetry and its tales, can form an adequate notion of the fearful extent to which the spirit of bigotry had possessed the minds of men. The Reformation, so far from assuaging the passions, had roused them to a fury which is hardly to be conceived. Men exemplary in every relation of domestic life, and of the most unblemished purity of morals, not only habitually inculcated the necessity of extirpating heresy by the sword, but, the moment they had the power, showed themselves prompt to put their own principles into execution. Even the few who at an earlier period had dared while in their closets to speculate on the propriety of toleration, soon changed their ideas when they emerged into the world. Sir Thomas More, in a philosophical

[1] In 1558 and 1559 Elizabeth deprived in all 192 spiritual persons, of whom fourteen were bishops (Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. part ii. p. 106). Bonner, ex-Bishop of London, was kept in prison for his own safety. Indeed, he was so hated by the people that when he died it was found advisable to bury him in the middle of the night, 'to prevent any disturbance that might have been made by the citizens' (Strype's *Annals*, vol. i. part ii. p. 298.).—C.P.B.

After the visitors appointed by Elizabeth had in 1559 gone through the whole kingdom, they reported that 'not above two hundred and forty-three clergymen had quitted their livings.' Of these fourteen were bishops (Neal's *History of the Puritans*, edit. Toulmin; London, 1822; vol. i. p. 133).—C.P.B.

[2] In a paper addressed in 1597 by an English Catholic to Philip II., it is stated that there are 'four hundred secular priests in the kingdom' (Dodd's *Church History*, Appendix, vol. iii. p. lxviii.). Hunter, a Jesuit, states that 'in the reign of Elizabeth there were not more than five or six Jesuits at any one time in England' (Dodd's *Church History*, edit. Tierney; vol. iii. Appendix, p. clxii.).—C.P.B.

[3] Soames (*Elizabethan Religious History*, p. 251) quotes Stubbes' *Gaping Gulf* to show that mass was commonly performed in London.—[Author's note.]

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romance, laid down the noblest sentiments in the clearest language; and yet the same man, whose private virtues, amenity of manners, and boundless hospitality made him the darling of the nation, attempted to convert heretics by whipping, by torturing, and by burning.

In the generation which followed the death of More, there arose men who, without the humanity of his principles, enforced all the cruelties of his practice. Under Edward, the Protestants burnt the Catholics;[1] under Mary, the Catholics burnt the Protestants. And although in the struggle of rival cruelties the Catholics had the advantage, in the greater number of their opponents whom they were able to immolate, yet, if we fairly distinguish the natural temper of the men and the circumstances in which they were placed, there is not much to choose in point of wickedness between Cranmer and Bonner: between the advisers of Edward and the advisers of Mary. Indeed, if we estimate their intentions by their professions, and if we judge their private opinions by their public creed, there can be no doubt that intolerance is a greater crime among Protestants, whose very existence is founded upon the right of private judgment, than it is among Catholics, who are bound to renounce such right, and to accept with humility all the traditions of the Church. But without attempting to parcel out that monstrous load of guilt, which must be shared by the rival religions, it is sufficient to state the undoubted fact, that when Elizabeth came to the throne, no civil or religious ruler, no governor either of State or Church in any part of Europe, had ventured on what would have been considered the blasphemous experiment of allowing men to settle their religion as a private question between themselves and their God.

It was under such circumstances as these that Elizabeth not only conceived the scheme of a religious toleration, but for several years actually enforced its principles. In an age when the smallest offences were habitually corrected by the severest punishments, and when the slightest whisper of toleration had never been heard to penetrate the walls of a palace, this great Queen publicly put forward opinions which in our own days have become obvious truisms, but which in the sixteenth century were considered damnable paradoxes: 'We know not nor have any meaning to allowe that any our Subjects should be molested either by Examination or Inquisition, in any matter either of Faith, as long as they shall profess the Christian Fayth, not gaynsayeng the Authority of the holly Scriptures, and of the Articles of our faith contained in the Creeds Apostolic and Catholic: or for matter of ceremony or any other external matter appertaining to Christian religion, as long as they shall in their outward conversation show themselves quiet and conformable and not manifestly repugnant and obstinate to the Laws of the realm, which are established for Frequentation of divine service in the ordinary churches, in like manner as all other Laws are whereunto Subjects are of duty and by allegiance bound.' She proceeds to add, 'in the word of a Prince and the Presence of God,' that there shall be no 'molestation to them by any person by way of Examination or Inquisition of their secret opinions in their consciences for matters of Faith.'[2] Such were the sentiments put on record by Elizabeth in a public proclamation after she had

[1] Mr. Buckle gives no authority for this remarkable statement.—*Editor of Fraser's Magazine.*

[2] Drake says, without quoting any authority, that during Elizabeth's reign no Jews were suffered to reside in the kingdom (*Shakespeare and his Times*; 1817; 4to. vol. ii. p. 247).—C.P.B.

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been eleven years on the throne: and it may be confidently asserted that there was not any sovereign then living in Europe from whose mouth such language had been heard. And without accumulating instances of the general spirit in which such principles had been carried out by her Government, it is sufficient to state that her bitterest enemies have never been able to point out a single instance of persecution for religion during the eleven years which elapsed between her accession to the throne and the date of the proclamation which I have just quoted.

Those who are acquainted with the theological literature of the sixteenth century will form some idea of the horror and disgust which these proceedings excited in the minds of the bishops and superior clergy. They regarded such toleration not only as a dangerous experiment, but as a most impious contrivance.

Sandys, who was consecrated Bishop of Worcester the year after the death of Mary, endeavoured to expel all the Catholics from his diocese; and several years later, Aylmer, Bishop of London, advised the Government at once to throw into prison all the principal English Catholics. Whitgift declared that 'if Papists went abroad unpunished, when by law they might be touched, surely it was a great fault and could not be excused, and he prayed God it might be better looked to.'[1] Whittingham, Dean of Durham, wrote to the Earl of Leicester in 1564, bitterly complaining of the 'great lenity towards the Papists.'[2]

But the Queen easily penetrated the designs of these men. She saw that, under the pretence of purifying the Church, they were bent on the double object of gratifying their own bigotry and extending their own influence. Determined to prevent this, she took every opportunity of repressing their specious interference. Indeed, if she had not done so there would soon have been established in England an ecclesiastical tyranny not inferior to that which was already established in Spain. One or two instances may serve as a specimen to show the spirit of the chiefs of the Protestant Church. At the Portuguese Embassy, mass was publicly said, and it was well known that many English Catholics were always present at its celebration. In 1576 the Recorder of London, the prying and impudent Fleetwood, who was intimately connected with many of the Protestant clergy, was scandalised by such an exhibition of idolatry, and on one occasion ventured forcibly to interrupt the religious ceremonies. But the Queen, so far from applauding his zeal, reprimanded him for his interference, and actually committed him to prison.[3]

There is yet extant a letter which

[1] This was in 1572.—[Author's note.]

[2] In evidence of the intolerant spirit of the bishops, see Strype's *Parker*, vol. ii. p. 120. In 1578 the Bishop of Ely said that 'he much rejoiced that her Majesty was somewhat severe against her enemies the Papists. Would God that all her magistrates, high and low, would follow diligently her godly vein. I trust hereafter her highness and her magistrates will prosecute severely the same trade' (Strype's *Annals*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 196). In 1580 the Archbishop of York wrote to the Treasurer requesting him 'to deal roundly with all the obstinate of what calling soever, noble as well as mean' (*Annals*, vol. ii. part ii. p. 341).—C.P.B.

[3] Neal says (i. 206) that in 1568, in Lancashire, the Common Prayer Book was laid aside, churches were shut up, and the mass celebrated openly. He adds (i. 271), but without quoting any authority, that in 1574 'many of the Queen's subjects resorted to the Portugal ambassador's house in Charter-house Square, where Mass was publicly celebrated; and because the sheriffs and recorder of London disturbed them, they were committed to the Fleet by the Queen's express command.' . . . In 1569 there were

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was written in 1562, to the Lords of the Council, by the Bishops of London and Ely, complaining of some Catholics that they 'will neither accuse themselves nor none other.' These Christian prelates suggest as a remedy that one of them, who was a priest, should be tortured in order to compel him to confess; and in order to enlist on their side the poverty of Elizabeth, they add that by such means a large sum of money may also be wrung from him.[1] In 1564, Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's, in a sermon before Elizabeth, violently attacked some Catholic work which had just been published; but the Queen, to his great amazement, instead of corresponding to his ardour, sharply rebuked him for his intemperate language. The only serious blot upon the character of Elizabeth is the execution of Mary of Scotland. But many years before she was put to death, and therefore many years before she was even tried, some of the bishops advised that she should be executed.

III.

Political.

While this struggle was still pending between a tolerant government and an intolerant clergy, there suddenly occurred an event which, though apparently unimportant, led the way to a complete change in the religious policy of Elizabeth. Mary of Scotland, after suffering a series of insults for which her conduct had given but too much cause, suddenly fled from her own country and crossed the English border. She came as a fugitive: she was treated as a prisoner. But from this moment Elizabeth had no peace.[2] The English Catholics, confident in their numbers and in the goodness of their cause, had been for some time husbanding their strength until a favourable opportunity should arrive. That opportunity was now afforded to them by the presence of Mary. Her youth, her beauty, and her misfortunes made her popular: and a belief that she was suffering for her religion raised her to the dignity of a martyr. At the same time, the old aristocracy felt themselves aggrieved by the preference which Elizabeth displayed for men of inferior rank. They had already formed a combination to drive Cecil from her councils; and failing in that, they now united with the Catholics, and both parties suddenly flew to arms. Thus the aristocratic influence and the Catholic influence, either of which when unsupported was formidable, were now united against the Government of the Queen. Their combined forces were headed by the Earls of West-

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from twelve to fifteen different places in London where mass was performed (*Correspondance Diplomatique de Fénelon*; Paris, 1840: tome i. p. 327). . . . We know, on the authority of Munday, in 1581, that there were several places in London where mass could be heard (see his *English Romayne Life*, reprinted in *Harleian Miscellany*, edit. Parker; vol. vii. p. 144). . . . The Catholics were probably numerous in London. In Wright's *Elizabeth* (London, 1838; vol. ii. pp. 37–41) there is a letter from Fletewood to Lord Burghley in 1572, giving a curious account of the seizure of several 'masse mongers' in the very act of celebrating service in the house of Geraldi, the Portuguese ambassador. See also at pp. 86, 87, another letter from this same Fletewood in 1578, in which he says that several Englishmen were in the habit of going to the French ambassador's to hear mass.—C.P.B.

[1] In 1584, Beale, Clerk of the Queen's Council, published a work which called forth the animadversions of Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace particularly censured him for having denied the legality of torture (See Neal's *History of the Puritans*; London, 1822; vol. i. p. 342).—C.P.B.

[2] Elizabeth, whose great object was to hold the balance between France and Spain, was unwilling at the beginning of her reign to interfere in Scotland, on account of the risk of provoking a war with France (see Forbes' *State Papers*, i. pp. 454, 455; ii. p. 1).—C.P.B.

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moreland and Northumberland; and they naturally selected as the first scene of hostilities the north of England, which I have already described as being almost entirely occupied by the adherents of the old religion. The progress of the rebellion was frightfully rapid; and as the tide of insurrection rolled on towards the south, the country became rife with the most alarming reports. The Government entertained serious apprehensions of a rising in Wales, where the Catholics formed an immense majority of the population; and it was even said that in the other parts of England no less than a million of men were ready to take arms for their religion, and only waited the signal of their leaders.[1]

If such an outbreak had taken

[1] The expectations held out by Spain to the leaders of the rebellion of 1569 were notorious, and are mentioned by the French ambassador then residing in England (*Correspondance Diplomatique de Fénelon*, tome ii. p. 352).—C.P.B.

Mr. Soames says that at the accession of Elizabeth two thirds [of the population] were Catholics (*Elizabethan Religious History*; London, 1839; p. 13). Mr. Hallam, in a long note in *Constitutional History*; London, 1842; i. 173, seems to consider that in 1559 the Protestants were two thirds of the population. He rejects Butler's assertion (*Memoirs of English Catholics*, i. 146) that the Catholics had the majority. In 1549 Paget wrote to the Protector that not more than half were Protestants. (Lingard; Paris, 1840; iv. 261, who quotes Strype, ii. Rec. 110.) See also p. 339, where Lingard quotes from MSS., Barker, 1208, a curious passage in the despatches of the Venetian ambassador, who represents the English as ready to become either Jews or Mohammedans. In 1554, Parliament was almost unanimous in favour of the reconciliation with Rome: in the Commons only two, in the Lords not a single voice was raised against it (see Lingard, 341; and Ellis's *Original Letters*, Second Series, ii. 289). In 1553, Noailles (*Ambassade*, tome ii. p. 167) writes to his court that Suffolk and Norfolk were particularly discontented with Mary. But was this political or religious? He adds (p. 168) that the greater part of London was 'de la mesme faction.' In 1556 the Catholics were very numerous in Yorkshire: 'great plenty of Papysts' (Haynes, *State Papers*, p. 446). Mr. Butler, on the authority of Rishton, *De Schismate Angliæ*, p. 272, says that early in Elizabeth's reign two thirds of the English were Catholics (Butler's *Memoirs of the Catholics*; London, 1822; vol. i. pp. 271, 272, 386; vol. ii. p. 12). Sandys, in a sermon preached early in the reign of Elizabeth, seems to say that most wealthy persons were Catholics (Sandys' *Sermons*, edit. Parker Society, p. 30). During the first ten years of Elizabeth's reign great numbers of Catholics frequented the Protestant churches (see Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*; London, 1840; vol. vi. pp. 264, 265). Ormerod says that in the reign of Elizabeth 'considerably more than one fourth of the entire number' of the population of Cheshire were Catholic recusants (*History of Cheshire*; folio, 1819; vol. i. pp. xxxiii. xxxiv.). For proof of this he refers to vol. i. p. 75; but neither there nor in any other part can I find any evidence on the subject. In 1569, Sir R. Sadler wrote that in the north of England there were not ten gentlemen who favoured the Queen's proceedings. This, which is an evident exaggeration, is twice quoted in Sir C. Sharpe's *Rebellion of* 1569, pp. x., 92. Camden says that the northern rebellion of 1569 was joined by very few Catholics (*Annals of Elizabeth*, in Kennett, ii. 422). In 1570, Story confessed 'that about two years since he did deal by writing with Courterile; shewing unto him that the Catholics in England did daily decay, and that the schismatics did then daily increase; and therefore if the King of Spain had any meaning to write to the Queen of England, or otherwise to help to restore religion in England, he should do it betime, or else it would be too late' (*Harleian Miscellany*, viii. 612). In 1574, Mary of Scotland writes that most English Catholics were, through fear, beginning to obtain permission to travel abroad (Sharpe's *Memorials of Rebellion of* 1569; London, 1840; p. 300). In 1579, Leicester writes to Burghley, 'Since Queen Mary's tyme the Papists never were in that jollity they be at this present in this country' (Wright's *Elizabeth*, vol. ii. p. 102); and in another letter to Lord Burghley, written by Sir Amias Paulet in 1585, respecting Mary, Paulet says: 'This country is so ill affected (a thing not unknown unto you) as I thinke no man of judgement would willingly take the charge of this Queen in any house in this shire out of the castle' (i.e. Tutbury) (Wright, vol. ii. p. 257). Neal says (i. 307), but, as usual, without authority, that in 1582 the Catholics in the northern counties were more numerous than the Protestants. In Burleigh's *Adieu to Elizabeth*, about 1583, it is said that 'the greatest number of Papists is of very young

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place a few years before, the Government would certainly have fallen, and the Sovereign would probably have been deposed. But the efforts which Elizabeth had made to organise a military establishment, although they were necessarily slight, were now the means of protecting her crown, and perhaps of saving her life. However, even with this advantage, the matter for a time remained in suspense. At first her troops only endeavoured so to hold the rebels in check, as to prevent their advance on the capital: but when they perceived the utter incapacity of the Catholic and aristocratic leaders, to whose management the rebellion was happily entrusted, they ventured on more decisive steps, and after a short but hazardous struggle the insurrection was at length put down. The Catholics, who felt that they had played their game and lost their stake, now became desperate. As soon as the news reached the Vatican,[1] the Pope, mad with passion, signed a bull depriving Elizabeth of her crown and absolving her subjects from their allegiance: and there was found an Englishman bold enough to nail the bull on the very gates of the palace of the Bishop of London. The Queen, who saw herself thus bearded in her own capital, even before she had time to forget the terrors of the rebellion, determined to revenge herself on a party which had shown so restless and so implacable a spirit. As soon as she perceived that there was a body of men among her subjects who not only maintained the deposing power of the Pope, but who were ready to carry out that power to its utmost consequence, it became evident to her that the whole ground of the ques-

men;' and Burghley goes on to say, 'I account that putting to death does no ways lessen them, since we find by experience that it worketh no such effect; but, like Hydra's heads, upon cutting off one seven grow up. . . So that for my part I wish no lessening of their numbers but by preaching, and by education of the younger under good schoolmasters' (*Harleian Miscellany*, vii. 60). In 1584, Charles Paget mentions the mode of flight 'ordinarily used for Catholics which daily come out of England' (Murden's *State Papers*, p. 446). In 1586, B. Bland, who had just returned from Spain, wrote, 'The Spaniards are certainly persuaded by letters out of England that th' one halfe of England will take their part' (Wright, vol. ii. p. 303). In 1587, Thomas Tuncker writes to William Watson, 'England in the north parts, where for religion they shall find the fifth man to be given to papistry' (Wright, vol. ii. p. 351). Lingard (vol. v. p. 264), speaking of the state of affairs in 1587, just before the armada, says: 'The real number of the English Catholics was unknown (for the severity of the penal laws had taught many to conceal their religion); but it was loosely conjectured that they amounted to at least one half of the population of the kingdom.' Dr. Allen was positive that they amounted to two thirds (*apud Bridgewater*, 374). The same was asserted in a paper found upon Creighton (Strype, iii. 415). Dr. Venner, who wrote in 1649, says: 'It was a common saying fifty or sixty years since that all physicians that were learned were Papists' (Venner's *Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*; 4to. 1650; p. 360). See also Lodge's *Illustrations of British History*, vol. ii. p. 68; London, 1838. In a letter said to be written in 1588 by Richard Leigh, a seminary priest to the Spanish ambassador, the decline of the English Catholics is strongly put. The writer says that, compared with their numbers at the accession of Elizabeth, 'there are not so many tens as we accounted hundreds' (*Harleian Miscellany*, 1808; 4to. i. 146). But is this letter genuine? and if so, where is the original? In 1592 the Earl of Pembroke writes to Elizabeth that the Welsh are 'in religion generally ill affected, as may appear by their use of Popish pilgrimages, their harbour of massing priests, their retaining of superstitious ceremonies, and the increase of wilful recusants' (Murden's *State Papers*, p. 662). Father Holtby, in a report which he sent in 1594 to his superior Garnet, writes that unless some check was given to the conduct of the English Government, 'it is greatly to be feared that in short time the weak and small number of God's servants shall come to ruin, and the little sparkle of Catholic religion as yet reserved amongst us shall be quite extinguished' (Dodd's *Church History*, edit. Tierney, vol. iii. p. 76).—C.P.B.

[1] Lingard, iv. 120.

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tion was suddenly changed. It became evident to her that the matter was no longer a mere dispute between two rival religions, but that it had risen to a deadly struggle between the temporal authority and the ecclesiastical authority. The choice did not now lie between the superstitions of Popery and the superstitions of Protestantism; but the question was whether the people of England were to be governed by their own civil magistrate, or by the deputies of the Bishop of Rome.[1] The question was soon decided; but unhappily for the reputation of Elizabeth, and, what is much more important, unhappily for the interests of England, the decision was followed up by measures which strongly savoured of the intolerant spirit of that barbarous age. I will not relate the infamous cruelties which the Protestants now practised on their Catholic countrymen; the pilloryings, the whippings, the torturings; but it is enough to mention that during a period of thirty years nearly 200 Catholics were publicly executed as martyrs to their religion, many of them cut down while they were yet living and their hearts torn from their bodies in the presence of a savage mob, who delighted to witness their dying agonies.

It is indeed distressing to observe how Elizabeth had thus allowed herself to be drawn out of that noble policy in which, for so long a time, she had steadily persisted. But while, with all the force which language allows, we must reprobate the conduct of the Queen, what shall we say to those modern Protestant writers who, to their eternal disgrace, have attempted to palliate so infamous a massacre? To punish men for their religion was a great crime in Elizabeth, of which she is perhaps even now paying the penalty. It was a much greater crime in those bishops and archbishops who had for so many years been urging her on to the evil work. But there can be no doubt that, in a high moral point of view, the greatest crime of all is committed by those persons of our own time who, in a comparatively enlightened age, and without the stimulus of danger, are constantly exerting their puny abilities to excite that bigotry with which English Protestants are but too apt to regard their Catholic countrymen, and who, in order to do this, are not ashamed to defend the conduct of Elizabeth, which on this occasion was as contrary to good policy as it was abhorrent to the spirit of all true religion. Happily, however, for the progress of civilisation, the influence of these men is now on the wane; and without detaining the reader by the consideration of their petty schemes, I will now return to the more important matters of general history.[2]

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[1] In December 1574 it was believed by Elizabeth that the Pope had given England to the King of Spain, who was immediately to invade it (*Correspondance de Fénelon*, vi. 338).—C.P.B.

[2] 'On voit dans les mémoires de Challoner, que depuis l'an 1577, jusqu'à la fin du règne d'Élisabeth, il y eut au moins cent trente-quatre prêtres et laïcs martyrisés pour leur attachement à la religion catholique' (*Memoirs of Missionary Priests*, by Challoner; London, 1741; tome i. p. 370). Voyez aussi the *Life of the Right Reverend Bishop*, par J. Barnard; London, 1784 (Grégoire, *Histoire des Confesseurs*, p. 144; Paris, 1824; 8vo.). . . . Dodd makes them 191, Milner 204 (Hallam, *Constitutional History*; London, 1842; i. 160). This great and honest writer regrets (pp. 161, 162) the flimsy subterfuge that the Catholics were not persecuted for their religion. Mr. Butler seems inclined to follow Milner's estimate (*Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics*; London, 1822; vol. i. p. 398). . . Collier says that in 1602 the secular priests 'proved that in the first eleven years of her reign not one Roman Catholic was capitally prosecuted for his religion' (Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, vii. 252).

Neal says (i. 444), 'In the first eleven years of her reign not one Roman Catholic was prosecuted capitally for religion,' and that even in the next ten years there were only

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While these things were passing affairs had gradually become more in England, the aspect of foreign favourable. The Dutch, smarting

twelve priests executed. In 1591 (?) a law was passed that Neal calls the most cruel that had yet been enacted against the Puritans (*History of the Puritans*, i. 426). In 1584, Whitgift, Archbishop of Canterbury, drew up 24 Articles for the use of the Court of High Commission (Neal, i. 337). These Articles were so violent that Burleigh wrote to him stigmatising them in the strongest terms. He says (Neal, i. 339), 'I find them so curiously penned, so full of branches and circumstances, that I think the Inquisition of Spain used not so many questions to comprehend and trap their priests.' Two months later (September 1584), the Lords of the Council remonstrated with the Archbishop (p. 341), and a treatise to the same effect was written by Beale, Clerk of the Queen's Council (p. 342). He would certainly not have ventured on this course without feeling certain of Elizabeth's approbation. In 1584, Aylmer, Bishop of London, wrote an angry letter to the Council, but the only notice they took of it was to remonstrate with that violent prelate (Neal, i. 346, 350, 351).

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Even the Puritans, whom Elizabeth hated, she would not allow Parker to persecute (Soames' *Elizabethan Religious History*; London, 1839; p. 42). In 1576, Elizabeth made Grindal Archbishop of Canterbury, which, as Soames says, was a very conciliatory measure towards the Puritans (*Elizabethan Religious History*, p. 220). In 1579, Hammond was burnt at Norwich for denying the Trinity (see Soames, p. 234). In 1581, Campion was executed; but the usual butchery was prevented by Charles Howard, the Lord Admiral, who would not allow him to be cut down till he was dead (Bartoli, 214, quoted in Soames' *Elizabethan Religious History*, p. 306). In 1588, Francis Kett, 'a master of arts, and probably a clergyman,' was burnt at Norwich for his opinions on Christ; but, says Soames, 'this case was the last in which Elizabeth's Government answered reflexions upon its Catholicity by fire and fagot' (Soames' *Elizabethan Religious History*, p. 354). In the reign of Elizabeth five persons were burnt as Unitarians (two in London and three in Norwich), and five Protestant Nonconformists were hung (Soames' *Elizabethan Religious History*, p. 595). Soames says (p. 598) that only five persons in the reign of Elizabeth were 'actually condemned as religious offenders.'

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In 1571 the Queen writes to the Archbishop of Canterbury, declaring that she will have 'a perfect reformation of all abuses attempted to deform the uniformity prescribed by our laws and injunctions, and that none should be suffered to decline either on the left or on the right hand from the direct line limited by authority of our said laws and injunctions' (Murden's *State Papers*, p. 183). In 1579, Lord Burghley proposes as a remedy against the 'comfort of obstinate Papists' that there should be 'penalties increased upon recusants' (Murden's *State Papers*, p. 331). In a letter from Thomas Morgan to Curle, dated 25th January 1586, that arch-conspirator says that Elizabeth 'hath banished within these twelve months a hundred priests or thereabouts, whereof some of them have lived many years close prisoners in England, and some of them be grown lame and impotent' (Murden's *State Papers*, p. 481).

In August 1575 the French ambassador writes to his court, without expressing any surprise, that some Dutchmen had just been burnt in London for heresy (*Correspondance de Fénelon*, vi. 490). After the failure of Wyatt's rebellion, the French ambassador at London writes to his court, 'Il n'y a par toute cette ville triomphe que de gibets et testes de justiciez par-dessus les portes' (*Ambassade de Noailles*; Leyde, 1762; tome iii. p. 83).

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Mr. Butler, who from his religion has had a natural tendency to exaggerate the persecutions of the Catholics by Elizabeth, says that the 35 Eliz. c. ii. 'was the first penal statute made against Popish recusants by that name, and as distinguished from other recusants' (Butler's *Historical Memoirs of the Catholics*; 8vo. 1822; vol. i. p. 293). He adds (vol. ii. pp. 42-44), 'This closed the penal code of Elizabeth against her English Catholic subjects.' In 1581 and 1582 fifteen priests were sentenced to die. Twelve of them, who refused to deny the right of the Pope to depose Elizabeth, were executed; the remaining three, who consented explicitly to deny such right, were pardoned (Butler's *Memoirs of the Catholics*, i. 424-431). Butler says (ii. 11), 'Between the armada and the death of Elizabeth more than one hundred Catholics were hanged and embowelled, merely, we must repeat, for the exercise of their religion.' Between 1558 and 1563, Butler can only find three Acts against the Catholics (vol. i. pp. 345-347). But of these, the first, which protected the Queen's supremacy, only affected persons who held

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under the cruel exactions of the Spanish Government, and knowing that they could reckon on the support of Elizabeth, had turned on their oppressors, and it seemed likely that they would be able to hold at bay all the power of Philip, distracted as he was by a fresh insurrection of the Moors. . . . .

At the moment when Spain was thus weakened by the open revolt of the most flourishing of its dependencies, there were gradually accumulating in an adjoining country the materials for the most deliberate

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ecclesiastical or civil offices: the second 'affected only the Protestant clergy, and persons in general who should speak against the Common Prayer Book.' The third Act was passed in the 5th of Elizabeth, and extended the penalties for not taking the oath of supremacy to all who had said or heard mass. But even this was evidently a mere vindication of the civil power against the Church; and at the same time Butler confesses (p. 347) that 'it was far from being generally carried into execution.' In Dodd's *Church History* (edit. Tierney; vol. iii. pp. 159–170) there is an elaborate list of those Catholics who suffered capitally in the reign of Elizabeth; but in it I do not find that any one was executed before 1573, and then only one, Thomas Woodhouse (see p. 165). (But I think there is an earlier instance.)

In the system of ecclesiastical law drawn up by Cranmer in 1552, the punishment of death is denounced against heretics. For this Lingard quotes the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*. This Soames cannot deny; but he asserts that by heretics were meant those who rejected Christianity (*History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, vol. iv. pp. 314–316, note). Indeed he adds (p. 318), 'that it was not intended to punish capitally opinions which in the *Reformatio Legum* are called heresies.' It is certain (Soames, iv. 317) that those who reject 'the Christian religion' are to be 'put to death, and forfeit all their property.' Soames himself (vol. iii. p. 722) expresses on this subject the most illiberal opinions.

Broughton, one of the most learned men of the age, held some opinions about the word *Gehenna* which did not please Archbishop Whitgift, who therefore sent officers to apprehend him; to avoid whom Broughton fled the realm. Eventually the archbishop adopted that very opinion for maintaining which he had persecuted Broughton, but refused in any way to further the ecclesiastical promotion of the man he had so cruelly injured. For the particulars of this disgraceful affair see Strype's *Life of Whitgift*, vol. ii. pp. 220–222, 320, 355, 389. The reputation of Broughton was so great that the Turks offered him the use of the Temple of Sophia, if he would go to Constantinople and read in Hebrew or Greek (vol. ii. p. 407).

Grindal, in 1559, asked the celebrated Peter Martyr to write to Elizabeth not to continue the crucifix in her chapel. But Peter knew better, and politely refused (Strype's *Life of Grindal*, p. 48). In consequence partly of the general increase of knowledge, and partly of the diminished influence of the clergy, there had been gradually growing up in the minds of men an indifference to the mere rites and dogmas of religion. Sir John Cheke, the learned tutor of Edward VI., in order to save his life, publicly recanted his religion during the reign of Mary (Strype's *Life of Cheke*, pp. 111–127). Men became less superstitious and more moral.

In Strype's *Annals* (vol. ii. part ii. pp. 494-495) there is a list, copied from a book printed at Antwerp, of the Catholics executed in London from 1570 to 1587. . . . . Alphonso de Castro, confessor to Philip II., preached in England in favour of tolerance (see White's *Evidence against Catholicism*, p. 250). . . . . There were, indeed, individual instances of constancy, and therefore individual instances of persecution. But the Queen always looked on religion as a matter of State, not of conscience. '*Think* what you like, but I claim *external* conformity. No appeal to a Pope,' &c. Indeed there was *little real* religious bigotry. The minds of men had been so swayed to and fro by sudden changes that they knew not what to think. Even a foreigner could see this vacillation. In the reign of Mary, Palen was in England. He says: 'The people don't know whether they belong to God or the Devil, which St. Paul has reprehended in many people, saying, "Be not transported with divers sorts of winds, but be constant and steady to your belief"' (*Antiq. Repertory*, iv. 511).

Under the peaceful rule of Elizabeth the feelings of men became gradually more merciful. In Wright's *Elizabeth* (London, 1838; vol. ii. p. 192) there is a letter from Parry to Burghley, dated Venice, 1582, in which he expresses a wish that in cases of the execution of Catholics 'it might please her Majestie to pardon the dismembering and quartering.'—C.P.B.

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and bloody tragedy that has ever yet disgraced the history of men. The French Government, which had for some years been a laughing-stock to its neighbours, at length distinguished itself by the commission of a crime which, considered in all its parts, stands alone, a solitary and instructive monument of the frightful extent to which religious bigotry can aggravate the natural malignity of our mean and superstitious nature. It will be understood that I allude to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which, while it caused in our own country a panic fear, produced the beneficial effect of inducing every Englishman to rally round the throne of Elizabeth. Whatever might be the natural discontents of the Catholics and Puritans, they were conscious that this was not the time to embarrass the Government of the Queen. Indeed, the alarm that was felt in England was so great that it showed itself in the most exaggerated rumours. It was currently reported that this was only the beginning of a series of similar acts; that all the lands of the French Protestants were to be sold, and the proceeds to be used for achieving the conquest of heretical countries.[1]

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Even in France the assassins did not reap the fruits of their crime. Rochelle still held out, and the Huguenots, with varying success, were able to keep their ground until, seventeen years later, their liberties were secured to them by the accession of Henry IV.

While France and Spain were thus weakened by intestine feuds, England was rapidly rising into greatness. For nearly twenty years after the great northern rebellion, Elizabeth was at peace with all the world, and was enabled to mature her plans for enriching and civilising her people. The leading characteristics of her policy will be unfolded under their respective heads in a subsequent part of this volume; but I may here mention some of those minor and yet important improvements which we owe to her fostering care.[2]

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In the midst of these great and pacific exertions, the country was again startled by the rumours of impending danger. Relieved for a time from the threat of foreign aggression, Elizabeth had now to guard against the insidious projects of domestic treason. Such projects were the natural result of the antagonism of two great conflicting

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[1] See Strype's *Annals*, vol. ii. part i. p. 238.

[2] But amid the struggles of discordant elements [there] had been gradually growing up during fifty years a class which was destined to conquer all other classes—which for 300 years had been advancing in dignity and in power—and which imparts to modern Europe the principle which mainly distinguishes it from the ancient world; I mean the middle class of England. For the causes of its rise see Jacob *On the Precious Metals*, ii. 111–113.

Lingard (v. 345) thinks that there were two reasons for the rapid increase of English greatness in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. 1st, 'That spirit of commercial enterprise which had revived in the reign of Mary, and was carefully fostered in that of Elizabeth.' 2nd, The foreign policy of Ministers, which, by aiding rebellion in other nations, gave them no time to attack England.

The two great physical causes of our prosperity are iron and coals, both of which we possess in such quantities that with even moderate industry and skill we could hardly fail to be the richest nation in Europe. But at the accession of Elizabeth we were entirely *ignorant* of the vast sources of power which nature had prepared for us in the bosom of the earth. Coal indeed had been burnt for some time, but never used in manufactures. Iron was only smelted by means of wood; but when that threatened to fail, the happy idea occurred of making one power aid another, and smelting iron by burning coal. (With these remarks I should begin the account of manufactures in the sixteenth century.)—C.P.B.

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parties, and they were furthered by several circumstances which had conspired to raise the hopes of the Catholics. On the side of Scotland, the Queen had for several years considered herself perfectly secure so long as the regency was possessed by Morton, who was a creature of her own, and who acted entirely under her guidance. But he was now suddenly arrested, tried for his life, sentenced to die, and, in spite of the active intercession of the English Government, was publicly brought to the block. This[1] was immediately followed by a visit to James by Waytes, a priest, and Creighton, a Jesuit. Their reception by the King and the Court was such as to inspire them with the expectation of changing the religion of the country. The whole Catholic party was now alive. Within a year of the death of Morton its most influential members held a great meeting at Paris, in which it was proposed that James and Mary should be associated on the [Scottish] throne. To this Mary of course agreed, and James not only gave in his adherence to the proposal, but caused a letter to be written to his mother expressing his approval of a plan of invading England formed by the Duke of Guise. The Government, whose information nothing could escape, intercepted the letter. The spirit of the English Protestants, which even in our own time has boiled over at much slighter insults, was roused to indignation at this attempt to introduce a foreign army into the heart of the kingdom. Looking upon Mary as the real author of the conspiracy, they rose almost as one man, and signed an association binding themselves to pursue to the death any one by whom or even *for* whom an attempt should be made on the life of Elizabeth. While the nation was thus exasperated, its irritability was fomented into madness by the discovery of a plot formed by Babington, Ballard, and others, to assassinate the Queen. The people, always ill-judging and always in extremes, considered this a fresh evidence of a deeply laid scheme to extirpate their religion; and their fury, excited partly by fear and partly by hatred, rose to such a pitch, that the Catholics in and about London were apprehensive of becoming the victims of a general massacre. Indeed, at one moment there was reason to fear that the horrors of St. Bartholomew's Day were about to be imitated on the English soil. Happily we were saved from so foul a blot; but the fate of Mary was sealed. Within a month after the execution of Babington, a commission was appointed to try her. She was sentenced to die. Elizabeth hesitated, but Parliament and the country clamoured for her head. The Queen signed the fatal warrant: recalled it: signed it again: and again recalled it. Whether these were compunctions of conscience or whether they were mere tricks of state is uncertain, and until the publication of further evidence than is yet in our hands will remain unknown.[2] At all events, mistaken views of policy, aided no doubt by feelings of personal jealousy, at length induced her to bring Mary to the block. All Europe thrilled with horror; and Philip, whose resentment against Elizabeth had been accumulating for thirty years, determined to avail himself of the general feeling by striking against

[1] 'This sentence is too abrupt.'—[Marginal note by Mr. Buckle.]

[2] Fénelon, in 1575, seemed to think that Elizabeth wished to save the life of Mary (*Correspondance Diplomatique de Lamothe Fénelon*; Paris, 1842; tome i. pp. xxvii. xxix.—C.P.B.

In 1569 'the Great Seal was put to a warrant' for the execution of Mary. See *Leycester Correspondence*, edit. Camden Society, pp. xc.-iv.—C.P.B.

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her a great and decisive blow. The Queen had the earliest intelligence of his designs, and bestirred herself with all her wonted energy. Her first care was for Scotland. r James, on hearing of Mary's execution, talked big and loud. He would raise troops from every part of his kingdom. He would put himself at the head of his nobility, and inflict the most signal vengeance on the murderer of his mother. But all this was not the grief of a bereaved son: it was not even the injured dignity of a king: it was nothing but the idle vapouring of a noisy bully. Elizabeth knew her man. First she cajoled him, and then she bribed him. She wrote him an affectionate letter, and she sent him 4,000*l*. The affection he might have withstood, but the money was irresistible, and Elizabeth felt that from the north she had nothing to fear.

But in another quarter the clouds gathered thick and blackened the horizon. The King of Spain had received a vast accession of strength from the conquest of Portugal, and with increased energy now pushed his preparations for war. Not even the fear of the establishment of a universal monarchy could prevent the Catholic powers from openly sympathising with his stupendous design. The Pope not only promised him a million of crowns, but with infinite difficulty actually collected that sum, which was ready to be paid the moment the invading army should have landed in England. . . . . .

To these immense preparations Elizabeth had to oppose a power which, though now prodigiously strengthened, was still affected by the curse of religious schism. At home she was able to keep that spirit in check; but abroad it now produced some very alarming results. Holland was with reason considered a great bulwark of England; and the Queen had sent forces to aid the Dutch in that noble struggle which they were now making against the power of Spain. But news was now brought to England that in that very country Sir William Stanley with all his troops had deserted to Philip, and had given up the important town of Deventer, with the government of which he, although a Catholic, had been entrusted. . . . .

And in order that these examples might not be lost on the other subjects of Elizabeth, they were held up for imitation in the works of two of the most influential of the English Catholics. It is indeed a remarkable proof of the havoc which superstition can commit even in superior intellects, that these infamous and cowardly treasons were, on the pretence of religion, publicly justified (?) in written documents, not only by the coarse and turbulent parsons, but also by Cardinal Allen, a man of amiable character, and, considering the time in which he lived, of a most enlightened mind.[1]

Such conduct, shameful as it must appear, is rather to be ascribed to the general workings of religious bigotry than to any circumstances peculiar to the Church of Rome. But this was not the view taken by the English hierarchy. The bishops, so soon as they had heard of what had happened, availed themselves of it to effect their own ends; and with redoubled zeal they now urged Elizabeth to revenge the acts of a few incendiaries upon the great body of her Catholic subjects.[2]

[1] 'Cardinal Allen is said to have been a man of the most amiable and exemplary character (Butler's *Memoirs of the Catholics*; London, 1822; vol. i. pp. 317, 322).—C.P.B.

[2] Just after the armada, Cooper, Bishop of Winchester, urgently demanded more stringent laws against the Catholics and Puritans. See Cooper's *Admonition to the People of England*, 1589, pp. 72, 107, 108; London, 1847.—[Author's note.]

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But Elizabeth well knew that under the mask of loyalty these men only sought to gratify the hatred with which they regarded their Catholic countrymen, and she indignantly rejected those cruel precautions which they sought to impose upon her. And as if to show her dislike, she appointed Catholics to offices of trust.

. . . . .

While the Queen was thus employed, there were assembling in the Spanish ports the materials for an armament the like of which had never been seen in Europe since the day [of] Xerxes.

When the expedition was almost ready to sail, Philip consecrated it by a form of solemn prayer: but Elizabeth, heedless of such precautions, only laboured to infuse into her people a portion of her own intrepid spirit. Having done this, and having, by her rejection of the intolerant advice of the bishops, attempted to unite all England into a bulwark for her throne, she calmly waited for the dreadful crisis. It was indeed not only a time of agonising suspense, but it was a great moment in the history of the world. In a deadly contest between the two first of living nations, there was now to be put to the issue everything that is dearest to man. If the army of Philip could once set its foot on the English soil, the result was not a matter of doubt. The heroism of Elizabeth and the chivalrous loyalty of her troops would have been as nothing when opposed by that stern and disciplined valour which had carried the Spanish [flag] through a hundred battles. And when the irregular forces of England had once been dispersed, the people of England would then have risen, and there would have followed another unavailing struggle, which even at this distance of time it is frightful to consider. It would have been a struggle of race against race, in which the descendants of a Latin colony would have gloried in avenging upon a Teutonic people the cruel injuries which had been heaped on their fathers by the savage tribes of Alaric and Attila. It would have been the struggle of religion against religion, in which the fiendish passions of a ferocious priesthood would have glutted themselves to satiety in the blood of the heretic. It would have been a struggle which would have decided the fate not merely of England, not merely of Protestantism, but, what was far more important, the fate of the liberties of Europe, and of that young and brilliant civilisation which was now beginning to shine in an almost meridian splendour.

If the prodigious power of the Spanish empire had been wielded by a sovereign at all competent to the task, these probabilities would have become matters of almost absolute certainty. But Philip was one of those men who seem to be always in the wrong. After the battle of St. Quentin, an excess not of caution, but of timidity, prevented him from pushing his troops into the heart of France. And yet now, when he was meditating the capital enterprise of his long reign, when he was about to undertake the subjugation of a country whose resources had been developed during thirty years by the greatest sovereign that had been seen since the death of Charlemagne: at this moment it was that the commonest calculations of an ordinary prudence seem suddenly to have deserted him. Flushed by the hope of an immortal renown, he spurned the advice of his ablest councillors. It was in vain that the Duke of Parma urged the necessity of first taking Flushing, which, in case of adverse fortune, would secure a certain retreat. It was in vain that this great commander insisted on the danger of sailing through a narrow

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sea which was girdled by hostile ports. Philip, urged on by his priests, who told him that he was the chosen minister of God, determined at once to strike the blow. The armada sailed from the coast of Spain. The results I need not stop to relate, for they form a part of those heroic traditions of our glory by which the infant was once rocked in the cradle, by which the man was once spurred on to the fight.[1]

From this time everything prospered under the hands of Elizabeth. After much hesitation she had at length determined openly to protect the Netherlands against the power of Spain.[2] Those unfortunate provinces had, by the assassination of the Prince of Orange (in 1584), been deprived not only of their greatest general, but of their only statesman, and they now saw their government thrown into the hands of an inexperienced boy. The consequence was that the Duke of Parma had carried everything before him. Brussels and Sluys had successively fallen into his hands. Antwerp, after a stubborn resistance, had met with the same fate, and it seemed likely that Philip would regain everything which had for so many years been lost to him.[3] Indeed, immediately after the failure of the armada, the Duke of Parma determined to wipe out that disgrace by the entire conquest of the Low Countries. Having already reduced the whole of Brabant with the single exception of Bergen-op-Zoom, he at once with his entire army laid siege to that important town, the possession of which would have thrown open to him those rich and flourishing provinces which lay to the north of the Waal. But on the land as well as on the ocean Philip was to be foiled by the hand of Elizabeth. The Dutch, with the aid that the Queen had sent to them, succeeded in baffling all his attempts, and he, unquestionably the greatest general in Europe, was compelled to effect a sudden and disastrous retreat. The Duke, still acting under the orders of Philip, then marched into France, hoping by this sudden movement to effect a junction with the rebels, and with their united forces overthrow Henry IV., the friend and ally of Elizabeth. But there also the troops of England were at hand, and contributed not a little to the complete defeat of the Spanish army.[4]

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[1] Camden says the Spanish armada consisted of 130 ships, in which were 19,290 soldiers, 8,350 mariners, 2,080 galley slaves, and 2,630 great ordnance (*Annals of Elizabeth*, in Kennett, vol. ii. p. 545). He adds (p. 548), 'Tis certain that Don Bernardine de Mendaza was so ridiculous as to print a lying poem in France, which proclaimed the triumph before the victory was obtained.' In 1589 a successful expedition against Spain was headed by Drake and Norris, of which Camden says (Kennett, ii. 555), 'Most certain it is that England was so far gainer by the expedition as from that time to apprehend no incursions from Spain.'—C.P.B.

Smith (*Wealth of Nations*, p. 233) supposes that the defeat of the armada in 1588 so ruined the Spanish navy as to prevent their obstructing the progress of European settlement in America.—C.P.B.

[2] 'In what was the most important of all her measures of foreign policy, her interference in the affairs of Holland, she constantly acted in direct opposition to the advice of her ministers.' See Mr. Bruce's judicious Introduction to the *Leycester Correspondence*, pp. xxxii.-xxxvii. Camden Society.—C.P.B.

[3] 'The capture of Antwerp by the Spaniards in 1576 excited just alarm, and gave birth to a spirited ballad, warning London to be careful that she did not incur the same fate. See it in Mr. Collier's *Old Ballads*, edit. Percy Society, 1840; 8vo. pp. 89-101.—C.P.B.

[4] Immediately after the accession of the King of Navarre, in 1589, Philip of Spain united with a powerful party in France to depose him. Elizabeth saw that a great crisis was at hand. Her parsimony, which never degenerated into avarice, did not prevent her

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While the fortunes of Philip were thus declining abroad, Elizabeth suddenly determined to attack him at home. Having already insulted his fleet, intercepted his treasure on its way from America, and even destroyed his ships as they sailed from port to port, she at length sent an expedition which cut out his navy under the very guns of Cadiz, captured the city, burnt it to the ground, and inflicted an irretrievable injury on the Spanish empire.[1]

The most powerful of her enemies being thus crippled, and her position being still further secured by the accession of a Protestant prince to the throne of France, Elizabeth was now at leisure to direct her attention to a country which has always been the disgrace as well as the curse of England, and which, even at the present day, is as a foul and ulcerous excrescence deforming the beauty and weakening the energy of this mighty empire. For three centuries (?) Ireland had been a source of constant anxiety to the English Government. Its wild and desperate population was constantly rising in arms, and within the last few years there had broken out a fresh and dangerous rebellion, headed by a man of no common abilities—the proud but subtle Tyrone. The Queen, with that knowledge of men which, except in two instances,[2] never deceived her, now selected Mountjoy for the difficult task of reducing this turbulent country. He, after a desperate struggle, completely suppressed the rebellion: compelled Tyrone to surrender at discretion, and sent him to London to be disposed of at the discretion of the Queen. This was the last act of this great and glorious reign; but the news of it was not to meet the ears of her to whom it was owing. Indeed, the powers of Elizabeth, which had been for some time declining, were now worn out. After nearly half a century of incessant labour, the life of the great Queen began to ebb. The death of her oldest and wisest councillors, the sensible diminution of her energies, and perhaps a prophetic vision of the future, preyed on her mind. Weary of life, which for her had lost its charms, her shattered body yielded to the first summons, and she died full of years and of glory. The people were not fully sensible of the loss they had sus-

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furnishing him with arms and troops, and with a present supply of 22,000 pounds in English gold—'a sum,' says Camden (*Annals of Elizabeth*, in Kennett, ii. 556), 'which he professed he had never seen together ever before;' and the next year she supplied him with an additional 33,333 crowns (p. 558). Camden tells us (pp. 559-560) that she was advised to spare the expense, and avail herself of the weakness of France to seize on Picardy and Normandy; but she adopted the more generous and much wiser policy of upholding the throne of Henry IV. It has been a common charge against Elizabeth that she was avaricious; but those who bring that charge confound parsimony with avarice. She was parsimonious, and in this she only did her duty in saving the money of her subjects—a duty which it would be well if sovereigns of the present day would imitate, instead of squandering a large part of the resources of the country in petty ornaments only fit to occupy the leisure of a girl who has just emerged from the nursery. Camden (*Annals*, in Kennett, ii. 558) truly says, 'The truth is, she was prudent and frugal to a great degree, and scarce spent anything but in the necessary support of her royal character, the defence of her kingdom, or the relief of her neighbours.'—C.P.B.

[1] In 1590 her power was so established that she interfered between the Grand Sultan and the Poles, and received the thanks of the latter for the peace she procured for them (Kennett, ii. 559). In 1595 the Spaniards made a contemptible incursion on the coast of Cornwall. In recording this, Camden (Kennett, ii. 583-584) says: 'These were the only Spaniards that ever set foot in England as enemies.' In 1601 her alliance was courted by the King of Morocco and the Emperor of Russia (Camden, in Kennett, ii. 629).—C.P.B.

[2] Leicester and Essex.—[Author's note.]

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tained, and indeed they had no means of fairly estimating it until they had compared her with that contemptible buffoon who was now to fill her place. Still it was a blow which they felt bitterly; and there is not the slightest foundation for the assertion so confidently made by modern writers, that Elizabeth outlived her popularity. Camden indeed tells us, what we know from other sources, that many of the courtiers deserted her in order to pay their homage to James. This is likely enough of that debased and unmanly tribe. It is likely enough that those wretched creatures who are always fluttering in a palace should be the first to desert the falling ruin. It is likely enough that those who are so servile as to humble themselves before the sovereign when she is living, should be so treacherous as to desert her when she is dying. But the people at large knew nothing of such grovelling intrigues, and they could not fail to admire that intellect which had conducted them unscathed through such constant and pressing dangers. They respected Elizabeth as a sovereign: they loved her as a friend: and they took good care that she should not have the last agonies of death embittered by the sharp sting of national ingratitude.[1]

The reader will perhaps be surprised that I should as yet have taken no notice of the Puritans, who during the last years of the sixteenth century began seriously to embarrass the Government, and but for the prudence of Elizabeth would perhaps have succeeded in impeding its operations. But I have designedly made this omission, because I feel that in this, which is but a preliminary sketch, it would be impossible to do justice to so important a subject, and because it has appeared to me that the proper period for attempting a philosophic estimate of their tendencies will be the moment of their final success. That moment was indeed now at hand, and under the reign of James we shall find this obscure sect rapidly swelling into a mighty party, whose power swept away the throne and the Church, and whose influence is still perceptible in our laws, in our institutions, and in many of the strokes of our national character. But the causes and extent of their influence, which form one of the most important and difficult branches of English history, will be discussed at length in the next volume: and I now turn with pleasure from the relation of mere political events to consider the moral and economical state of England during the reign of Elizabeth.

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[1] Respecting the grief felt at Elizabeth's death, see Morgan's *Phœnix Britannicus*; 1731; 4to. p. 31, and at pp. 306–308.—C.P.B.

Miss Strickland takes for granted the unpopularity of Elizabeth towards the end of her reign, and ascribes it to the execution of Essex (vii. 266–279).—C.P.B.

Camden takes no notice of the Queen becoming unpopular towards the end of her reign; and yet if such was the case he must have been aware of it, and have known that James I., in whose reign he wrote, would have been pleased to have it recorded. He only says (Kennett, vol. ii. p. 652) that some of the courtiers deserted her for the 'rising sun,' as he calls James. This is likely enough; but surely the ingratitude of the miserable butterflies who fluttered in her palace is no proof that this great Queen had lost the affections of her people, whom she had conducted in safety through the most fearful dangers.—C.P.B.

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BANKS AND BANKING.

By Bonamy Price, Esq.

WHAT is a bank? Of what do its resources consist? What are the things which it receives and lends? What does it deal in? Right answers to these questions would greatly help to clear up the marvellous confusion which clouds the public mind on matters of currency. At this moment, newspapers and chambers of commerce, and the larger part of the commercial world, are vehemently assailing or defending the Bank Charter Act of 1844. One set of people stigmatise it as the criminal to whom most of the distress and suffering of last summer is due: another set proclaim as stoutly that, but for the provisions of this law, the panic would have become ruin. It would have saved a multitude of wasted words, if the combatants in this angry strife had plainly asked themselves whether they had looked into and clearly defined the ground on which they attacked or defended the law. Both sides proceed on a common assumption; both take it for granted that the enactments which regulate the issue of bank-notes do powerfully affect, for good or evil, the supply of means in the money market, the facility and rate of discount, the ease or the discomfort of the trading community. 'Too few bank-notes,' exclaim some, 'aggravated, if they did not create, the panic.' 'The excellent results of our bank-note laws,' others reply, 'prevented the ship from foundering.' Is this so? is this common assumption well founded? Have the people who made these assertions ascertained whether the supply of bank-notes is really connected with discount and the state of the money market? Have they given any sort of proof to their own minds that the currency has anything to do with loans and banking? Is the public the sport of an illusion, and actually discussing which is the heavier, a dead fish or a live one? Would it not be as well to weigh the fish first, and to make sure that bank-notes do really influence in any way the resources of the money market, and the ability of banks to make loans to traders?

On former occasions I have approached this question from the side of currency; I now propose to begin at the opposite end, and to take an examination into the nature of a bank as my starting point. It is an inquiry which is urgently needed. The objects which we see at every moment of our lives are often precisely those which we have least cared to investigate. How many persons have distinctly put themselves the question, 'What is a bank?' and yet what mountains of literature have been heaped up upon banking!

Let me first of all explain what a bank is not. It is not a dealer in cash. It is not a money-dealer at all, if we use the word money in its legitimate sense as meaning coin and bank-notes. I do not say that a bank never touches money; that, of course, would be simply absurd and untrue: but I say that every man in the kingdom necessarily handles money, as life runs on, and the question is, whether a bank is concerned with money in any special sense, and in a different way from that with which we are all concerned with money. A banker pays his debts with cash, or money; so does every one else; and that fact alone shows nothing peculiar in a banker's relations to coin and bank-notes. The pinch of the

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matter lies here: is money, cash, the object of a banker's business, as bread is the concern of the baker, and books of the bookseller? Is it cash which a banker receives from one set of customers, and is it this same cash, or money, which he transfers to another? I affirm that cash is not the banker's commodity, in the same manner as tea is the commodity of the China merchant. It is almost ludicrous to have to argue the point: the question has only to be asked, to render its absurdity transparent. For all but a very insignificant portion of his business, a banker is occupied with something else than money, or cash. I am assured by competent authority that, for an ordinary bank, free from exceptional circumstances, one thirtieth part is an ample allowance for its cash transactions. This fact receives strong corroboration from the evidence given to Parliament respecting the receipts and payments of the great house of Todd, Morrison & Co. Out of payments amounting to a million a year, only 37,000*l.* were settled by gold and notes—about a twenty-seventh part. The mighty firm carried on immense operations: it bought and it sold; it received bills and discounted them; very probably it obtained at times advances, and repaid them; it was exposed to all the fluctuations of the money market, and yet the paltry sum of 37,000*l.* was all the use it had for money, for coin and bank-notes. And then, with such a fact before their eyes, we find bankers and merchants and writers innumerable, in the depths of violent agitation, vociferating that the supply of bank-notes is the secret and the staple of trade, and that the suspension of the Bank Charter Act, and piles of bullion stored in cellars, are the sole salvation of a sinking Utopia!

Money, then, is not the article in which a bank trades. A banker requires money, because he has to pay some of his debts in money, like every one else; but the bulk of his receipts and payments consist of something totally distinct from cash. What is this something, this commodity, in which a bank deals, this article from which it derives its existence and its profits? Debts, I answer; and I define a bank to be an institution for the transfer of debts. In essence, a bank is a clearing house, doing, in a general way, the same sort of work amongst its customers that the great clearing house does amongst bankers. It clears debts, it strikes balances, it transfers items from one folio of a large book into another; it reckons up figures, it handles names and pieces of paper; and this is positively, actually, truly, almost the only thing it does. Its staple is legal obligations expressed on paper, *titres*, as the French happily call them; and its business is to transfer them from one class of its customers to another. With money, as I have shown, it has very small concern; with bills and cheques and dividend-warrants, and coupons, and lines in its ledger, adding or taking away large figures to or from a man's account, it has very great concern indeed. Its business lies in these, so to say, exclusively; and the abundance or the scarcity of these pieces of paper, these items, these legal debts, constitute its powers of granting accommodation, as the phrase is, largely or scantily to its friends.

This being so, it becomes a most important and most interesting question to learn what are the causes which render these debts thus deposited with banks and moved about by them, few or many; for it is obvious, from the analysis here given, that the relations of a bank to the trading world, its power of making advances and discounting bills—and with that power, the

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rate of interest which it will charge for these advances—will be determined by the number of debts which the bank has at its disposal for transfer. The origination of these debts, therefore, is the critical point to ascertain. How do they come into existence? What is their history? What preceding events do they presuppose? What makes them few or many? I assert that they originate with the sale of a commodity: they imply a sale, they are the products of a sale, a sale of property which has not been paid for by the exchange of an equivalent commodity, but which has been given away upon a liability to make this payment when demanded. But a caution must be carefully noted. I am speaking of the first rise of these debts, not of their subsequent movements. Very many items recorded in the books of a bank are not the registrations of the identical pieces of paper for which the commodities were sold. They all spring from sales; but the debts thence arising once created, they are shuffled about in the banking world, and may have been debited and credited in twenty banks before they reached the one in which they actually appear. The credit given for the voucher of debt lodged in the first bank must not be confounded with the credits generated in succession by its subsequent transfer. The first is the actual creation of a new banking resource: the others are merely changes of its ownership.

Let us now examine what occurs when these sales take place. We will begin with the smallest transactions. A cottager brings his pig to market, sells it for 3*l.*, and with this money buys blankets and clothing for his family. There is nothing for a banker here. The exchange of a pig for clothing has been almost direct: the money has served as the instrument; two equivalents have changed hands and there is nothing over.

We will now rise to a higher instance, which is a complete repretative of each and all of the vast transactions created by modern commerce. A farmer sells a rick for 100*l.*, in the same way as a merchant may have sold an Indian or an Australian cargo. If the farmer, like the cottager, immediately buys to the same extent as he has sold, nothing will have been obtained for a bank. The farmer will have exchanged his wheat and straw for the various articles that he wants; no resource for a bank or for discount will have arisen out of the operation; the City will be uninfluenced by it. But it will be otherwise if the farmer is not disposed to buy at once to the same extent as he sells. Suppose him to buy 80*l.* worth of commodities, he remains still an owner for 20*l.* By giving his wheat and straw to the general stock of commodities he made himself owner of any goods on sale to the like amount. The contents of shops and warehouses belonged to him to the amount of 100*l.* By purchasing for 80*l.* the shops and warehouses now owe him only the worth of 20*l.*, and this remaining unexpended right or power of buying is a clear surplus which is available for the increase of a bank's means. His property in the stock of commodities is embodied either in money which he has received, or in some warrant or piece of paper, which enables him, or whoever holds it for him, to realise that property when he pleases by the purchase of commodities. This warrant or money he lodges at a bank, and the power he had of buying is now possessed by the banker. A resource has thus been created for banking and discounting; the banker, who would have had nothing to lend if the farmer had exercised his full power of obtaining 100*l.* worth of goods as the equivalent of the wheat and straw which he has added to the

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capital of the country, is now able to use and deal in purchasing power to the extent of 20*l*., which the farmer lodged at his bank. He sends it on to London, again on a piece of paper, in the form of a bill or cheque; it quickly finds its way to the discount office of the Bank of England: and what then occurs? An Australian merchant, who has got a good bill secured on wool, but not yet due, is anxious to execute an order he has received to ship 20*l*. worth of beer on board of a vessel on the eve of sailing for Melbourne; he presents his bill at the discount office. The 20*l*. of purchasing power which has just arrived from the country enables the bank to discount it, and with the proceeds, almost always given in the form of a cheque, the merchant buys the beer, and thereby balances and liquidates the sale of the wheat and straw by the farmer. The operation gets completed; 80*l*. worth of goods bought by the farmer, 20*l*. worth of beer by the merchant furnish the exact equivalent for the rick. Finance has done its work; the purchasing power is extinguished, and the exchange of wheat and straw for other merchandise of equal value has been effected. Debts alone remain: a debt of 20*l*. from the country bank to the farmer, and at the other end of the chain—for the debts may have passed through many hands—a like debt of 20*l*. from the merchant to the discount office, and it is the moving and shuffling about of these debts which constitutes almost all that the City has to do. The largeness of the figures employed by the City, the vast apparatus of clerks, ledgers, and cheques, the talk about loans and credits, and advances on consols, debentures, and similar warrants of indebtedness, disguise the true nature of the City's business, and the source from which it derives its supplies. We see now that they all originate in sales, and that the City does not, speaking generally, possess capital, but only the command of capital, the right to procure it, and as this command implies the pre-existence of commodities, which generated that purchasing power by being sold, it is evident that its extent, its largeness and its smallness depend entirely on the amount of these sales, that is, on the actual quantity of commodities existing and sold.

I have gone through this instance in detail, because every item of every bank's means originated in precisely the same way. They all, every one of them, come from sales; and they are all debts (save the very small portion deposited in cash) arising from these sales, which the bank passes on to a new set of persons.

The instruction which this illustration yields is very great. A bank, in the first instance, is merely a go-between, an intermediate instrument, a clearing house: it generates no capital, it does not even possess any capital, except the few sovereigns and shillings in its till. It balances debts between its customers, not by passing capital or coin, but by various kinds of written obligations to pay and lines in ledgers; it creates no wealth, no means, no capital, but distributes them. They originated and exist outside of the bank; all that the bank has to give is the command of them to new owners.

We see next that the amount of a banker's business, the amount of his resources and of his ability to lend to traders, must be and are determined by the sales of commodities from which his means come, and the surplus of buying power acquired by the sellers, but not exercised by them in taking commodities from the shops and warehouses. This is the vital truth, the fundamental principle of the banker's business; let it be once

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firmly grasped, and the confusion which now prevails about currency will not be able to live by its side. It domineers over all banking; it holds good of all its parts. Dividends or consols, warrants and shares of every kind, all spring from the same source: they are all the proceeds of sales, which generated a power of buying not fully exercised by the sellers.

And now we can face the question, what is it that makes a banker able at one time to lend much, at another to lend but little? Clearly, his means are great when sales have lodged a large surplus of the right and power to buy in his hands; he hardens his heart and shakes his head when either there have been no sales, or the sellers have themselves at once taken out the equivalent of what they sold in other articles. And consequently if traders desire to prognosticate the coming weather in the money market, they must turn their eyes not to the operations of the banker —for like a jobber on the stock exchange, his business is to make his receipts and his loans balance each day—but to the movements of capital, of commodities in the country. If the nation is getting poor, if harvests have been bad and not replaced the commodities consumed in agriculture, if large quantities of the produce of English industry have had to be sent abroad for a not increased, or even perhaps diminished quantity of some great article in universal use, if profits have been scanty at home and abroad, and savings few, if the public has committed itself to large investments, unproductive for the present and liable to heavy calls, —the sales of commodities will diminish, and every customer will have a smaller amount of surplus, after supplying his wants, to lodge in a bank, and the banker's resources and his ability to lend will dwindle away. If on the contrary, trade has flourished, and profits have abounded, and surpluses have increased, and the farmer and the manufacturer, after having provided for draining and new buildings, have still something to spare, and cotton and silk and corn are cheap, and railways have sold many passenger tickets and yielded good dividends, then commodities and wealth are augmented, and sales multiply, and capital seeking employment is enlarged, and the fund available for lending to new enterprises expands, and it reaches commerce and the money market through banking and discount, and the power of the banker to make advances gladdens the heart of every trader. This is the true field of study: the state of the nation's wealth, in reference to the existence of a surplus of commodities which can be loaned out to fresh owners. I repeat, the discount procured on a bill at the Bank of England is nothing else than the remaining portion of an incompletely exercised right of buying commodities; a right generated by the sale of some previous commodity, and embodied in a few words written on some legal obligation.

But is this so? I shall be asked. Is not credit the life and essence of a banker's business? And is it not something different from a surplus stock of timber, and corn, and iron? Is it not something spiritual, the child of confidence, depending on the humour of men's minds, and susceptible of vast expansions and equally vast diminution by the skill of the veteran financiers, who possess the secret of directing this magical force? Alas, credit is a word which has much to complain of against its admirers. From a very simple process it has been converted by vague imagination into an undefinable, and therefore fancied all the more to be a mighty engine of modern commerce. Many

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talk of credit: those who know what they mean by the word are few. For what is credit? Giving property to a borrower without payment at the time of lending. Credit is not a substance, a piece of wealth, a commodity: it is a word which expresses a certain relation between two persons in respect of property. Credit is not a creation of wealth; on the contrary, credit cannot come into being unless a piece of wealth already pre-exists. Credit is a mode of transfer only—transfer without receiving the equivalent. No doubt, the transfer of property by the process of credit from persons who are unable to employ it to those who can apply it to industry is a very enriching process; and as this is the function performed by banks, banks are indisputably very powerful instruments of national prosperity. But it is a radical mistake to suppose that the banker can increase or diminish credit at his pleasure: his power over credit is limited, as must happen to all lenders, by the quantity of things which he has to lend. As far as his own personal property is concerned, a banker undoubtedly may lend much or little, as he may feel disposed; but he thus directly renders himself responsible for the conduct of others, and in most cases must absolutely part with his property to the borrower. For every other loan he makes the banker has no other resource but what he has previously received from others.

There are men who profess to stand on the ground of practical experience who will tell me that it is a certain fact that when credit is bad, and confidence destroyed, loans are exceedingly hard to come by; and this fact warrants the inference that credit, according as it is strong or weak, does actually facilitate or obstruct advances from bankers. The point deserves a few words of explanation. The reply in substance amounts to this unquestionable truth—that the disposition to lend varies very much at different times. It is so; but the reply forgets that this disposition of mind is itself governed by the state of the facts. The destruction of confidence arises in every case, either from the destruction of capital through numerous losses amongst traders and investors, or from distrust of the future, generated by diverse causes, such as excessive speculation, political complications, and the like. In the former case, what I have said above applies fully: bankers do not like to lend, because they perceive that their resources are dwindling away, and that the reduced means of their customers are telling on their deposits. In the second case, capital is undiminished, no doubt, but is unused; the power of buying accumulates in banks, but both borrowers and bankers are shy of acting. Bankers' reserves swell every day; yet applications for loans and discount do not increase in the same ratio. What is the actual, objective, real result of facts? That much capital is unemployed—not the falsely named capital, which is supposed to be held by the bankers—but the true capital, commodities, which is not applied to industrial operations with the accustomed energy. Stocks of iron, manufactured goods, engines and so on, all through the circle of commodities, cannot be got out of the shops and warehouses. Why? Because men in business contract their operations from fear and distrust; the activity of the nation is arrested, and business is said to come to a standstill. This is an event which occurs far more frequently than most people suppose, and seems to have been very imperfectly understood. Wonder is felt that the funds at the disposal of bankers should be so large, and the

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rate of discount so low, and yet that applications for loans should be so few. The fault is laid on the shoulders of the banker: he won't lend; whereas, the truth is, people will not borrow; people, that is, fit to be trusted with the property of their neighbours. The nominal evil is large unemployed balances at bankers; that is, excessive reserves of coin and notes: but as coin and notes are not themselves productive, unless they are actually employed in making exchanges of property, there is no more harm that they should accumulate with a single banker than in the pockets of a large number of persons. The true evil, the evil of fact, is the accumulation of unused commodities, glutted shops and stuffed up warehouses, from a want of will to embark on new commercial ventures, or even to keep up old ones. The effect is the same as if a great trade, the cotton or China trade, were suddenly to cease; but I repeat the reality is in the region of commodities. What occurs at the bank is merely that an increased number of persons, the banker and his natural borrowers included, have the power of buying and are unwilling to use it. They can purchase goods if they choose; they may buy food, clothing and tools, because the stock of existing commodities partly belongs to them. They can set labourers to work, and commence new undertakings. But they do not choose to do so in the case of distrust supposed. Industry is paralysed: shopkeepers and artisans suffer; the goods lie unused, and no work or profit is made. Such is the action of distrust, the results being arrested labour on one side, and on the other an accumulation of titles to commodities, of purchasing power contained in coin and notes in the reserves of bankers. They thus acquire an excessive share of the currency, for the very simple reason that trade being slack, there is a smaller capacity in the public to hold currency, there are fewer transactions which call for the agency of these tools in buying and selling.

Credit leads us on to bank-notes, the culprits to which the general misunderstanding of that simple thing, currency, is mainly due. Do not bank-notes enable a banker to lend more than he otherwise would be able to do? And if so, the more bank-notes he has, is he not just so much the more capable of granting accommodation to trade? And are not bank-notes a form of credit, and consequently, do they not prove that credit is a creative force, and multiplies resources, and furnishes means for lending? These, and thoughts like these, spring up in bubbling abundance in the minds of most persons who talk about banks and currency. The bank-note is the true miracle-worker. When men cannot find lenders, or get advances on consols, what so natural as to cry that there are too few bank-notes, and that a larger supply of these magical operators would make every one rich and comfortable? Let us endeavour to ascertain what the bank-note really is and can do, and then we shall be in a position to determine the amount of power, if any, which it places in a banker's hands.

A bank-note then is a form of currency, in other words an instrument of exchange, for the purpose of enabling the ownership of property to pass into one man's hands from another's. It is not itself property or capital, beyond that part of a farthing which it has cost to manufacture, but a title to capital, an acknowledgment of debt, a liability to pay, a promise to pay on demand. Nothing but disastrous confusion can come of calling a bank-note capital. Its convenience is so great in effecting exchanges of commodities and payments, that it

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is found by experience that the public is willing to give some thirty millions sterling for the use of those pieces of paper; that is, the public has thirty millions of bank-notes and more in its hands; and though it might on any day demand payment in gold for all this quantity, and with that gold might purchase wine, sugar, timber and tea from abroad, it deliberately prefers to retain these notes, solely for their convenience as currency. It is on this fact, a fact supplied by experience alone, that the issue and use of bank-notes are founded. Every Bank of England note has cost one hundred shillings in goods or coin to procure; and the public willingly submit to pay this sum for them on account of their usefulness in making payments and exchanges.

A natural fitness for the business, which need not be discussed in this place, has made bankers the usual issuers of notes. What is the nature of this operation? It is the sale of a tool which is employed in making small payments and effecting exchanges of property. The banker offers to the public an instrument of exchange, generally as useful as a sovereign, and very often far more convenient; it performs the same identical work as the sovereign, though commonly applied to transactions and payments of a somewhat different nature. So far as he is an issuer of notes, the banker differs absolutely in no respect from a tradesman who has goods to sell: he supplies to the public a tool which is of great service in conducting a portion of the commerce of the country. Sometimes he receives the price of his wares in actual gold; more frequently he accomplishes the sale by the willingness of his customers to take these tools as a discharge of debts due to them by the bank. The fact that a banker keeps a shop and offers a useful commodity for sale is the central idea—the key which explains the whole of the bank-note system. It is the root of the matter: by its help everything connected with bank-notes becomes intelligible. Almost every misconception about the relations of currency and banking may be traced either to the non-perception of this elementary but very commanding fact, or, if perceived, to the failure to recognise in it the cardinal principle of a paper currency. On the one side, the banker obtains a command of capital, a purchasing power worth one hundred shillings, for a mere trifle; to the extent that the public will buy the article the banker has a clear increase of means for all the functions of his bank. On the other side, as the bank-note is similar to every other article on sale in the shops, and is subject to precisely the same general laws, we reach the fundamental inference, that the public, and the public alone, determines the quantity of bank-notes that it wants and will pay for. Nothing but the extraordinary determination of people to find mysteries in currency could ever have kept the world blind to the truth that bank-notes follow the universal rule of all commodities, and that it is the buyer and not the seller who settles how many of them shall be bought and used. The notion that the issuers, that bankers of any kind, can influence the quantities sold and put forth of these articles, is one of the strangest that ever deluded acute and intelligent men; they might just as reasonably have maintained that it is the hatters, and not the number of heads which require to be covered, that regulate the quantity of hats in circulation. The absurdity, which is so quickly perceived when hats are spoken of, becomes instantly invisible when bank-notes are discussed.

But I shall be told, do not bankers possess the power of enlarging their

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issue of notes? They have a manifest interest to induce the public to take as many of their notes as possible, for they thereby obtain the price of these notes—one hundred shillings—for what does not cost a farthing. Is it not a fact that they do practically possess a very considerable power in expanding their issues at pleasure? Put 'sale' in the place of the misleading word 'issues,' and the absurdity of these questions at once becomes apparent. Can any shopman increase his sales at pleasure? What would be thought of the intelligence of a man who could put such a question? Why is it more rational in the mouths of great bankers and merchants, and high authorities in political economy? They are probably deceived by the circumstance, that as a banker can grant or refuse a loan at pleasure, he may, if he is so minded, make it a condition of a loan that it should be taken out in bank-notes. He may affix such a condition, no doubt; but what will he gain by it? Will he escape by its help his real character of a tradesman offering goods for sale? Manifestly he will not. If, indeed, he could persuade the borrower to take a picture or a statue that he desired to get rid of, then, no doubt, he could effect his object: he would never see the picture or statue again. But bank-notes have this peculiarity—that they must be repaid on demand; and, unluckily for the banker, they come back for payment when more are pushed into the world than there is work for them to do. The borrower, whom we supposed to have been forced to take notes, immediately pays them away or lodges them in a bank: and as these recipients have no use for them, they return them at once to the issuing banker. And what then is his position? He has made an advance to a customer, and he has been obliged to pay for the notes returned; in other words, he has granted a loan out of his resources, which have received no augmentation whatever from the notes. The sum repaid on the presentation of the notes is the real loan made to the borrower; a fact which disposes of the question whether a banker has the power, by enlarging his issues, to extend his business, and to grant increased accommodation to trade. No man, who understands that a bank-note is a tool offered for sale, can ever speak of over-issues; and no one who talks of issues of convertible notes being contracted or expanded at will by the Bank of England, or any other issuer in the world, knows the nature of a bank-note.

Many persons imagine that they have refuted this view of bank-notes and their functions by pointing to the immensely augmented quantity of these tools held by the public on various occasions, especially when the terrors of a panic have laid hold of the minds of bankers and their depositors. No mistake can be more complete. To maintain that a bank-note is a tool, bought by the public according as it has payments in which to employ them, does not preclude the assertion that the demand for this particular commodity fluctuates in the same manner and in conformity with the same general law as any other commodity. More clothing is used in winter than in summer; the sale of railway tickets follows the opposite rule; why should not similar variations take place in the purchase and employment of bank-notes? When business is very brisk, and there are many payments going on in the City and elsewhere, more bank-notes are wanted, and the issues are enlarged by a very natural process. When, on the contrary, trade is slack, and the shops and warehouses are not busy, payments are reduced in number, and the tendency of bank-notes is to flow back to the issuers. The demand for

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notes by the public reaches its severest spasm when failures have alarmed the public, and depositors exhibit symptoms of distrust; for at such times the use of notes is vastly augmented by two concurrent causes. The repayment of deposits is demanded: they are carried away in notes, and sometimes extensively hoarded for a short period. On the other hand, the bankers, not knowing to what extent they may be called upon to repay deposits, lay up increased stores of notes, to be ready against any emergency. These two causes are capable of greatly increasing the quantity of notes out in circulation: the public wants more, and can hold more. This exceptional use of notes seldom lasts long: few men in England like to hoard, and the bankers, though not quite so quickly, recover confidence. On Black Friday, in last May, the use of notes in the City was enormous; for depositors were withdrawing their accounts incessantly. Very many depositors were paid in notes, and so the notes travelled up and down the streets of the City all day. But the notes had done their work by the evening; if they were taken out of one bank they were lodged in another: and the majority of them were replaced by next morning in the Bank of England.

Such fluctuations of demand are incident to all commodities; and therefore that the public should require more notes at one season than at another discloses nothing exceptional in this particular tool. The really important matter is that the supply should be adequate to the demand: and no case has ever been proved, where persons who were in want of bank-notes, and had really saleable property wherewith to purchase them, were unable to procure them.

With respect to the second class of banks—those which do not issue bank-notes, and amongst these the Bank of England ranks foremost—they are simply buyers of notes according to their wants. They form a part of the general public, and stand in the same position towards currency as any private person or trader. What they are concerned to have is the assurance that whenever they want to purchase notes, they shall be certain of finding a full supply for sale at the issuing-shop; that is all. And as a fact, I affirm that the supply of bank-notes has never been deficient. The importance of this fact I shall point out presently.

'But surely,' people will answer, 'the reserves of bankers are mainly made up of bank-notes. Bank-notes are what bankers pay cheques with; bank-notes are what their reserves must have in readiness: an increase of bank-notes must therefore imply increased strength in the reserves. Banks are safer and stronger when there are abundant issues of bank-notes.' The fact is true; the inference absolutely false.

Reserves, it is true, are composed chiefly of bank-notes: but what is a banker's reserve? how is it created, and by what process is it regulated? The reserve is the difference between the amount which a banker receives and the amount which he lends. It owes its existence to the obligation the banker lies under to pay his debts suddenly and on demand. If it were possible so to conduct the banking business as to make the repayments of borrowers exactly correspond with the demands of depositors, there would be scarcely a necessity for any reserve at all. But this cannot be: people who keep accounts at banks must have the power of drawing out the sums standing to their credit at any moment they please; and consequently a banker must have a reserve. A banker must pay his debts on demand. In this respect he only resembles every other member of the community. Every

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man is bound to pay his debts on demand. The peculiarity of the banker's position consists in this only, that if he does not actually pay his debts at once, his business is destroyed, whilst a man who at the moment had not cash to give to his creditors would suffer little inconvenience, if solvent, from the refusal to pay. A banker, therefore, is very sensitive about his means of paying all possible demands—about his reserve, as it is called; and when times are bad, and depositors seem likely to reclaim their deposits, he likes to see many notes in that reserve; and the feeling rises up in the whole banking fraternity that there is some mysterious connection between their reserves and what they call the circulation—that is, the number of bank-notes put forth by their issuers. This is a thorough mistake. The reserve of a banker, even if he is an issuer of notes, has nothing more to do with the circulation than the cash of a manufacturer or brewer, or other great employer of labour. In seasons of commercial difficulty it is very important indeed for the banker to have a strong reserve; but that strength in no way depends on the quantity of notes in circulation, but upon the manner in which he manages his business. If he has advanced loans on securities always capable of being realised, if he has given credit to debtors on whose repayments he can safely reckon to the day, and if, as his loans fall in, he does not renew them, the reserve is absolutely certain of being strong, whether few or many notes are going about the country. There never is any difficulty in getting money for a thoroughly saleable commodity; the circulation will always pour in ample streams to a banker in such a condition. But if he has invested or lent on securities which cannot be realised, or realised only with ruinous loss, if his debtors belong to a class of men who are themselves in difficulties, or if he restlessly persists in renewing advances or granting fresh loans as his debtors repay their debts, then, manifestly, his reserve will rapidly become weak, and no amount of notes on sale at the shops of the issuers, and no attempt, if he is an issuer, to force the public to buy and hold more of his notes than they require for making the payments effected by bank-notes will save him. It is not the actual amount of the reserve which is the most important circumstance connected with it, but its tendency to rise or fall. If the Bank of England chose to order the Discount Office to discount no more bills, it might pile up a reserve as high as a mountain. It is the moral pressure felt by bankers not to offend mortally their customers by putting a stop to all loans which is the chief source of the weakness of banking reserves—that is, of the reserves of good bankers—even in the worst times. The state of the circulation has no significance except so far as there is a disposition to hoard in the public mind. In such a case, more notes can be issued, because there are more buyers for use; and a good issuing bank may then undoubtedly increase its resources by placing additional supplies of notes in its reserve. This is one of the fluctuations in the demand for this commodity which I have shown to be incidental to it, as to all other commodities; and if the public is willing to buy more pieces of paper, which cost nothing, either with a hundred shillings cash, or with an acknowledgment that a debt of a hundred shillings due by the banker has been discharged, the issuing banker acquires an increase of means. It is the willingness of the public to buy more notes —and I mean by buying, the intention to take the notes into consumption, so to speak, and not to return them to the banker for

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payment—which gives the additional resource to the bank, and not the state of the circulation in itself, so far as it exhibits small or large figures. If the public will not hold more notes, rooms full of notes in Threadneedle Street can do absolutely nothing for bankers. If the Bank paid debts or made loans with them in the morning, the excess above the holding power of the public would infallibly have to be repaid in the evening: in other words, at the end of the day, the Bank would find itself landed in the result that the advance of the morning had been made with the gold given for the re-entering notes in the evening; and that gold would be an uncompensated diminution of its reserve.

This analysis yields the result which the investigation into the nature of a banker's resources had taught us to expect. We have seen that they are composed of debts—claims against the shops and warehouses—which the banker receives from one set of persons and transfers to another; and the amount of notes in circulation no more enters into this calculation of means than the number of horses, ploughs, or steam-engines in daily use in the country. All circulation theories, therefore, which connect the resources of a banker, and his ability to grant loans and discount, with the number of notes employed by the public—except such a number as the public requires for use and will not send in to be paid—are wholly destitute of truth and importance. A non-issuing banker gets no buying power out of notes: he has to pay for them at the full price for which he can pass them on to his customers. The issuing banker does acquire purchasing and lending power from the notes which the public will keep. He obtains a hundred shillings from the public in one form or other, and he pays for them with a piece of paper which costs less than a farthing; in fact, the public may be regarded as one of his depositors, who takes a promise to pay as his security, because he can turn that promise to pay to very useful account in paying wages, keeping change in his till, and other parts of his business. The extent to which the public will buy these pieces of paper is important; for that extent determines how much purchasing power the banker can get out of the public and transfer to borrowers and owners of bills. But when once this quantity of notes so held and kept by the public is passed, all talk about the circulation is a pure waste of words; for past this limit the banker has no control over the circulation, or means of acting upon and through it. And as for the reserves of non-issuing bankers—that is, of almost the whole banking world, the Bank of England included—they are entirely unaffected by the amount of circulation of notes so long as they can obtain the few, relatively to the magnitude of their business, which they employ. They require a small quantity of money, of cash, of coin, and notes: but to get them, they must pay for them; and so long as there is enough of them on sale—and there always has been enough—all thought about the amount of issues, over-issues or under-issues, inflated or contracted circulation, action of the circulation on the rate of interest and discount, is the purest and most gratuitous self-torment imaginable.

I come now to the application of the preceding analysis to the agitation which disturbs so many minds respecting the Bank Act of 1844. Its provisions are represented as having sorely aggravated, if not caused, the severity of the late commercial panic. Its champions, on the other hand, vaunt that but for the salutary management of the paper issues enforced by this Act, the distress would have been tenfold more intense. Which of these

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two views is correct? I answer, neither—both are entirely mistaken. Both the attack and the defence proceed on the false hypothesis that bank-notes have a special connection with discount and the money market—that they belong to the banking business more peculiarly than to any other trade.

1. In the first place, the Act deals with only a portion of the thirtieth part of the means of bankers, for that thirtieth includes coin as well as notes. On the very face of the matter it is transparently absurd to suppose that regulations a little more or a little less foolish about so insignificant an element of the banking trade should have any effect worth mentioning on the power of the bankers to lend or to discount.

2. Secondly, we have seen that the resources of bankers are composed of debts generated by sales of commodities, debts embodied in warrants of various kinds, debts due by the stock of commodities in existence, purchasing power which can be enforced at pleasure, and which the banker transfers from one set of persons to another. Cash, that is coin and notes, are for the banker what they are for the brewer, the cotton-spinner, or any other trader, instruments for paying some of his liabilities—mere tools of payment, and in no sense the staple of his business. If this Act had swept away notes altogether, the banking trade would have gone on all the same: the only difference would have been that the public would have lost a cheap, light, handy, and most convenient tool, and would have been compelled to have larger recourse to one that was dear, heavy, cumbrous, and inconvenient.

3. But thirdly, what is this Act which is so fiercely debated? What is its nature? What does it do? Leaving out of consideration its enactments respecting country notes, it is simply an Act to regulate the reserve to be kept for the payments on demand of the notes called Bank of England notes. I repeat—it prescribes the extent and mode of keeping this reserve; and it does absolutely nothing else. Before 1844, the directors of the Bank of England managed this reserve (not their banking reserve only, but the reserve for securing the convertibility of the note) as they pleased; now, they are entirely relieved of this function, the issuing of the notes is taken away from them, and is vested in a self-acting piece of mechanism, which has received a fixed and unalterable manner of acting from Parliament. 'Give,' says the law, 'fifteen millions of those pieces of paper to the bank called the Bank of England, and let it sell them to the public, and do what it pleases with the proceeds. For every other note which the public is willing to buy, take the gold with which it is bought and keep it in your cellar in case of need.' That is the whole of the Act.

4. Fourthly, with what object was this done? Let Mr. Thomson Hankey, M.P., formerly governor of the Bank of England, answer:—'The great object of the Act of 1844 was to secure at all times, and under every possible contingency, the conversion of every bank-note into gold when presented for payment. This object has been completely successful, and the directors have no voice whatever in the matter.' This is excellent and accurate: it is the sole purpose accomplished by the Act of 1844. On principle, this purpose is most legitimate, for convertible notes require a trustworthy reserve. But the legislation of 1844, nevertheless, though sound and unobjectionable in principle, was superfluous; the Bank of England stood in no need of such an Act, for its credit, owing to the good management of the directors, had been absolutely untainted since 1819. It entailed a severe penalty

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for being superfluous. As Mr. Thomson Hankey remarks, 'The effect of the Act has undoubtedly been to secure the possession to this country of a much larger amount of gold than in all probability the directors would have thought it necessary to hold.' Most true: a much larger metallic reserve has been enforced by the Act; and as the Bank of England note was perfectly safe before 1844, and is not one jot safer now, except theoretically, the additional gold compelled to be stored in the vaults is so much pure waste and loss, and the capital with which it has been purchased has been rendered unproductive, and for the time annihilated.

Mr. Thomson Hankey's description of what the Act intends and does is exact and true; it is much to be doubted, however, whether it will hold equally good of the intentions and aim of the authors of this statute. It has been publicly asserted that the influential writer who enjoys the reputation of having been the parent of this measure has confessed that he aimed at mitigating commercial panics by the due regulation of the currency, and that experience has taught him that he has entirely failed in his design. That every attempt to act on discount and the money market by means of the currency has failed, and will ever fail, is certain; and if any such aim was really cherished, it betrays that those who entertained such ideas were profoundly ignorant, however eminent their position or authority, of the nature and functions of currency. No man who mixes up currency with discount and banking, understands what currency is and does.

5. But what is the complaint brought against the Act of 1844? It restricts the supply of bank-notes. Let us hear Mr. Thomson Hankey again; he will furnish us with some very remarkable and instructive words.

'But, admitting that more ready money was required in 1865 than in 1845'—an admission which Mr. Hankey does not make—'the supply of currency in this country, i.e. gold and bank-notes, forming together the only legal tender, is only limited by the amount of gold to be found in the whole world, for we can always obtain what gold we may require by simply giving our commodities in exchange. It is merely a question of time. But what has the Government or the Bank of England to do with the supply of ready money? Ready money has never, as far as I am aware, in any country in the world, been supplied by the Government; it has always been provided by the individuals who want it. All that our Government has ever undertaken to do is to stamp any quantity of gold brought to the Mint into gold coin, thus indicating its weight and purity. There is no limit to the quantity of gold which may be coined, beyond the limit of the power of the individuals to obtain the gold, and in like manner there is no limit to the quantity of bank-notes which can be obtained at the Bank of England, although the directors are bound to retain all the gold brought in beyond the stipulated 15,000,000*l.*, so that it is an absolute fact that *there is no limit placed by law in this country* on the amount of gold and bank-notes which may be used in circulation, excepting that all the Bank of England notes beyond fifteen millions must be represented by an equal amount of gold.'

These are admirable words, *full* of clear insight into the practical working of currency. Would that merchants and high authorities in political economy would write in the same style; and it is much to be regretted that Mr. Thomson Hankey should be so unconscious of his real superiority on currency, as to refer his readers to such productions as M. Wolowski's articles in the *Revue*

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des Deux Mondes, and the memorial of the Bristol Chamber of Commerce. The unintelligible chimæras that underlie these performances never could enter into the sound and manly understanding of Mr. Hankey.

6. But, retorts the City, this is the exact point which we complain of; we cannot get the notes without paying for them. What we want, is to have them lent to us on our mere credit; and if the Bank of England were allowed to lend them to us without payment, there would be more notes, and we should obtain them ourselves more easily, and loans would be more abundant, and trade would be relieved.

No doubt the distinction between Mr. Thomson Hankey and the general view of the City is fundamental. For Mr. Thomson Hankey, plainly, a bank-note is a tool, an instrument of exchange, bought and paid for by the public, of which the quantity in use is determined, not by the sellers, but by the buyers alone. For the City, the bank-note is the worker of miracles, a piece of paper which enables the Bank to lend what, without it, the Bank would not have to lend, a bit of money which is not paid for by the buyer, but which gives him the means of paying his own debts, or purchasing what he likes, a commodity of which there is an unbounded power of consumption, of which the public never has enough, and therefore which has no natural limit which defines and regulates its use. It never occurs to the City that the bank-note is an article which has to be bought; the notion always is, that it is something which costs the seller nothing, and which, therefore, he can supply with ease to any one who asks him to lend it. The slightest reflection suffices to expose the absurdity of such an idea. It is quite true that a man who borrows a note from the Bank can go and pay with it a debt he owes to a tradesman in Cheapside; but what will the tradesman do with it? There is the pinch of the matter. The tradesman wants a certain number of such notes for carrying on his business; he will retain these, and they will circulate about. But what if he has enough of them, when his debtor brings him a new lot? Clearly he will pass them on to his banker, who in turn will immediately send them into the Bank, and the Bank will have to buy and pay for them, and its money, and not the note, will be really and truly the thing which is lent to its borrower. In a word, the number of notes which all the bankers of England together can lend, cannot by any circumstance exceed the quantity which the public will keep in its hands for use in making these payments which it finds most convenient to make by the agency of bank-notes, and in maintaining the stock required to provide against the natural fluctuations in the amount of these payments.

But there are many whom no reasoning can convince. To those then who still assert that the Act of 1844 restricts the number of bank-notes needed by the public, I would put the question; 'On what distinct occasion were Bank of England notes ever deficient since 1844? What specific instance can they produce in proof of the fact?' A great banker probably would say that he would have felt great comfort on Black Friday if he had known that the Bank of England had two or three millions of notes to lend him, if he was hard pressed by the run from his depositors during the day; and this, he would add, the Bank of England could not do, because it had no longer the power, as in old days, of issuing as many notes as it chose. But what does this assertion—and many are the great bankers who made it, when they clamoured for a suspension of the Act—amount to? To nothing less than this, that the quantity of a commodity consumed is determined by the sellers and not by the buyers.

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Their allegation involves this grotesque absurdity. It is almost ludicrous to imagine the chairman of the London and Westminster Bank walking over to the Bank parlour, and arranging with the Governor of the Bank of England that the public should buy and hold two or three additional millions of bank-notes. In what respect would they differ from a meeting of large hat-makers decreeing that an extra 100,000 hats should be sold that day? The London and Westminster Bank form a part of the public. I shall be told, they are in want of additional notes. I answer, they have always been able to have as many notes as they demanded: I challenge a denial on this point. But with what object do they want these notes? To give to their depositors if they rush in for a repayment of their deposits. And what will the depositors do with them? In one way or other, send them back to the Bank for cash, and, as before, the Bank has lent out of its own cash three millions to the London and Westminster. We are always landed in this same result at last.

It would promote an easier understanding of the point if those who talk of restriction would lay down a clear and unmistakeable test by which the existence of a deficiency might be recognised. I have heard the fact given, as a proof of a scarcity of bank-notes, that on Black Friday advances on consols or exchequer bills could not be procured. But this is no proof at all. It only shows that there were no buyers of or lenders upon such securities, nothing more. An officer suddenly ordered to India is often obliged to sell for 30*l.* a horse worth 100*l.*; or he may have tried in vain to borrow money on some cottages at the extremity of Scotland. Who has ever heard these facts cited as proof that there were too few bank-notes in circulation? Yet thousands of people cried out during the panic that sales could not be made in Mincing Lane, and loans could not be borrowed from bankers because there was a scarcity of bank-notes. When, in former times, a large payer of wages found himself short of silver change, he would give a premium for a bag of shillings: here there was a proved deficiency of silver coin. Again, it is an event of daily occurrence that the instrument of currency called a bill becomes deficient. The Rothschilds may require to remit 100,000*l.* to St. Petersburgh, and may find only 90,000*l.* of bills on Russia on sale in London; rather than encounter the risk and expense of transmitting the debt in bullion they would compete for these bills and give somewhat more for them than par. The rise in the exchange above par is a decisive proof of a deficiency of the currency tools called bills. But who has ever spoken of a premium on bank-notes? I know of no other proof of the deficiency of bank-notes but the existence of such a premium given for the possession of the notes as distinct from any other form of money: and I have never heard that such a premium was ever asked or given.

But surely, it will be said, the constantly recurring necessity of suspending the Act in times of crisis is a direct proof that it injuriously restricts the supply of bank-notes. It proves no such thing; all it shows is the belief of a large number of persons that there is such a restriction. They may be, and no doubt are, eminent men, great bankers, heads of colossal establishments, imperial merchants, and even Chancellors of the Exchequer, but it does not follow that because they are wealthy and conduct vast operations, that therefore they are infallible on commerce, or even understand currency. A sick man is eager that some new remedy

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should be tried; a drowning man catches at a straw; a terrified City, groaning under the agony of the money market, rushes into the belief that a cure may be found in some nostrum or specific. 'Populus vult decipi.' A City man hates to be told that bank-notes can do nothing for him, and that commercial prosperity depends entirely on the way in which business is conducted. These petitioners for a suspension may be great authorities, but they are mortal all the same, and susceptible, like others, of delusion; and that the supposition that a suspension of the law will give relief is a delusion is demonstrated by the fact that not a single additional note was given to the banking world by the suspension. The law was not broken: not one note more was issued than would have come out without the suspension. The suspension may have operated as a cure on the imagination: it did nothing whatever in the world of fact.

To this fact newspapers have replied that the condition annexed to the suspension by the Government, that it should not be carried out except under a Bank rate of 10 per cent., rendered it ineffectual. Such a statement proceeds upon a radical misconception of the nature of currency; it assumes that the supply of the instruments of exchange act on the money market and the rate of discount; and this is the fundamental error of the City on currency. And it is obvious further, that if the offer of bank-notes on loan (for this is the hypothesis) at 10 per cent. is rejected, it is idle to talk of an overwhelming crisis or need of help. 10 per cent. long continued would no doubt cripple trade seriously, but 10 per cent. for short loans in the hour of distress, when to find money instantly is to live or die, is a matter of small account.

Two words in conclusion:—

1. The word 'capital' plays a large part in these discussions. Like the word 'money,' it is the victim of a most illegitimate use, which is the parent of endless confusion. 'Cheap money' and 'dear money' are most inaccurate and misleading expressions, except when it is meant that gold is cheaper now than it was in the days of the Henrys. Equally inaccurate is it to call notes, bills, exchequer bills, consols, or any other form of debt or obligation, capital. One might as truly call the title-deeds of an estate capital. A bank is thus often loosely said to have 100,000*l.* capital in consols. It has no such thing. It possesses an annuity: the capital it gave away when it bought the consols. If the possession of the annuity is capital, then the same capital is reckoned twice over. It is the same with an exchequer bill or any other bill: the man who holds the goods has the capital; the holder of the bill has a claim, a debt, but no capital. It would be absurd to say that both the bill and the goods are capital: there is only one capital. A bank that has received a million of deposits has got no capital, except so much of it as is composed of gold and silver coin; it possesses a power of obtaining capital, but till commodities are procured with this power, it is so far destitute of capital. Debtor and creditor, borrower and lender, landlord and tenant, mortgagor and mortgagee, note-issuer and note-holder, cannot possess the same capital at the same moment; it cannot be reckoned twice over. Credit cannot generate fresh capital; it can only transfer the use of it from one man to another.

2. The principle explained above, that the number of notes which can circulate is limited by the specific want which the public has for their use in making particular payments, renders the question of free banking

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perfectly intelligible. Free banking is claimed as procuring fresh resources for commerce; it is resisted as sure to promote over-issues, extravagant speculation, and panics. Both sides are in error, both proceed on a false principle. Free banking cannot get more notes into use, because it is the buyers and not the sellers who decide how large shall be the consumption of any commodity; neither can it add to the resources of bankers if the public is not in want of additional notes. On the other hand, free banking can work mischief in one way only, by enabling bad bankers to issue notes, and then to lose the sums which the public has paid to procure them. The banker fails, the public loses its money, and much distress is the consequence. Such was the calamity with which England was visited in 1825. But a complete remedy can be provided for this evil; a banker can be compelled, as in America, I believe, to give security to the State in government stocks for every note he puts into circulation. When that is done, the question of free banking becomes one of convenience only, and of a division of the profits of issuing notes between competing bankers. But the competition itself is harmless; it cannot generate the circulation of a single note beyond what the country requires for use in carrying on its business; for use in making those special and particular payments for which the bank-note is the appropriate tool. So how can inflation, or excessive speculation, or panics, or oppressive rates of discount, or any other horror come from free banking based on security lodged for every note issued? Others may be able to say: I cannot.

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THE MARSTONS.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CRISIS.

CIRCUMSTANCES ordained that Westbrook and Olivia should not meet again, after that evening, for a very long time to come. Great changes were to take place in the interval: yet so little did Julian foresee anything of the kind that, as he went to bed, he laid out plans for prosecuting the suit which he had only seriously commenced that night. He was not a man easily to be discouraged; he had not a doubt in his own capacity to overcome all Olivia's scruples and win her affection—*if he continued in the same mind*. But he was aware this winning would require time, and more perseverance than he had yet brought to bear on any similar task. Fate however, it appeared, was against him.

Olivia was alarmed, at an early hour the following morning, by hearing that her father was very ill. She flew to his room, and found him speechless, his face drawn upon one side, his whole appearance in the space of a few hours having undergone a shocking change. He had parted from her the night before, an erect, hale, noble-looking old man; she found him helpless, broken-down, disfigured, his mind and his speech alike affected by the paralysis which had struck him. The best advice from London was telegraphed for, and for days, nay weeks, Mr. Marston's condition was held to be most critical. The doctors did not conceal from Olivia and her brother that a second such attack must in all probability prove fatal. At length, however, after a long interval of anxiety, during which the daughter watched by her father with unremitting care, there was an evident change for the better in the old man's state; the muscles of the face seemed gradually to relax, the tongue was loosed, and the left arm, which had hung helpless, he could now, in a measure, use. The powers of the mind and memory still remained affected; it was painful to see the efforts he made, with his recovered speech, to recall and to discuss past events: and the doctors held out no hope that in this respect he could be again as he had been, before this shock to his system. But even thus much gained was a great deal—a great deal for which that loving daughter thanked God on her bended knees, after watching hour by hour, through the long warm days, and half the short warm nights of June, every varying shade upon the old man's face.

During these weeks she saw no one. Mrs. Pomfret called or sent daily; and it was a very congenial occupation for Aunt Clo (who was of no sort of use, otherwise, just now), to receive visits, to answer notes of inquiry, and to run about among the neighbours, disseminating her little crumbs of news. Julian Westbrook called several times: but as he found that Olivia was invisible, and as he had no particular fancy for a *tête-à-tête* with Miss Pringle, he contented himself with leaving his card.

Who shall say? perhaps it was fortunate that just at this time Olivia Marston's mind was too painfully occupied to give more than a passing thought to him, and that, whether at Caverton Park or at the Cedars, she and Julian were prevented from meeting. She was not in love; but it was not very far from the edge of the precipice which overhangs that fatal gulf that

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she had resolutely taken her stand, and with averted eyes had said, 'no further.' Julian was a clever fellow in his generation. If he could only have persuaded her that he was now altogether a changed man, a man whose principle nothing would shake, whose constancy no trial would affect—if he could only have led her, in short, by imperceptible degrees, to the very edge of that precipice, I will not undertake to say that the girl might not have turned giddy. But Fate, while frustrating Westbrook's plans, befriended Olivia. In more ways than one, it will be seen that Mr. Marston's illness proved in the end to be a blessing, rather than the calamity his children naturally considered it.

The Pomfrets' party had taken place in the first week in June. It was the beginning of the second week in July when Mrs. Pomfret called one morning early at the Cedars, and asked to see Miss Marston. Her father's condition had been mending now for the past week, and Olivia had already seen Mrs. Pomfret and her daughter more than once. She had been struck with Kate's looking ill, and with Mrs. Pomfret's appearing dispirited, and was, therefore, in some measure prepared for the announcement which the latter lady was come to make.

'You will be surprised to hear that we are all going abroad, my dear Miss Marston; and probably, I think, for some time. Kate's health has been giving me great anxiety of late, and the doctors recommend some German waters for her in the first instance, and probably, I think, a warm climate for the winter. Then Lionel, poor boy, sadly requires change of scene. He will accompany us; and I hope may recover his spirits, with new subjects of interest to occupy his mind. Probably my second boy, Harry, will join us in the winter, at Nice or somewhere. He expects to get leave from the West Indies, where he is quartered; so we shall be quite a large party, and I don't think we shall be in a hurry to return. I rather want Mr. Pomfret to sell Caverton.'

The objects which the good lady had in view, in the speech above recorded, were various. In the first place, Kate's disappointment, owing to her mother's mistaken conduct, which had led her to fancy that Rupert Marston was in love with her—this was, of course, to be concealed, and a delicate organisation was to be substituted for a temporary derangement of the heart. Kate's common sense made her, at last, see that there was not a shadow of hope that Rupert would ever regard her as other than a pleasant partner—that he would ever hand her down to dinner in preference to any other girl he happened to be near. Slowly and reluctantly, Mrs. Pomfret's eyes had been opened to the same fact.

Another motive in this speech was the endeavour (to which she still clung) of making Miss Marston believe that Lionel had suffered much, though in strict silence, because of her; and that the loss of his 'spirits' was owing to her unqualified rejection of his hand; the real truth being that Mr. Pomfret and his eldest son had had more than one animated conversation upon the subject of Miss Julia Roper, which had resulted in the elder gentleman's communicating to the lady's father his intention of cutting his son off with a shilling should he persist in marrying contrary to his parents' wishes. This extreme measure, instigated by Mrs. Pomfret, no doubt, was not without its effect. The wily tradesman, finding that he would have a helpless and ignorant son-in-law thrown upon his hands to support, besides the possibility of a large family, thought the honour of being allied to the house of Pomfret would be

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somewhat dearly bought, and prudently declined it. But in the fear of this desperate Leander swimming over the Hellespont which his parents had provided to obstruct his marriage, it was advisable to remove him from Hero's neighbourhood forthwith. This was really the chief reason for their resolving to go abroad for some months.

It was as well, however, that Olivia should feel all she was losing. We are said never fully to appreciate what we have possessed till this comes to pass. Therefore Mrs. Pomfret threw in those artistic touches about their lengthened wanderings abroad, and the uncertainty of their returning to Caverton. And then she waited for a reply.

'I think you are so right to go, if Kate's health is likely to be benefited, Mrs. Pomfret. I thought her looking very pale the other day; and you would enjoy a winter abroad. I envy any one going to the South, where my childhood was spent.'

'I am sure I wish you could come with us.'

'Thank you,' said Olivia, with a smile; 'my travelling is all over now. I did enough before I was eighteen to last my life. You will find me, in all probability, growing in the same place when you return, without having passed a single night away from the Cedars. I take it for granted that you *will* return to Caverton. I thought you were very fond of it, Mrs. Pomfret? and you have made it so comfortable—so very comfortable. Why should you leave it?

'Well, there are a good many reasons,' replied Mrs. Pomfret, clearing her throat of nothing, and ending with a dry cough; 'a good *many* reasons; but I need only mention one—the lamentable want of society. I do not think it is doing our girls justice. Mary will be ready to come out next year, and I should like her to see something of *the world*. Now, really we have such a wretched set here, that we might as well be living—I don't know where.'

'And where do you think of going?'

'London, perhaps—I don't know. Nothing is settled at present. Mr. Pomfret may perhaps take a larger place, more in the country, where we may have *county* society. You will write to me, my dear, won't you, when we are away?'

Olivia shook her head, smiling.

'No, Mrs. Pomfret, you mustn't trust to me. I have never had a correspondent in my life, and I have not the art of writing glib letters about nothing. If there is anything to tell you, I promise to let you hear; but my life is too uneventful, and I am too little accustomed to English composition, to undertake a regular correspondence with any one.'

It was said laughingly, but Olivia did not relent, though Kate begged piteously for an occasional letter. She would promise no more than she had done at first—to write if she had anything to tell. Ten days later, the Pomfrets were actually gone. The great drawing-room at Caverton went into brown holland, and a padlock was put upon the lodge-gate.

Thus Westbrook's most obvious and natural means of communication with Olivia were cut off. The following week he rode down to the Cedars, and found the ladies—out. He tried yet once again, a few days later, before he left town; but with no better success. It was very provoking. He was going down to Goodwood, and then on to the moors, for the 12th of August; and after that, on a round of visits in Scotland; and he would not be in or near London again for three months at least. He consoled himself, however, with the reflection that the tenor of Olivia's life was very even: she would see few people,

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and she would go nowhere in the interval, to disturb the impression he was pretty confident he had made; and at the end of the three or four months he would return to find her just as he left her — only duller, and therefore more ready to prize his society. He had quite made up his mind that in the course of the ensuing winter he was to relinquish his independence, by inducing Olivia to become his wife. The short time that was left him, therefore, he resolved to enjoy his freedom, as best he might.

It was a dull November day when Julian Westbrook next mounted his hack at the Albany, and rode down to Fordingham. The fog hung about the river, and smothered everything that lay beyond the flat meadows, and the ghostlike skeletons of elms on either side of him, as he rode down the lane towards the Cedars. The last few leaves of autumn slid noiselessly through the damp, heavy air around. The colour of everything in the landscape seemed to be blotted out. It did not look like the same scene he had left, scarcely four months before. As he drew near the gate, his eyes fell upon a board, upon which was written, 'To be let or sold. For particulars, apply to Mr. Rook, house-agent, Maddox Street.' He drew in his rein sharply, and sat there frowning at the board, as though he were unable to seize the meaning of those words; then opening the gate, he touched his horse with the spur, and rode on to the house at a smart canter.

The shutters were all closed. It was full five minutes before a woman in drab came to the door, and in answer to Westbrook's inquiries, told him that Mr. Marston's family had left the Cedars some two months ago. An agent had bought the place, and it was now again in the market. She did not know where Mr. Marston's family had gone. Had never heard. Perhaps Mr. Rook knew. All the furniture was sold, after the family left—by auction. Couldn't tell him no more: he had best go to Mr. Rook.

But when, on his return to London, the discomfited Julian applied to Mr. Rook, the latter individual professed himself as ignorant of the movements of the family as the woman had done. All his dealings were with Mr. Rupert Marston, at Mr. Claxton's house of business, in the City. Now Julian was perfectly conscious of Rupert's dislike to him; and he returned it. He felt an extreme repugnance to applying to young Marston for information about his sister: and, after some deliberation, he came to the conclusion that, if the Pomfrets could not help him, he must leave it to time and chance to obtain this information. He never doubted but that, somehow or other, it would turn up before long.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGED FORTUNES.

It was the evening of the 12th August — of the day that Westbrook was beginning his campaign among the moors. The day had been one of those few of real summer which we enjoy in England; its close was clear and golden, promising a glorious morrow. The library window stood open, and through it the sweet breath of jasmine and honeysuckle was borne from the clusters that hung from the trellis around. In the centre of the lawn, Olivia had lately placed a small white marble basin, round which her doves settled in relays, drinking and pluming themselves, and then fluttering back to their dove-cote in the elm hard by, while others of their family replaced them. Beyond, and in strong contrast to the white marble, the green-black cedars sent their long shadows at this hour eastward over the close-

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shaven lawn; while, further off again, the brown barges and pleasure-boats glided by upon the sunset river, in which every reed and dock-leaf upon the opposite bank was reflected, as in a golden mirror. In those rich meadow lands yonder, which looked almost metallically green by this light, cattle were feeding lazily to their hearts' content, while one or two had come down to the water to drink, and were standing in it knee-deep, whisking the flies off with their tails, and raising their black dripping muzzles ever and anon with an air of quiet satisfaction.

It was a picture eminently characteristic of England—of its middle-class respectability and plenty. The quiet suburban villa, with everything for comfort and nothing for ostentation—that marvellous carpet of green velvet, so unlike anything that is known by the name of grass on the Continent—the lush, dank pastures opposite, where the heavy-uddered cattle were feeding in sleek contentment—were suggestive elements in a scene, not beautiful perhaps, but pleasant in the sense that it conveyed to the mind of abundance, security, and peace.

Mr. Marston's chair was wheeled near the window. He sat there, dozing; but woke from time to time to observe that it was very dark, and to elicit the stereotyped rejoinder from his daughter; after which he relapsed into his former state again, quite satisfied. Olivia was alone with her father, as indeed she generally was now. Since his illness, she liked less than ever to leave him. Aunt Clo, finding it dull, betook herself constantly to one or other of the neighbours to tea, whence she returned at ten o'clock in a black silk hood and galoches, attended by her maid. Rupert often came home very late now—sometimes not at all. An early dinner had therefore been established, with a tea-supper at nine, when, if Rupert was at home, he dined; and the greater part of those long summer evenings Olivia and her father were alone.

She was doing nothing: she was building some Spanish castle, I believe; for her eyes had a dreamy, abstracted look, and her hands lay listless over the piece of tapestry before her, whose brilliant colours contrasted with the black oak chair and dim figure of the old man.

On a small table stood a basket of nectarines, an old silver claret-jug, and some glasses. The last rays of the sunset, stealing slantwise into the room, lit the rosy-cheeked fruit and silver flagon, and fell upon the snow-white hair, and calm sleeping majesty of the old man. And then the shades of twilight gradually swallowed them up, and everything in the room grew dim and indistinct.

I have dwelt thus long on that home picture, the taste and luxury of its details, and the tranquillity that reigned there, because this was the last evening in Olivia's life she was destined to pass in that house, under the same conditions of peace and security. A great change was at hand. The moment was come when the even routine of her life was to be broken in upon; when her labour of filial love, while increased twofold, must yet make room for busy thought and action in other fields. That golden summer's evening she often looked back upon, dividing, as it did, two distinct portions of her life from each other.

It was half-past eight; Mr. Marston still dozed: it was too dark to read or work without lights, and Olivia was loth to ring for them. She sat there, watching the shadows deepening on the river, the purple veil drooping lower and lower over the heavens, the flat green meadows turning to dusky grey,—when a large bat flitted past the window, almost close to her face. She in-

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stinctively drew back with a shudder, and found Rupert standing beside her. He had come in so noiselessly—contrary to his usual habit—that Olivia had not heard him. He raised his finger to his lips, and pointed to his father.

'Come into the next room,' he said, in a hoarse whisper; 'I have something to say to you.'

His sister rose, and followed him without a word. There was that in her brother's manner which told her it was no ordinary communication she was about to hear.

'Olive, you must prepare yourself for a piece of bad news.'

She said nothing, but sat down on a chair near at hand; a sudden weakness came over her, which made her distrust her own strength. He took her hand in both of his; he felt that it turned icy cold, and he waited a moment or two before he spoke again.

'Olive, a great misfortune has befallen our father.'

'Go on; only tell me the worst at once.'

'He is ruined. What I feared has come to pass. Lozados is bankrupt.'

She started up, and threw herself into his arms.

'O, Rupert, our poor father!'

It was all she said. She lay there quite motionless for several minutes, and her brother had the tact to remain silent also. He knew her deep strong nature too well to attempt to soften this blow. It was a heavy one, but she would rise up from it; for it was not of a kind to impair energy such as Rupert knew his sister possessed. Her first words, her only thoughts, were for her father. After an interval she whispered—

'How can we hide this from him, Rupert? It would kill him just now to be told this.'

'My darling, sooner or later he must know it. I leave it to you to break it to him when and how you will. You know I wouldn't have grieved you with the burden of this heavy anxiety if it were possible to avert its consequences in any way—if there were the remotest chance of our being able to continue living here, surrounded by comfort and luxury. But there is not. Everything must be sold—servants—horses—everything given up. My father will have very little besides what the sale of the house and furniture fetches. There is a small sum that belonged to our mother, which is safe in the English funds, and that is all that is left of his large fortune. It is a terrible wreck, Olive — a *terrible* wreck! If he would only have listened to me instead of ——'

'Dear Rupert, don't think of reproaching him now, even in thought; only let us try and *shield* him from the weight of this dreadful blow, which he will feel far, far more than you or I can. It is nothing to us comparatively, who are young and strong; but think of him in his old age, blind and helpless, brooding over the past with fruitless regret—O, Rupert, what would I give to spare him this!'

'God knows, Olive, so would I —and I have thought of little else since early this morning, when the extent of the calamity was made known to me. One thing I can't be sufficiently thankful for—that my father gave up the conduct of all his affairs into my hands when he became so ill. It renders it much easier for me to do all that it is absolutely necessary *should* be done, at once—and you can take your own time, Olive, in breaking it to him. But he must be prepared for the change.'

'When must it come?' she asked, in a low voice. 'When must *we* leave the house?'

'Not for two or three weeks. I could sell it to-morrow, but hope to do so to more advantage by put-

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ting it up to auction, and I shall have it advertised. You must give the servants warning, however. I am afraid even Fritz must go. We must break up the establishment as soon as possible, for every day is a serious drain on our income. My salary, you know, is small. We shall not make up altogether more than 300*l.* a year. The change in all our ways, Olive, must be a complete one. We must come into London, I fear; for even omnibuses and rails run away with a great deal out of such an income.'

'And Aunt Clo? What will she do? It has been very trying sometimes, Rupert, her being with us even *here*; how much worse will it be in our poverty, in a small lodging?'

'Rats desert a falling house. You will see that Aunt Clo shows no desire to follow us into obscurity, Olive. You must be prepared to lose most of your friends, I am afraid, when your ways and theirs are split wide asunder.'

'If Aunt Clo leaves us I shall be too thankful, Rupert; and as to friends, the Pomfrets are the only neighbours whom I can call so. They are gone, and with the rest I have no wish to keep up any communication. Oh! if I could only do something, Rupert, to get money—something to help to support myself, and not to be a burden to you! But I feel so helpless! I have no accomplishments; I am not even a good worker; and *he*, poor darling, will require my attention now more than ever. I *couldn't* leave him, or else I might perhaps go——'

'Olive, whatever befalls us, as long as I can work, remember your place is by my father's side, where you will find enough to do, my poor child, in the daily drudgery of life, deprived of all the comforts to which you have been accustomed. Don't think about work: it will come to you in some form. In adversity, a woman is often more helpful in other ways than in stitching.'

Olivia sat down and buried her face in her hands.

'Oh, my poor father—how will he ever bear this? I dread it, Rupert. I dread telling him more—far more than the poverty itself. God help him to bear it!'

'So He will, through you, Olive, and I hope a little through me. Henceforward we must be more closely united than ever, my sister. We are alone against all the world, and we will face it courageously.'

The next morning, after a sleepless night, Olivia prepared to tell her aunt of the great change in their fortunes. Miss Pringle was at first incredulous as to the extent of the ruin which had overtaken her brother-in-law; then she became loud in her reproaches at the imprudence which had brought about this result; and then at last she was silent. What her decision would be, whether or no she would elect to remain with her impoverished relations, was yet to be seen. But Olivia's mind was now wholly occupied with a far greater anxiety. That sleepless night had been productive of one definite resolve. As long, and as far as possible, she determined to conceal from her father the condition of his affairs. She hardly dared hope to do so permanently. But if she could gradually accustom his mind to the great change which must take place in their manner of life, the danger of a sudden shock in his present condition would be averted.

The doves were cooing in the sunshine; the fountain was bubbling its tale of pleasantness and peace: never had her home looked so charming to Olivia as it did that morning, when she knew how soon now it must all pass into the hands of strangers. She drew her chair to the old place at her father's side, and she steadied her voice to

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read the *Times*, as usual, from beginning to end. But the eye and the voice alone read: the mind was other where. When she had done, she put down the paper, and said with as unconcerned a voice and manner as she could command—

'Father, should you mind very much leaving this place and going into London? Rupert and I have been talking over it. The distance is very inconvenient for him, and for me, too. We think it would be much better if we were to change houses. Perhaps a smaller house would do for us in London, you know.'

'Change? Leave this house? What do you mean, Olivia? What's this—eh?'

'You wouldn't mind it for Rupert's sake, father, would you?'

'What are you talking about, child? I'm too old—too old to change. Wait till I'm under ground. It won't be long. Rupert can go to London if he likes, but you and I'll remain here.'

There was something of his old decision—something even of sharpness in the way he spoke. Olivia hesitated a moment before she said,

'To be parted from Rupert would be a great sorrow to us both, father. He is our morning and evening star. We should not be able to get on at all, I think, if he were to go and live away from us in London.'

A shade passed over the blind man's face: he sighed.

'Perhaps you are tired of your quiet life here, Olive?'

She felt the blood rush into her face: she was glad for once that her father could not see.

'Not tired of its quiet, father—oh, no! But this is, perhaps, damp—damp and foggy, so near the river, and surrounded by trees. London, no doubt, would be healthier—better for us in all ways.'

'You are not feeling ill, are you?' he said, hastily.

'No, father.'

'It can't be much darker in London than here—that's one thing,' he muttered.

'And the houses are much warmer,' observed his daughter. 'You will not have all the draughts you have here. Rupert will be home, too, a whole hour earlier, and leave us a whole hour later than he does now. That will be a great thing, father, won't it?'

'But I have a long lease of the house, Olive, and I won't part with it at a loss. No, no; I'd rather remain where I am.'

He settled himself back in his chair, as though he had relapsed into his former condition of mind, and were resolved to abide in it.

'It seems,' said Olivia, quietly, 'that the Cedars may be parted with to great advantage. At least, so Rupert says.'

Mr. Marston turned sharply towards his daughter, but he said nothing. The mine, however, was sprung. Little by little, day after day, the work of overcoming his natural repugnance to the idea of any change was carried further. Olivia voluntarily accepted the position forced on her: to please Rupert and herself, their father was asked to make this great sacrifice of his wishes and personal comfort. It was an ungracious office, this apparently selfish pleading; and it moved Olivia to tears, seeing how the blind man dreaded all that was strange and unknown, to find him, in his undemonstrative love for his children, yielding to her gentle persistence. But, having once brought his mind over the bar of rough waters, the fine old man let himself drift in silence whithersover his children steered. The weakening of all his faculties tended to this result, no doubt. And the decision which Miss Pringle arrived at in the course of that week helped greatly, I believe, to reconcile him to the proposed change.

'My dear, as to your keeping all

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this a secret from your papa, it is perfect nonsense, you know. You can't keep your altered circumstances from him—how can you? Living in a poky lodging, with a maid-of-all-work to cook your dinner, my dear, how is it to be done? And that reminds me to tell you what I was going to say about myself. My health, as you know, is very delicate; I'm obliged to take great care of myself; and really, I do feel as if I should be in your way, my dear, in a lodging, and living in the very different way you must now. And in a confined part of the town, too. No! much as I shall regret leaving you, my love, I feel it would not be right to indulge in the selfish wish to remain with you, though I shall, of course, *see* you very constantly, and I hope to be able to take you out by-and-by, when your affairs are a little set to rights. I dare say they won't turn out as bad, after all, as you expect.'

Olivia smiled—a little sadly, perhaps. Had she been cynically disposed, she might have indulged her inclination at the expense of poor human nature. As it was, she only assured her aunt (with entire sincerity) that she cordially approved of her resolution; and Olivia did not think it necessary to add that Miss Pringle's prospect of taking her 'out' offered no temptation to her niece, and would certainly not be realised in their present altered circumstances.

A few days later the Cedars was sold by private contract to Mr. Rook, the auctioneer, and before the month was out a sale took place of nearly all the furniture, books, and pictures. Of furniture, enough was saved to fill the small apartment Rupert had taken in London; of books, all his father's and most of his sister's favourite authors were rescued; of pictures, since the blind man could sustain no sense of loss through these, none were spared. All with which he could by possibility come into contact—the silver and the fine damask for his own use at table, the choice old wine for his own drinking—were carefully put aside from the general wreck; and for the same reason, Olivia's piano. Through those senses left to him, the old and enfeebled man should never learn, if possible, the ruin which had overtaken all that he loved on earth.

CHAPTER X.

THE NEW HOME.

The miserable spectacle so often described, of a crowd of hook-nosed, dirty-looking men elbowing each other round a table, while almost as great a crowd of curious idlers are strolling through the rooms which they have never seen before, and while the appraiser's voice, and the sound of the hammer, and the buzz of indifferent conversation, rouse other echoes from those the quiet house has hitherto known—this miserable spectacle the Cedars witnessed at the end of September. Three days before that, Mr Marston and his family moved into the apartments which were to be their home henceforward.

There is a street leading out of the Strand—no matter its name—at the end of which a row of handsome, old-fashioned houses faces the river. Those who know this part of London will at once recognise the spot; for the information of others, it is only necessary to say that, quietly hid away from the turmoil which reigns only a stone's throw from it, such a row of buildings does exist—their architect, probably, some disciple of Inigo Jones, their original occupants, possibly, well-to-do-merchants in the beginning of the last century. The broad strip of pavement which runs in front of them has no *flâneurs*; the dilapidated iron rails which divide the street on the other side from the wharves below give an interrupted

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view beyond of the penny steamers panting every minute up and down the river, and of the gas-works on the opposite bank, and of the great bridges to right and left, with the Houses of Parliament on one flank, and the Tower, with St. Paul's, on the other. This is better than looking on a brick wall pierced with holes, more especially when those holes have human eyes in them to watch all that their neighbours do. But Fashion is justified of her children, and she wanders no longer by the banks of our great river. Time was, no doubt, when powdered lacqueys hung about the lintels of those broad pilastered doors, through which sedan-chairs passed gaily in and out of nights, and their owners, in brocaded dressing-gowns, sipped chocolate at those windows that look upon the river; and no superannuated placards (driven from the great thoroughfares) were hung in those days against the railings, nor did colonies of broken glass and orange-peel find refuge in their vicinity. Now, business only tempts the pedestrian to turn out of the Strand down the narrow street that leads to this *cul-de-sac*; coach-wheels rarely rumble over the ill-fitting stones, which have not been renewed for Heaven knows how long; it is a stitch dropped in the great network of busy London life.

In this row of houses Rupert had found apartments, and it will be at once apparent how many advantages the situation possessed for them all. In the heart of London, within a quarter of an hour's walk of Rupert's house of business, Mr. Marston would find all the sunshine that our city ever enjoys, with a constant current of that fresh river-air of which he was so fond. On that long strip of pavement he could take his quarter-deck walk, with almost as little fear of interruption as on the terrace of his old home. It was easy for the blind man to learn the very confined map to which his daily evolutions would be circumscribed. The rooms he lived in were upon the ground-floor: the sitting-room to the front, the bed-room and a very small parlour to the back. There were doors of communication between each, and a single stone step led him out, with Fritz's arm, upon the broad sunny pavement.

Rupert and Olivia were upon the second floor. It was the one drawback to this apartment—and everything must have *one* drawback at least—that the intervening floor was occupied. Mrs. Flaherty, the landlady, assured Olivia that it was impossible she or her father could sustain any discomfort on this score, since 'the party' occupying the enviable position of first-floor lodger never slept there, and was the quietest gentleman that ever stepped, during the few hours he passed there daily. Not that he came there by any means every day, added Mrs Flaherty (thereby justifying her nationality); on the contrary, a whole week would go by, sometimes, without his appearing. In short, if the first floor was to be let, it was clearly impossible for the tenant to be more innocuous, and in every way desirable. Still, it was a drawback that two flights of stairs should separate Olivia's room from her father's. Since his alarming illness, however, Fritz had always slept in his master's room, so that Rupert and his sister had no uneasiness in being thus far from their father at night.

Fritz was the only servant the Marstons kept. Mrs. Flaherty and her cook did the house-work between them, and the helpful old German generally lent his hand in the kitchen in preparing some dish for his master's special consumption. It was well that Rupert *had* not, like most young men in the present day, pampered his appetite to that degree of fastidiousness which leads an ill dressed dinner to

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be regarded as one of the most serious punishments this life can award. The mutton at first *was* very often underdone, and had to be sent down in slices and broiled; and the memory of those leaden crusts under which a beefsteak was periodically buried—is it not as a nightmare unto them even now? For themselves, Rupert and Olivia bore their change of *cuisine*, as they had supported heavier trials, with equanimity. For their father, they were naturally anxious that this change should not be perceptible. With Fritz's help, and the doctrines of an old cookery-book of her mother's, which Olivia now studied sedulously, she succeeded in this with complete success. She went down into the kitchen herself; she helped the little maid to the measurement and proper mixing of ingredients. It was a sight to see her with knit brows expounding from the solemn text of Mrs. Glasse, in the kitchen of that London lodging-house. And she was rewarded as she deserved.

Mrs. Flaherty was not 'a character.' She was a commonplace, kind-hearted old Irishwoman; rather shrewd, and very talkative, but generally inexact in all her statements; a devout Roman Catholic, credulous as a child, and slatternly in appearance. She was the widow of an excise officer, and had seen 'better days.' But those were long ago. She had kept lodgings in London for the last five and twenty years; and there was, in consequence, a certain flavour of cockneydom stirred into this Hibernian compound. She occupied a room on the same floor as Olivia and her brother, but to the back. The floor above was at present unlet; and, though corresponding to what are generally garrets, it consisted of four comfortable and airy rooms. This, with the kitchen and Mrs. Flaherty's adjoining demesne, formed the whole house.

Rupert took his sister over their new home before he finally agreed to Mrs. Flaherty's offer; and as Olivia saw at once all the advantages it possessed for her father, the bargain was closed then and there. Little by little, Mr. Marston's mind was reconciled to the idea of living in London—*for his children's sakes.* They had found a house for him by the river-side—a sunny house and quiet. His rooms were on the ground floor; his two old friends would often come in here and see him; the bustle and business of London was near at hand for his children—for Rupert more especially. If he thought with regret, then or afterwards, of the soft velvet lawn on which he used to walk in summer time, of the cawing of the rooks and cooing of the doves, and the many peaceful country sounds which had cheered the great solitude of blindness, he hid the feeling away carefully out of his children's sight. Was the self-sacrifice and devotion all on one side? Not so.

The room into which they led him that still September afternoon when Mr. Marston took his leave of the Cedars, had been made as like the library of their old home as furniture could make it. Had the eyes of the blind man been opened to look around him as he entered, he would not have learnt the change of fortune that had befallen him, from the aspect of the room. There, along the side of the pale-green wall, with its rich cornice of white stucco, and over against the carved marble mantelpiece (both telling of the house's original estate), stood one of the walnut bookshelves saved from the sale. The Turkey carpet, the easy chairs, Olivia's piano and her Davenport, a *jardinière* full of such plants as she thought would best stand the London air, and a Venetian leather screen, to shield from the draught of the open door the corner into which Mr. Marston's chair was

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drawn—these were household gods from the old temple transported to the new. The small parlour adjoining was equally comfortable; and into Mr. Marston's bedroom most of the old furniture had been moved, and arranged, as nearly as possible, in the way to which he was used. For Olivia's and Rupert's rooms, on the other hand, nothing but what was essential and of the simplest kind had been kept back. Upon the second floor their father would assuredly never set his foot.

Mr. Marston knew very little of London. Half a lifetime ago he had spent a few months there occasionally; but it had never been his home, and of its geography he was quite ignorant.

'Is the house well situated?' he had asked.

'Nothing can be better,' was his daughter's reply. 'Airy and sunny; not far from Northumberland House and Whitehall, which, as you remember, father, is a line of palaces. We have the river in front of us, too.'

'And what size is the house—eh?'

'Oh, large; quite as large as we want—larger, indeed.'

'And the stabling? I hope Rupert has been particular about there being good stabling?'

'There is stabling close at hand. Rupert will see to all that, father. You may make your mind quite easy.'

'And the rent? He hasn't told me anything about that yet, Olive. He must tell me; though I haven't the head for accounts I had, still I must know—do you hear? I can't afford to pay some exorbitant rent—remember that.'

'No, dear father; but you can quite trust Rupert. You know you have given up everything into his hands, and he is so careful, you could not manage better yourself.'

'Ah, well, I don't know about that; the boy hasn't any experience, and women don't understand anything about money matters, Olive.'

'The house will cost you a great deal less than this, father,' she replied, rather nervously.

'Um! Well, Rupert must explain to me about it. I can't be running into debt. Moving is a great expense. "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Rupert must explain everything to me.'

But the weakened state of Mr. Marston's mind, his incapacity of fixing it upon any one subject for long together, rendered it comparatively easy to turn his attention from such explanations. And when he was once established in his new home—when he had got to know the relative position of doors and windows, and the arrangement of chairs and tables—when he had once slid into that new groove of existence which, as far as he was concerned, at least, so closely resembled the old one, he contentedly accepted the change without question, or disquietude of any kind. Truly the blow had been dealt in mercy which rendered it possible to conceal the truth from the once shrewd and keenly sensitive old man.

There was a small incident—a very small one—which happened a few days after they had entered their new home; it was this.

The afternoon was very warm for the time of year. Mr. Marston had taken his walk, and now sat by the open window. Olivia took a volume of Travels from the bookcase to read to her father, and drew her chair, as usual, close to his. As she did so, the folds of her coarse stuff dress touched his hand. He took it up between his finger and thumb, and said, after a minute's pause—

'Why don't you wear something thinner such a warm day, child?'

'This is better for London;

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things get so dirty here, and washing is expensive.'

'H'm! it seems to me like sackcloth. I used to like to hear the rustle of your silk gown.'

'I've only one, which I keep for grand occasions.' She did not say that all the others were sold, as useless to her now.

'When did I sign a cheque?' he asked, suddenly; 'it seems a long time.'

'We've enough money in the house to go on with, father.'

'Well, go and buy yourself a gown. "And ye shall walk in silk attire,"' he quavered out. 'Why, what must your aunt have said when she saw you in that sackcloth—eh? I'll be bound she found it reminded her, somehow or other, of one of her old conquests.'

Olivia laughed. 'It is no use wearing smart dresses with only the smoky sparrows to see one. There is no one in town now, father. Even Aunt Clo, you know, is going to Margate. I don't want another gown now.'

'H'm! I'm afraid—that is, I suppose she's not going to stay there, is she?'

'No; she's going to take a small house in Bayswater.'

'Ah! that's where the fire was, Fritz was reading to me about. Terrible! I should like to send the poor souls something—a mother and five children—ta—ta! Let the parson have five pounds for them, child, without any name, will you? and then there's an end of *that*.'

Poor Olivia! This was one of the trials she was so often subject to, when she had to evade the old man's charitable injunctions, which she was quite unable to obey, and then to satisfy him on the subject as best she might. Fortunately, his memory often failed him now; his old acuteness only returned by fits and starts.

One evening he was asleep when Rupert entered.

'What news from the City?' asked Mr. Marston, starting up with sudden alacrity. 'What is the state of the funds—eh?'

'Consols firm at 93, father,' said Rupert, with a half smile, half sigh.

'And no more absurd reports about Lozados—eh, Rupert? You're not going to try and frighten me again about him, I suppose, are you?'

'No, I am never going to try and frighten you again about him, father.'

He turned to his sister after a moment's pause, and said—

'Whose death do you think I have just seen in the paper?—Lionel Pomfret's!'

'Good heavens! how sudden! Where was it?'

'At Ems, on the 5th—a fortnight ago. I'm not surprised; he always looked an unhealthy fellow.'

'I am very sorry for his poor mother.'

'Have you ever written to them yet, Olive?'

'No; but I will do so now, of course.'

'You promised to let them hear in case you had anything to tell them—don't you remember? They were so kind to you, that you've no right to keep them in ignorance of all that has befallen us, and of our present residence. It's quite different with all our other neighbours at Fordingham. I have made it generally understood that, as circumstances now oblige us to live in strict retirement, you didn't wish to receive visits in London. I have therefore declined giving our address to the numerous well meant applications that have been made to me at Mr. Claxton's, to learn where you were to be found, Olive.'

'That is just what I wished. It would bore me to death, Rupert, to have to receive the condolences of the Blighs and the Wellses, and all the tribes of Fordingham; and my time is even more occupied than it

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used to be. Indeed, that is the reason I have not yet written to Mrs. Pomfret. I fully meant to do so. I will write to-morrow. Shall I give any message from you?'

'Oh, remember me to them, and say I'm very sorry—something of that sort, you know; and mind you inquire particularly how my little friend the schoolgirl is. What is her name? Mary, aint it? Nice little thing.'

'Yes. By the bye, Aunt Clo was here to-day. She came in a new green bonnet, and brought me a present. What do you think it was? An old blonde dress, in which she used to dance at the Cheltenham Assembly Rooms fifty years ago, I should think. She kindly proposed to take me to Jullien's Promenade Concerts also.'

The brother and sister laughed together; and Rupert, leaning over to his father, said—

'Miss Pringle sat with you some time, I hear, to-day? I hope she made herself agreeable, and that you enjoyed her visit.'

'Hem! very good of her to come. She's gone though, I hope, aint she? She's not going to stay? Ah! gone to Margate—that's all right.'

And on having his doubts reassured, Mr. Marston gave a sigh of satisfaction.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LODGER ON THE FIRST FLOOR.

It will be seen that the chances of Julian Westbrook's discovering Olivia's present residence were remote. Had he been a genuine 'hero of romance,' he would, no doubt, have caused Rupert to be followed from Mr. Claxton's office some afternoon, and traced to his sister's home; and he would then have dogged the young lady's steps pertinaciously till he *accidentally* came across her path. As it was, he did nothing of the sort. He made inquiries of every one whom he thought in the least likely to possess the information he sought; and he cursed Fortune for denying it to him. But Fortune treated him as she generally does those who behave so uncivilly to her—with contempt. During the long winter months that followed—when Julian, from some cause or other, was detained in town, the Pomfrets being abroad, and most of his intimate friends in the country,—the idle man of pleasure would have found a source of permanent interest in the cultivation of that passion which had attained to a certain growth during the past summer. For some time his vexation took a moody, misanthropic turn. He was angry with himself for having lost his opportunity; he was cross with the world (which was hunting in Leicestershire just then, and Julian didn't hunt); he was, above all, irritated against the whole of the fair sex collectively. He thought, or tried to think, that he had good reason to complain on this head—not an uncommon condition of mind with men like Julian. He was an ill used man. He repeated this to himself every drizzly December afternoon that he rode down to Fordingham (having nothing in the world to do in London), and cultivated sentiment by letting his hack wander, at foot's pace, among the lanes surrounding the Cedars.

It is now time that I should speak of Mrs. Flaherty's first floor lodger, whose eccentric tenure of his apartment excited Olivia's curiosity, it must be confessed, after she had once seen him. This was not until she had been for several weeks in her new home, during which time 'the first floor' came most mornings, vanishing again towards dusk, and remaining, silent and invisible, in his rooms during the intervening hours. No bell ever rang from the first floor; no visitor was ever known

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to come there. The lodger carried away the key in his pocket every evening, and Mrs. Flaherty's desecrating brooms and dusters were only admitted at certain long intervals of time, the lodger not choosing to have his rooms 'set to rights' during his absence. All this was a subject of profound indifference to Miss Marston, and she turned a deaf ear when Mrs. Flaherty began dilating upon the strange conduct of her 'first floor,' combined with his punctuality of payment, and his princely liberality in small matters. It was a subject of profound indifference to Olivia, I repeat, until she had seen this Mr. Thompson—for such was the unromantic name he bore—and then she began to feel a curiosity to hear something about him.

It was late in the afternoon—about the hour that Rupert generally returned—and Olivia, having left her father asleep, was going up to her own room for a few minutes, when, as she closed the sitting-room door softly behind her, she saw the figure of a man descending the stairs. She was so unaccustomed to see any man but her brother about the house, that she had begun to forget the possibility of meeting a stranger upon that common territory, the staircase.

'Rupert,' she said, as she advanced towards the figure, which was now within a few steps of the bottom one, 'don't disturb my father; he is asleep. I didn't know you were come in.'

She started back as she finished speaking, for the person who now stood close to her was a stranger.

Though dusk, it was still possible to distinguish his features as he raised his hat and bowed. He was not a very young man; a little bald about the temples; somewhat above the middle height; and of a square and powerful build. The lines of the face were full of mastery. The broad, massive brow; the aquiline nose; the large mouth, clasped so firmly under the short auburn moustache; the square, somewhat protruding chin, softened by its short beard, indicated a character of no common force. The expression of the eyes was sad, almost stern. But of all this Olivia saw nothing—nothing but that a middle-aged man, with a fine head, and the manners of a perfect gentleman, stood for an instant before her. His clothes looked rather shabby; he carried an oblong parcel under his arm; yet the man was unmistakably a gentleman. In the glance she had of his head, it reminded her of a portrait in the Pitti Palace which she had often thought about.

He had the good taste not to notice her mistake otherwise than by that silent bow. He passed on; and before Olivia had recovered from her surprise, he was gone.

When Mrs. Flaherty came up, ten minutes afterwards, to close Miss Marston's shutters, she found her leaning out of window, over the quickly darkening river.

'I suppose it was Mr. Thompson I met on the stairs just now—a tall man, dressed in black?'

'Sure and that 'll be Mr. Thompson himself, miss. For what 'd I be havin' other gintlemin in the house for, save and except your brother, miss, and me a lone woman, as has always kep' me house respectable? And no one in the Row as can say a word agin me, though that Mrs. Burke is as spiteful as ever she can be, and——'

'Yes, I know, Mrs. Flaherty; but I wanted to ask you about Mr. Thompson. Do you know anything about him? How long has he had these lodgings?'

'Somethin' betther nor three months, Miss. And a noble cha*rak*ter he is, is Mr. Thompson, that niver looks at both sides of a half-crown. But as to where he come from, and where he go to, and why he be so shockin' melancholy,—

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faith! it's not Biddy Flaherty that gossips and pries into her lodgers' sacrets, miss, nor tells all down the Row what ye have for dinner, nor how much linen goes to the wash in the week, as *some* does. Lord bless y'r sowl, miss, if I'd ha' chose it, I could ha' found out, in coorse, where he come from; but he pays me me rint reg'lar, and is a princely-hearted gintleman — and the rist is no consarn of mine. Is it now, miss?'

'Of course not, Mrs. Flaherty. You cannot be sufficiently thankful that you have such a model lodger. I suppose you don't know, then, what it is makes him come here during the day and go away at night?

'I think,' said Mrs. Flaherty, with knit brows, as though she were solving some difficult problem, 'that he must be a scholard, or a doctor, or somethin'. He 's a deal o' books about—which gits covered with dust afore iver he'll let me in to clane them—and papers with feet and hands and bowns; and sich a shockin' thing as I come upon last time I was there—it give me quite a turn!—a man's bawdy, with all the flish and sinews drawed as nat'ral as life, and no skin on it! And thin he has a great boord covered over whiniver I comes in—somethin' medical, for sure—and a tin box of instruments, as I take it, which he tould me niver to touch. I wouldn't, bless me sowl, for all the world, for fear o' poison!'

'And there is a strong smell of turpentine—is there not?' asked Olivia.

'That's thrue for you, miss, sure enough. And how could ye be guessin' that, now?'

'Your lodger is an artist—a painter, Mrs. Flaherty. I see it all. He comes here to paint, for the sake of much purer and clearer light than he can have in the dingy part of London he probably inhabits.'

This view of the case did not recommend itself very strongly to Mrs. Flaherty. She seemed to apprehend that the dignity of her 'first floor' must suffer from the supposition that he painted 'pictures to sell'—'which aint in no ways likely,' she added, with some show of reason, 'for no one iver comes here, and he niver takes nothin' away—so how can he sell pictures, miss? which is as free with his money as can be! No, faith; me belief is that he's a *scholard*,' concluded Mrs. Flaherty, knitting her brows once more; and this reconciled every difficulty *in* the good woman's mind.

Olivia did not pursue the discussion further. She had no stronger argument than she had used to oppose to Mrs. Flaherty's plausible one, even had she felt disposed to continue this guesswork, and she did not. She went downstairs to her father, knowing that Mrs. Flaherty would continue gossiping there for an hour, if she gave her the opportunity.

In the course of the evening she told Rupert of her encounter with the stranger, and her mistake.

'The fellow is a gentleman,' said her brother, 'or he would have tried to scrape an acquaintance with you on the strength of your speaking to him. By the bye——'

He stopped short; then, after a second or two, continued—

'I hate secrets, Olive, and now more than ever we will have none from each other, if possible. I met Westbrook in Charing Cross to-day.'

His sister was trying to do a piece of plain work. She did not look up, or leave off, but there occurred one or two uneven stitches just then.

'I was going to pass him, but he stopped me, and inquired about you and my father, and where you lived, and whether he mightn't come and see you, and ended by doing me the great honour to beg

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me to come and see *him*. I assure you I was nearly overpowered; however, I managed to preserve my presence of mind, and I replied, with tolerable coolness, that for certain family reasons you were living in strict retirement just now, and saw no one. For myself, my business habits prevented my paying visits. He looked annoyed, and said he couldn't believe that *you* would refuse to see him if you knew that an old friend was desirous of making his inquiries after you in person.'

'I always told you, Rupert,' she said very quietly, 'that he was not as worldly as you thought—that he had more heart. The change in our worldly position would not influence him. But it is much better that he should not come here. You are quite right.'

'If I disliked his coming to the Cedars, Olive, of course I should dislike it doubly here. There is every reason against it. Among others, one I have said nothing to you about as yet—for nothing was settled. But this very day, curiously enough, Mr. Claxton has spoken again of the probability of his wishing to send me to the West Indies for two or three months, to visit certain property there, and settle some disputes which it is difficult to do at home. His placing this trust in me is very complimentary, and, as such, I can hardly refuse it; for it will raise my position in the house, and my salary, very considerably. The drawback, of course, Olive, is leaving you and my father here; but it will not be for long—three or four months at most, I believe.'

'You mustn't let any thought of us trouble you,' said his sister, laying her hand upon his arm; 'we shall do very well during your absence, and I am delighted that Mr. Claxton should place this trust in you. I wouldn't for the world have it otherwise, dear.'

'You're not afraid of being alone in a London lodging with my father? You wouldn't have anyone with you during my absence?'

'Certainly not. What should I be afraid of? Nothing can be quieter than this house. My life, as you know, runs like a piece of clockwork now, without the very smallest variation from day to day. And I am quite content that it should be so. Therefore you may leave me, Rupert, with a quiet mind. You will go to the other side of the globe, and come back and find me stitching away as you left me; and I shall probably not exchange half a dozen words with anyone but Mrs. Flaherty and Aunt Clo during your absence.'

'That is just what I should wish, Olive, and that is why I should particularly object to Westbrook's finding his way here now. It seems brutal to condemn you to this solitude, my child; but I know the world, and I know you must be doubly careful when you are virtually left alone. You have no women-friends; and as to men, if you should want assistance or advice during my absence, you have Mr. Claxton to apply to—the kindest man alive. In our present position, the quieter you keep, the fewer people you see, the better. It sha'n't be always so; but while I am away you must promise me to close your convent-doors more carefully than ever.'

There was, no doubt, a certain savour of pride in what Rupert believed to be simply a wise prevision for his sister's welfare. But wise and foolish alike, how futile are such previsions against the great network of circumstances which life is perpetually weaving around us!

Three weeks later, Rupert Marston embarked at Southampton for Jamaica.

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CHAPTER XII.

DROPPED ON THE STAIRS.

The condition of Olivia Marston's mind at this time was one common enough in real life, I believe, especially among women of imagination and sensibility, but seldom permitted by novelists to their first-class heroines. She had been dazzled and captivated for a season by a man of a very inferior stamp. The strong hand of her brother had held her back before it had been too late; yet still her eyes were scarcely opened to behold good from evil. She could not but believe still that Rupert was unjust towards Westbrook.

She had not given up in her heart of hearts 'making allowances' for him: the energy with which she agreed with Rupert that Westbrook was not to come to the house, proved, perhaps more than anything, that she mistrusted her own strength.

Olivia had been too much occupied about others, during the past three months, to think of herself, and to indulge in any sentimentality, had she been so disposed.

Active work is the best antidote for every species of moral disease; and as yet the girl's healthy mind could scarcely be said to have imbibed any infection. The time was come, however, now that she was to be silent during all the long evenings that her father dozed, and companionless at the early breakfasts, when her mind, with so many additional hours for reflection, might not improbably return to the happy days of the past spring, and linger over them. An incident apparently trivial, but fraught with grave consequences, occurred just then.

It was early in January when Rupert sailed. In the course of the following week Mrs. Flaherty told Olivia, with a radiant face, that her third floor was at last let, and let very well too, to a quiet elderly lady named Crosbie and her niece. Unexceptionable references: The Rev. Mr. Sparshott, Union Chapel; and Mr. Jonas Unguent, Secretary to the Society for the Secret Distribution of Tracts in the Papal States. The ladies were to take possession in a few days.

Olivia was sitting at the parlour window when the cab containing the new lodgers arrived. There was a great deal of luggage, comprising sundry hair-trunks, band-boxes, and paper-parcels; an old-fashioned desk in a green baize cover, several music-books, and a bird-cage. A thin woman of fifty, with a hard pinched face and grey hair, dressed in black, stepped from the cab. There was a general hollowness about this person's figure, as though the front of it had been scooped out, and the shoulders were penuriously trying to meet, which suited the expression of her face. Olivia had full opportunity to watch it, as its owner stood haggling with the cabman over his fare. To her companion this operation seemed to be profoundly displeasing. She knit her brow and bit her pretty lips, and after supplicating the elder lady to yield to the man's demand, however great the extortion might be, she drew out a smart leather purse from her own pocket, and, placing a shilling in the man's hand, ran swiftly up the steps of the house, leaving her companion to follow.

The contrast between aunt and niece, if such they were, was indeed complete. A little plump figure, a complexion of lilies and roses, a profusion of golden hair, a lovely little *nez retroussé*, with delicate nostrils, like pale pink shells, the whitest teeth, the neatest ankle, the sweetest, most child-like expression of face —Olivia examined her attentively as she stood there, with the bird-cage in her hand, tapping impatiently with her foot, while her

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aunt discussed the extra shilling with cabby. And Olivia made up her mind that this was one of the prettiest creatures she had ever beheld. The flaw—for of course a woman's keen scrutiny detected the flaw—was in her eyes. They were small grey eyes, with a greenish light in them, and were not altogether harmonious with the rest of the face—though capable of more expression, possibly, than softer eyes might have been. They were like the eyes of a clever child, clear and keen, unless when veiled by the mist of tender emotion, and appearing, when under the influence of passion, to burn up, until the pupils became no more than two specks of concentrated flame. It is probable that she saw Olivia at the window; for just when her impatience at the squabble between her aunt and cabby was most demonstrative, she turned her head quickly round, and then it was she drew out her own purse. Her dress formed as great a contrast to her aunt's as everything else about her: it was bright and gay, though in good taste, and certainly did not indicate poverty.

At an early hour two or three mornings after, Olivia heard from the room above hers the sound of a powerful high voice practising scales and exercises, followed by Italian Opera airs, certain passages in which were sung over and over again, until the singer had attained greater precision of execution. Olivia then threw up her window; her neighbour overhead had already opened hers. It was a fine winter's morning; a thin frosty mist hung over the river, through which the sun was beginning to gleam; and the canary upon the window-ledge up above, rejoicing in those first rays, was emulating his mistress in his wild flights of song. Though the harmony thus produced was doubtful, Olivia listened with pleasure. A bird's song and a fresh voice in the early morning have hints of the country and of springtime in them, doubly dear in murky London. Presently the singer left off, and came to the window. Then followed a trio, of which Olivia caught some fragments.

'Oh, zu noisy Dicky! eat this sugar, sir, and be quiet—do. I can't hear myself, zu make such a row, zu troublesome Dicky! Three times I've tried to get that B flat, and——'

'Clara,' said a harsh voice, belonging no doubt to Mrs. Crosbie, 'you'll have no voice to-night if you remain at that window. Come away, and don't be a fool with that bird.'

'Twee-twee-twee-twee-twee,' remonstrated Dicky, in a high counter-treble.

'No, Dicky!' broke in the soprano with a light laugh. It's no use, zu foolish ittle bird. We must come away from the window, because a nasty cross aunt says we must, and I shall throw a cloth over your cage, zu chatterbox. Come, give me a kiss.'

And Olivia, raising her eyes, could see the fair face of the young singer pouting her rosy lips forward towards the cage, which she had swung outside the ledge, and the occupant of which, twittering as he hopped along his perch, thrust his little beak through the bars to greet his mistress.

'Come, Clara,' rose the harsh contralto voice in the trio once more, 'don't fool away your time there; it worrits me to death, it does; and there's your rehearsal at eleven o'clock too, and you haven't gone through your part yet. You're the most thoughtless creature! I do believe you'd lose your head if I wasn't there to look after you. To think you're a married woman, too, going on just for all the world like a child. I wonder you're not ashamed.'

The married woman knit her

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pretty brows and hummed in a sort of wilful, defiant way, as she looked up and down the river, without vouchsafing any reply; then, unhooking the cage, she muttered, as she took it in—'Well, Dicky, zu and I will fly away together some day, won't we?' And the window was shut down.

The listener below sat pondering some time as to the history and condition of the lodgers overhead. It seemed that the younger lady was a professional singer, and, stranger still, that she was a married woman.

In such an uneventful life as Olivia's, even a trifling incident is capable of stirring the still water, as the smallest pebble dropped into a well creates a disturbance little commensurate with its size. And before the afternoon was past, this pebble was followed by another.

Olivia heard the two ladies pass her door and go downstairs towards noon. A few minutes later she herself went out, having a commission in the Strand, which she took advantage of her father's being on the terrace with Fritz's arm to execute, so that he should not miss her. As she opened the house door, Mr. Thompson was just putting in his latch-key to enter. He drew back and bowed. They had not met face to face since that evening nearly a month ago. This time their eyes met, and Olivia felt that his were bent with keen scrutiny on hers.

When she reached home half an hour later, a letter directed to her was lying on the table. It was carefully sealed with a coat of arms surmounted with the crest of a man in armour; for Olivia, after the manner of many women, inspected the letter minutely before opening it, instead of taking the more obvious method of satisfying her curiosity at once.

The letter contained another, crumpled, and the envelope of which was partially torn. Upon the half-sheet of paper which enclosed it were written these words:

'Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Miss Marston, and begs to enclose a letter which he believes belongs to her, as he found it on the stairs a few minutes ago.'

All that was left of the superscription on the enclosed letter was the syllable *ston*, and the words *Terrace, Strand*. The writing did not seem altogether unfamiliar to Olivia, though she felt sure the letter was not hers. It might be Rupert's; but if so, how did it come upon the stairs, nearly three weeks after he had sailed?

To satisfy herself on this point she opened the letter, though not without a certain hesitation.

It began, without name or other indication to whom the words were addressed, thus:

'What is the use of recrimination? Your conduct has certainly deprived you of any right——'

She read no more, but hastily turned the leaf and looked for the signature. There was none. No date; nothing to show whence the letter came.

She sat looking at the fire for some minutes, pondering what she should do—how she should discover for whom the letter was intended, so as not to give a document which seemed of an unusually private nature into wrong hands—and how, in default of this knowledge, she could restore it, without risk of a similar error, to the writer.

The first question was, whether or not the letter was addressed to Rupert? In the words Olivia had read, there was nothing to show that this was not the case. But the letter had been dropped by some one on the stairs, and Olivia remembered that Mrs. Crosbie and her niece had gone out just before her. Might it not belong to the latter, whose name she had not yet heard? When she looked again at the torn cover, she observed, what

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had escaped her notice before, that the paper was intact after the syllable *ston*, consequently no *Esqre.* had ever formed a portion of the address. She rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Flaherty.

'Mrs. Flaherty, can you tell me the name of the youngest of your new lodgers? I think you said the aunt was Mrs. Crosbie; but the niece?'

'It'll be Alliston, or Illiston, or some sich a name, I'm thinkin', miss. Annyways, she's a missis.'

'Ah! so I fancied; and you know that it's a name ending with *ston*? That's all I wanted to know.'

'I saw it wrote on a letter this mornin', miss; for she says to me, says she, "You mind and be very partic'lar, Mrs. Flaherty, and bring me letthers to *me*, and not to me aunt;" so I took it up to her with these very hands.'

'Then this letter, no doubt, belongs to her. Perhaps it is the very one you took in?'

'Sure it is, thin, Miss. I mind there was that big blot in the corner. If ye plase, I'll give it to her when she comes in.'

'No, I will take it to her myself. I think she would rather that I explained to her how it was found.'

Olivia could no longer doubt to whom the letter in her possession was addressed. She felt tempted for a moment to return it to Mr. Thompson, simply stating that the letter was not hers. The few words she had read of it indicated that possibly the clue to some secret of grave importance might be contained in the remainder. She did not believe that Mr. Thompson had read the letter, for he bore the stamp of a true gentleman; but he *might* have done so in his endeavour to learn for whom it was intended. Was she to allow him to continue to believe that this person was herself? On the other hand, was she justified in delivering back into a stranger's hands so important a paper, now that she knew positively whose it was? She decided without much hesitation that she was not so justified.

She dropped the letter into a larger cover, within which she wrote, on a separate sheet, these words:

'Miss Marston presents her compliments to Mrs. Elliston, and begs to return her a letter found on the stairs this afternoon, and which was brought by mistake to Miss Marston. The torn state of the cover will account for this, together with the last syllable of both names being the same; but Miss Marston, seeing *at a glance* that the letter is not hers, loses no time in restoring it into Mrs. Elliston's hands.'

Half an hour later the ladies returned; and Fritz, knocking at the door of the third floor, gave the letter to Mrs. Elliston herself.

It certainly in no way concerned Olivia what the new lodger's correspondence or past history might be, yet she could not avoid some speculation on the subject. She was puzzled, and rather annoyed, by the circumstance altogether: puzzled, inasmuch as the handwriting certainly seemed one she knew; annoyed, because of the part she herself played in this, as regarded the lodger on the first floor. She said to herself that it was of little importance, after all, what this painter thought about her; but still she was annoyed.

By-and-by, with her shawl and bonnet on her arm, she stole from the room where her father dozed, to make her simple toilette arrangements before dinner.

Just as she reached the first landing, Mr. Thompson came out of his room. He turned the key of the door, and pocketed it; he was leaving his apartment, as usual, for the day. Olivia hesitated a moment; then her foreign breeding emboldened her to do with perfect simplicity what to many English

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girls would have seemed difficult, if not impossible.

'Sir,' she said, turning round, with her hand upon the banister, and her clear truthful eyes raised to his, 'you sent me a letter to-day which you found upon the stairs, I think? I wish you to know that it was not mine—that it was not addressed to me. I did not trouble you with it again, for I learnt who was its rightful owner, and I have returned it to her.'

This Mr. Thompson was an odd man. He bowed, and looked at her with a strange puzzled expression of face, in which admiration was blent with something else, half sad, half cynical; but he said nothing.

He stood there for a moment, looking after her as she passed upwards; then, with a sigh, he went down the stair, and left the house.

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PENANCE AND ABSOLUTION.

OF all the doctrines upheld by the Church of Rome there is not one which exercises so great a demand on faith for its reception, and which is, at the same time, so severely and engrossingly practical in its application, as that of the sacrament of penance, completed by priestly absolution. That a fellow-man, by virtue of the authority vested in him at his ordination, should have the power to place me in a different relation to God, as my Judge, from that in which I should have been without his ministration — and absolution either means this, or it means nothing—is a proposition tremendous in itself, and it is also one which calls, on the part of him who receives it, for immediate submission in deed, and not in heart only. The Roman Catholic receives it in humility, or with enthusiasm, as the case may be, and, if a religious man, acts upon it. The English Protestant rejects it altogether as a superstition, and holds that the occasional references to it in the liturgy of the Church of England are mere casual remains of antiquity, left in the process of reconstruction from causes easy to explain, although quite unconformable with the rest of the edifice. But to the High Churchman the subject is full of perplexity —fuller, perhaps, than any other. He cannot but recognise the 'power of the keys' as an essential part of his system. Yet he cannot but see this: that, if true, it calls on every branch of the Church Catholic to assert it in the strongest words; that the Church of Rome does so assert it; that the Church of England nowhere asserts it in her articles of belief at all, and that it is only here and there alluded to, as if by stealth and fearfully, by the authors of her formularies. If he turn for explanation to her writers, he is still more bewildered. He finds, indeed, a few casual expressions dropped even by our earliest Protestant confessors and martyrs, still only half emancipated from the chain which they were breaking, more or less favourable to the doctrine of absolution: and he makes the most of them. But he sees that advancing Protestantism soon gets rid of it altogether. The great master of plausibilities, Hooker, devotes several most elaborate chapters to the ambiguous task of proving that absolution is something, yet nothing—declaratory, yet operative—all powerful, yet unnecessary. The result of all this bewilderment is much assertion, little or no belief. There is no doctrine more habitually preached, not so much in the pulpit, perhaps, as in private exhortation: none more placidly received, less believed, and less relied on. Newspaper controversy assures us that the practice exists: otherwise we should hardly know the fact. But how many *men*—of full age, and in health—does the great High Church Bishop X., or the greater Anglican Director Y., absolve in a year? or, which is still more pertinent to the purpose, how often are they absolved themselves? Now, on the answer to these questions depends the conclusion, whether the doctrine of absolution is really a subsisting and vital one in any portion of the Church of England, or not. For though a really sincere man may powerfully believe in God's wrath against sin, and yet sin on from weakness under temptation: it is impossible that he can really believe a priest has the power to absolve him, and not seek absolution.

Both the theory of absolution, therefore, and the practices which follow on it, are out of date in this country: nor likely ever really to

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revive, though they may be much talked about, and great profession made of their efficacy and importance. And yet, probably, few of us are so hardened by mere opposition to Romish usages as not to have felt pained, now and then, at the thought, how closely good and evil, use and abuse, are knit together, and how much of real spiritual comfort—possibly of the means of grace itself—we are forced to reject, because of the inevitable and inveterate falsehood connected with them. How many a Protestant, viewing the confessionals of a Romish church, may have said to himself, 'Absolution is a dream: the priest in the sacerdotal sense is an idol, and I may not be a partaker in idolatry: but oh that the idol could step down from his pedestal, and be, not the imaginary intermediate between me and God, but my guide, friend, director, and comforter, called thereto by his holy office, accustomed to deal with doubt, and sorrow, and shame like mine! Heart-weary with the burden of common sinfulness; or full, almost to bursting, with the consciousness of some heavy guilt; or troubled and perplexed about minor failings only, but such as effectually interfere with my peace with God; could I but lay them all, all unreservedly before my human adviser, and hear what he counsels me, and do what he enjoins me, even as these pious believers now before me who attach to his person a magic virtue!'

Of course, the answer to such a complaint as this might be: 'You may make such confession if you please—you are exhorted to do so—to a minister of your own Protestant persuasion.' I know I may; or, for that matter, to any pious friend who is not a minister at all. And many a soul, no doubt, finds relief in that way. But such relief is obviously partial and imperfect; as supporters of Romanism urge against us. Where, they say, the habit of the community is not to confess—and, without faith in the sacramental efficacy of confession, it never can be—few indeed can be qualified to assume the very delicate office of spiritual directors. The heart, which would bare itself before one thoroughly accustomed to witness such revelations, and who becomes as it were an impassive instrument in dealing with them, would rather endure its evils than expose them to one invested with no mysterious powers, and who is called into counsel by reason of his supposed personal qualities only. Confession must, in short, be accompanied with some special and direct promise of spiritual benefit; something *ab extrà*: some *opus operatum*; not the mere rationalistic assurance of certain internal and perceptible advantages to be derived from it. Confession without absolution may be the indulgence of a few peculiarly constituted minds, never the habitual resource of ordinary piety.

If so, we Protestants must console ourselves, as well as we may, for the loss of what warm-hearted religion is apt to esteem a privilege, and what even the coldest tempers recognise as affording, in some frames of mind, help and stay in the struggle against our 'spiritual enemy.' We reject absolution, and, as a rule, we cannot have confession without it. But before we over-estimate our loss in this particular, we shall find it worth our while to examine a little for ourselves the real nature and amount of the supposed advantage of which our want of faith deprives us: to inquire, how much of the charm and attraction with which fancy invests the confessional vanishes when we are brought into naked contact with it. We do not speak here of the abuse occasionally made of it: we wish to take it at the best, and without referring at all to the obvious and grosser evils

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with which it is sometimes tainted. We will put these aside, as Romanists do, as mere instances of *corruptio optimi pessima*. Our present inquiry concerns only the ordinary manner in which it tends practically, and it should seem inevitably, to develop itself, when it becomes spiritually compulsory and consequently general.

The rulers and wise men of the Church of Rome discovered, long ago, that to leave the conduct of so gigantic a machine to the unaided wisdom of individual priests would be to expose it to egregious failure. The task of the confessor is indeed an arduous one. To influence his penitents successfully, he should possess a thorough knowledge of the human heart and of the methods of dealing with it. To direct them as to their future conduct, and to impose due penance for the past, he must possess an intellect armed with full knowledge of the Church's teaching as to the degrees and qualities of sin, the condemnation, or excuse, or justification, which may be due to human actions. With such qualifications ordinary priests, in Roman Catholic counties, are, as a rule, little provided. They are no wiser than other men of the cultivated classes; and, for the most part, worse educated and narrower-minded. They are called on to study, and influence, and soothe, and sympathise with, the human heart in its waywardness: they, whose secluded life has shut them out, until they take post at the confessional, from all familiarity with that wondrous microcosm. They are called in to appreciate sin and apportion its punishment, and it is the very boast of their system that they are so brought up as scarcely to know what sin is, until its mysteries are revealed to them in their new vocation. They are, in short, the most inefficient of agents, called in to exercise powers which require the nicest balance of intellect and spirituality for their due application. And moreover it is of no use blinking what we all know to be the truth—numbers of them are at heart careless, indifferent, unbelieving; too many—revolting thought, when we reflect on this portion of their functions—profligate and unprincipled. Such are the agents whom a Church, in which confession is the rule, must of necessity employ to carry it on. Humanly speaking — and leaving out of view mere reliance on supernatural support—there is only one way out of the difficulty, and that a very indifferent one. The Church of Rome, as we have said, has discovered it. The practice of that Church, whatever be its theory, is to render the confessor as far as possible a machine. Instead of the living physician of the soul, whom fancy paints, he is to be the mere insensible operator. He is to direct, prescribe, punish, in close accordance with certain lessons which he has learnt by heart; the more closely in accordance with the letter of those rules, the better for him, and the better in the long run for his patient.

No doubt, on the other hand, that this reduction of the usage of confession to a mere technical system must rob it of many of its more dangerous qualities. The ignorant, commonplace, every-day confessor, who sits in his box scarcely more pervious to human sympathies than a Japanese praying machine, and repeats his questions and gives his directions out of his manual, is a much less awful, but, at the same time, less attractive, personage, than the seraphic being whom the devout imaginations of aspirants toward Rome are apt to picture. He can do, no doubt, far less good—if any. But he also does far less evil. He has no power to oppress or to misguide the reason, to subjugate by sophistry, or impel by eloquence. In nine cases, probably, out of ten,

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he serves only to satisfy the formal wants of the penitent: who deposits his burden, receives the due injunctions, knows that he has 'made himself good,' and goes on his way rejoicing. And such is the ordinary result in which the practice of confession ends in countries where it prevails as a matter of course.

The ordinary result, we say, as regards the individual penitent: but by no means the whole result as regards the general state of morality in such countries. Inasmuch as the common run of confessors are by no means to be trusted, even with the best intentions, to expound and distinguish aright the laws of morality by the mere light of Scripture, and conscience, and Church laws, and such general aid as may be derived from the writings of pious men, it becomes necessary that they should be furnished with written directions for practical, every-day, employment. They must be able to pronounce, out of book, on the character of any act which is the subject of confession. Sins must be classified, bundled together, docketed with the respective penalty due to them, and the admonitions required in relation to them, all ready for immediate use: the diagnosis of the case, the prescription, and the dose, must be all at hand and available. Hence arose the much talked of, little known science of Casuistry. And, inasmuch as actions vary infinitely in their moral quality, and it is by no means always clear on principle whether an action is sinful or not, the confessor must be further helped by the aid of authority. His conscience may be at rest—and, consequently, that of his penitent—if the sentence which he pronounces, though by no means assuredly right, is fortified by the consent of doctors of sufficient number and weight: and *provable* as such out of their works. Hence the very singular chapter in that science, styled 'Probabilism.'

It is needless to go over again the heavy charges which have been brought, and by no means on the part of heretics only, against this entire system, and against special abuses of it. But one of its evil consequences has scarcely been sufficiently adverted to, nor would, indeed, be very obvious except to those whom either intentional study, or an omnivorous habit of reading, has made familiar with casuistical works. It is the peculiarly mechanical, lowering tone in which virtue and vice, good and evil, come to be habitually spoken of. They lie so very near each other—so many an act is probably right, probably wrong — the distinction, in minor cases, is so very technical, so very evanescent—that the mind, almost unavoidably, loses sight of the breadth and reality of the abstract distinction between right and wrong altogether. All the radical, honest, spontaneous repulsion with which the enlightened conscience shrinks from the slightest contact of what its own sympathies infallibly tell it to be wicked, is speedily obliterated, in the mind of the student of this realistic code of ethics, if he really takes it in earnest. His heart must cease to pulsate with emotion at the recital of a noble action; the *hysterica passio* can no longer arise in him at the narration of successful meanness or triumphant wrong. He coldly weighs the one and the other alike in the balance of his teacher, whether the stern Dominican, or the indulgent and ingenious Ligorian, and pronounces on their qualities, not as his heart tells him, or would have told him, while he possessed one, but according to the 'best opinion.'

There is, however, a vague idea, not only among the ignorant, but among people fairly acquainted with what passes in the world, that this once famous science of casuistry is rather to be accounted among the things that have passed by, and that,

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whether for good or evil, a freer, less formal and technical style of thought has now introduced itself into devotional practice and literature. There cannot be a greater mistake. One half the world never knows what the other half is about. The old confessorial system, and the manuals which teach it, are quite as much in vogue with those for whom they are intended as ever they were. The great mass of ordinary readers—in Catholic as well as Protestant countries—learn no more about them than they do about the narratives of miracles and religious prodigies, or works of necromancy and conjuring, which circulate so extensively in France and other countries among the great body of the people. While Victor Hugo, and Michelet, and the author of *Le Maudit*, count their circulation by tens of thousands, the *Homo Apostolicus*, or *Epitome of Moral Theology* of St. Alfonso Liguori, and his voluminous *Manual for Confessors*, are probably multiplied far more numerously. The readers respectively of the two classes of books form separate nations, though speaking the same language and living under the same laws.

The work which we have before us, *Casus Conscientiæ in præcipuas quæstiones Theologiæ Moralis*, in two very thick volumes, by Father Jean Pierre Gury, Professor of Moral Theology, approved according to its title-page by Cardinal De Ronald, and printed at Lyons only last year, may be taken as a remarkable and by no means unfavourable sample of the modern school of casuistry. Unless, indeed, it is a misnomer to call it modern. The author is an enthusiastic Ligorian: any one acquainted with the subject will know what that implies. All those untoward peculiarities of so-called Jesuitism, which Pascal is vulgarly imagined to have exposed and extinguished two hundred years ago, are here, as crudely advanced as if Pascal had never been. And the curious circumstance—which strikes the ordinary reader with a painful sense of anachronism—is that they are here applied to the artificial state of things which has grown up around us in the nineteenth century, just as if we still lived in the sixteenth, and had the Pope and his priesthood interfering in the proceedings of our courts of justice, in our commercial and business relations with each other, in our births, deaths, and marriages, and in all the ordinary transactions of social life. The author, in fact, rather assumes the character of a man of the world, and pours his old wine into the new bottles with the air of one determined to show how cleverly the dangerous operation can be performed. Nor, to do him justice, is he wanting in higher qualifications for his task than either mere cleverness, or a 'cultus' for St. Alphonso Liguori. He is capable of exhibiting high religious feeling, a sound, yet not intolerant, religious philosophy, and a sympathy with human nature in its various trials, such as *we* may perhaps esteem fruits of the forbidden cultivation of the eighteenth century, grafted on the decaying old stock of the middle ages. But how strangely these developments are mingled with others from which the mind educated on higher principles shrinks back in aversion, or bewilderment, is what a study of its contents only can show.

On one point, however, we may caution our readers beforehand. Any one who takes the book up with the expectation of being either edified or scandalised on a class of subjects which are uppermost in many minds when the confessional is spoken of, will find himself altogether disappointed. There is a frankness and manliness in the worthy Father's language on this subject which cannot fail to recommend him to the reader who is in

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earnest. 'It seems to us quite unnecessary,' he says, 'to propound questions on the sixth and ninth commandments. Matters relating to that slippery and unclean subject' ('istam lubricam et putidam materiam') 'are of every-day occurrence, are for the most part plain enough, and free from difficulties of conscience.' He contents himself, therefore, with a brief reference to other authorities, and declines to treat the subject at all, unless where it is unavoidably involved in others; which, however, is often enough.

With this large exception, the fourteen hundred pages before us do indeed contain as strange a farrago of the 'quicquid agunt homines,' as ever was put on paper. Here are more than a thousand cases of conscience, of more or less intricacy, propounded and solved; cases on the commandments of the Decalogue, on obedience to the laws, on evangelical virtues and vices, on buying, selling, hiring, letting, lending and borrowing, on the duties of religious persons secular and regular, on the sacraments, the mass, the duties of a confessor, on matrimony and its canonical impediments, on 'reserved cases,' on all matters, in short, on which man has to dread the supernatural consequences of going astray: 'quicquid habent telorum armamentaria cœli.'

To give the reader a systematic idea of this mass of most curious, and to a great extent really interesting matter, would be quite impossible in such space as is at our command. What we shall attempt will be only fragmentary. And we will commence with what lies under a heading of great importance, and the dealing with which is particularly characteristic; cases 'de justitiâ et jure,' including all those which relate to the duties of honesty. They illustrate our purpose for two reasons: in the first place, because they peculiarly exhibit the stiff, technical form into which morality has hardened under casuistical influence; secondly, because they furnish conclusive though disagreeable examples of the trivial distinctions and low standard of that morality; and, thirdly, because they bring into evidence another marked peculiarity of the Church of Rome: its traditional antagonism, so to speak, to the civil tribunals. Numbers of cases which, to a mind not sharpened by the process of the confessional, would appear quite sufficiently disposed of in the county court—in which, it is to be feared, most of us would feel our consciences quite at ease, and confine our anxiety to the question whether we should get a verdict or not—are here shown to involve matter of appeal to a separate jurisdiction, which will decide on a new set of technical grounds. A law-suit, to ordinary apprehension, is decided in a court of law; and although no doubt the principles of Christian ethics underlie these and all other transactions between man and man, yet the broad rule of doing as we would be done by, or, in other words, the ordinary principles of equity and good faith, are held sufficient to guide litigants where anything beyond mere law is in question. In the eyes of casuists, every law-suit is triable twice over; once before the court, once before the confessor; with almost the same amount of legal subtlety. And there are abundant instances—one or two of which we will select—to show that, in this conflict of jurisdiction, the simple duty of obeying the law *for itself* falls to the ground. The law is rather established as a kind of permanent enemy, which 'fallere et effugere est triumphus,' provided we can get the judgment of the confessor on our side and against it.

Is a law or sentence binding, when founded on a false presumption?

Tityrus, a shepherd, while attentively guarding his flock, inadvertently becomes drowsy and falls fast asleep. His sheep

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escape into the neighbours' fields. The garde champêtre suddenly makes his appearance. Tityrus is brought before the magistrate, and is condemned by a judicial sentence to payment of a fine and reparation for damages. The unlucky shepherd, considering this sentence as unjust, has no hesitation in making his loss good, partly out of the property of private persons, partly out of the public revenue.

Tityrus was justly condemned; for there was on his part legal fault, at all events, 'culpa saltem juridica.' Therefore, he had no right to recoup himself out of other folks' property, and is bound to restitution.

But again: the unfortunate Tityrus was on another occasion judicially condemned to pay a debt which he had in fact discharged already, having no means of legally proving the discharge. Deeply grieved and annoyed, 'maximè contristatus et afflictus,' Tityrus proceeds to soothe his grief by *secret compensation.*

Tityrus was unjustly condemned to pay, having paid already. Such judgment is 'materially' unjust; *therefore Tityrus cannot be charged with injustice, if he contrived to compensate himself, if he had no other mode of recovering his own.* (vol. i. p. 66.)

Of the effect of the promulgation of a law.

Andronicus, in some manner not illegal nor dishonourable, obtained information that edicts were about to issue from the government of the country in which he resided, depreciating a certain denomination of coin, and increasing the value of another. Having in his possession a good deal of money of the first class, he pays, in the first place, all his debts with it; the residue he takes to a Jew, and obtains for it in exchange, at the then current value, the coin of which he knows that the value is about to be increased.

Did Andronicus commit a sin? and was he bound to restitution?

No: not at least *per se*, that is, 'ratione rei.' And even if he did sin, 'ratione conscientiæ erroneæ,' by acting against his own conviction, he was not obliged to make restitution. He did not act against the law, for it was not yet promulgated; nor against justice, for he was only using his own right diligently. He therefore injured no one. . . . If the Jew was exceedingly taken in, this must be considered as having happened by accident; and he is recommended to bear it patiently, as some compensation for the many tricks which he has doubtless practised on others! (vol. i. p. 55.)

Of legacies.

Fridericus, on his death-bed, leaves the following legacies: 1. To Rosa, a poor girl, 1,000 francs, if she marries; 2. To Rosalia, his goddaughter, 100 napoleons, on condition of going into religion; 3. To Rosina, his servant, 300 crowns, on condition of her continuing in service with his wife Catharina. But, on the testator's death, Rosa wants to become a nun, Rosalia wants to marry, Catharina goes into a nunnery, where Rosina cannot remain in service with her.

Rosa has a right to her legacy, because it was evidently the wish of her testator to favour her, and place her in the way of leading an honest life. Also, the condition of a nun *is in truth a religious marriage*; and, moreover, to exclude her on the ground of her profession would be a 'conditio turpis,' which is invalid. . . . .

Rosalia is also entitled to hers, because from the circumstances it may be presumed that the testator, being her godfather, meant to shew her special favour, and could not intend to cut her off from her legacy if she had no special vocation.

And, lastly, Rosina is entitled to indulgence also, because it was no fault of hers that she did not remain with Catharina.

Excellent reasons, no doubt, though one would like to have heard the residuary legatee on the other side. But to an ordinary apprehension it seems a most gratuitous inquiry. The legacies were legally void, or the conditions were void. Either way, we cannot conceive the intrusion of conscience into the affair.

Of all contracts we should certainly have expected that the ordinary one between master and servant, the 'month's wages or month's warning,' was among the least subject to spiritual scruples. It seems, however, that this would be a great mistake.

Euphrasius hired a manservant and maid, at the same time, for a year. After two months he discovered that the man was somewhat careless and indiscreet, repeating out of doors what he had heard in the house. He therefore sent him away, paying him the two months' wages. Shortly after, the maid was taken ill, and he sent her to her relations for recovery. But she returned in good health in a week, to resume her service. Her master, however, sent her away again, on the ground that he had already engaged another maid, not being able to do without one for so long. Nor would he pay her more than wages

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for the two months of her service; in consequence of which both man and maid, not being able immediately to find places, were reduced to want.

Could Euphrasius justly send away his servants for the aforesaid reasons? Had he a right to refuse them any more wages? Are wages due to workmen or servants during a short period of illness?

In this country both man and maid would have had their action—it may be otherwise in that of Euphrasius. But how strange a state of things, according to our notion at least, in which the priest should thus meddle in question of ordinary legal obligation, and a master be called upon, before dismissing a servant, to make things safe by the aid both of his attorney and his confessor!

If some of the cases which we shall next cite—bearing, in the same way, on ordinary duties to our neighbour, have something of a ludicrous complexion, it is really not our fault. The worthy Father is exceedingly fond of intercalating his serious matter with *facetiæ*; and he tells a story often so well and with so much Gallic point, that the temptation to make such extracts is irresistible.

Of the choice of tobacco; or, 'de gustibus non est disputandum.'

Nicostratus, a rich nobleman, wanting some good tobacco, goes to Ricardus, a celebrated tradesman in that line, and asks for the finest which can be shown him. Two or three kinds, at comparatively moderate prices, are brought out; but he does not like any of them. An acquaintance of Nicostratus, who happens to be by, whispers to the seller that Nicostratus is certain to approve of no tobacco unless a very high price is asked for it; on which the tobacconist says, 'I have another sort, but it costs fifteen francs a pound.' Now this was in truth the lowest quality of all. But as soon as Nicostratus has tried it, he says, 'This is what I want,' and immediately buys five pounds of it. He departs rejoicing, and Ricardus wishes him good morning with still more rejoicing.

Could Ricardus with a safe conscience ask and keep the money?

Answer: *Nego prorsus*, any more than he could sell glass for a precious stone, brass for gold, or the like.

And so on, through several lines of indignant reprobation. We fully agree in Father Gury's sentence; nevertheless—considering the extreme lenity which he applies to many offences which seem to the ordinary mind a good deal worse than that of Ricardus—we cannot help entertaining our suspicions that the good Father smokes, and has a strong sense of the wickedness of imposition in that particular article.

The ancient inscriptions.

Gervasius, a husbandman, digging in his field, finds a great number of ancient coins. He shows them to Lazarus, who happens to be passing by, and asks him what they are worth. 'Next to nothing,' says Lazarus, in joke; 'read for yourself the letters on them: "S. P. Q. R." *Si peu que rien.*' Lazarus goes away and tells the story to Robertus, who takes advantage of the occasion, buys the Roman coins for a trifle from Gervasius, and sells them for a round sum.

Is Robertus bound to restitution?

That is easily and properly decided in the affirmative.

But is the facetious Lazarus bound to restitution, failing Robertus? That appears not quite so clear. No doubt he is so, if he foresaw the use Robertus was about to make of his information; but not so if Lazarus intended only to have his joke, and foresaw no mischief from it: for in this case he cannot be charged with having incited Robertus to commit the fraud.

Of voluntary and involuntary actions.

Blasius, in order to injure his enemy Caius, intends to shoot Caius's donkey. But he is doubly unfortunate. He does not kill Caius's donkey, which 'incolumis saltat et exsilit.' He does kill Titius's cow, which was lying quiet and unperceived behind a hedge.

Is Blasius bound to restitution either in respect of the donkey or the cow?

Clearly not in respect of the donkey, which escaped unhurt.

Nor in respect of the cow; for he did not intend to kill her, and could not foresee that he would do so. . . . . But suppose the ass and cow had both belonged to Caius? Still, on rigorous principle, the answer is the same. For the mischief

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which he did was not what he meant. (vol. i. p. 3.)

The thieves well robbed.

Hortensius was riding quietly home on a horse which he had borrowed of his friend Ricardus. He was so unlucky as to meet with two robbers, who demanded of him his purse or his life. He gave them his purse; but finding scarcely anything in it, the thieves take his horse from him and carry it off. Hortensius goes to Ricardus, to bewail their misfortune. But now a piece of unexpected luck comes in the way. The thieves, in order to relieve themselves of the weight of a heavy bag of money, fasten it to the horse's collar. The horse, displeased at the liberty, rears, kicks, and bolts off to his master Ricardus's stable. Bertha, the maid, opens the door of the stable. She finds the bag of money, and hands it, not suspecting whence it came, to Titius, a visitor who is casually present. Titius takes it to the house of Ricardus. And now a question arises as to the property in the money. The maid claims it as first discoverer; Titius claims it as having received it from the maid; Hortensius, as the principal actor, or rather sufferer, in the business, and by way of compensation; Ricardus, as having been brought home by his own horse. And Ricardus, being in possession, locks the money up. To whom does it belong? It is assumed that no former owner by just title is discoverable.

Answer: 'Res difficultate non caret.' But it does not belong to the maid, who was neither 'discoverer' nor 'first occupant;' and handed it over to Titius in entire ignorance.

Nor to Titius. He had no 'animus occupandi,' for he did not know the contents of the bag.

Nor, on the whole, to Hortensius. He had no title to compensation, except to the extent of the trifling sum of which he had been robbed. Not as being the cause of the occurrence; for he was not the cause, but only the occasion. Nor as 'discoverer' or 'occupant;' for under the circumstances he was neither.

It falls, therefore, to Ricardus. The sum was a waif, or derelict, and belonged to the first occupant. Now, Ricardus occupied it by his horse: according to the proverb, 'Martin's dog hunts for Martin.' Further, he occupied it for himself by the act of taking and locking it up.

The only substantial question remaining is, whether, though Ricardus's title be good against the other claimants, the property was not really a derelict, and appropriable to pious uses. On the whole, this point also is decided in favour of Ricardus; but he is strongly advised to make it over to the poor.

The robbers doubly caught.

Ugolinus, being attacked one night in his house by two armed robbers, and seeing unavoidable death before him if he were to resist, offers his disagreeable visitors not only plenty of money, but also a copious supply of generous wine and other excellent strong liquors ('aliis eximiis et validissimis liquoribus'). The robbers intoxicate themselves. Ugolinus calls in help, recovers his money, binds the robbers hand and foot, and gives them up to justice.

The verdict of common sense, we should suppose, would be 'served them right;' and Ugolinus would be congratulated on his cleverness. To the casuist the matter assumes a graver shape, and the question thereupon is solemnly proposed—

Is Ugolinus to be held guilty of grave sin for having enticed others to become drunk?

The issue, we are happy to see, is decided in his favour, but not without serious deliberation, and on grounds which certainly would not occur to the unenlightened conscience:

He cannot be strictly said to have enticed the robbers to get drunk: he only *allowed* them to get drunk; and the good effect which he intended to obtain thereby makes up for the bad effect produced. Nor can it exactly be called a bad effect, in his intention at least; for he only meant to soothe and mitigate the rascals, and extinguish their rage in wine. Also, though he does put before them a cause of drunkenness, it is not a cause necessarily producing that result: they might have drunk in moderation. They intoxicated themselves of their own free will. Ergo, Ugolinus did not induce them to

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drink too much, but only to drink. Ergo, he did not excite drunkenness, but only allowed it. (vol. i. p. 114.)

From the accomplished confessor's method of dealing with the law of honesty, we pass to that portion of his instructions which concerns the law of veracity. The subject is not a pleasant one to touch; but it is not unprofitable to learn how much the actual teaching of the confessional, at the present day, preserves of that fabric of ingenious mendacity built up by the casuists of two centuries ago, which, when you charge Catholics with it, you are commonly told is exploded. The actual teaching, we should say, of one school of directors; but the misfortune is that this is the prevalent, fashionable, and powerful school. Dr. Newman, we know, has emphatically recorded in his *Apologia* his own dissent from it:

I plainly and positively state, and without any reserve, that I do not at all follow this holy and charitable man (St. Alfonso Liguori) in this portion of his teaching.

We may be permitted to rejoice in so emphatic a declaration from one whose early lessons in moral theology were imbibed among us Protestants. But though Father Newman rejects, Father Gury thoroughly embraces it. And so, *pace* Dr. Newman, do the great majority, we believe, of those who form and guide the consciences of their penitents—not many educated men, probably, but great numbers of women.

The point of this teaching which is the most strange to the unprejudiced inquirer consists in the implied, ingrained notion that a 'mental reservation,' under certain circumstances, cures a falsehood. That a falsehood may now and then be necessary—now and then excusable—is what all theologians and all moralists, of whatever persuasion—Baxter no less than Ligorius—cannot help admitting, however they may shrink from it. No one reproaches the Jesuit when he advances this doctrine: he is only to be condemned if he gives it too great an extension—an error to which a Protestant casuist is as liable as he. But the specialty of the Jesuit is his partiality for covering the falsehood by an equivocation. He will not, cannot, perceive that though a lie may be defensible (in certain extreme cases), a 'mental reservation' is in every case a lie, *plus* a shuffle. Even Dr. Newman, though he may have worked himself clear of this confusion now, has been by no means always uninfluenced by it. See the instance in his *Apologia*, a little before the the passage just cited:—'To avoid the question, Do Christians believe in a Trinity? by answering, They believe in one God,' he terms a case of 'stating truth partially.' Now, the answer is apparently made, by the supposition, to throw dust in the eyes of a caviller or persecutor. If so, it is clear to any healthy mind that if to say 'Christians do not believe in a Trinity' would be a falsehood — whether excusable or not, under any circumstances, is not the question here—to say 'They believe in one God' would simply be the same falsehood, varnished over by a paltry equivocation.

We will subjoin only an instance or two—by no means, we trust, unfairly selected—from the lessons 'on the Eighth Commandment.' They will show how elastic and extensible the principle of mental reservation, once admitted, becomes in the hands of a dexterous Ligorian.

The following short case illustrates our proposition pretty clearly:

Carstina, a matron, has concealed a priest in time of persecution from those who are seeking his life. She replies openly to the villains who ask her *whether* a priest is hidden there, 'There is none there,' 'I have seen none,' or 'There was some one there, but he is gone.' But afterwards she is afraid lest she has offended God by a falsehood.

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Answer: Carstina is to be excused from the guilt of falsehood.

Thus far probably all moralists would agree. It was an excusable lie. But then follows the Ligorian quibble, that the lie was made less by equivocation:

The words are to be considered as a mere form, used by Carstina to put the villains off their guard. It is just as if she had said, 'What business have you to ask me?' or, 'There is no priest there, *so far as I am bound to disclose.*' Just as a defendant illegally questioned, or only *primâ facie* proved guilty ('semiplenè convictus'), may deny his guilt with the reservation, 'so far as I am bound to say.'

The next case will show how easily the door thus opened expands:

Mental restriction.

Theofridus, having inherited some property, conceals a part of his goods, out of which he was not legally liable to satisfy his creditors. On being questioned, he answered that he 'had concealed nothing.'

Again: having returned a deposit, and being judicially asked whether he had received it, he said 'he had not.'

Again: being asked by the officer of customs whether he had with him any goods liable to duty (as in fact he had) he denied it.

Question: Is Theofridus to be condemned for lying?

Answer: He did not lie in the first case, because in point of fact he concealed nothing in the sense of the questioner, or in the sense in which he might be justly questioned. He only meant, by denying the concealment, to deny that he had in any way defrauded his creditors.

Nor in the second, for the same reason, because the meaning of the questioner was to ask whether he had accepted and not restored.

Nor in the third case, according to 'probable and common opinion,' which holds fiscal laws to be penal only. So that to say, 'I carry nothing,' means 'nothing which I am bound to declare: it is your business to find it out, not to ask me.' *Nevertheless, clergymen are advised to discover the truth candidly, lest, should they be detected, scandal might follow.*

For all which propositions Liguori is quoted. Evidently Father Gury is not penetrated with the truth of Tertullian's famous maxim, 'Vani sunt qui putant id quod clericis non licet, laicis licere.'

Of lies told in confession.

Veronica, having an ordinary confessor, has occasionally gone to another. She dares not own this to the ordinary one, for fear of making him angry. She conceals it therefore, 1. by silence; 2. by saying 'I have no confessed for a fortnight,' meaning 'to you;' 3. when pressed, by denying the fact altogether. Is Veronica guilty of lying?

No. Her first answer did not *necessarily* deceive the confessor. Her denial was no doubt untrue, but every one has a right to choose his confessor; to question a penitent whether he has been to any one else is therefore an interference with his freedom: therefore a false answer was no lie! (vol. ii. p. 275.)

Enough, though worse cases might be cited. But to pass from the very serious to the very trivial: we are glad to be able to subscribe, at all events, to the following bit of Ligorian morality:

Bertina, a servant maid, under the orders of her master, tells people who inquire for him that he is 'not at home,' or 'gone out.' But becoming scrupulous on the subject, she consults her confessor, who tells her that she ought to leave her place; that it is better to die than to tell a falsehood.

What is to be thought of her case?

That the confessor is to be blamed, and not the penitent. For the phrase has come into common use, as merely signifying that 'master cannot be seen.' If certain theologians are to be found blaming it, the reason probably is that in their time the usage had not become general. (S. Lig. l. 3. n. 165.)

Few cases in these volumes are more suggestive than those which relate to the 'seal of confession.' The exceeding rareness of direct violation of its secrecy is so notorious, that pious writers are inclined to attribute it to the direct interposition of Providence. But one might suppose that Providence would be equally careful in guarding against indirect, or casual, violation; which, from the instances here cited, would seem to be by no means uncommon. The guardian of this secret must lock it absolutely within his own breast: he

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may not betray his knowledge by hint, or sign, or conduct: he must treat one known to him as the worst and most dangerous of men, precisely as if he knew no ill of him whatever. What must be the social consequences of a consistent adherence to the principles of the two following cases?

1. A bishop has resolved to appoint a priest, of whom he has a high opinion, to an important cure of souls. The priest reveals to him, in confession, that he is a gross sinner. The bishop, out of regard for the souls which would have been committed to the priest's superintendence, changes his mind and does not make the appointment. The bishop was *wrong*. He could not use a knowledge obtained in confession. (vol. ii. p. 450.)

2. (Which Father Gury finds in his books, but is inclined to think a chimerical puzzle and not a real case):

Caius, a priest, is in the habit of confessing to Titus. Titus one day confesses to Caius in return, and reveals that he is no priest at all, but an impostor. Is Caius bound to go on confessing to Titus?

The point is deemed doubtful.

The chapters which relate to the duties of confessors in 'reserved cases'—any one familiar with the ecclesiastical language of Rome will be well aware to how serious a class these mostly belong—afford matter of no small interest to those who are impartially anxious to learn something of the inner working of a vast and (to the world in general) mysterious system. We shall not enter upon them. Wickedness, say the upholders of confessorial literature, must be dealt with in plain language and exposed in its full hideousness by the spiritual advisers, as bodily evils must by the medical man. Yes, if a certain system must, at all hazards, be maintained. But those who believe the system itself to be altogether erroneous and grounded on a false estimate both of human nature and religious obligation, cannot but point to these disclosures as among the strongest indications of the collateral mischief which it occasions, by familiarising the mind with the contemplation of sin in its worst shapes. Spiritual incest, as it is termed, is of all excesses that which pure-minded Roman Catholics contemplate with the greatest horror. How they can reconcile, with that shrinking aversion, the perusal of details which seem to show that it is in one shape or another of every-day occurrence, which classify it, and make nice distinctions respecting it, and depict it with all its fearfulness in cold, passionless language, for the guidance of the confessor in his daily ministrations, is a matter to us incomprehensible. Protestants have often dilated on the encouragement to licentiousness afforded, in their view, by certain portions of the system of Rome. Catholics, on the other side, boast of their superiority to ourselves in the higher estimate which their Church maintains of the virtue of purity. We leave such comparisons to champions who are much more anxious for victory than truth. But we cannot say that the honest Protestant who has perused the portion of Father Gury's work which incidentally relates to this matter, will be at all inclined to abate his suspicions.

Without raising a corner of this curtain, let us only for a moment glance at the pictures afforded us of the relations which must needs be established, in all innocence and honour, between the spiritual director—whether old and dull, or young and impulsive—and the female world, in which by far the greater part of his agency, in the nineteenth century, is really exercised.

The confessor with women. Ne quid nimis.

Urbanus holds a high rank among confessors. You will see his chair, at confession time, surrounded by a great multitude of women. But look opposite. There sits another confessor, Severus. Observe how few pious females come to kneel be-

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fore him! Now you will ask what produces so singular a difference as regards the attendance on the two personages. I will explain it to you. It arises from the difference between the men. Urbanus, naturally affable and good-humoured, receives all penitents who approach him lovingly and encouragingly, puts them in heart, and, first and foremost, allows them to have their say to their hearts' content, and listens with infinite patience and politeness to all the nonsense they are pleased to talk ('quicquid ipsis effutire placet'). And, since the female race is in general talkative and diffuse by nature, this method of their confessor pleases them well.

Severus, on the other hand, being austere by nature, deals more frankly with them, and will not allow their confessions to be spun out. His reason is, as he says, because it is the duty of a confessor to be always grave and short with women. Consequently he is always urging on his penitents to eschew useless chatter, and has constantly in his mouth, 'That will do: enough: what next? well then? get on, get on: all this is stuff, trifles: you have said this half a dozen times over: I must beg you not to waste my time.' In short, the first confessor is always pouring out oil; the second vinegar. Thus Urbanus attracts the doves; Severus drives them away.

Of course, the moral drawn by our considerate Father from the picture, is 'Ne quid nimis:' Urbanus should encourage the volubility of his penitents less; Severus should snub them less. But, in his way to this conclusion, he cites dicta of eminent casuists concerning the duties of confessors in their dealings with women, most strange to ears not familiar with the passionless logic of casuistry. Take the following:

The prudence of a confessor should especially shine forth in the confession of women. Let him arm himself beforehand when he has to hear them, and rely on divine protection as if he were about to encounter the hisses of snakes. Their voices, their sighs, their very tears, are spells and charms, which affect the human heart with a magnetic influence. That intimate familiarity and absolute disclosure of the interior of the soul, with which some women expose their spiritual wounds, *exceeds even their familiarity with their husbands.* Unless the penitent is entirely bent on divine thoughts, if the slightest touch of human interest comes in, all will relapse into corruption. Never let the confessor even listen to them, unless forearmed with prayer, and guarded with the Spirit of God.

It is difficult to imagine a youthful ecclesiastic being the better after reading such a passage as this. However, it is not taken from Michelet, nor from Voltaire, but from the writings of Daniel Concina, a Dominican preacher and theologian of repute in the last century, the confidential friend of Benedict XIV., and a great opponent of the 'relaxed morality' of the Jesuits.

The generally indulgent and Ligorian character of Father Gury's moral theology has more innocent room for its expansion in those portions of it which are devoted to life in its every-day occupations, its ordinary business, and its amusements. On these, he is generally speaking both tolerant and rational: not inclined to erect the smallest inequalities into stumbling blocks; nor, on the other hand, to treat too lightly the evils attendant on misspent time and indulged frivolity. Generally speaking, the most critical stoic could find little serious fault with the teachings of this school in matters falling under the head of minor morals: it is when the sturdier virtues of veracity and honesty come into play, that the 'relaxed' system exhibits its dangerous side.

The question of dancing evidently gives our genial director a good deal of trouble. On the one hand he is pressed by the pretty unanimous authority of the graver doctors of his Church. On the other hand, he cannot resist the impulses of his own indulgent common sense, and, moreover, where Terpsichore is in the case, even a French priest is still a Frenchman.

Of dances. Question the first.

Juvenalis, a confessor, has the following three penitents, among many others, to deal with at Easter:

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1. Selina, a matron, who not only allows, but directs her daughters to be taught by a dancing master, and that in the company of young people of both sexes.

2. Fulvia, a young woman who frequents balls several times a year, particularly in carnival, and on feast days, and on such occasions joins in dances perilous in their nature, such as those called 'valse, galop, polka,' and has done so these ten years, in spite of various promises of amendment.

3. Lælia, who often dances 'modo ordinario' (*square* dances, does the Father mean?), and does *not* promise amendment, saying, 'I see no harm in it; if others are scandalised on my account, that is their affair.'

Juvenalis refuses absolution to all three.

The worthy Father's judgment on the lawfulness of dancing in general, and on the ascetic severity of Juvenalis, is, as we have said, a little perplexed. He does not clearly see his way through so hazy a question. Dancing, he says, is not unlawful *per se*, but dangerous. What particular dances are illicit, and therefore to be forbidden 'cannot easily be stated in theory: hardly at all by a theologian, who knows nothing about it except from hearsay.' What is dangerous for some is harmless for others; the piety of one is not proof even against a quadrille, while another may go innocently down a country dance, or even partake in those 'periculosissimæ choreæ quæ valse et polka dicuntur.' So, at least, the Father—entirely ignorant on such matters himself—is informed by 'men who had lived in the world, and afterwards embraced the clerical profession.' There can be no doubt that women may be found whom the dance tempts to no sin but 'certain movements of vanity;' others, to no sin at all. It would be better if people of the same sex would be content to dance together (as in *Punch*'s famous caricature), but then, it is mere loss of time to endeavour to persuade them to it. On the whole, therefore, while confessors are bound to dissuade their fair penitents from dancing as well as they can, the rigour of such as Juvenalis, in refusing them absolution altogether, is, perhaps, to be condemned. It is odd, by the way, that all nice questions touching this dangerous amusement seem to regard women only; its effects on the reprobate sex seem not to be considered worth noticing.

In striking contrast to the indulgence with which most classes of moral aberration are treated,—the ingenious eagerness to invent and admit excuses for human weakness—is the close, painful Judaic accuracy with which branches of the ceremonial law, offences against the rules of the Church, are visited throughout. So is the very ingenious manner in which the two classes of offences, against our neighbours and the Church, are grouped as far as possible together, as if to silence, by familiarising us with the juxtaposition, that voice of conscience, consonant alike with Scripture and with reason, which tells us that as mercy is better than sacrifice, so are fraud and violence worse than the omission of sacrifice. The reader will find throughout this work abundant exemplifications of our meaning, but may consult especially the curious collections of cases on the 'second and third commandments;' we have not space to do more than refer to them here. We will cite only one terrible story of human misery, such as other physicians of suffering humanity besides the confessor might become acquainted with, but which assuredly appear to the practised confessor in a light in which no other human being could possibly regard it.

Melania, the wretched mother of a family, has a drunken husband, in an almost continued state of intoxication; an elder son of ten years old, who is a mere idiot; one of seven, frantic ('freneticus'); one of five, not yet having the use of reason. She gives all the family on Fridays the remains of Thursday's meat, thinking that father and children are all exempt from the law of the Church. Overwhelmed with her calamities,

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and passionate by nature, Melania frequently stimulates both her drunken husband and her idiot son to execrations and blasphemies, by the example of her own violent language, and even by blows. She feels no scruple in acting thus, because she regards them both as irrational beings, unable to commit sin.

Of several questions raised on this affecting case, one is, whether a child of seven is subject to the law of the Church or not? on which doubt seems to be entertained; one, whether Melania did right in giving meat to her family on Fridays? The answer being, wrong as regards the husband; right as regards the children. Others relate to the conduct of the unhappy Melania in suffering her patience to be overcome by her excess of misery. All are placed on the same hard, dry, technical level. Of such teaching the best that can be said is, that it must fail of its own effect; for natural feelings, enlightened by that higher religious instruction which, in the Church of Rome itself, is happily far more accessible than books of casuistry, will inevitably revolt against it.

Take another instance, which reads like what lawyers call an A B C case, invented for the purpose.

> Adalbertus makes the following confession. 1. Intending to kill my enemy Titius, I killed my friend Caius. 2. Shooting a deer, I accidentally shot at the same time an enemy of mine, whose death I was compassing at the time, but who was by chance standing in the thicket. 3. I eat meat in ignorance that the day was a vigil; but then this ignorance was caused by my laziness, as I had not been at mass on Sunday, where I should have heard the obligations of the following week published!
>
> Quid de Adalberto judicandum?

We omit the answers as not of much interest. The peculiarity to which our remarks are directed, is, that two homicides, and a casual fault in eating meat on a vigil, are placed exactly on the same line, dealt with as matters requiring the like amount of grave investigation, and without any indication whatever of a distinction as to seriousness.

And this, to bring our task to a somewhat abrupt conclusion, is perhaps the real moral of our whole inquiry. Father Gury, as we have said, is by no means an unfavourable specimen of the class of theologians to which he belongs, so far as our knowledge of them extends. And yet, to put the matter into plain English, the extracts we have given will suffice to show that a thorough-going pupil of Father Gury would be one in whose word we could have no confidence, and from whom we should lock up our spoons. But, in real life, we should not feel any practical sense of danger as likely to arise even out of such teaching as his, except in those cases, happily rare, where the supposed interests of the Church beckon one way, and the plain teaching of morality another. In matters other than these last, we habitually trust the religious man of any persuasion, even though we are satisfied that some of his avowed tenets, if carried out in practice, would disentitle him to our confidence. The Antinomian holds doctrines utterly subversive of morality. Yet no bodies of men have exhibited a more scrupulous and ascetic morality than those sects taxed with Antinomianism. And even so, we all of us know full well, the penitent is apt to be sounder than his confessor, the confessor better than his manual. Let us criticise systems as we will; but let us carefully guard against attributing to individuals the obliquities to which we deem that their system tends; for no reasoning could be more unwarranted, as well as more uncharitable.

But, having made this necessary distinction, let us not shrink from severe and unsparing examination of the system itself, when propounded to us as essential to our spiritual well-being. Let us, above

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all things, not be satisfied with lazy half assent or dissent, on questions all important to the soul. As we said before, the doctrine of priestly absolution is either all to us, or it is nothing. If it is true, it calls for instant and absolute submission, not mere acknowledgment. He who neglects for a single day to avail himself of the offered advantage, is either a hardened and impenitent sinner, or one incredibly negligent of his own highest interests. If false, it is not a mere harmless superstition—if such a thing could be—but a most perilous snare and delusion. For any one in earnest who really holds either proposition—that the doctrine of absolution is true or is false—the path is clear. He needs no pro-and-con comment on an absolute text. But there seem to be many who are satisfied with abiding in a sort of intermediate opinion, inconceivable indeed to us, but apparently sufficient for them—many who exclude the doctrine altogether from their practical devotion, but respect it in their theoretical; who never dream of seeking absolution for themselves, but who invest the notion of it with something of a hazy, poetico-religious character. And for such, it may not be without advantage to follow up a little for themselves the line of reasoning which we have indicated in these pages. They will see the enormous deduction to be made from the romantic estimate, so to speak, of Romish theory and practice, which seduces so many. They will see how the doctrine of absolution inevitably involves the practice of confession, not as a resource for the overburdened soul, but as a technical duty, to be performed under the technical direction of a confessor, himself acting under the technical instruction of a manual. And unless determined to shut their eyes, they must perceive how all that is genuine, and exalting, and spirit-like, in devotion, is exposed to dry up and wither under the parching influence of such a system as we have faintly indicated; a system developed with painful fulness in works, of daily use in the clerical profession, similar to that over which we have detained our readers.

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THE PURPOSE AND THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE unmoved front with which President Johnson met the Congress which came freshly from the people—or indeed, it may be said, was hurled at him by them,—with a commission and power to overwhelm his 'policy' has revealed both his strength and weakness as a man. Napoleon himself could not have been more unscathed by a thunderbolt. In the canvass which preceded the elections it had been unmistakably shown that popular opinion had matured into clear conviction against his plan of reconstruction, and that the determination that it should not be adopted was nearly universal. Every compromising sentiment had been received at political gatherings with ominous silence, every radical one with outbursts of applause. The people evidently regarded the question as one of life or death. The President's leading friend in the last session of Congress, Mr. Raymond, was forced by a storm of opprobrium out of the canvass altogether, and his paper the *New York Times* was compelled, on pain of financial ruin, as indeed were several other leading journals, to relinquish the support of the President. Every representative who, during the preceding session, had wavered however slightly in his opposition to the President's policy, had been defeated; every radical had been returned. One senator who had gone over to the side of the President had found his neighbours so alienated from him that he changed his residence; another, under similar circumstances, had blown out his own brains. It is no secret that immediately after the elections the President's chief political friends advised him that his policy was hopelessly rejected, and must be abandoned. Greatly to their surprise and alarm they found that he was resolved not to abandon one jot of it. The impatience of friends was as unavailing as the unanimity of opponents to secure even a modification of his 'policy.' There is pluck in this, no doubt, but pluck that depends on no principle higher than one's own expedient may be as often due to the obstinacy of egotism as to courage. Mr. Johnson's vanity has been so obtrusive that he has made the phrase 'my policy,' uttered in a pompous tone, a by-word in America. But even vanity has not been so disastrous to him as a certain profound ignorance which he has apparently come to reverence in himself as superior knowledge. It is only ignorance that can make a man the victim of a theory in a case where the very facts that must determine theory are not known or even developed. In the present case—that of reconstruction—Mr. Johnson, at the outset of his administration, adopted the easiest and most obvious theory he could lay hold of. The late war having been waged, on the part of the Federal Government, to preserve the Union, the suppression of the rebellion against the Union must, he assumed, naturally and legally be followed by a restoration to their full former power of the States that had been in rebellion. With this simple theory he undertook to solve one of the most complex practical problems ever presented to a nation. It need hardly be pointed out that this theory, beginning with the absurd assumption that the American people had been laying down a quarter of a million lives for a technicality, proceeded by ignoring the immense social and political changes superinduced by the war, and the

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entirely new conditions under which the relations of the Southern States to the general Government had to be adjusted. With four millions of half emancipated negroes in the South holding an anomalous relation to their former masters, and for whom the South had as yet no laws but such as dealt with them as slaves; with seven millions of whites ground down by losses extending even to the necessaries of life, and humiliated by defeat and subjugation; with the finances of the country verging upon chaos; Mr. Johnson reverts to his political primer, and seeing there a woodcut of the Union as it was, holds it up as the model of the fabric which all hands must at once set about building. No matter if even under the old conditions the fabric built on that model has just crumbled, Mr. Johnson is a political architect of Chinese fidelity, and will so completely copy the old house in the new that you shall have every flaw and crack that made a new house necessary!

The adoption of the President's 'policy' would have implied on the part of the nation a sad readiness to throw away experience, at best; but it could only have been rendered safe even for the moment, had the white Southerners shown plainly that their views of the right relation between the white man and the black man had been fundamentally changed by the absolute poverty suddenly brought upon them through the emancipation which they themselves refused to decree, even when it fairly promised to secure their independence; that their regard for the negroes had been increased by the part borne by those negroes in the work of subjugating them; that in their desolated land they were suddenly filled with ardent devotion to its recent invaders; and that, seen from homes of mourning, union with those just now resisted unto death had assumed new attractions. For some time stunned, paralysed, crushed, there could come from the South no such signs as would guide a statesman in determining on a policy meant to be just and permanent; and even yet, amid the battle for physical life which has succeeded to that for independence, no facts have been sufficiently matured concerning the feelings or intentions of the Southern people to warrant a generalisation for any important purpose. But it is safe to say that every sign and every fact that has emerged from the mist of blood not yet lifted from that unhappy country, has come into instantaneous collision with the President's theory. The people of the South were willing to re-establish their courts, municipal governments, and states; but except under the immediate pressure and command of Mr. Johnson, not one law relating to the negroes was altered, not one secession ordinance was repealed, not one State adopted the constitutional amendment prohibiting slavery, or repudiated the Confederate debt, and not one officer who could take the oath of loyalty to the national Government was elected. Southern Quakers and a few others who had not co-operated with the rebellion were treated with such contempt that they emigrated to the north and west. Freed negroes were fought and slain as enemies; and so violent was the popular feeling against them and their political friends, that the mayor and police of New Orleans set upon a grave assembly of unarmed white unionists, met to consider the propriety of conferring political privileges on the negroes, and slew over three hundred of them—a massacre which, had it not occurred at a time when the German war and the Jamaica trouble were absorbing attention on this side of the Atlantic, would have filled Europe with as much horror as has been occasioned by any other event of this century. These are but a few of the indications that proved that the South, though

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overborne by numbers, was not subdued in spirit. As an offset to these notorious facts there stood in Washington clamouring to be permitted to represent the South in Congress, a set of men whose names had never been heard of before. The world knows well who are the real representatives of the South; it knows something of Davis, Toombs, Benjamin, Mason, Slidell, and Lee; but who are Brown, Jones, and Robinson? Had the South only now for the first time discovered that her truest representatives, her greatest sons, were B., J., and R.? But where were the great men to whom South and North were wont to look as Southern leaders? In London, perhaps, or in Paris, or living gloomy and silent in unnoted regions of the South. The North knew that every ballot that helped to send Brown, Jones, and Robinson to 'represent' the South was written by a Federal bayonet. They knew that those who had from their very lack of principle of any kind come to the surface under circumstances when the really able and brave men of the South were either holding to a sorrowful obscurity or—as an exceptional few are—battling against the President's policy, were brought to Washington only because the Cabinet could find no others ready and willing to swear to anything or do anything in order to gain positions for which they are no more fit than the bribed electors of Yarmouth are to constitute the Parliament of England.

The fact is, there is something going on before Mr. Johnson, and sweeping past him, which he is without the capacity to comprehend—the steady and strong working out of a great national purpose. The South having forced the nation to an extra-constitutional course of action, her representatives and senators having left the halls of Congress with defiance and contempt, the nation has resolved that the normal course of government shall not be resumed, nor the obstructive power of the South admitted to Congress, until slavery, with all the laws, customs, and illegitimate powers that had grown around it, shall have been entirely eradicated. The entire country is to be harmonised with a law of equality which will admit of no caste that rests upon race or colour. In the pit dug for the nation by slavery, the nation buries slavery itself. And this has already been shown to be a much longer task than many might have supposed. It must be borne in mind how completely slavery had made the Southern communities into its own image; how it was the basis of industry, the foundation of political power, the ruler of social position, the framer of every code in the South. It was, of course, vain to suppose that a mere proclamation of emancipation, or even a constitutional amendment, could destroy a system so interwoven with every interest, habit, and conviction of the society where it existed, that the defence of it was esteemed among the highest duties of religion and patriotism. Nor could it be thought that even the release of the negroes from involuntary servitude, followed by shutting them up with their former masters within walls of States' rights impassable by the Federal Government, would have been more successful than sweeping away a snow whilst the winter is yet in the sky. The elemental conditions of Southern society must undergo a change, or else there could be no security against a return of the old strife over the old wrong, and the need of doing the bloody work over again. This was a vast task to contemplate, but it was the logical consequence of victory in the late war. The North had before it two alternatives when the South rebelled. One was to let the South go: that seemed easy; but when looked into closely it was seen to hold in the future two great

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and hostile standing armies stretching across the continent, a great aggressive slave-trading empire covering over a million square miles of the New World, and several other ugly forms, under the mask of peace. The other alternative held, under the simple exterior of suppressing a rebellion, immense losses of life and property, the utter destruction of the social order and the labour-system of the South, and, finally, the reorganisation of the political system of the United States. Under the degree of independence practically—some think constitutionally—permitted under the old States' rights system, the South developed State codes totally at variance with those of Northern and Western States, although by the theory of the Constitution all the States are supposed to have constitutions and laws harmonious with those of the Federal Government, and consequently not such as can bring them into collision with one another. Yet under the exigencies of slavery, which, with its increasing pecuniary advantages, was environed with increasing perils, the Southern States had gradually formed codes of laws which were as exclusive of those of the North as if they had been framed under the French empire. A Northern man who should express an opinion in the South, however privately, adverse to slavery, was imprisoned for such length of time as the magistrate wished, and his own State or the Federal Government had no right to interfere at all in the matter. The South claimed the right and exercised it, of investigating the mails and opening suspicious letters which came from the North, on the ground that some seal might cover a fuse for the powder by which that section felt itself to be undermined. The general Government was appealed to in vain to stop this practice. The States of South Carolina, Georgia, and Louisiana have laws commanding that all free negroes coming into any of their ports from other States of the Union shall be instantly arrested and shut up in jails so long as the vessels on which such black mariners shall have come remain in the port, with the addition that if the shipmaster fails to pay the costs of this official arrest, and the prisoner's board in jail, these citizens of other States are to be sold as slaves to pay that expense. The State of Massachusetts sent to South Carolina a commissioner for the purpose of suing in a court of the latter State for the release of some negroes taken from her ships and sold under this law; but her commissioner—the Hon. Samuel Hoar—was barely able to escape from South Carolina with his life; and nothing was ever done to test the competence of a State to have such laws, which remain unrepealed to this day. It will be at once seen that if any similar rule of States' rights as that under which these laws were enforced shall prevail in the future, any real unity of the American nation will become impossible. That a negro from New England should have less protection in a Southern State than a negro from England was in itself a demonstration of the almost absolute power which a State possessed in the old Union to evade the theory of that Union. The Northern people have thus come gradually to feel that fate has determined that, instead of simply reconstructing a nation, they must create one. For an American Union protecting individual liberties and rights in States would be radically different from any that has yet existed. President Johnson recognises this national determination so far as still to keep Federal officers and troops in the Southern States—a course quite inconsistent with his theory that they are still equal States; every general in the South having given it as his opinion that the withdrawal of the Federal troops would be followed by a reign of terror. But it is the purpose of the

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nation that the military grasp with which it now holds the Southern States shall not be withdrawn until a civil grasp shall have been formed beneath it. Mr. Johnson, whose ideal of governmental perfection seems to be filled by the hope of the old Union restored, with himself at the head of it, stands before the nation's purpose, which bewilders him, roaring at it and hurling vetoes at it, with such effect as one might have roaring at Niagara, or hurling chips to stem it.

Mr. Disraeli—a gentleman who, when he did speak on American affairs during the late war, assumed the extraordinary responsibility of talking good sense—observed once that the forces which were then struggling in the United States were too deep in their origin and nature for their issue to be easily or swiftly decided. To a student of American history his remark is calculated to suggest more than the words contain. The Congressman of to-day stands at the end of a long column of historical events which are determining his position: events whose radicalism is overruling thousands of conservative temperaments, and forcing the American nation step by step to a point which may be estimated, as an apex from its angles of convergence. These events stretch back to the sailing of the *Mayflower* with the founders of New England. The germ of the American Union may be said to have been really formed in the now almost nameless village of Scrooby, in Yorkshire. The persecuted Puritan men and women who formed a congregation there towards towards the close of the 16th century, gained a certain separate social existence when they fled together before the remorseless bishops to Holland. There, under the ministry of the wise and learned John Robinson, who was arbitrator as well as pastor among them, there was developed something like a Christian socialistic community. Their idea of a State was far beyond what the political conditions of Holland could nourish into realisation, and so the filtered strength of the Leyden community went to New England. There they formed a religious union at Plymouth, out of which the three unions which have existed in America have been successively evolved. First there was the confederation of the original four colonies; then there was the confederation of the revolution; and, finally, the Federal Union, formed in 1789, which now exists. There has thus been from the first a religious element in the idea of the Union in America, which those who have expected its downfall have not sufficiently considered. It was originally a union of Presbyterian congregations, with a Moderator for President. Such was the soul. The political body with which it was invested was determined by the exigencies of existence on that savage shore. When, following the water-courses and the richer grasses, the people of the one colony had distributed themselves into four or five settlements, the fear of the Indians and the need of always having a strong front for the Dutch of what is now New York, led them to add to their union of congregations a union of arms and of laws. Now that which it is most important to observe is, that this and every great step taken subsequently in America has been in the direction of a stronger and more central nationality. When the proposition was before the original colonies of New England to form the Confederation of 1643, the colony of Connecticut was averse from union, unless to each colony was reserved the right of negativing, so far as itself was concerned, any act of the council of the Confederation that might be offensive to it. But the colony of Massachusetts declared that it would never enter into any confederation whose action

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might be set aside by this or that party to it. Connecticut held out for some time, but finally, fearing the Dutch, to whom it was the nearest colony and with whom collisions were already occasional, reluctantly surrendered her colonial sovereignty. Thus the issue of States' rights was raised and settled in theory 200 years ago. But only in theory; for it soon appeared that, although a colony had no right theoretically to veto the order of the general council, the latter had no permission, technically, to coerce a recusant colony. Had this early confederation possessed greater central authority, the English kings might have found it more difficult than they did to suppress it so long; as it was, they only suppressed it, for it was substantially this same old confederation which rose against George III. and achieved American independence. But it took at this time another step toward centralisation, creating a President and a Court to represent the people when acting in common. But even then Washington and others complained so much of the looseness with which the States were related, and the weakness of the central authority, that a constitutional convention was called which framed the present organic law of the Union, a constitution which was then and ever after hated by all the champions of States' rights. This progressive assimilation of the States by the national Union has been attended by a continual struggle. For there arose up colonies in the South and West which had no associations whatever with the early and consecrated union that had floated from England to Holland, and then to New England. These were colonies of people who had come to the new world for certain special advantages; and though they united with New England from time to time in the face of common enemies—the English or the Indians—they were quite determined to resume their devotion to their own separate interests when the danger had passed by. But the common foes were so frequent, that co-operation had to be frequent also; and each of these co-operative periods formed and left behind it common commercial and other interests; and it was these accumulating trade interests, in alliance with the moral ideas of New England concerning union, that prevailed to carry the American States through the structural stages of nationality against a very powerful opposition at every step. The coercion of the Southern States which lately tried to secede, was the fourth great step in the federal direction; and this has made necessary the fifth, namely, the assumption of a supervisory power over the rights of citizens within State limits. On this great change the battle of reconstruction is being fought. The American people generally see in it questions of protecting the negroes or of abandoning them to their angry masters, the financial security of the country, social order in the South, and other purely practical considerations; they do not remember that every great organic change in America has come under the disguise of a practical necessity, and that the protection of the negroes within State limits implies an entirely new American Union. Yet, on the other hand, not to take this next step would be to reverse the entire tendency of American development, borne along now by the momentum of seven generations. It is this current, which has swept away slavery and its immense interests, that Andrew Johnson has resolved to withstand.

Unhappily the President is *not* the only victim of the delusion that the national purpose could be resisted successfully. His attitude was no sooner taken than the Southerners themselves were filled with wild visions of resuscitating their lost

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cause through the political and social arts in which they had so often shown themselves the superiors of the men of the North.[1] These visions were destined to lead them, in their unsettled condition, to the excesses of language and behaviour which would inevitably rekindle the purpose of the North. And this, in turn, has infuriated the whites of the South. It is notorious that Mr. Johnson's attitude has been followed by slight, and in a few cases even serious, recurrences of the rebellious spirit in every portion of the South, generally venting itself in violent attacks on Unionists, white and black, and on Northern people who had gone to settle in the South. Nor did their newspapers fail to threaten that, when Andrew Johnson had succeeded in getting the South into Congress, they would unravel all the legislation of Congress that had been carried on in the absence of Southern representatives. It was plain, also, that if Mr. Johnson should succeed, the Southerners would be able to fulfil these threats. For until a constitutional amendment had been passed, the Southerners would have possessed, on their return to Congress, an increased representation through the emancipation of their slaves.

Just here was enlisted the force that really decided the case against the President. Through the acumen of Mr. Chase, Mr. Lincoln's first Secretary of the Treasury, a large majority of the capitalists and great commercial houses of the country had been induced, partly by patriotism, partly by large rates of interest, to furnish the loans that were needed to support the war. By these gold and silver rivets capital in America has at every stage of the war been held fast to the policy of a swift and thorough suppression of the rebellion. The evident reluctance shown by all Southern legislatures or conventions since the war to repudiate the Confederate debt, and the frequent declarations made by them that they would resist taxation to pay that of the Federal Government unless their own was accepted, was enough to excite the panic among men of business which has been the chief reinforcement of the majority in Congress during its struggle with the President. The threatened repudiation meant repudiation of a debt due to themselves. The anti-slavery spirit was thus still able to preserve that alliance with trade and with the love of the Union which had originally formed the triple power under which the Confederacy was crushed. And these allies are now represented by a force in the thirty-ninth and fortieth Congresses amply able to set aside any presidential veto, and to conquer by impeachment any recalcitrant behaviour of the Executive.

The immediate necessity of the present state of things in the South requires the apparently severe course of keeping the Southerners out of Congress, even though they should apply for admission under an alteration in the basis of representation which would secure their being for the present a minority. Until Southern society has been practically established on a basis of equality of races, similar to that which prevails in the North, the minority would take their seats and use them with reference to a reversal, as far as possible, of the results of the war so far as they affected the negroes. England's experience with the Irish members of Parliament shows how much a compact and sullen minority may do towards obstructing the legislation of a country, and how frequently it may demoralise parties. In the majority of cases where

[1] In a recent lecture Mr. R. W. Emerson said: 'The Northerner was always talked down by the agreeable gentlemen of the South. Now the war is over its results are in danger of being toasted away at the dinner-tables.'

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parties are otherwise nearly divided, this minority would hold the balance of power, and by offering its vote now to this party and now to that, or by bribing with the offer of its aid some sectional interest, there would always be the danger that it would be able to secure a succession of reactionary steps which might eventually imperil all that progress out of the negro agitation which is the only compensation for the devastations of the war, before that progress has been able to fortify itself in irreversible institutions. It is not wonderful that English observers, remembering the long efforts of England to assimilate and govern Scotland and Ireland in the same way, should look upon the policy to which the United States is impelled as one almost hopeless, and certainly full of grievous trials; but it is a task which was deliberately undertaken when the war was undertaken, and one involved in the success of the Federal arms. Moreover it must not be forgotten that one important and favourable element enters into the conditions under which the North is working, which did not enter into those which attended the long efforts to establish English authority in Ireland and Scotland, namely, the presence in the conquered territory of a people constituting more than one third of the entire population, who, beyond any others in whatever part of the Union, are interested in the success of the new order. It was, according to the opinion of President Lincoln, the aid of the negroes thrown into the scale that turned it in favour of Federal triumph; the same aid, to a much larger extent, is to be counted on in the effort of the North to make over Southern institutions into its own likeness. In testing the disposition and purpose of the South with reference to rebuilding the fabric of the Union, the corner-stone offered by negro loyalty, resting upon the interest and instinct of self-preservation, has been the only one that has not crumbled under the first trial. Building mainly on that, the Government knows that it will be building on a law of nature. England never had, in Ireland or Scotland, a population similarly situated on which to build up her authority.

It were, indeed, a great shame if the North having thus the strength of a giant should use it like a giant. But surely the North, in its treatment of those who fought and of those who led the rebellion, all of whom have for two years been in its power, has shown enough moderation in this direction to give a certain air of fictitiousness, not to say impertinence, to all apprehensions of this kind. Not one head has been brought to the scaffold, and not even an estate has yet been entirely confiscated—the probabilities being that every estate withheld from a Confederate owner will be restored, as the great mass of seized property has already been. There have been rebellions in the Old World, and dealings with the instigators and leaders of them; and these have not furnished the historical records upon which cisatlantic critics can plant themselves very complacently for the purpose of censuring the record of the Congress which the Northern people have elected during the past two years to deal with the vanquished South. In that Congress what voice has been raised to demand the execution of Davis, or Lee, or Semmes? Who has proposed to pay the war debt by selling the conquered estates of the men who threw the nation into chaos, and were the means of laying low a half-million of men, the flower of the present generation? America is fresh from her Culloden; her task is not unlike that which the English Parliament had before it in 1747. She is under compulsion to cut up root and branch a dynasty which has almost ruined the nation. Where

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are the Ratcliffes, the Lovats, the Hamiltons of the Davis insurrection? They are professors in Southern colleges, engaged in writing and publishing through New York publishers accounts of their exploits. Some of them are in Washington, bullying Northern members of Congress because they will not hand over the Federal victory to the South. The American parliament is not engaged in destroying the churches of the South which will not pray for the President, nor in interfering with the Southern costume. There are in Virginia large numbers of persons of Scottish descent, who joined in the Davis as heartily as their ancestors did in the Stuart rebellion, peacefully enjoying to-day estates in a region to which their ancestors were banished, as the merciful alternative of the harder fate suffered by their leaders. I am not disposed to denounce England for what was done a century ago; but simply submit that these unreversed precedents in the English method of suppressing formidable rebellions should teach some humility to the denouncers of 'radical ferocity' in America. All people admire the yielding and sentimental policy in another country three thousand miles off. In the same way the proslavery politicians in America used to believe in freedom in the Old World.

> I du believe in freedum's cause
> Ez fur away ez Paris is;
> I luv to see her stick her claws
> In them infarnal Pharisees.

It is not for an American to decide that England was more severe than the conditions demanded she should be in dealing with the Stuart rebellion. I am sure, however, that the chief danger threatening the peace and welfare of both North and South in the United States to-day is the universal desire to cover over swiftly the wounds which remain from the late war, whose pains alone remind the country of how cruel was the necessity that caused them, and how radical must be any treatment that will truly heal them. The love of the Union which won the victory is allied to that sentiment which, far more than any tendency to severity, threatens it with a hasty and temporary reconstruction. And it is when the eagerness of the Union sentiment to have the past forgotten, and the vehement desire of trade to have its old channels restored so soon as financial safety is insured, are considered, that the contumacy of the President is seen to have been by no means an unmixed evil. Reconstruction demands for its thoroughness delay more than anything else at present, so that every fact may be known, and every plan and thought on the subject considered. This the dead lock between the Executive and Congress has secured. Any reconstruction that the radical majority of Congress could have made a year ago, had it received the President's co-operation, would, as is now seen, have been ineffectual for its purpose. It is doubtful whether Mr. Johnson's removal from office would have been really as helpful as the slowness of movement which his position as a drag on Congress has insured. If the rumour shall prove true that the Supreme Court will decide that the test oath imposed by Congress upon those appointed to office in the South is unconstitutional, that will also prove an advantage to the policy of slowness and sureness. The willingness to trust to oaths of loyalty which meant just what the swearer chose, and as often as not covered a design to gain the advantage necessary for a more dangerous attack, has been hitherto a weakness, and will be superseded by the resolution to judge loyalty by its deeds rather than its words. In short, the national purpose has such vitality in itself that it matures equally under frost and sunshine, and can only be set aside by a more powerful diversion of the

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energies of the country than now seems probable.

More completely defeated at the polls than any other President has ever been since the foundation of the Government, Mr. Johnson's move in reply is looked for with profound interest. Three courses were open to him: to gain the nearest thing to his policy by yielding some particulars of it; to attempt a *coup d'état*; or to create a diversion of public interest, and unite North and South in a general glow of patriotism by availing himself of one of the opportunities for a foreign war with which other nations have but too generously favoured him. The first of the three courses he has in his message foreclosed; the second he knows very well he is not strong enough to take, for no other public man in America was ever so much disliked personally, to allude no further to the unanimity with which his 'policy' has been set aside. Under these circumstances, it is natural that the action of the Administration with regard to foreign Powers should be watched in America and in Europe with extreme solicitude. It could hardly have escaped attention anywhere that in his last message to Congress matters of foreign interest were discussed to an extent greatly disproportioned to the few sentences in which they have been dismissed in former presidential messages. President Lincoln was equally if not more surrounded by foreign complications, and yet he at no time said so much. However, the intentions of the President in his foreign policy cannot be gathered from his message, further than that he desires to turn public attention in a foreign direction.

It must be remembered that the President is playing for a tremendous stake. His belief that the good destiny of the country depends upon his plan of reconstruction amounts to infatuation. He knows that ruin as a public man stares him in the face. The Presidents who have gone before him have generally at the end of their four years of service, either received the favourable popular verdict of a renomination, or retired amid general execration. Thus far the verdict has gone so heavily against Mr. Johnson that even the leader of the Democracy, in the House of Representatives, during the first week of the present Congress, indignantly repelled the charge that his was the President's party, declaring that it would break down any party in the country to carry Mr. Johnson on its shoulders. Mr. Seward, his Secretary of State, has also, from being the most prominent candidate for the Presidency in the future,—one over whom Mr. Lincoln was nominated only by a few votes,—shared in the downfall of the chief to whom he has so strangely adhered. The Legislature of New York, which had for over twelve years made him their senator, refused to pass a resolution welcoming him when he passed through that State with the President on his westward tour. His former political friends are now his bitter enemies. In a recent letter to a friend, he writes,—'I have no remembrance of a time during my public life in which less charitable views of my public life and private character were taken by those who differed from me than those which are now presented by opponents of the policy which it is my duty to maintain.' The other secretaries in the cabinet have similarly lost the regard of the American people so far as they had it to lose. Three of Mr. Johnson's former ministers were barely able to save their reputations in their own States by resigning their offices; and it is known that several of those who remain would leave were it not too late to gain anything by so doing. But no men know better than these how often administrations have been

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saved by startling and brilliant strokes of policy. No American knows better than the politician of long experience who presides over the Foreign Office the weakness of his countrymen for territorial expansion, especially in the south-west, on the one hand; and the large amount of Fenian and anti-English feeling which may be utilised, on the other. It must be confessed that it would be hard to defeat at the next presidential election an administration that could point to Mexico as its trophy, and which had gained for itself the million of Irish votes which an openly unfriendly act to England would immediately secure. At any rate it may be confidently stated that something of this kind is now the only alternative of total political ruin to the administration, policy, and adherents of Mr. Johnson.

That the designs in Washington with reference to Mexican affairs have undergone a change is undeniable. That Mr. Seward winked at the purposes of France in Mexico when first undertaken is notorious; that he expressed his 'eminent satisfaction' at explanations which every moment showed to be untrue is a matter of public record; that he gave the French invaders the Custom-House facilities against which the Mexican agent at Washington, Señor Romero, protested, and ordered Mr. Bigelow to propose to M. Drouyn de Lhuys that the recognition of Maximilian by the United States should follow the withdrawal of the French troops, are facts equally certain. The public dissatisfaction in America at the course of the Administration in the points just stated compelled a slight modification of its tone and position toward France; and when the negociations for a withdrawal of French troops were concluded it was on the basis, not of recognition, but of non-intervention on the part of the United States. In a letter to the Marquis de Montholon, French Minister at Washington, under date of October 18th, 1865, M. Drouyn de Lhuys thus explains the order for the return of French troops: 'In writing you this despatch, I have entered into a path opened by Mr. Bigelow himself several days ago. In a conversation relating to other matters, this minister asked me, in his own name, if I did not think that the recognition of the Mexican Empire by the United States might facilitate and hasten the return of our troops. The instructions I send you are in answer to this question.' Mr. Seward, when the matter had assumed this shape and the country was denouncing the proposed recognition, did not assent to it, but declared that the United States would, on the withdrawal of French troops, observe a strict policy of non-intervention in the affairs of Maximilian and Mexico. 'We will,' he wrote, 'respect their self-established sovereignty and independence.' To which the French Emperor replied: 'We receive this assurance with entire confidence. We find in it a sufficient guarantee not to delay longer the adoption of measures intended for the return of our army.'

To Mr. Motley, at Vienna, Mr. Seward wrote protesting against the departure of 4,000 Austrian volunteers to Mexico, and asking Austria 'to come up on the same ground of non-intervention in Mexico which is maintained by the United States, and to which they have invited France.' To this, Austria returned a favourable reply. The French Government, burthened with a debt of nearly a billion and a half of francs, is manifestly withdrawing from Mexico with more eagerness than it went there; Maximilian's dynasty—if it could at any time have been called such—is crumbling under the persistent attacks of the Mexicans themselves. And at this very moment the Washington Government sends a leading

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military officer with its accredited minister to Juarez, orders troops to march upon Mexican territory, and arrests the legal claimant of the presidential office now occupied by Juarez. This interference in every department of Mexican affairs at once is in such striking contrast with the recent indifference of the Washington Cabinet to the fate of the invaded country, that it has naturally aroused the suspicion of the very party in Mexico to which the benefits of intervention were promised. Juarez does not relish taking Mr. Seward on his back, like the horse in the fable, to pursue his foe, and more especially as the stag in this case is nearly wearied out already. There are even signs that the Juarez party have, in some way or other, become possessed of such a profound distrust of the Washington Cabinet, that it would even make common cause with Maximilian—certainly with Ortega's party—against the Americans. It is hardly doubtful that Mr. Seward has planned some brilliant acquirement in that region. It is probable that the uneasiness of the Mexicans before this latest invader, and the promise of some internal union of parties against it, was the means of turning into a sanitary excursion to Orizaba the recent journey of Maximilian, which was certainly undertaken either as a flight or as an experiment. The urgency with which the Washington Government solicited the French Emperor to withdraw his troops immediately, instead of waiting until the spring—an urgency that could find no messenger swift enough except the Atlantic telegraph—strengthens the impression now quite general in the Northern States, that the Administration had planned an aggressive policy in Mexico. It has been plainly charged by the most influential journals in America, that these designs, so little called for in the interest of the Monroe doctrine, which in the case of Maximilian was rapidly vindicating itself, were meant to further a partisan purpose. The resolution passed by the House of Representatives that 'it will give unfaltering support to the Executive Department of the Government to vindicate the time-honoured policy of the Republic against foreign armed intervention, which tends to the destruction of constitutional liberty on this continent, and especially commends the tone of the national voice in reference to the Republic of Mexico,' is by no means to be interpreted as indicating a willingness to sustain any special plan of the present Administration, or a blindness to the fact that an unnecessary conflict would be, and would be meant to be, more fatal to the Radicals at Washington than to the Imperialists of Mexico. The resolution is simply meant as another stroke in the warfare of Congress against the President, and to forestall any claim that may be made that Congress is less jealous of the national feeling and honour in a matter wherein the people are profoundly moved, than the Administration. It is observable that Congress has uttered no word indicating that it shares the deep anxiety of the President that there should be no delay—not even that of a few months—in the withdrawal of the French troops. The general friendliness of the Americans to France would not permit them to make a violent issue with the Emperor on such a point as that. But there were strong inducements to the Administration to enter on its startling Mexican campaign before a trial of impeachment had been instituted, and before the fortieth Congress—a more radical one than the present, and one not likely to be diverted from its task of reconstruction—had entered on its session on the fourth of March next. So far from the resolution quoted above furnishing any likelihood that Congress, which alone has the right under the constitution to declare

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war, will sanction the intervention at this juncture in the affairs of Mexico, it represents more probably a satisfactory assurance of the popular mind on the Mexican question, as a preliminary to the inquiry as to the impeachability of the President, which was instituted immediately after it.

The American people have, with singular unanimity, expressed their willingness to revert to the state of passive unfriendliness which has hitherto suspended over the Mexican empire a sword which, exciting general distrust, has been the means of overwhelming it with a debt large enough, in the absence of any column of profits, to waste it away. The wise policy to which the English people have directed their Government, in reference to the differences between America and Great Britain growing out of the recent war, has happily rendered any diversion in that direction impossible. If there has been in the late dealings of the Administration with Mexico, any such criminal design as that intimated above, and intimated in accordance with the conviction of a large proportion of the statesmen in America, it will survive only as another charge in the articles of impeachment to be framed against the President. Any other attempt to needlessly complicate the United States with a foreign Power, will doubtless have the same end. So this alternative is closed against the President. One more he has—only one: he may sink back into a sullen and defiant inactivity, vetoing the bills brought before him, and, when they are passed over his veto, leaving them to execute themselves, or else giving them into the hands of their enemies, who can make them work out the reverse of what they are intended to accomplish. Of all the measures hitherto passed by Congress over the President's veto, each one has failed of securing the result intended through the inaction, or covert hostility, of the President.

It is under these circumstances that Congress addresses itself to the important question whether it shall impeach President Johnson. It is impossible to say at the time of this writing, what will be the decision of the Judiciary Committee to which the matter has been referred, but it is probable that the decision will be considerably affected, and, perhaps, even determined, by the discussions to which the proposition has given rise.

Setting aside for the moment the question of the wisdom or policy of the impeachment, it is important to remind English readers that there is nothing revolutionary in any sense in such a procedure. The theory of the American constitution is that its officers, from the humblest postmaster to the President, are servants of the people as represented in the two Houses of Congress, and it has made the most careful provision for the removal of any or all of them in cases of malfeasance in office, without causing a jar or failure in any part of the machinery of the Government. Any effort on the part of an officer toward offering a physical resistance to his own impeachment would be a direct attack on the constitution, sufficient in itself to cause his removal. The decision of the Senate when acting as a court for the trial of an impeached officer is final, there being no power anywhere to pardon an officer removed by such decision. The constitution has entrusted a duty demanding the greatest impartiality to a body elected by the legislatures of the States, and consequently more removed from the passions of the *popularis aura* than the House of Representatives. It also limits the effect of every impeachment to the removal of an offender and the prohibition against his holding thereafter any office of honour or profit under the Federal

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Government. A removal under impeachment is only incidentally punitive; the general government has no object in it, except to secure its own maintenance by substituting for an agent who cannot or will not do the duty he was appointed to do one who will. The constitution has also cast every possible security from injustice about an impeached officer by demanding a two-thirds majority of the popular House even to try, and a two-thirds majority of the Senate to convict him. And in the case of a President, who may be particularly pursued by partisan hostility, the advantage is added of having the trial conducted under the presidency and ruling of the Chief Justice of the United States, whose independence of popular prejudice or passion is presumably secured by the non-elective character of his office.

The chief charges against President Johnson are likely to be that he has violated the constitution and the laws of his country which he had solemnly sworn to defend and execute; that he has appointed officers expressly excluded by act of Congress from the right to hold office, who are at this time being paid from the national treasury; that he has appointed others whom the Senate had refused to confirm, although the constitution declares that every appointment of the Executive must have the 'consent' of the Senate; that he has ignored laws of Congress passed over his head by constitutional majorities, as the Civil Rights Bill and others, and that such laws remain to this day dead letters, to the great detriment of the country; that by encouraging the illegal course of the ex-rebel mayor and police of New Orleans in violently breaking up a peaceful and legal meeting of unarmed men in that city, and murdering between 300 and 400 of them, he is guilty of a 'high crime' against the country; that by his denunciations of Congress as a body of usurpers, traitors, and 'a body hanging on the verge of the Government,' he has been guilty of a misdemeanour, if not a crime; that he has grossly abused the pardoning power, has by habitual drunkenness incapacitated himself from doing his work as President, and has, by repeated incoherent harangues made whilst in a state of intoxication, disgraced himself and the nation.

Whether a trial shall show these charges to be well founded or not, it is certain that a vast majority of the American people believe them to be true, and that nothing less than a genuine and general conviction of their truth on the part of their representatives at Washington could bring Mr. Johnson before the bar of the Senate. It is a mistake to suppose that any partisan interest can be secured at present by the removal of Mr. Johnson. The Congress is secure of being able to pass its laws over his head, and though the negroes may suffer somewhat by their non-enforcement at present, the illegal inaction of the President only renders it daily more certain that his successor will be an ardent radical. Already his behaviour has ruined the effect of the Philadelphia Convention of his friends, and he has been the means of converting more people to the faith of radicalism than Mr. Wendell Phillips himself. So long as he remains in office the radical party is assured of carrying every election; but that party knows very well that if Mr. Johnson is placed on trial—more especially if he submits to it peacefully—only a perfectly clear case of criminal conduct against him can prevent a revulsion of the popular feeling favourable to him. They can by such a course gain no party victory over him higher than what has been gained in passing their laws despite his veto, and in carrying against him in the elections all the States except three of the smallest, and those such as were slave States up to the time of the civil war. In impeaching the President,

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then, the radical majority in Congress does but perform a solemn duty in obedience to the conscience and conviction of the American people, who see in it a step necessary for the particular emergency before them, and also for the vindication of a fundamental principle of the republic.

The particular emergency is the anomalous and disorganised condition of the South. Whatever advantage it may be to the radicals, as a party, to have their opponents staggering on from defeat to defeat under the weight of Mr. Johnson's unpopularity, it is doubtful if the continuance for the rest of his term of the present state of things in the South might not result in a chronic condition of anarchy. In order to estimate rightly the determination of Congress to break by impeachment—the *ultima ratio reipublicæ*—the dead lock at Washington, the reign of violence in the South resulting from the divorce between the brain and the hand of the Government must be recognised. This reign of violence has been just laid before Congress in documents which have not been published in England. They are the reports of the officers of the United States commanding in the several military departments of the South, and accompany the report of Lieutenant-General Grant to the Secretary of War. In giving brief extracts from these reports, which present the latest facts concerning the condition of the South, it is only necessary to premise that each officer reporting is an agent of the President, and that all of them are, in political parlance, 'Johnson men;' so that if their statements are liable to any suspicion, it is to that of undue moderation—since the chief assumption of the President's 'policy' is that the South is in a fit condition to be relegated to its former independence of Federal interference. General Sickles, speaking of the situation in South Carolina, says:

There is reason to believe that organisations of these banditti, more or less numerous, and connected with each other, exist in the localities I have mentioned, and have their accomplices with corresponding organisations in the border counties of Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina. They defy the civil authorities; they overawe the well disposed population. They often elude the garrisons, because it is impossible to obtain from the people in the neighbourhood of their depredations or of their resorts any reliable information about them. Even the coloured people generally prefer to evade inquiries rather than expose themselves to certain vengeance as the penalty of disclosures that would cause the arrest and punishment of one or more of these confederated bands. . . . . The magistrates are often dilatory in issuing warrants for the apprehension of offenders, if public opinion incline toward the accused. Nor are the sheriffs and constables likely in such cases to be diligent in making arrests. Inquests by coroners, when freedmen have been killed, have seldom pointed to the guilty party. In an instance reported by the post commander at Hilton Head, that occurred in Beaufort district, the perpetrators of the homicide were on the coroner's jury, and joined in the verdict that the victims came to their death by means unknown to the jury. Such also was the verdict in Wesley's case, at Newberry, although the murderers were recognised on the spot, and were well known in the neighbourhood.

In certain localities disturbed by bands of outlaws, many of them fugitives from justice in these and other States, and paroled rebel soldiers, who continue to commit the worst crimes, and disturb the peace of neighbourhoods, the exercise of the power of arrest and punishment under martial law is the only reliable security for life and property. The civil authorities fail to suppress these organisations and punish the outrages committed. Magistrates, constables, jurors, and witnesses, residing far from a garrison, are intimidated by threats of retaliation from enforcing the ordinary legal remedies against these bandits and guerillas.

General Sheridan speaks as follows of the situation in Texas:

The condition of civil affairs in Texas was anomalous, singular, and unsatisfactory. I found the Provisional Governor, backed by a small portion of the population, had for his standard of loyalty, abhorrence for the rebellion, and glory in its defeat, while his successor, as actual Governor, had for his standard of loyalty, pride in rebellion; that it was a righteous but lost cause, being overpowered by the Federal forces.

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Both of these representatives of the civil law, entertaining opposite standards for the loyalty of their subjects, I was required to support, and did it to the best of my ability; but it has been embarrassing in the extreme. Governor Hamilton, the Provisional Governor, was clamorous for more troops, and in several communications to me asserted that the civil law could not be carried out; that freedmen would be killed and Union men driven from the State without military support, which I gave whenever it was possible. Governor Throckmorton, the present Governor, wants all the troops moved from the settled portions of the State, asserting that the civil law was all right; that justice would be done to freedmen, Union men, and our soldiers in the courts. But justice is not done. . . . . To give you an instance of this, two soldiers were shot at Brenham Texas, about two months ago; they were unarmed, and offered no provocation. The grand jury could find no bill against their would-be assassins, but found a bill against Brevet-Major Smith, 17th infantry, for burglary, because he broke into the house of some citizen in his attempt to arrest these men.

My own opinion is that the trial of a white man for the murder of a freedman in Texas would be a farce, and in making this statement I make it because truth compels me, and for no other reason.

It is strange that over a white man killed by Indians on an extensive frontier the greatest excitement will take place, but over the killing of many freedmen in the settlements nothing is done. I cannot help but see this, and I cannot help but tell it to my superiors, no matter how unpleasant it may be to the authorities of Texas.

General Davis reports as follows of the condition of Kentucky:

The party known as the rebel sympathisers carried the State in August last by a large majority, electing men, in most cases, to office whose sympathies were known to have been in favour of the rebellion throughout the war, and in many instances returned rebel soldiers were elected.

Bands of 'guerillas' and 'negro regulators' soon increased in numbers and audacity, and many lawless acts have been perpetrated by them upon the defenceless and unoffending citizens, both white and black. The increase of robbery and lawlessness and the ineffectual measures taken by the civil authorities to suppress these bands, rendered it my duty to offer to the citizens more protection from the military than I had before found necessary.

In Gallatin and surrounding counties these became so formidable and bold in committing their robberies that I was compelled to send, about September 1st last, a company of troops to Warsaw, also Bowling Green and Paducah, for the protection of the people. These troops will occupy their camps at these places, and judging from the present state of affairs it will be necessary to continue their presence there.

From these posts small detachments of men are sent out as necessity requires to protect the agents of the Bureau, and make arrests of desperadoes. I have allowed no arrests of citizens to be made, except where it was manifest that the civil authorities failed or refused to take action, and then only on affidavits previously taken showing conclusively the identity and guilt of the parties. All parties arrested up to this date, except five, have been turned over to the civil courts for trial after a few days' imprisonment; these five prisoners have been in confinement only a few days, and are now awaiting the demand of the United States Marshal to be so turned over. These parties have generally been turned over to the United States District Court of this State, the only court in the State within my knowledge that will admit the testimony of coloured witnesses against accused white parties. For further particulars on this subject, I would especially refer to the accompanying report of the Bureau affairs.

General Wood, in his report concerning Mississippi, declares that in that State the incompetence of negroes as witnesses against whites, the prohibition against negroes bearing arms without special license, the law prohibiting negroes from purchasing or leasing real estate except in corporate towns or cities, and the enactment requiring every negro to obtain a license to do job work, make a contract to labour for the year, or be arrested, fined, and imprisoned, have made the gift of emancipation 'not much more than a name.'

In the State of North Carolina there is an old local law providing that any one who has been publicly whipped shall not thereafter be permitted to vote: and since there are also laws for flogging negroes for the smallest offences, that State has for some time been engaged in settling the negro franchise question for itself by a wholesale whipping of negroes. At Raleigh, the capital of the State, large batches of negroes are daily brought up to be

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whipped for fictitious offences, and large crowds assemble to see the infliction of the lash. General Sickles, in whose department this is occurring, suspended this popular amusement by an order forbidding such floggings; but President Johnson has suspended the General's order and the work goes on as before. The same General finding that negroes were being sold in large numbers in North and South Carolina for petty offences, suspended that also by a general order; but President Johnson overruled that order also, and the public sales of negroes in the Southern States are now almost as frequent as before emancipation. A strong effort at the re-enslavement of negroes by the same means—on sentences for 'vagrancy,' 'larceny,' &c.—is also being made in Maryland. The following is one of many hundreds of placards scattered through that State:

PUBLIC SALE.—The undersigned will offer for sale, at the Court House door, in the city of Annapolis, at eleven o'clock a.m. on Saturday, the 22nd of December, a negro man named John Johnson, aged forty years. The negro was convicted at the October term, 1866, of the Circuit Court of Ann Arundel County, of larceny, and sentenced by the court to be sold in the State for the term of one year from the 12th of December 1866.

Also a negro man convicted as aforesaid, named Gassaway Price, aged about thirty years, to be sold for a term of two years in the State.

Also a negro woman, convicted as aforesaid, named Dilly Harris, aged about thirty years, to be sold for a term of two years in the State. Terms of sale, cash.

Signed, WM. BRYAN,
Sheriff of Ann Arundel County.
Dec. 13, 1866.

These States maintain that the words of the emancipation amendment—'except as a punishment for crime'—empower them to re-enslave the negroes under their local laws; and the President refuses to defend the constitution against this manifest and dangerous evasion.

It is under these circumstances that the Congress has determined to act, and it cannot act through a recalcitrant Executive, who has shown that he will leave laws passed against his wish to execute themselves. It is also plain that the President stands to the South as the standard-bearer of its resistance to the national aim and necessity; that his opposition to the North has encouraged their violence; and that his removal can alone end their wild fantasy. Though the last veto had of course nothing to do with the proposition for impeachment, it has served to convince the entire country that Mr. Johnson's opposition to the measures of Congress is the appearance in the presidential office of the ancient hatred of the slaveholder for the abolitionist. Congress is admitted 'to be the legislature of the District of Columbia, in which the capital is situated. In conferring the suffrage on the 30,000 negroes of that District, it has but restored to them a right which their ancestors had in that and many other sections, until the fears of slavery withdrew it. Mr. Johnson vetoes this act, because, as he says, the people of the District are opposed to sharing the suffrage with negroes. The 100,000 monopolists wish to retain their monopoly. This language is very familiar: it is the old Southern voice, which, when speaking of 'people,' never dreamed of including negroes more than horses. But the storm that has swept over Washington has increased the population there! It is evident that Mr. Johnson's idea of an American Government remains with the fossil 'Dred Scott decision,' and contemplates no negro rights 'which a white man is bound to respect.'

Even the clamorous demand of affairs in the South has not had more influence in inclining the people to impeach the President than the universal feeling that an essential principle of the republic has been outraged, and can only thus be vindicated. The Presidency is a compa-

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ratively modern office in the American Government, and is a creation of the Senate. During all the colonial years of America the only officer corresponding to the President was one who was chosen by the council of the Confederation of New England settlements—the only confederation that existed in early times in America—to preside over its debates; and he was of less importance, relatively, than the Speaker of the House of Commons. In the times of military necessity, and of danger to the States, the office of the Executive was created, and at a later period some powers were added; but at every step there was much anxious debate as to the risk incurred by the people of calling into existence a power that they could not control. Especially was there an expression of great jealousy throughout the nation when the veto power was entrusted to the President. At the time when this 'one-man power,' as it is called in America, was given there was a large degree of unanimity in the country upon the most essential questions; and the particular statesmen with whom alone the Presidency was associated were such as none could connect with the idea of an abuse of that power. But the Washingtons passed away; the general unanimity secured by the threats of a common enemy vanished; and the Government at length found itself entrusted to partisans instead of patriots for Presidents; whilst the nicely balanced state of parties in Congress—rendering two-thirds majorities on any side impossible—gave to presidential vetoes an absolute and final authority. It was, however, only towards the beginning of the present generation that it began to be seen with considerable alarm, by thoughtful people in America, that Presidents were beginning to be conscious of the unlimited power which the balance of parties threw into their hands. It presently became notorious that the President could carry through Congress any particular measure he liked. Every section which had an interest to promote must be friendly to him; and he must be stupid indeed if he could not secure by patronage a second term of power. If this demoralised parties, it still more demoralised Presidents. There have been already, since the present session of Congress began, indications of the dangerous amount of power which may be exerted even by so unpopular a President as Mr. Johnson. He has undoubtedly induced several judges of the Supreme Court to make decisions contradicting those made by the same tribunal during Mr. Lincoln's presidency; he has mysteriously softened the voices of several Congressmen who were just now loudly demanding his impeachment; and probably could, did he not fear the coming Congress more than this, defer the impending trial.

From the time of President Tyler, whose administration has added a new word for baseness—'to tylerise'—in the language of America, every President had surpassed his predecessor in his arrogant and dictatorial tone toward his opponents in Congress and the country, and his contempt for the constitution of the United States, up to the time of Mr. Lincoln. Within the same period the country had been afflicted with the most disgraceful measures,—as the Mexican war, the annexation of Texas, the Fugitive Slave Bill, the forcing of the institution of slavery upon Kanzas by fire and sword—each carried by presidential dictation, in a country which had most carefully separated the executive and legislative departments. Perhaps it is due to the subordinate condition to which Congress had gradually been reduced, more than to any other one cause, that the men of genuine culture and ability in the United States, have not for many years been willing to enter upon public life, and that the places

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of the statesmen of the past generation remain unfilled, to a great extent, even yet. Presidents have, of late years, not even affected a respect for the legislative bodies which they knew they could control. With Mr. Johnson this tendency has reached its climax. Miscalculating his strength in Congress and in the country, he met the first show of opposition to 'my policy' with an outbreak of ungovernable fury, insolence, and Billingsgate against the body which had created him; and he also showed, by personal excesses of all kinds which he has hardly cared to conceal, and which have filled the country with shame, that in him the growing idea of presidential irresponsibility has reached a pitch beyond which it cannot be suffered to go without landing the nation in despotism. There are few Americans who do not feel that an impeachment at this particular juncture of an overbearing and reckless President will be most salutary. It is not, it should be observed, mere insolence and the injurious disparagement of Congress that require a check; the feeling of irresponsible power in men, often weak and always uncultivated, has ere this committed the nation to such serious wrongs as the robbery of Mexico and the massacres of Kanzas; and in the case of Mr. Johnson it has already led to the horrors of New Orleans and Memphis, and, unchecked, would certainly end in either the slaughter or the reenslavement of the entire negro population in the South. President Johnson has shown that popular indignation and the rebukes of the wise are entirely lost upon him. The only thing that he, or such men as before him have for over twenty years, with one exception, disgraced the presidential office, can feel, is the humiliation of removal from and the prohibition against again holding office. And even if an impeachment should fail of securing a removal, its effect could not be lost upon public men, sustained, as it undoubtedly will be, by a majority of senators. An impeachment, which should fail only by reason of the large majority required, would never be regarded as quite a failure. 'Though the impeachment of Warren Hastings ended in an acquittal,' says Earl Russell, 'the results were memorable and beneficial. Never has the great object of punishment, the prevention of crime, been attained more completely than by this trial.' A similar experience to this has the United States had in the few cases in which its officers have been impeached,—notably in the case of the able and learned, but arrogant and partial, Judge Chase, whose trial and narrow escape from removal from the Supreme Bench is known to have raised the entire character of that and other Courts in the United States. The degradation into which the Executive office has fallen has indeed been invited by the foolish constitutional admission that a President may be re-elected; but in addition to the elimination of that direct bribe to a corrupt and selfish use of power, there is required that an example shall be made of the man who has abused a public trust beyond any other in America, that the honour of the republic may be vindicated in its own eyes and before mankind.



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BRITISH MERCHANT SEAMEN.[1]

By A Commander, R.N.

THE decrease and decadence of British Merchant Seamen proceeds so rapidly that the time is by no means distant when, if the same causes continue to operate to the same extent, the defence of our shores, in any great maritime struggle, must be entrusted to unskilled landsmen, or to the questionable allegiance of foreign mercenaries. In time of peace, the Royal Navy rears its own seamen in numbers proportionate to the requirements of peace; but when a sudden maritime war calls forth the defensive energies of the nation, the only reserve the Queen's service has to fall back upon, consists of about 4,000 Coastguard-men, 1,000 Seamen Pensioners under fifty years of age, 5,000 Coast Volunteers, and 17,000 Royal Naval Reserve, composed of prime merchant seamen; making in all 27,000 men.

It is evident that to raise our naval forces to the level, in point of numbers, of those employed in the last years of the old French war —that is, from 70,000 in peace to 140,000 men in war—our chief, if not our only, source of supply is the mercantile marine. But if 140,000 men were required to man our fleets in 1815, when our naval supremacy was undisputed; surely a far larger number will be required now, in any maritime war which might array against us several hostile nations, each one of which is prepared singly to dispute our superiority. Admitting that the marines, stokers, and artificers will meet the increased demands of modern war, the figures employed may be taken as a fair estimate of the actual blue-jackets required in a struggle for national existence. The officers to whom we look to command our fleets are unanimous in maintaining that no improvements in the building of ships, in the manner of their propulsion, or of their armaments, can ever enable us to dispense with sure-footed, ready-handed, strong-headed, sea-stomached men, bred up to sea life as a profession. The natural effect of sea training is to cultivate the intelligent and observant powers of the mind, and to develop the more elastic movements of the body. If, then, we must have seamen to win our sea-fights, are we prepared to dispense with British blood, and to entrust the defence of our shores to the faithless arms of foreign mercenaries? Yet this is what we are rapidly tending to, by the large secessions of British-born seamen from the mercantile marine, and the substitution of landsmen and foreigners. It is not a question of opinion, but of fact, derivable from

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[1] *Our Sailors' Wants and How to Meet Them.* By Henry Toynbee, F.R.A.S. and F.R.G.S., Master Mariner. Nisbet & Co. 1865.

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Health of Seamen. By Norman Chevers, M.D., Inspector-General of Jails, &c., Bengal. 1864.

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the Board of Trade returns, that, in the five years preceding 1863, the decrease of *bonâ fide* British seamen in our mercantile navy progressed at the rate of two per diem, whilst the introduction of foreigners amounted to four per diem. In other words, one twentieth of our 190,000 British officers, seamen, and apprentices are being annually replaced by 9,500 foreigners or landsmen. During the last seven years the number of foreigners employed under the British flag (exclusive of colonial vessels) have increased 76 per cent.; their number in the return for 1865 being 20,280, or 28 per cent. of all the seamen serving in the merchant service. These numbers are exclusive of 11,902 engineers and firemen, and the 16,241 other persons employed at sea, and of the colonial and river services, which form a sum total of some 310,000 persons serving in every branch of the mercantile marine.

It was asserted by Mr. Henley in the House of Commons last session, that shipwreck and loss of life had increased at sea, and this was ascribed to the introduction of so many languages on shipboard, and to the decadence of British seamanship. But even if this be so, this branch of the subject is one with which insurance companies and shipowners are quite competent to deal, the annual loss of a few ships and a few hundred lives, more or less, being hardly one of national, though it may be of philanthropic, importance. Our own information leads to the conclusion that merchant captains frequently prefer steady foreigners in their crews, and reject drunken, dissolute, and diseased Englishmen, whose physique is unequal to the hard work and exposure occasionally incidental to sea life,—good English seamen being a scarce commodity; whilst a medical inspection before entry has been suggested, to prevent such diseased men as are likely to succumb from going to sea, out of reach of surgical treatment.

The decay of British-born seamen is, we believe, attributable to the fact that the secessions take place, almost invariably, amongst the most skilful and well conducted men; and that the refuse which remain are subjected to conditions calculated to impair the physical, and weaken the mental, powers. Neither the diminution, nor the deterioration, of British seamen are questions which can safely be left to the ordinary operations of open competition, as in other matters of trade. The decrease or even disappearance of the race of silk-weavers, or ribbon-makers, or other manufacturers, would not be a matter of much national importance, so long as we obtain other articles of the same nature cheaper, and of better quality, from other countries. Such a change of hands might well be left to the chance operations of free trade. But the secession or disappearance of seamen is a reduction in the defenders of our outer line of defence, to replace which we are hardly yet prepared to purchase from foreign countries, at a cheaper rate, even a better-looking article. The subject cannot, therefore, be left wholly in the hands of shipowners and others, who can only be expected to look to their own present profit, and not to sacrifice their own interests—if it be so—to the future security of the State.

The sources of the annual loss of British seamen may be classed under two heads:

1. The lack of apprentices to supply the waste;

2. The secession of skilled seamen.

It is evident that, if the secessions amount to 8 per cent. in the body of skilled seamen, the apprentices annually entered must exceed that per-centage, so as to allow for the increase of shipping and for deaths and other secessions amongst the lads themselves. Yet we find, from

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the Board of Trade returns, that so far from this being the case, the annual entry of apprentices and boys amounts only to about 5,000, or 3 per cent. of the secessions, and that each year there are one tenth less boys received. The larger shipowners prefer ready-made cheap foreign seamen, or burly landsmen, to the expense of feeding less serviceable boys; and notwithstanding the well known love of English lads for the sea, they cannot gratify their taste by obtaining service afloat.

Up to 1850 there was a compulsory apprenticeship law in operation, which was then abolished at the suggestion of some few shipowners, but, as is believed, contrary to the opinions of the vast majority. Before that abolition—viz. in 1849—there were 31,636 apprentices afloat; and it is estimated that, mercantile shipping having vastly increased, the corresponding proportion of apprentices to be now carried, were the old law in operation, would be 50,000. But there are, in fact, only 20,063 lads borne, being a decrease of 18 per cent. in the seven years previous to 1866, and this number is steadily decreasing.

The Liverpool and other shipowners are now urgent for the reimposition of a compulsory apprenticeship system, as they say that it is not fair that some owners should bear the charge of training boys, whose manhood services may be given to others who have not trained any. The old law bore hard on some trades, in which the ships were laid up for several months in each year, during which time the apprentices had to be fed. A modification might be introduced to meet such difficulties, permitting the owner to transfer his apprentices from the newly arrived to an outward-bound ship, the indentures being passed over to the new owner under the Government shipping-master's supervision, somewhat as in the continuous service system in the Royal Navy. But, protection having been abolished, it is hardly fair to impose upon the shipowners the expense of training up such an important class of national defenders without giving them a premium for doing so. The premium might take the form of a remission of some of the taxes now imposed on shipping for the maintenance of lighthouses, harbour buoys, &c., and the transference of these charges to the Mercantile Marine Fund, or to the seaman's portion of the Consolidated Fund; or, better still, the same funds might supply the means of granting a premium to the shipowner on each apprentice indentured.

It is evident, however, that all our forced contrivances for enabling boys to go afloat will be of small avail, if we do not inquire into, and meet, those causes now in operation to prevent the more skilful and well-conducted seamen continuing to follow the sea. No doubt there are many causes producing this result, all of which are not within the reach of legislation. Skilled seamen, of trustworthy habits, are in considerable request in many positions on shore, both at home and in the colonies. Intelligent seamen are to be found as porters, guards, and inspectors of Indian and colonial railways. They are sought after in many warehouses, and in engineering operations at home. Many fire brigades are wholly composed of seamen. Others return to the trades in which they were instructed before they went to sea, and are now gardeners, bricklayers, foundrymen, &c. Some are cab and omnibus drivers, costermongers, and carmen; besides such long-shore employment as watermen, riggers, dock labourers, &c., which are more nearly associated with their proper calling. The sea naturally engenders a cosmopolitan spirit; and where there is no wife, or pension, or stored-up money in the way, many emigrate, and make the best of pioneers in

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the colonies, or in the remoter States of America; whilst others, not so tired of the sea as of the peculiar phase of ship life to which they are exposed, enter the mercantile or war services of foreign nations. Causes such as these are not amenable to control, save in some cases by the encouragement of matrimony, the establishment of pension funds, and the formation of kindred ties to their own land and to its sea service.

When such attractions cull out from the mercantile marine the best and most promising of our seamen, it might be well to inquire further, are there no counterbalancing charms in their own profession to retain them in its ranks? Sea life is in itself a most healthful, inspiriting one, and has many advantages unknown to the plodding mechanic or dull agriculturist struggling against hard times and trades' unions. It engenders a roving disposition and a love of travel, which it gratifies to the utmost; and it must require a strong effort of self-control to renounce all this, and settle down to a trade on shore whilst yet in the prime of health, years, and vigorous intelligence. A little inquiry will show that, whatever a sea life may be in itself, it is, in the British mercantile marine, too frequently associated with such social conditions as are incompatible with its continuance by self-respecting, independent men. In a word, it is not so much to the attractions without, as to the repulsions within, that we must look for the causes of the wholesale secessions of British seamen. It is not so much a question of high wages elsewhere, as of bad treatment at sea.

Much has been done to improve the social condition of seamen since the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854 was passed, and by a few considerate shipowners; but much, very much, still remains to be done ere we can hope to stay the exodus, which now bids fair to leave us soon nothing but the debauched, debased, and diseased, the unskilful and misconducted, who must remain where they are, because neither morally nor physically are they fit to obtain other employment. It is to some of the more objectionable social conditions of existence in the British mercantile marine that we propose at present to direct attention.

Synchronising with the diminution of seamen is an increase in scorbutic disease. The cause, the effect, the prevention, and the cure of the terrible maladies embraced under that designation, are perfectly well known, and have been so for at least two centuries. It was not, however, till the end of the last century that, even in the Queen's service, any preventive measures were adopted; and for sixty years scurvy has been as unknown to the Royal Navy as it is to the great passenger ships and to many of the first class merchant ships of to-day. Indeed, scurvy is at the present day so far confined to British merchant ships, that few medical men have had any experience of the disease, and few naval men know what it is except by terrible report. Scurvy may be defined as a process of slow poisoning by the continued use of improper food, unfit for human sustenance. The impropriety consists chiefly in the absence of vegetable food. The infallible preventive, where vegetable food is not procurable, is lime-juice—a preparation of the lemon or lime fruit, enjoined by Act of Parliament for supply to seamen when living on salt meat. The cost of sufficient of the very best lime-juice for the double voyage to India and back is less than four shillings per man; yet it is in a great measure to secure a cheeseparing saving in that trifling item of expenditure that scurvy is permitted to intervene from bad housing and improper feeding. Though the daily supply of half an ounce of good lime-juice is an infallible antidote to the scurvy, the causes must

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be looked for in the dietary and other inducives. Scurvy seldom breaks out in short voyages of less than seven or eight weeks' duration, and so is chiefly to be found in the Pacific, India, and China trades, though not unknown to West India and African ships. The ordinary diet supplied to seamen consists of salt beef and flour, and pork and peas, on alternate days; the only farinaceous matter being hard biscuits and flour, neither of which are antiscorbutics, and the latter is frequently mixed into dough with salt beef fat. These appear to be ample in amount, but defective in description; and the quality frequently supplied by ship's provisioners may be appreciated when we state that beef and pork, duly salted, are delivered in casks at *four*-pence per pound. If these rations run short, or are of inferior quality, or if the water be taken from deleterious rivers, or be caught from rain, or kept in casks instead of tanks, or be otherwise impure, these become inducives to scurvy. If the physique be debilitated by previous sickness, riotous living, or previous scorbutic disease, it is early affected by scurvy. When the living apartments are ill ventilated, damp, or subjected to offensive smells from the bilges or the cargo, dirt, or close packing of the crew, this is also conducive to disease. Insufficient clothing, when subjected to rapid climatic changes or dirty personal habits, expedites its appearance. But the one great cause is the absence of vegetable food—an absence wholly inexcusable in these days of preserved potatoes and compressed vegetables and fruits; so much so, that scurvy is unknown amongst emigrants, soldiers, and convicts during sea voyages, because the law, which regulates their dietary scale but leaves the seaman unprotected, ordains a proper supply of vegetable food and preserved meats. This dietary is less expensive than the seaman's, though in some respects not so supporting to labour upon; but the probability is that a scale of diet could be devised for the crew more sustaining to the body, at nearly the same cost as the present customary regime. The American mercantile marine is proverbial for the severity of its discipline, yet scurvy is almost unknown in it, because they rightly appreciate the loss of labour which it causes, and provide cheap preserved fruits and vegetables, molasses and treacle, and occasionally substitute beer for rum, and carry to sea with them onions and other simple and inexpensive antiscorbutics. Potatoes are carried to sea in casks, and when this store is exhausted, barrels of potatoes preserved in molasses, or in cider vinegar, are opened. Greens and cabbages preserved in cider vinegar are commonly carried; and dried apples are freely issued. In continental services, the use of sour wine, cheap preserves, and molasses, tend to keep it away, whilst those nations naturally eat a much larger proportion of vegetable food than is customary amongst Englishmen. In France the very nomenclature and treatment of scurvy is borrowed from the English, the disease being little known in their ships. Lime-juice is freely used in French ships to acidulate the drinking water, and even to sprinkle the decks. But in Hamburg and other northern European ships, where meat is eaten more freely, and lime-juice is not systematically taken, scurvy is fearfully prevalent in its severest forms.

In the Royal Navy, suet, raisins, and mustard are an article of regular diet; but otherwise the dietary scale appears at first sight, though of the best quality, to be little superior in amount to that which produces such dire results in the merchant service. There is, however, a sick mess, to which all seamen on the doctor's list are admitted, and which is well supplied with a comparatively luxurious and restorative diet. But besides this much valued

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boon, there is a regular organised system by which the men receive a money equivalent for provisions not eaten, and this, under the name of 'savings,' is uniformly applied to the purchase of fresh provisions. From this source, fresh bread, eggs, fruit, vegetables, fowls, geese and turkeys, &c., are obtained in harbour, and facilities are always furnished for carrying a stock of these to sea when the voyage is likely to be protracted; whilst every means are adopted when in harbour to secure these supplies for the men. We have known a frigate's crew in the Pacific live entirely for weeks on provisions thus purchased, obtaining twenty tons of potatoes and five tons of fish, &c., from the natives, out of their 'savings,' without coming on the ship's supply at all, and having, after all, a surplus of savings for other purposes. And this, be it remembered, is wholly irrespective of their wages, which is rarely applied to the purchase of necessary food. To fully appreciate the dietary system of the Queen's service, it is essential, therefore, that the luxuries above enumerated be added to the apparent scale, and that the invaluable supply of the most pure and excellent drinking water from the distilling apparatus carried by each ship should be fully understood.

The extent to which scurvy prevails in our mercantile navy is not generally known. It is supposed that ships returning to the port of London are, as compared with those of many other English ports, relatively free from it; yet it is stated, on the authority of the medical inspector to the Customs, and of the medical officers of the *Dreadnought*, that scurvy has trebled its patients in the last quarter of a century. One hundred and two severe cases were, some of them, *hoisted* into the *Dreadnought* last year, and it is estimated that ten times that number, in various stages of the disease, annually take refuge with their friends, &c., in the port of London alone.

Dr. Dickson states, that 'at the Poplar Sailors' Home, for instance, it is reported that one half of the inmates are affected in some degree, and one twentieth are seriously affected.'

Strange to say, it is to modern improvements in the preservation of provisions for cabin passengers, and to the shortening of the time occupied on the whole voyage, that the increase in scurvy amongst the crews is greatly attributable. Formerly passenger ships called at the Cape of Good Hope or St. Helena *en route* from India and China, or at the Falkland Islands or Rio de Janeiro *en route* from the Pacific, in order to procure supplies for the cabin table, and the seamen participated in the advantage. But the introduction of clipper ships and preserved provisions, with the premiums on short voyages, induces captains to pass these ports of call without looking in; and the seamen's diet has not been similarly improved, whilst the adulteration and simulation of lime-juice has become a nefarious and widespread traffic. Even when scurvy does make its appearance before passing what were formerly ports of call, the captains are under strict injunctions from the owners, which must be obeyed, not to incur the expense of port dues and the trifling delay incidental to entering those ports. On the other hand, merchant ships frequently anchor in out-of-way harbours where general supplies are unattainable, but where onions, water-cresses, wild celery and other vegetables, fish, fowls, &c., may be had very cheaply, without any trouble being taken to procure a supply. Indeed, it was only last year that a scurvy-afflicted ship thus anchored for forty-eight hours off Ryde, and proceeded on to London without obtaining the vegetables or fresh meat which would have mitigated much suffering and saved one life.

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The Sailors' Home and the lodging-houses in the port of London are teeming with cases of scurvy in various stages. Half crews constantly arrive from abroad prostrated under this scourge, yet neither themselves nor their officers aware of the cause of sickness. Indeed, its premonitory symptoms are so obscure that even medical men are at a loss to decipher them. Beginning with general languor, bad breath, and pains in the joints, it is frequently mistaken for rheumatism or sexual disease; whilst at other times it shows itself in a variety of forms, such as boils, sores, &c. As the improper diet continues, the gums become soft, spongy, and swollen, the legs covered with purple spots; the teeth loosen, the rheumatic-like pains increase, and with great sufferings prostration of strength ensues. The patient becomes incapable of partaking of anything but liquid or semi-liquid nourishment. In the absence of a special sick diet, starvation is imminent, particularly in the smaller vessels, where the captain's little private stock of beer or sour wines is probably soon exhausted, depriving him of the means of rendering any assistance; and pounded biscuit, steeped in tea without milk, becomes the only retainable nourishment. Eventually the gums bleed and become fearfully distended, the face distorted, the purple spots become sores, the body becomes incapable of movement, and in some necessary change of position syncope ensues, followed by death. The cure is as obvious as the cause and as the preventive—good lime-juice, and milk and vegetable diet, of which onions and watercresses are the best antiscorbutics, with fruits and fresh meat; whilst of more decided medicines but very little is required. When recovery takes place—as it generally does under vegetable treatment—the frame often carries the marks of the disease through life, and is permanently injured, being rendered peculiarly susceptible to epidemical or other diseases. The loss of time and wages endured by seamen whilst under treatment from scurvy is not the least of the evils it entails. A seaman discharged to Madras Hospital in July last with scurvy as certified to by the shipping agent, and since sent home as a 'distressed British subject,' is now penniless at the London Sailors' Home, having been incapable of earning wages for seven months; and the owners refusing even to give him his back wages, earned prior to July, until the return of his late ship to England. And this loss of time and wages is of frequent occurrence.

It is shocking that, in these enlightened days, any class of men should be knowingly exposed to such an easily preventible scourge. Yet when it was proposed by the Board of Trade, two years ago, to introduce an inspection of lime-juice, to secure seamen and shipowners against its wholesale adulteration, and the substitution of citric, sulphuric, and other useless acids, the measure was opposed by the shipowners and provision merchants—who chiefly compose the local Marine Boards—who are entrusted with the power to regulate these matters, and that without substituting any other remedy of their own. The Marine Boards of London and Hull were alone in favour of this preventive and protective measure; and two Boards of the nine officially applied to did not even vouchsafe a reply.

The Chamber of Commerce of Newcastle and Gateshead subsequently, on the 5th November 1866, memorialised the Board of Trade in reference to the 2,012 vessels lost or damaged, and the 698 lives sacrificed thereby in 1865, stating that they 'have reason to believe a large proportion of losses at sea may be attributed to the fact of many vessels being sent out in an unseaworthy condition, inefficiently equipped,

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or overladen; and not unfrequently also the disasters may be traced to incompetency or carelessness on the part of those in command. . . . The number of losses arising from obviously preventible causes is much greater than is generally supposed,' and they suggest that 'an inspector of shipping be appointed at this and other important ports, whose duties in respect of shipping shall be analogous to those now discharged by Government Inspectors in regard to mines and factories.' They also ask for the appointment of a public prosecutor, to act in cases of wreck, &c.; stating 'that more frequent examination into the causes of losses and disasters at sea cannot be too strongly urged; . . . . would, without doubt, directly tend to reduce the number of such losses and disasters most materially.'

The presence of scurvy in its more fearful forms must be regarded only as an indication of its more general presence in incipient stages. Being dependent on several weeks' continuance of certain evils, it is a sufficient evidence of the very general existence, in shorter voyages, of the causes by which it is induced or fostered—viz. absence of vegetables as the great primary origin; and those secondary fellow-helpers, an unvarying, insufficient, or improper diet; ill ventilated, cramped, wet, or foul-smelling housing; and personal dirtiness, or sexual disease. And it is to these causes, not excepting even the last, in so far as it is preventible by recognising the advantage of marriage, that we attribute in some degree both the disappearance and the physical decay of British seamen.

The local Marine Boards occupy a somewhat similar relation to the Board of Trade, as that held by Boards of Guardians to the Poor-law Board, and they are popularly supposed to be equally as obstructive. Let them, however, be called upon to suggest a scale of dietary more in accordance with modern discoveries, in which a certain proportion of fresh or preserved potatoes or other vegetables shall form part, with permission to substitute equal quantities of yams and other esculents when convenient; making suet an article of supply, with raisins or other cheap preserved fruits; and let them also suggest measures for guaranteeing a supply of good lime-juice, mixed with a proportion of spirits in sealed glass bottles. The additional expense need not exceed ten shillings per month, and would be more than amply repaid in the extra vigour and healthiness of the men. The scale so arranged should then be rendered compulsory, and be entered amongst the articles of agreement signed by the crew, and hung up as a printed notice in the forecastle. Should the Marine Boards evince no disposition to meet the wants of the case, then let the Board of Trade procure an Act of Parliament overriding all obstructions.

The habitations of seamen afloat are another operating cause of the decline and decrease of the race. And when we consider that these form the homes of the seaman for at least nine months in every year, for the best years of his life, and that they are his only resting-place, refuge, and hospital, in every clime and in all weathers, we do not exaggerate in attributing to the condition of these homes much of the good or of the evil prevalent in his conduct.

As a rule, the housing of seamen may be described as of three classes:

1. The deck-house amidships;
2. The forecastle below deck;
3. The topgallant forecastle on the upper deck.

The deck-house amidships is a modern introduction, for which we must credit the Americans, who, whatever may be their nautical faults, are ever solicitous of the health and nourishment of their crews. It is generally a most unexceptionable habitation, and is to be found in many of our new clipper ships. Dry, water-tight, well

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lighted and ventilated, free from the noisome smells of the bilge and of the cargo, it affords, when roomy enough for its inhabitants, most admirable accommodation. Whatever may be the difficulties incidental to its central position, these appear to have been hitherto overcome in American and German ships, with whom it is most deservedly popular; and we are glad to learn that it is being introduced into so many new British-built ships.

The forecastle below deck is usually a triangular space in the bows of the ship, separated from the cargo by a bulk-head abaft. Admission is gained by a straight ladder, before the foremast, through a hatchway protected from sea and rain by a movable booby-hatch. This sailors' home is capable of being made very comfortable, and in some of the first class ships probably is so; but as a rule it is not constructed with a view to ordinary comfort, or even health. In the great majority of ships it will be found devoid of furniture, excepting the tiers of sleeping bunks which line the sides, and the seamen's clothes boxes. Yet, though without tables and stools, the space is so limited as barely to afford standing room for its inmates, who are not unfrequently driven to eat their meals at different hours, to admit of one portion of the crew being accommodated at a time; and when all are present at the same time, some crouch into the bunks to make room for the others to sit on the boxes or squat on the deck. But lack of space is the smallest evil connected with the forecastle. No daylight is admissible but by the booby-hatch, which must always be closed in rainy or breezy weather; and even when open the daylight does not penetrate into the recesses. Ventilation being achieved in the same manner, is subject to similar curtailment. The bulk-head separating this limited apartment from the cargo is not always air-tight, and the odours arising therefrom have no means of exit but through the forecastle, and these, added to the odoriferous exudations from the bilges, are often most prejudicial to health. These gaseous exhalations, which are of a most noxious kind, are denied admittance to the quarters of the officers and of the passengers, and could be equally excluded from the forecastle.

The desire to obtain fresh air leads to the booby-hatch being kept open even in inclement weather; and the salt or rain-water thus admitted, added to that which not uncommonly works through the seams, impregnates the bedding, the clothes, and the whole apartment with a moisture which is neither soon nor easily removed. Of course, there is no reason why all these evils should not be remedied. The emigrant, the soldier, and the convict do not find their place of residence on shipboard so miserable; but the law which secures to them fifteen superficial feet of water-tight, daylight, and ventilated space, practically leaves the sailor to the tender mercies of the shipowner, who commonly knows nothing personally, and too frequently cares nothing, about his seamen, their housing and feeding. Nominally, the seaman is supposed to have nine superficial feet of space of some kind set apart for his use if sleeping in a hammock, and twelve feet if in a bunk—a rule, however, which nobody sees to, few know of, and the seaman himself is incapable of calculating. It is hardly fair on the shipowner that he should be called upon to pay tonnage dues on the forecastle, as though it were a cargo-bearing space; and it would be only just to relieve him from that burden, whilst compelling him to give his crew at least as good accommodation as his emigrant, soldier, and convict passengers. Captain Henry Toynbee, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S., Marine Superintendent of the Meteorological De-

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partment, who has served upwards of thirty years in first class ships, in a particularly favoured trade, strongly urges the claim of seamen to better accommodation even in those vessels, in an excellent little pamphlet entitled *Sailors' Wants and How to Meet Them*, published by Nisbet & Co. We cannot commend too highly the moderation and wisdom displayed by Captain Toynbee in his noble, single-handed, and single-minded stand against the evils which obtain even in first class ships. But if such evils obtain in the best ships, what must these be in the tens of thousands of British ships which have no pretensions to a first class designation? A seaman of fifteen years' experience before the mast wrote last year to Captain Toynbee thus:

I am surprised the Government do not appoint an officer to inspect ships' forecastles in the coasting trade, for some of them would not be tolerated a single day, by our nobility, to keep dogs in. This very day I saw my brother off in the barque *N*——, out of the West India Docks, for Trinidad. He, like myself, is in the habit of keeping a journal while at sea; but when I saw her forecastle, I knew such a thing would be out of the question, for it was as damp and dark as a grave, and leaky into the bargain. This is the kind of house we have to live in half our lives, yet landsmen wonder at our recklessness.

The topgallant forecastle is, in too many ships of inferior ownership, little more than an open shed on the forepart of the upper deck, through which the chain cables pass into two large hawse-holes leading to the sea. In high latitudes, and indeed whenever within a few hundred miles of land, the cables must be bent, and in an ordinary breeze the sea must play through these two large hawse-holes like fountains. Extemporised expedients are frequently resorted to by seamen on board, but with very limited success, to stuff these holes up with bags of oakum, shavings, &c. Large quantities of sea-water always rush past these, and no high water-tight partition, or 'manger,' is provided to receive and carry off the unwelcome intruder. If, then, this shed be turned into a permanent abode for seamen, without any special precaution against such waterworks, the bedding and clothing of the crew cannot fail to be saturated; and if the shed itself be not well roofed, it must follow that, by the working of the ship in a gale, the caulking works out of the seams, and a continuous shower-bath is added to complete the discomfort. If the topgallant forecastle is to be maintained as a sailors' home, it should only be permitted in the larger-sized vessels whose decks and hawse-holes are comparatively high out of the water, with scantling stout enough to make it as tight as the poop, and with special provision made to keep out the water both from above and below, and special arrangements for the admission of daylight and air.

To appreciate thoroughly the condition of the British seaman's home afloat, these forecastles should be seen, not when they are clean swept and empty in the docks, but when in the outer roads with the crew, their clothes and provisions on board, and all prepared for sea. Few persons have had better or more frequent opportunities of seeing the interior of these sailors' homes than the Rev. Thomas Cave Childs, M.A., now rector of St. George Nympton, North Devon. For several years he had rare facilities for seeing, in an unofficial manner, the habits and customs of seamen in the forecastles of some thousands of our merchant ships when actually ready for sea. Writing to a shipowner, and agent to Her Majesty's Emigration Commissioners, he says:

I know that many of the rows on board ship arise from the cold, damp, and discomfort of the forecastle. I ask, would the Passenger Act allow single men to be berthed in such a miserable hole as the

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forecastle? Would a captain entrust a live sheep or pig there? Then why place those men there on whose strength and good-humour depend the very existence and safety of the ship? The topgallant forecastle must be destroyed ere the men will ever become satisfied with the merchant ship; it is, as you say, 'a nuisance and an evil.' It is neither wind-tight nor water-tight; and working down Channel with a SW. wind, the men have never a dry stitch about them, nor a dry bed to lie on, and how is it possible for any human being to be other than discontented or disaffected under such miserable circumstances? 'How is it possible,' said a sailor to me, 'to be comfortable in such a hole as this? We have not a dry stitch about us, nor a dry bed to lie on;' and then turning up his bedding, all saturated with the rain and sea, and taking out his roll of tobacco, white with mildew, he said, 'Why, a poor fellow cannot even keep his 'baccy dry!' Why not take a leaf out of the German ships? Give the men a round-house amidships; or if this be objected against as interfering with the working of the ship (which I doubt), put the men below. Suppose the shipowner does lose a little freight, are not the health, strength, comfort, and peace of the crew of much more importance?

To this also agrees the testimony of Mr. Mackay, one of our largest shipowners, who, writing to a gentleman in high official position, says:

I often feel ashamed at the wretched accommodation which is usually given; and it is hopeless to elevate the sailor as long as we house him where no man with any self-respect could exist in comfort. . . . . My proposals are to increase the space for the men to fifteen feet, the same as is given to emigrants; and also to have chain pipes through the topgallant forecastles to the windlass, thereby preventing the hawse-holes being open, as they always are until a ship is out of soundings. At present, unless under the most favourable circumstances, the forecastle, until the chains are unbent, is invariably wet. Nay, if I said that the men had sometimes to wade to their bunks, it would be scarcely an exaggeration. Surely this is utterly indefensible. And ship after ship goes in this way—no doubt my own among the rest—merely because it might be more troublesome to work the chains as proposed, and involve an outlay of 15*l.* to 20*l.* I am disposed even to go further, and let the agents of the Emigration Board control the amount of light and ventilation they deem necessary; for at present the forecastles in flush-decked ships have neither the one nor the other, while topgallant forecastles are generally so much exposed as to set even decency at defiance. I am quite aware that the present race of seamen, as a rule, have done everything to extinguish sympathy in the hearts of shipowners, and nobody has suffered more than I have—from our ships usually trading to the gold-producing colonies, where desertion, and latterly incendiarism, are the order of the day; but, notwithstanding, we have a right to see them lodged at least as well as our dogs and pigs, and then we may probably hope to see them more under the influence of sober reason than the recklessness of wicked instincts.

Another well known shipowner, Mr. Mark Whitwell, speaking at the late Social Science Congress in a discussion which took place upon a very able and well digested paper read by Captain Henry Toynbee, on the social condition of British seamen, said:

He fully concurred in all that had fallen from the preceding speakers (Captain Henry Toynbee, M.S., and Commander W. Dawson, R.N.). Not only from his personal knowledge, but from the experience of his friends, he could assure the Congress that the state of the forecastles of too many of our merchant ships, and of the provisions, could not be worse. But unless the law interfered and made a change compulsory on all, the shipowner who acted fairly by his men was placed at a great disadvantage in running his ships against those who preferred cheapness to men's healths and lives. He always paid some of their wages on account to the seamen on their arrival, and supposed that others did the same. He hoped that something would be done in this matter, and was glad to see it taken up by merchant officers, who so seldom showed any interest in the welfare of their men.

It is not too much to say that the major part of the discontent, insubordination, and mutiny which disgraces our merchant ships, arises out of the state of the forecastles, the provisions, or the water on board. No attentive observer of the proceedings in our police courts can fail to trace to these sources the origin of many of the disputes which arise between seamen and their officers, and the acts of severity and repression which, almost

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necessarily, follow. If, then, these matters were corrected, much disease and crime would be averted, and it is to be hoped that a new phase of general treatment would be adopted by the officers of the mercantile marine somewhat akin to the just and humane discipline which obtains in the ships of the large companies, and of many of the first class shipowners, in which cleanliness is enforced, regular habits enjoined, and the elevating influence of our holy religion successfully and systematically encouraged. The Board of Trade having settled the amount and description of accommodation to be accorded to seamen on shipboard, the Act of Parliament enforcing it might direct that the number of persons the forecastle was to carry should be conspicuously painted on a bulkhead, as in the case of public conveyances both afloat and ashore. Breaches of the Act might be provided against by a small fine, recoverable before a magistrate, for each person accommodated in the forecastle above the regulated number; exceptions being permitted in such cases of necessity as the saving of life from shipwreck, &c., on the high seas.

Where common sense and common honesty are so egregiously wanting in the treatment of our seamen afloat, it might be supposed that the commercial risks created by scurvy and crime would dictate a wiser and more humane regime. For Dr. Dickson states that, 'in scurvy-stricken ships the proportion of sick is often very large, ranging from 9 to 90 per cent. of the strength.' Many 'missing ships' may owe their fate to this suicidal malady. There are, however, two very prominent and very obvious monetary operations which render any prospect of an amelioration from the spontaneous act of individual shipowners unlikely, except under a strong pressure of public opinion:

1. The prevalence of excessive insurances;

2. The glut of shipping in the market, and the consequent rage for cheapness.

The tendency of an excessive marine insurance is obviously to withdraw from the owner all pecuniary liability or responsibility for his ship. Nay, it by no means unfrequently happens that the owner's pecuniary interest lies in the loss rather than in the safety of his vessel. In a recent case of a ship thus fraudulently insured and purposely scuttled off the Cape Verde Islands, it came out on the trial that the mate and the master had each been at least twice engaged with impunity in the destruction of highly insured ships. Indeed it is evident that the destruction of a highly insured ship may easily take place in distant seas—and as a matter of notoriety does take place—without any possibility of detection when so far from home. But, independently of such unmitigated rascality, to which sailors' lives are risked and sacrificed, there are very many others who are not dishonest enough to plan such roguery, but can yet say 'good-bye' to their captains with a 'Take care of yourself and come back safe—never mind the ship.' Others there are, honest, upright men in their way, but who, not being above the frailties of human nature, grudge the outlay for spare sails and ropes, good provisions, proper accommodation, and other precautions essential to the safety of their ship, feeling that their own lives and pockets are safe, whatever befalls the crew and vessel. If marine insurances were limited by law to one half or two thirds of the value of the ship and cargo, duly declared in a legal manner, many of the evils we have been declaiming on would right themselves, and shipwreck and loss of life at sea would diminish. If the insurance offices would also make a rule that, in case of scurvy

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being evident amongst the crew, the policy of the ship would become vitiated, owing to the increased risk thus imparted to a short-handed vessel, this disease would soon cease to be prevalent.

The low rate of freights, arising from the glut of shipping, naturally engenders a desire for extreme economy, and even parsimony, in fitting and sailing ships. Amongst the lower class of owners this tendency naturally reaches an extreme; hence the demand for cheap provisions, irrespective of their quality, until there really becomes almost a difficulty to find a provisioner who keeps good stores of lime-juice and other adulterable articles. Then the right-acting owner, who may desire to deal honestly and humanely towards his men, finds himself at a great pecuniary disadvantage in running the race for wealth against his penurious or dishonest competitors.

It is not alone, then, as a protection to the seamen, but as a protection to honest and humane shipowners, that a legislative interference in the dietary and housing of seamen is demanded. The competition runs strong and close—hence the necessity of all the competitors carrying equal weights, if honesty is to prove the best policy. Laws, be it remembered, are not made for the righteous, but for the unrighteous. They are often, indeed, exceedingly inconvenient to honest men; but for the good of the community, and for the restraint of evil-doers, the inconvenience is cheerfully borne with. If there were no evil-disposed shipowners, no foul pestilential scurvy, no debased and demoralised seamen, no large secessions from the sea service of British-born sailors, there would be no need for legislative interference to secure fair play and open competition to honest-minded humane shipowners, to preserve seamen from unnecessary risks, and the sea service from decline and decay.

There is yet another obvious reason why the State should step in between the heads and the hands in the mercantile marine—viz. the personal ignorance on the part of the owners of the seamen whom they employ. There are, we know, a few large shipowners who find time to visit their ships before and after each voyage, to see their men, their housing, and their provisions; and it is needless to add that the social condition of their seamen is all that we can desire. Indeed, were compulsory regulations generally introduced, they could not benefit the men of those ships, and might for the moment discompose the present excellent arrangements of those large-hearted owners. But the shipowners of Great Britain are a heterogeneous class, not to be judged of by the Greens, the Wigrams, the T. and W. Smiths, and other well known names. Ships are frequently owned in shares, or they change hands like so much stock, or are owned by retired tradesmen or other small capitalists. Cheap provision-dealers commonly take very small shares in a large number of ships, with the avowed object of being allowed to provision them; and it is notorious that some of these gentlemen exercise immense influence as 'shipowners,' being active members of the Local Marine Boards. The crew are seldom or never seen by the owner, who procures them through the crimp, the shipping-master, and the captain, and pays them through a clerk and the shipping-office. The men are constantly changing every voyage, and the owner takes no interest whatsoever, good or bad, in their individuality. They are to *him* but so much money on the wrong side of his accounts. Indeed, such is the social relationship between them, that a jealousy, not to say animosity, obtains between them. The sailor is treated, or thinks he is treated, worse than the owner's dog,

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and he looks on his employer as his natural enemy. The owner regards the seaman as a nuisance—a necessary evil, a drunken, diseased, ungrateful blackguard. They know one another only by hearsay, tradition, and prejudice. There is little of that mutual regard for each other's interests which obtains between the employer and the employed in many fields of labour on shore, in which we often see the master looking after not their men only, but their families, seeing to their cottages, providing schools for their children, subscribing to their club-rooms, and even building them churches; the master's wife and daughters visiting their families, and doing little acts of kindness, small in themselves, but generating fellow-feeling and sympathy between capital and labour.

On the contrary, it has been too much the custom for the owners to profit by the vices, the profligacy, and prodigality of the men; which, by reducing them to penury, prevents unpleasant inquiries as to provisions and forecastles on entry; and it is only now that even the captains are beginning to discriminate as to the value of sobriety, steadiness, and physical health amongst the seamen whom they engage.

Mr. Edwin Chadwick, C.B., the Poor-law Commissioner, speaking at the late Social Science Congress, summed up this part of the argument well when he said that—

> Much had been done by legislative enactments for various classes of operatives on land, and the law had protected women and children and others working in factories, mines, &c., and he thought the law might very well be invoked in aid of the sailor. He had found that a large amount of crime and pauperism had sprung from the families of soldiers and seamen, both of the royal and of the mercantile navy. A better system, however, of paying soldiers and royal seamen had since been instituted. Monthly payments had been substituted for longer intervals, and now these two classes supplied much less crime and much fewer paupers. But the mercantile marine has done nothing for its men. Indeed, of all employers of labour, the shipowners, as a body, do less for their hands than any one else. Other employers of labour laid out large sums on schools, churches, clubs, and all sorts of rational employments, not only for their men, but for their wives and families. But, with very rare exceptions, the shipowners did little or nothing for their men, much less for the seamen's families. The shipowner did not see his men, and to be out of sight was in this case to be out of mind; hence followed, indeed, a state almost of enmity between the shipowner and the seaman. Their interests were in antagonism; and if employers withheld their sympathy and favour, it must be impossible to lift the hands out of the depths. No doubt, much of this arose from excessive marine insurance, which led to carelessness and indifference on the part of the insured. It was noteworthy that very few vessels were lost by great companies like Cunard's, which did not insure; whilst smaller owners, who insured up to the full value of their vessels, lost many ships.

Space forbids our entering at present upon other most important causes of decline, connected with the seaman's monetary arrangements; the temptations into which he is needlessly forced when in port; and his family difficulties; which are so ably and temperately stated by Captain Toynbee in the pamphlet to which we have already alluded, and in an admirable paper recently read by him before the Society of Arts.

A revision of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854 is called for, not alone on the seaman's behalf, and to compress its upwards of 600 Articles into a more compendious form for the reference of seamen, but to remedy some of the grievances of shipowners, who think themselves saddled in some cases with a responsibility which should be borne by their servants. In any such revision which might be usefully made, it seems to us imperatively necessary to add:

1. A compulsory dietary scale, which shall include a given quantity of potatoes, or an equivalent in yams, pumpkins, &c., with suet and dried fruits.

2. An issue of good lime-juice guaranteed from bond, or an inspection of that supplied by the trade.

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3. A regulated amount and description of forecastle accommodation, with the number of persons it will accommodate legibly painted on a conspicuous bulkhead, and a small fine, recoverable before a magistrate, for any infringement of the law.

4. That seamen be paid wages by the shipowner whilst suffering from scurvy, and until medically declared fit to earn their living again.

5. That a fixed portion of the wages should be paid on account before the men are discharged to the shore, and thus save them from the credit system, by which crimps, male and female, live. The rest of the wages, with the papers, being forwarded through the post-office to the seamen's addresses, without compelling them to remain five days penniless and idle in the midst of that sink of iniquity about the Docks. Disputed cases of wages stopped for misconduct might be reported immediately on arrival by the captain, and decided before discharged, without waiting for the final balancing of the accounts. Or, still better, that the seaman should receive wages and provisions, &c., up to and including the day of payment, as in the Royal Navy. Pecuniary interest would soon suggest arrangements by which this could be effected within twenty-four hours of arrival; and the seaman might then be taken at his own expense in an omnibus or van with his traps, to the railway station or his home without the aid of crimps.

6. A medical inspection of each seaman before entry, to test his freedom from acute disease; and an extension of the Contagious Diseases Act to the seaport parishes of mercantile towns.

7. A *volunteer* pension and benevolent fund, managed by the Government shipping-masters, and guaranteed by the Government, which would tie seamen to their own country, and promote provident habits.

8. Married sailors' homes should also be established, in which seamen could lodge their wives and families in safety during their long absences, paying a remunerating rent for the accommodation; and shipowners might be required to comply with the request of husbands and fathers to pay half their growing wages to their families in their absence, provided a month's pay were in hand to meet contingencies.

9. Lastly, a premium to shipowners on each apprentice indentured and carried in their ships without fee.

Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking on December 18, 1866, at the inauguration of the Homeless Boys' Training Ship *Chichester*, said,

> It was perfectly true that there was a large amount of work to be done for the prosperity and health of that service; and as a matter of humanity it was shocking and distressing to any one to see the condition to which many of our sailors were reduced. . . . They should remember that when a boy was trained up, it was of little use, unless they treated him properly, and unless, after going to sea, they gave him proper food and proper accommodation. There was one subject that weighed heavily upon his mind, namely, the prevalence of disease in consequence of their bad treatment, and the frightful scourge of scurvy, owing chiefly to the neglect of proper precautions in providing the ships with lime-juice, and the disgraceful frauds which were resorted to in the preparation of that article.

The Board of Trade appears thus to be fully alive to these questions; many of the best shipowners are equally desirous to see them equitably settled. But there is a rooted inertia in certain corporate bodies, and a settled hostility in a large section of the shipping interest, which calls for an awakened and enlightened public opinion, speaking intelligently through the press and Parliament, to sustain the Government in inaugurating those ameliorations without which it is impossible to reverse the present steady numerical decline and physical decay of British merchant seamen.

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SUNSHINE AT THE LAND'S END.

THE great charm of English scenery consists of its unity in variety. Hills and dales, and softly curved rivers flowing into a pleasant monotony of prospect succeed one another, as the traveller passes through the length and breadth of the land, only interrupted here and there by moor or mountain, plain or fen, and everywhere fading off before any large extent of land is overpassed into a margin of grey sea. No wonder that every nook and corner of

> this isle,
> The greatest and the best of all the main,

is dear to the lover of nature. Amongst the exceptions to the generally even character of English scenery the Land's End district is pre-eminent. The absence of trees and hedges, the stern grandeur of its cliffs, the short turf glittering with a blaze of flowers from the blue vernal squill to the purples and yellows of autumn, the troubled waves that are ever chafing round this peninsula, together with the rich remains of antiquity it contains: megaliths, churches, wayside crosses, &c., are features which cannot be elsewhere paralleled in England. It may briefly be described as a patch of grey granite reaching from St. Ives on the northern coast to Penzance on Mount's Bay—the toes of a somewhat gouty foot whose heel is formed by the Lizard. A thin line of slate breaks out here and there on the rim of this little peninsula, which may be likened by a simile chosen from a native delicacy, to several bites taken at random by a hungry schoolboy from the edge of a huge Cornish pasty. The district swells every here and there to rocky elevations, none of any great altitude (the hill on the north-west of Towednack, 805 feet above the sea, is the highest of these), but all of them singularly interesting from their wild and weatherworn appearance. When these are not known as *cairns* (huge upheavals of granite), they are generally crowned with *cliff-castles*, of which Treryn Dinas, near the Logan Stone, is an example familiar to most Cornish tourists.

Penzance will be found the best head-quarters from which to explore this remarkable district. Apart from its own attractions of equable climate, and the almost tropical luxuriance of its vegetation, it can supply vehicles of all kinds with drivers able to point out the objects of interest in the neighbourhood. The stranger will not have been many days here before he notices the furious driving of everything upon wheels; this imparts considerable liveliness to the streets. In the market-place stands an old stone cross, and not far off are several sentry boxes, occupied by dames selling tripe. As this dainty is fixed on wooden skewers and frequently half roasted in the sunshine, so abundant at Penzance, cockney tourists must beware of mistaking it for cats'-meat. Together with pilchards, tripe seems to form the staple luxury of the town. Add to these features groups of Newlyn fishwives, bearing on their shoulders huge baskets by a broad strap crossing their foreheads, a general odour as if every one lived on fried fish, an enormous quantity of very yellow buns in the shop windows, coloured thus with saffron,—a curious mixture of maritime and fashionable life, and you will gain a good notion of Penzance. It would be wrong to forget its pasties—the national dish of the county. They are composed of anything and everything that can be eaten and digested, insomuch

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that an old proverb says 'the devil dare not come into Cornwall for fear he should be made into a pasty.' The most celebrated of these varied delicacies is undoubtedly the *stargazy pasty*, formed of pilchards radiating from the centre of the dish, where their heads emerge in a bunch from the crust, much as the feet of pigeons do in the pies of more civilised regions. The greatest charm of Penzance, though, is its unrivalled situation, sloping upwards from the centre of the crescent-shaped Mount's Bay, with wooded heights, and pretty villas behind it, while to the west the whitewashed cottages of Newlyn nestle under the cliffs; and on the east, rising grandly from the sea to catch every gleam of sun, every changeful hue that clouds can impart, the visitor finds an endless charm in St. Michael's Mount,

> The great vision of the guarded mount.

where Milton fondly dreamt his Lycidas might sleep. No one who has ever visited Penzance can forget the kindly nature of its inhabitants and the warm welcome they give a stranger. We will apply specially to them the quaint eulogy Borlase bestows upon the whole county:

> As to the manners of the inhabitants they are generally allowed to be civilised and courteous to strangers, and this is no novel character, but stands recorded as anciently as the times of Augustus Cæsar and is attributed by Diod. Siculus to that frequent intercourse with merchants of foreign countries which the traffic for their tin could not but occasion.

Many routes are recommended to travellers in the Land's End district by which its wonders may most easily be seen. Undoubtedly the best plan is to walk round the cliffs from Penzance to St. Ives, resting the first night at the Land's End Inn. Thus the cliff scenery may be thoroughly explored, and a divergence made, when necessary, to any inland object worth notice. Supposing, however, that a visitor takes a carriage and goes 'the Madron round,' to see its church and ruined baptistery, the Lanyon cromlech, the mên an tol, and Chysauster village, which can easily be accomplished in an afternoon, he will have seen crucial specimens of all the land sights of the peninsula. Then he can make another excursion to Botallack, if his journey by rail through the chief mining district of Cornwall about Camborne and Redruth, leads him to wish to descend a mine. The Land's End district proper, embracing that headland, and all that lies to the south of it, still remains. As a stranger is always extremely puzzled how to see this track of country and its numerous objects of interest with the least amount of toil, we shall make no apology for drawing out the most eligible route, briefly describing at the same time a few of its beauties from an artistic point of view, in order that homekeeping people may be able to form some conception of the charms of this extreme corner of our land.

We will drive from Penzance to the Logan village, some eight miles, choosing a day when the soft, summer sunshine sleeps on the changing corn-fields and flourishing market-gardens that hem in Penzance. This district supplies Covent Garden with the earliest vegetables of the year, and from the fertility of the soil and the kindly climate, is the garden of England. Fuchsias grow here into trees; scarlet geraniums twine up to the top of second floor windows. We pass through rich elm avenues, beside clear-flowing brooks, tufted with lady-fern and hart's-tongue; then high banks and stone walls succeed, festooned with ivy and honeysuckle, where ferns, and stonecrop, and foxgloves, and blue scabious, run riot in their luxuriance. Few birds are visible in this district, rooks seem especially scarce; but we

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have seen several of them amicably feeding with gulls in an arable field, not thirty yards from the highway, and quite undisturbed at our appearance. Trees diminish as we reach the high ground over Penzance, but the living mosaic of flowers that decks the short sweet turf of the uplands quite makes up for their loss. Anon we dip into a quiet combe, and a wood-pigeon lazily flaps across it to a clump of firs on the opposite hillside. Grey masses of granite protrude from gorse-bushes, covered with stains of red, yellow, and brown lichen, with which Nature, to compensate for their nakedness, has kindly clothed them. All is fresh and 'beautiful exceedingly' under the deep blue canopy of sky. In the barest valleys, where the huge granite blocks are thinly hid by bracken and dog-roses, tall spires of foxglove impart a surprising tinge of richness to the prospect, which is much heightened by the brilliant colours of the ground-vegetation. There is none of that sense of barrenness and desolation so common on the Yorkshire hills, even in the most solitary parts of this district. From hill-sides glittering with bracken (have you ever observed the effect of sun on bracken?) and purpled over with heather, we suddenly come upon a patch of arable land, in the centre of which is a mound of earth blazing with scarlet poppies. Instead of burning their weeds as farmers do in other counties, the agriculturists here leave them in a mass to decompose, first sprinkling it with a layer of salt from the pilchard cellars, and then planting cabbages on it; or, if in an outlying field, leaving it, as in this case, for the poppies to overrun. Grass fields, instead of this mound, have invariably a rough granite block erected like a pillar in their centre, for the kine to rub against. Unwary travellers may easily regard these as Druidical monuments when they first meet them, looking like specks of grey light on the intensely green herbage of spring. This charm of warm colouring is one of the first impressions a trip in Cornwall leaves upon the mind.

Another feature which greatly contributes to the distinctive character of Cornish scenery, is the granite fences. They are to Cornwall what her hedges are to Devon. Stone walls are common enough in Wales, Derbyshire, and elsewhere, but nowhere else can they be found consolidated by mosses and vegetation into the strength of almost living rock. In fact, these fences are everlasting. Like all good things, their first cost in labour is considerable, and a new granite wall, all rough edges and sharp angles, is neither picturesque to the eye nor comfortable to sit down upon. But soon its projections are weathered and softened down, and then mosses settle in this crevice and lovingly fill up that gap, while lichens, red, orange, and purple, star its uniformity with their beauties. Anon ferns spring up here and there, polypody being sure to be first. Now the fence has lost its obtrusive ugliness, being tufted with heather here and there, and everywhere seamed with velvet moss, while honeysuckles and ivy, pink, white, and yellow stonecrop, smother it annually with a richer covering overhead, till the wayfarer believes, were it not for a glimpse of granite breaking through now and then, that he is once more between the earth banks and hedgerows of Devon.

Trees disappear as we near St. Buryan's, whose tower, ninety feet high, is a conspicuous object from every part of this district. From its summit another magnificent Cornish church-tower is to be seen—Probus, forty-one miles distant by road. There is a good deal worth notice at St. Buryan's, beside the tower. Inside are curious monuments, a very fine wood screen and bench end carvings. A lich stone

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and gate stand at the entrance of the yard, and in it is one of the most characteristic crosses of the county. It stands on a broad base of five steps, with a representation of the Crucifixion on one side, and five bosses, symbolical of our Lord's wounds, on the other. Inside the porch here and at St. Levan's (as often in the rural churches of South Wales) are stoups for holy water.

The road to the Logan Stone from this village commands splendid views of coast and combe. Penberth, with its clump of fishermen's cottages, is eminently picturesque. The Logan itself is reached by a scramble over huge masses of granite, through Treryn Dinas, an old line of defence which may have been originally fortified by the Kelts, and which, doubtless (like the Dane's Dyke at Flamborough and many other similar positions), supplied succeeding ages with a fortress. Of the Logan Stone itself, we shall say nothing. Show sights are generally disappointing, and this has been described over and over again. A glance at the surrounding features will satisfy the visitor that it is a natural curiosity, the usual effect of weather on granite. He may see the process of its formation in every cliff of this coast.

An artist's eye dwells with peculiar fondness on the rich colouring of the sea near the Logan. On its eastern side the waves are a rich blue fringed with white foam, where they chafe on the stern rock wall that fronts them. Dark masses of sunken granite, shading into the characteristic light grey hue of this rock as they near the surface, diversify the blue expanse here and there as storm clouds fleck an azure sky on a gleamy day. On the other side of the rocky headland the contrast is wonderful, like the sudden changes of April weather. A small crescent of white sand, backed by grand granite cliffs, encloses the greenest sea to be found anywhere in Britain. It is positively a fairy sea, lovely as ever poet's imagination shadowed forth. The beach is formed entirely of minute shells (150 varieties, it is said, may be picked up), and their lustre with the reflection and gloom of the surrounding cliffs, it is which produces this translucent sea. Every now and then as the sluggish Atlantic heaves or sinks, here, like the breathing of some vast monster, glimpses are disclosed of peaks and rock summits with unfathomable-looking wells of beauty by their side, till fancy prompts a plunge into their depths, whispering of marvels hidden there more entrancing than Mr. Matthew Arnold's merman's cave—more awful than those encountered by Schiller's diver.

Visitors will turn their backs reluctantly on this cove, glowing with enchanted colour, yet the walk over the cliffs to St. Levan is in its way equally charming. Carriages should be left behind at Logan village, and ordered to drive inland to Sowar, a melancholy-looking farm-house and buildings, while you walk around the coast to them. In this way the finest cliff scenery of Cornwall will be seen. It lies between the Logan and Land's End. Paths wind over each headland and dip into the valleys, conducting the stranger at every step to new beauties. The whinchat sits on the furze bushes, a gull or two float lazily round each point; here and there you startle a magpie, or come upon a family of wagtails flitting up and down a streamlet. Every bank is thinly clad in smooth, velvety turf, starred with stone-crop and centaury. In damp weather numberless small snails appear on this herbage, and are believed to add greatly to the succulence and sweetness of the mutton produced by the district. Heather fringes granite on every side, and on the left, far below, murmurs the unwearied surge. An enormous expanse of sea is to be

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discerned from this elevated station, flecked with many a sail, all of them, however, in the calmest weather, keeping a prudential distance from the shore. Soon we come to St. Levan's church, perhaps the most lonely-looking edifice in England. Its grey walls and tower are weathered and lichen-clad, the summer wind sighs in the long grass of the yard, gravestones and enclosure are being rapidly overgrown with rank vegetation; not a living thing is discernible around, and a ring of blue sea encircles the prospect. When the village is reached, we find everything, even down to pigsties, built of granite; cows, pigs and men alike seem sleepy and contented,—the lotus-eaters of Cornwall, set down in the dreamiest of atmospheres, far from cities and railroads and turmoil. The stone crosses in its churchyard and the brawling jesters carved on a bench end, which you can see through the open door, present a curious contrast, and much enhance the singular interest attaching to the place. After a mile more the road dips to Porthgwarra Cove, a little colony of fishers. A tunnel cut through the granite leads to their boats. Standing above it another phase of sea-scenery delights us. The clearest of water sparkles and gleams below us in the tiniest of bays; you see every particoloured pebble fathoms below, while above an ever-shifting network, formed of the sun's rays on the broken waves, expands and contracts itself, and flows out into long streamers of shaking light and dancing shade, like a natural kaleidoscope. Of course this effect can only be seen when the sun is brilliant, but once seen is never forgotten. On either side the cliffs rise in grand precipices, furrowed and eaten out into caves, where, day and night, in summer,

The blind wave feels around its long sea-hall
In silence,

and the huge rollers of winter strike and boom, and flash out again in showers of smoke-like foam. There is no more characteristic coast along the whole margin of our island than this.

Ascending the next hill, we come to the grandest cliff of the district —Tol Pedn Penwith. It rises two hundred feet, a sheer almost unseamed wall of granite, soon, however, giving place to the typical forms the rock generally assumes in this corner of England. A capital example is to be found here—the Chair Ladder. It is formed of huge cubical blocks piled perpendicularly one on another, as if some young giant,—son maybe of that friend of our childhood slain at St. Michael's Mount by Jack the Giant-killer,—had amused himself in infantine fashion building up a pebble wall. In reality, weather and natural decay have decomposed the softer veins of the mass (where felspar perhaps predominated), and reduced it to this remarkable semblance of stratification. The roof of a cavern here has fallen in, whereby a singular hole, called the Funnel, is left for visitors who care for the services of a guide and for show sights. Another splendid sea-view is obtained from the fields over this headland. On it are erected two beacons to warn mariners of the Runnel-stone, a dangerous rock a mile from the shore, which has proved fatal to many vessels. Visitors who do not care to walk the remaining four or five miles round the coast to Land's End, may here rejoin their carriages by striking inland to Sowar. There are, however, several features of interest on the cliffs. We may briefly mention Bosistow Logan rock, Nanjizel Bay with the curious archway of Zawn Pyg, and Cairn Evall. All pedestrians should make a point of seeing them.

We will now leave the inn lately built at the Land's End on our left

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(as it does not stand on that promontory, but on a near neighbour), and scramble over a rough granite-strewn footpath to a commanding rock at the extremity of the land. It is impossible to reach the verge, owing to the granite dipping every here and there to the sea-level, and projecting in other places in rather a disappointing manner, but only after the fashion of other celebrated points, of which Flamborough Head is a signal instance. Its chalk, however, falls like a tame hill-side; here stern peaks of granite, edged with green prismatic blocks, black and hungry-looking, and dripping with foam till they resemble the jaws of a maddened wild boar, eternally champ the surf, and seem to grin with a cruel impotence of wrath on the passing ships. Woe betide the venturous man who should attempt to bathe near these rocks. In the calmest weather you can see the currents swirling round each jutting mass, and sweeping off into still deeper water clots of churned foam, diverging rings of surf; anon comes a vast pulsation of the mighty sea-bosom, and without a moment's warning, a sheet of green water is projected over the low-lying reefs, and streams off in silver showers adown every cranny, till once more the surrounding surface is treacherously calm. There is something irresistibly seductive in the sight, tempting the eye to linger on the graceful curves and bright colours of the water, and with something of the giddy attractiveness of a precipice, tempting the swimmer to let himself down to its cool, gently heaving expanse. There is nothing in the shape of beach or cove in the neighbourhood, no foil to mar the grandeur of the prospect. He must be insensible, indeed, who does not sit silent a space, charmed and awe-struck at the magnificence of sea and land alike.

Nowhere can waves, with all their varied loveliness of colour and outline, be better studied than at the Land's End. At one time soft as Correggio's tints, next moment wild with the green splendour dear to Claude, always solemn as the colouring of Titian, never the same even in their changeful combinations, no wonder that our greatest poet-painter has attempted to fix their evanescence for us. Those who do not know Turner's picture, will gain a conception of it from his interpreter's winged words:

> This is a study of sea whose whole organisation has been broken up by constant recoils from a rocky coast. . . . It is a solemn green grey (with its foam seen dimly through the darkness of twilight), modulated with the fulness, changefulness, and sadness of a deep wild melody.[1]

And then Mr. Ruskin proceeds to point out the confusion of tide, currents, and wind in its composition. In short, the picture is an idealised view of what, on a small scale, may be seen here any day in summer.

From the curious white scabious and snowy centaury which grows on these rocks, let us raise our eyes to the noble prospect. Long banks of mistlike gloom, with a high projection here and there, fade into light clouds on the horizon in front. A glass resolves these heights into the peaks of the low-lying Scilly Isles. Forty in number, and composed of the same granite as the point on which we stand, they represent the western extremity of the fabled land of Lyonnesse, which tradition, if not geology, reports to have sunk about the era of the Norman Conquest. On the left Pordenack Headland closes the view, a wild promontory with a mile of rock scenery between us, and those singular, isolated masses of granite in front—Enys dodnan, the Armed Knight, and the Dollar. Not far from us a quaint block

[1] *Modern Painters*, vol. i. p. 373.

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hung (as they all are here) with yellow and white lichens, forms a whimsical resemblance to Dr. Johnson's head. Cormorants and gulls sit on the jutting rocks below; seals are to be seen in the troubled waters around. The prospect on the right is bounded by Cape Cornwall with a deserted mine, whose tower looks like 'a pillar of white light' against the green turf. Higher up are the works of the St. Just Consolidated Mine, and on the hill inland the neat white-washed houses erected by the Trinity Board for the lighthouse keepers; all these features presenting a glowing feast of colour to the eye. Whitesand Bay is under them, with the Irish Lady a conspicuous rocky mass standing out amongst the waves. The slate reappears at Cape Cornwall with its characteristic conical top; a mile off it are the two Brisons, as fatal rocks as any on this dangerous coast. Wide-spreading sheets of surf surround them on the calmest of days. A mile in front of the Land's End itself, on a low reef, is erected the celebrated Longships Lighthouse, whose ruddy light is generally the first welcome to England the homeward bound ship receives. The sea, which is dark and treacherous-looking round the coast, is blue here, and leaps up to-day in playful jets of foam. When there is anything of a gale blowing, although its height from the sea is about 127 feet, the waves break over the lantern of the Longships, in 'a green mountainous giddiness of wrath,' to quote Mr. Ruskin once more.

Far out at sea an attentive observer may notice a speck of surf in the blue expanse. Through a glass eddies of swirling water may be descried, spirting up every now and then into silvery spray. This is the Wolf Rock, nine miles from the main land, an awful object to mariners in its grim isolation. A lighthouse is now being built on it from Penzance. The blocks are squared and fitted into each other on shore, and during fine weather in summer transported to the rock. Although the work has been in hand for several seasons, the men are always obliged to work in safety-belts. Indeed, only six courses of masonry were completed up to the middle of July 1866. Great damage was done to the foundations last winter, and, sad to say, the conviction is strong in the minds of all engaged on the rock that the Atlantic on that occasion made a battering-ram of some strong ship, scarcely a chip of which was left to suggest her fate.

The proprietor of the famous 'First and Last Inn in England' (which is a mile off at Sennen), has built a new hotel at Land's End. The visitor may generally find fair accommodation at it during the summer months. We were there in July, a few days after the *Great Eastern* with the cable (now prosperously laid) had passed by. The visitors' book is full of original entries, people becoming unrestrained in their fun in proportion as this inn is removed from civilisation. One party stated themselves in it to be 'poor lunatics travelling with their keepers for change of air.' We add a portion of their testimonial to show the slang of the period:

> We can testify to the elasticity of the bed-rooms, for, in one small room, five poor unfortunates hung out, and one of them had room to snore. 'Toke' and 'skilly' as good as unannounced pauper casuals have any right to expect. Landlord, a brick; did not come down in time to give us our bill.
>
> P.S.—Bill came at the last moment.

Every one will turn away with regret from the Land's End, Britain's 'angusto limite mundi.' The mind is overawed at the enormous scale of nature here, the boundless sea, far-reaching sky, and stupendous cliffs. Danger lurks everywhere, but sleeps in the sunshine for the

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nonce. Imagination may revel in the buried marvels of Lyonnesse, fathoms under the waves. And now as the long sunny tracts of light glitter in the sunset, the characteristic swells of the Atlantic roll in from the west, like lengthening ribands of gloom, with enormous intervals between. Onwards they come, and break 'a breadth of thunder' on the outlying rocks; and then the leaping surf subsides into floating foam-flecks, the silvery streams pour back from the jutting peaks, and a wild scene of whirling, confused, and terrified billows succeeds, till once more the agitation gives place to the flow of tide and currents, and once more the open sea beyond sleeps with gently heaving bosom, like—

> the prophetic soul
> Of the wide world dreaming on things to come.

And then evening floats up from the east and creeps over the vast expanse; the bright tints fade from the sky, and amongst the conflicting hues of purple and gold and grey, the ceaseless murmur of the waves, the long sunny day dies from our coasts.

There are many more points which ought to have been touched upon, had we been writing a history of this district instead of lightly sketching its summer beauties. The curious similarity many Cornish remains and customs bear to the legends, superstitions, and antiquities of Brittany should particularly be noticed, in connection with which may be remembered the wild story given by Procopius of the burial of Bretons in Cornwall. The ecclesiastical history of the county, indelibly stamped on its topography and church architecture, is also extremely interesting. Like Lincolnshire, the prevalence of dissent in Cornwall illustrates, for the thoughtful mind, many problems in modern religious thought. According to his experience of the natives, the visitor may settle for himself whether there are still 'more saints in Cornwall than in heaven,' as the old proverb declares. Nor have we entered upon the unique botanical treasures to be found in this corner of England—its mineralogy, economical resources, archæology. These are worthily handled elsewhere. Though sorely tempted to speak of Arthur, the glory of the district, that 'valiant warrior and true Christian,' and to enter into the fables which have crystallised round the now exploded Druids, we forbear. They are written in the books of Borlase and Mallory. It has been a loving labour to dwell for a short time on the quiet home-scenes of the Land's End, which, if less stupendous than Alpine peaks, not so far-spread as Norwegian feld and fiord, have yet their own refreshment for the seeker of beauty. We would fain photograph for the pleasure of others, as well as of ourselves, these floating reminiscences of the Land's End, ere they pass away as the ghost-like ships that, on a sunny day, are wafted on, without perceptible motion, from peak to peak of this rocky coast. They are but faint outlines at the best, echoes of the glorious harmonies of nature which a careful observer may always find here, confused somewhat as—

> in some flooded cave
> Sobs the strong broken spirit of a wave,

and dimmed with the mists of absence, and also maybe somewhat heightened by treacherous memory; but, such as they are, put on record to interest those precluded from visiting these remarkable shores, but who yet love the beauties of their native land.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1867.

MILITARY REFORM.

II.

IN our former article we showed generally the urgent necessity for a complete military reform, and we then specially pointed out the folly and evil of the present system of recruiting. Before dismissing this last subject, we must express our surprise that the report of the Royal Commission, after justly condemning the present system for seeking to 'inveigle young men into the army,' recommends an additional inducement to that pernicious course by offering to increase the rewards to enlisters. We have already shown the miserable results of granting levy-money, and we need now only add, that so long as that practice is continued, it will be useless to adopt the other suggestions of the Committee—such as circulating a statement of the advantages of a military career, or empowering soldiers going on furlough to beat up among their friends for recruits.

To get good recruits, we have only to go to the right places to find them; seek them honestly, and make it worth their while to enlist. At present, none of these things are done.

It is generally alleged as the chief cause of the scarcity of recruits that the State is outbidden in the market by other employers of labour, and that other labourers have greater comforts and better pay. Naturally, then, we should expect recruits to be sought among the classes where the hardest labour and the worst pay are combined—that is, among agricultural labourers.[1] Yet it is precisely among these men that the recruiting sergeant rarely or never appears. He seeks his

[1] I know our agricultural labourers well; I have long lived amongst them, and I can therefore describe their condition with confidence. In those localities which are not contiguous to the manufacturing districts the wages of an agricultural labourer during the winter months do not exceed 10*s.* a week. He works hard; he is often exposed to very inclement weather; and with these wages he cannot procure for himself and his children a sufficiency of the necessaries of life. He rarely, if ever, tastes meat more than once a week. I have known many able-bodied men who have to go through a long day's fatigue, have nothing for dinner, day after day, except tea and bread and butter; their strength is prematurely exhausted, and they often become old men at an age when, if they were better fed, they would be in the prime of life. Their condition always verges on pauperism. From such scanty wages it is impossible to make any provision for old age or sickness. An agricultural labourer can rarely be found who has saved even a few pounds. He has to work with the regularity of a machine; no hope of more prosperous days cheers his monotonous career; a miserable prospect stands before him—for he knows that when his strength is exhausted he must come to the parish as a suppliant mendicant for relief.—Professor Fawcett's *Economic Position of the British Labourer*, p. 46.

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prey in great towns, where he comes into contact with skilled workmen, who are so highly paid that he stands no chance in bidding fairly for them; and the result is that he only picks up the scum whom idleness and dissipation have rendered unfit or indisposed for regular work. Agricultural labourers are so badly off at home that they might be easily attracted elsewhere. Add to this that they are as a class strong, healthy, and honest, and it is evident that these are the men of whom we should form the backbone of our army.

These rustics are, however, much more under the influence of their employers and of local magnates than dwellers in towns. This is why the recruiting serjeant does not parade his ribbons among them; and for this reason it will be needful, in order to induce them to enlist, to prove openly and convincingly that a military career offers special and important advantages. At first it will be difficult to make them believe that the reforms to be introduced are genuine, and that they will not be cheated, in some way or other, if they enlist. But a steady course of liberal, upright dealing, and an abandonment of the old overreaching policy, will in time cure this fear of treachery; and if in the soldier's condition and prospects such reforms are carried out as we now propose to indicate, we may yet hope to see military service as eagerly sought after as other work, where the master is known to be kind and liberal.

The first subject which we propose to treat of is the soldier's pension. We place it first because it urgently requires improvement, and because we heartily concur with Colonel Radcliffe (who dissents on this point from his brother Commissioners) in 'feeling most strongly that a sufficient pension is what soldiers look to more than any other boon or advantage that may be offered to them, and also being of opinion that the recruiting for the army may be much injured by the unfavourable account that a dissatisfied pensioner may give of the service, and *vice versâ* in the case of a satisfied pensioner.'

Before the passing of the Army Service Act of 1847, a soldier, after his twenty-one years' service (or twenty-four in the cavalry), was secure of his 1*s.* a day. Now, after the same service, he is only sure of 8*d.* He may get more for good-conduct pay, but that chance, as we shall presently show, is very precarious. The Commission recommends that the future pension shall be 10*d.* a day after twenty-one years' service, and to men not allowed to embark for foreign service, or invalided home from foreign stations, 9*d.* after twenty years, 8*d.* after nineteen years, and 7*d.* after eighteen years, in addition to their good-conduct pay in each case. Colonel Radcliffe wishes for an addition of 2*d.* to these rates.

The Commission thus actually recommends that a soldier's full service pension, unless he has more than one good-conduct badge, shall remain less now than it was in 1847; and offers only such miserable pensions as could not possibly support them to men of eighteen to twenty years' service, broken down by the effects of climate. Even this, however, is not the worst, for there is no provision made for permanent pension for men of less than eighteen years' service, no matter how they may have suffered from climate, exposure, the knapsack, and night duty. They are left nominally to the mercy of the Commissioners of Chelsea Hospital—actually, we suppose, to that of their secretary; and from another portion of the report, we may learn how the official who regulates this question of pension interprets the directions and wishes of the State. In treating of the medical exami-

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nation of recruits, it is stated in the report before us, as a ground for more careful inspection, that during the seven years ending with 1865, 35,296 soldiers appeared before the Commissioners as claimants for pension, permanent or temporary, on the ground of *unfitness for service*. It does not seem to have occurred to the framers of this report what an all-powerful argument this is against the soldier's present condition; and further, when they state—

> It appears from these returns, that out of 35,296 soldiers making this application there were 24,995 of less than eleven years' service; and out of these 16,419 were of less than six years' service. Of these latter only 309 were considered to be entitled to permanent pension, leaving 16,110 for temporary pension,

it only occurs to them that these men must have had latent disease when enlisted;[1] it did not proclaim to them, as it does to us with startling force, how illiberal it is to send these thousands of young men, *broken down in the service of the State*, out of that service with a mere temporary provision, and that not enough to keep body and soul together. How many of these temporary pensioners will be satisfied, how many recruits will they beat up, and what account will they give of the advantages of the service? Colonel Radcliffe's conviction, sound as it is, did not carry him on to its legitimate consequence, namely, that all men rendered unfit for the Queen's service by work done in that service, should be permanently provided for, the State retaining the right to employ them for such home service as they may be fit to undertake.

If this were a certainty, an enormous inducement would at once be held out to join the army, and the State would at the same time become mistress of a number of trained soldiers well enough fitted to form the nucleus of a strong army of reserve for home service.

The chief argument which we have heard used against this suggestion is, that it would offer a premium to malingerers, that men of feeble constitution would get into the army on purpose to go out speedily on a pension, and also that many bad characters would feign illness, or tamper with their health, in order to get released on such advantageous terms. Against this the medical officers must provide. If so great an inducement, joined to others we propose to indicate, were held out, there would be plenty of men to choose recruits from, and none but the strongest need be taken. Let there be the same care in choosing soldiers that is taken by the medical officer of a life insurance office in accepting proposals of insurance, and we need not fear the presence in the ranks of many sickly men. A strong hale man could hardly feign disease such as would render him the subject of a pension without being detected. But grant that a few such cases might occur, they could be only a very small number, and of no importance compared with the value of the thousands of recruits whom so palpable a boon would attract; and again let us repeat that we would exclude the class of men who would be most likely to attempt an imposition.

Perhaps it may be said that the Chelsea Commissioners have now the power to grant permanent pensions wherever they may think it desirable. We have seen how seldom they do so: and even did they do so oftener, men will not trust in their generosity, but want the power to claim such pension *as a right*. One instance out of many may here be given of how these

[1] How utterly false this conclusion of the Commissioners must be, is clearly shown by the arguments of Dr. Parkes and Dr. Maclean, to which we refer a few pages further on.

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broken down short-service men are treated. Only a few weeks ago the writer of this paper met a discharged soldier begging. He had been discharged a few days before at Chatham, having been invalided home from China. He had served in the suppression of the Indian mutiny, for which he had a medal and clasp, and in the subsequent Chinese war, for which he was also decorated. His papers were *en règle*, and showed that he was discharged after ten years' service with a good character, on account of ill health, with 8*d.* a day pension for two years. He was evidently weak and in need of nourishment; and when the writer expressed his surprise to see a soldier of so good a character begging, his simple reply was, 'What am I to do with 8*d.* a day, for I am too weak to work?'

Shortly afterwards, the writer heard of him as trying to sell his medals to some young men reading for the army for their mere value as silver.

That man, wherever he went, was a living warning against enlistment into the army; whereas if he had been provided with a permanent pension sufficient to live upon, he would have been an example that a faithful soldier is fairly rewarded, and his stories of his campaigns, instead of always ending in a complaint at being so badly treated after such hard service, would have stimulated many a young lad to follow his example and reap his reward.

What becomes of these discharged soldiers when their pension expires? If they are strong enough to work they would certainly be strong enough to serve in a force for home defence. If they are not strong enough to work, the burden of their support must fall on their friends, or on the parish, and surely this is only another method of taxation. If their friends support them, these poor people are taxed beyond their means towards the maintenance of one whom they believe the State ought to maintain. If they fall on the parish the ratepayers are at the cost of keeping them, and are no better off than if they paid their share of the pension to the State, and saved the man from being a pauper. It may seem to us a small matter whether the old soldier receives his support from the Government authorities or the parish authorities. It is just the difference to him both in his own eyes, and those of all his friends, between independence and pauperism.

On these grounds we assert that all men whose health is injured by army service should be permanently pensioned by the State, who will retain all those fit for work as a home reserve. The next point is as to what the nature of the pension should be; whether it is to remain less than it was twenty years ago, while the prices of the necessaries of life have risen fifty per cent., or whether it is to be really a sufficient maintenance.

A sensation heading, 'Waterloo and the Workhouse,' appeared repeatedly in the *Times* last summer, detailing the poverty which had compelled one of Wellington's veterans to the workhouse for six years without pension. But this man had left the army, after seven years' service, *at his own request*, and the pension of 9*d.* a day which was granted him by the Chelsea Commissioners, when his case was made known to them, was perhaps as much as he had a right to hope for. But what can be said of the following case, which we copy *verbatim* from a document sent round the Royal Engineers' establishment at Chatham, under the signature of the Field-officer for Military Discipline, within the last few weeks?—

Pensioner Peter Burton, late 4th King's Own, one of the servants of this establishment, after a service here of twenty years,

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is about to be discharged on account of infirmity of age preventing him from any longer discharging his duties efficiently.

His age is seventy-four; and 10d. per diem (the amount of his pension) is all that he and his wife (aged seventy) will have to depend on for the rest of their days; and when the following facts are known, it is hoped that some aid may be extended to him by subscribing a sum to be so applied.

Peter Burton is one of those 'rank and file who under the Duke of Wellington marched through Spain and France, driving before them the previously unconquered armies of Napoleon;' and is, moreover, one of the very few, if not the only survivor of the celebrated assaults of Badajos and St. Sebastian.

He enlisted in 1811, served through the campaigns of 1811-12-13-14, including the battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Nive, besides the before-mentioned sieges; at the assault of Badajos he volunteered for the forlorn hope, and with six others were the only survivors out of seventy-four of his regiment who formed part of that band. For his conduct on this memorable occasion he was promoted direct from private to serjeant, and received the medal of merit. He also was one of the storming party of the breach of St. Sebastian. He was wounded in the left leg at the battle of Salamanca.

At the conclusion of that war he went to America, where he served at the battle of Bladensburg, and at New Orleans. At the former of these he carried to the rear, on his back, the wounded commanding officer of his regiment.

On the return of his regiment he served with it at the battle of Waterloo. He then served seven years in the West Indies, and afterwards, in 1827-28, in the expedition to Portugal. He was discharged in 1832, and entered the Dockyard Police at this place, in which body he served fourteen years as a serjeant. In 1846 he joined this establishment, where he has always borne an excellent character.

He has lost one son in the service at the siege of Lucknow.

At the head-quarters of one of the most important branches of the service is thus publicly advertised the inevitable connection between military service and pauperism. Truly, the State must pin her faith to the motto, 'Virtue is its own reward.' Eight sieges and battles, including Waterloo; two forlorn hopes; a wounded limb; a commanding officer's life saved; twenty-one years' service in Spain, Belgium, America, the West Indies, and Portugal; and—tenpence a day for a reward! Do ye think, statesmen who bid for extension of place by a small budget, that in grinding down those who shed their blood in her defence ye will win a place in the hearts of your country? and will a country that pours forth her gold with open hand, whenever the voice of charity calls, grudge to her sons who guard her shores, faithful even unto death, the means to keep them from beggary? If it be so, if such is the feeling of the nation, then is her army composed, not of soldiers, but of slaves.

In this question, however, as in many others, we believe that our rulers have not expressed the true voice of the nation; and that it only needs for the country to be convinced that her soldiers are unfairly neglected when they leave her service, for the remedy to be speedily forthcoming. Let the nation look to it, while there is yet time, that the weapon which she needs be not found absent in the day of battle; for it will be, unless it can 'trust the hand and heart of her who has braced it to her side.'

This matter of pension is of vital importance; and if we want soldiers, we must treat it in no niggardly spirit, remembering that every pensioner who goes back into civil life leavens his own neighbourhood with good or bad opinions of the army.

The amount of pension might vary with the service which the recipient had performed; but the minimum pension (irrespective of good-conduct pay or other contingent advantages) for any man discharged, except for disgraceful conduct or at his own request, should certainly not be less than a shilling a day for life. We would propose a sliding scale of pension, commencing with a shilling a day, *plus* whatever good-conduct pay a man is in receipt of on leaving, and

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rising to eighteenpence a day, with similar additions, for men of long service. Service before the enemy should either add to the pension or shorten the time of service necessary to obtain it.

This is not the place to enter into more minute details, which are within the province of the executive: our part is only to indicate the direction in which reforms should be instituted. As the matter at present stands, no soldier has any guarantee that he will not be turned loose without a pension, either on reduction of the army, on account of ill health, or at the end of his first term of service. It is well known that many a soldier who wishes to re-engage is refused permission to do so, the Mutiny Act specifying that his re-engagement must be 'with the consent of his commanding officer;' and if the commanding officer is unwilling to take on his own shoulders the responsibility of refusing to re-engage a man whom he dislikes, a word is said to the medical officer, and it is strange if some physical cause be not found sufficient to stop the re-engagement. Then if a man is steady and healthy at the end of his first term, in all probability he sees his way to earning a living out of the service, and the pension which he would gain by remaining is so small, that it is not worth his while to stay on, especially as he gets no more pay in his second term than in his first, and as he still always runs the chance of being discharged on reduction of the army, or from ill-health, with either a temporary pension or none at all.

These are the chief reasons why men leave the service at the end of their first term. Make a better pension a certainty for all men not discharged at their own request or for bad conduct, and soldiers will not be so eager to leave without pension.

But, besides the prospect of a pension, men must be convinced that they will be as well off, or better off, during their military career than if they remain at home. We will therefore devote the remainder of this article to indicating some of the most important reforms which are required in the soldier's pay, food, clothing, and lodging.

The nominal pay of the private soldier varies according to the nature of the service to which he belongs, as shown in the following table:

Service	Daily pay, including 1*d.* beer money	Weekly pay	Compulsory weekly stoppage for messing and washing	Weekly sum remaining due to the soldier
	s. d.	*s. d.*	*s. d.*	*s. d*
Royal Artillery	1 4½	9 5¾	5 10	3 7¾
Do. Gunners, Horse Brigades	1 6¼	10 7¾		4 9¼
Cavalry of the Line and Military Train	1 4	9 4		3 6
Royal Engineers	1 3½	9 0½		3 2½
Infantry of the line	1 1	7 7	4 8	2 11

From these sums nominally remaining due to the soldier, he is subject to stoppages 'for necessaries and articles to clean appointments, &c., and *for any other charge for which the soldier is properly liable*;' but such stoppages must never exceed an amount which will leave him sixpence a day in the Life and Horse Guards, and *one penny a day* in every other branch of the service.

We are speaking now of home service only, and as the Horse Guards and Life Guards are so much better paid, and are specially treated in many ways, we shall leave them

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out of consideration, especially as we have no reason to suppose that any difficulty exists in filling their ranks. The case of the Foot Guards, also, is somewhat special. The Horse Artillery is better paid, and has the pick of all the recruits for the artillery, so in that arm also there will be no lack of men. The engineers are a special class of men, and receive special rates of working pay. We have the cavalry and infantry of the line, and the artillery left to deal with.

From the above it is evident that the real value of the soldier's pay depends upon what he gets in exchange for his weekly compulsory stoppage, and what is the average amount of stoppages for necessaries, &c. Of the messing and washing stoppage, first of all there is credited to the public $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ as the price of the soldier's ration, then $\frac{1}{2}d.$ in the infantry and $1d.$ in the cavalry and artillery goes for washing, and the remainder to the mess fund of the room, to be expended on groceries and extra comforts. Thus, in the infantry of the line, besides obtaining a ration of meat and bread, each individual spends $3d.$ a day, or $1s.$ $9d.$ a week in sugar, tea, &c., and in the cavalry, artillery, military train and engineers, $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day, or $2s.$ $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ a week. The ration of bread and meat supplied by Government is worth a little more to the soldier than the $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ which he pays for it, but not much more, for the same large demand which enables the Government to purchase meat and bread at low prices from the contractor would enable soldiers on the co-operative principle to purchase on the same, or very nearly the same terms. The regimental canteen system shows what can be done in this direction, and there the soldier can purchase good groceries at very low prices. Take it all in all, the soldier's $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ or $9d.$ a day purchases for him under the present system a little more than he might obtain at a co-operative store as a civilian. If the Government increases the meat ration from $\frac{3}{4}$lb. to 1lb., in accordance with the recommendation of the Commission, a valuable addition would then be made to the soldier's ration, though still it will err on the side of defect rather than excess, that is in the wrong direction, for more evils result from under than over-feeding.[1] It must, moreover, never be forgotten that if more work is required from a man, his food must be increased in proportion. Ths infantry soldier has not such hard work as the cavalry soldier or artilleryman, except actually on the march, but the food which the latter obtain would not be too much for the foot soldier, and should, therefore, in their own case be increased.

But we cannot help asking at this point what is the use of paying a soldier thirteen pence a day with one hand, and taking away fourpence half-penny with the other? Can any practical reason be shown for this, or any cause beyond the force of custom? It does not really impose any check upon the contractor, the quarter-master, or the men. Nothing could be more simple than for each man to receive a daily sum of pay and a ration. If a man is absent without leave, let him forfeit his ration just as he

[1] The soldier's ration as supplied by Government for $4\frac{1}{2}d.$, is $\frac{3}{4}$lb. of meat, including bone (for which about one fifth should be deducted) and 1lb. of bread. He purchases vegetables, tea, sugar, milk, and extra bread or flour with the mess money of $3d.$ or $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day. His breakfast is generally tea and dry bread; his dinner, meat or soup and bread; his supper, dry bread and tea. In the cavalry, artillery, &c., the extra $10\frac{1}{2}d.$ per week purchases flour for an occasional baking, a pint of beer three times a week or so, or in its place a little butter, which the stoppage from the infantry soldier is not sufficient to obtain.

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now forfeits his pay. The only way in which cheating could occur would be by the false return of absent men as present; but that would require the connivance of several different individuals, and a check might easily be devised for its prevention. The simplification of accounts and of returns would be considerable. Captains of companies, paymasters and War Office officials might be saved much unnecessary labour. At home when on duty, or in hospital, in the guard room awaiting trial, on board ship or abroad, a man's balance of pay need not be altered; his ration would be suited to the circumstances of the hospital or the sea voyage, but his nett pay need be subject to no varying deduction. Then the men of each company might agree among themselves what amount they would contribute weekly towards their mess, not exceeding a certain sum, to be fixed as now; the captain of the company could hand the shares of the men to the non-commissioned officer of the room, and the payment would assume in the men's eyes the appearance of a voluntary contribution instead of a forced stoppage, which would tend towards that feeling of independence which is absolutely necessary for every man's happiness, without in the smallest degree trenching upon discipline. As regards the mess, the details should be left in the hands of the head of the room, and there should be no interference on the part of an officer beyond examining that the bills are paid, and that there is no excessive debt, which would of course operate unfairly in favour of any one leaving the mess, and against any new comer.

After his food has been paid for, a soldier has left 5*d.* a day in the infantry, and about 6*d.* a day in the cavalry and artillery, from which he has to keep up necessaries, &c. As the necessaries, the provision and maintenance of which falls on the soldier, are more in the other branches of the service than in the infantry, there does not really remain any greater surplus to the soldiers of these arms, who are thus better off only as regards their messing, and, perhaps, their under-clothing. The keeping up soldier's necessaries at their own cost, is a source of much trouble and confusion of accounts, in consequence of the system of paying daily. A man's stoppages for a shirt, for instance, enter into the pay-serjeant's daily accounts for weeks, and scarcely any man is at any time in receipt of his full pay, 4*d.* a day being the average amount which a very steady man, careful of his clothes and escaping extra hard work and dirty fatigues, will receive in cash. Each man has to provide himself with a fatigue jacket annually, besides keeping up his under-clothing; a mounted man having also to provide his horse brushes, sand for cleansing bits, &c. From all this, we think the soldier should be relieved, the articles being renewed by the Government, and the man being only subjected to stoppages if he destroys or wilfully makes away with any part of his kit.

To end this subject, we would recommend that in order to give confidence to the men, to hold out some inducement in the way of good pay, and to abolish the present complicated machinery of accounts, the Government should provide each soldier with his daily food, his clothing and necessaries of all sorts free, paying him a fixed weekly sum besides—say 3*s.* in the infantry, and 4*s.* 6*d.* in the cavalry and artillery, compelling him to keep the clothes supplied to him, and at each station opening a store, where for ready money he may replace any article lost or damaged through carelessness.

Passing from the soldier's food and pay, we come to the question

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of clothing. And here we at once take issue with the authorities and assert that the soldier's dress is not suited to its proper purpose; that the whole error lies in the fact, that the soldier is dressed for show and not for work. The Horse Guards authorities have set up an ideal standard of *smartness*, and unless a dress is smart according to this false taste, it is pronounced unsoldier-like; and, unfortunately, a soldier is not considered smart unless he wears tight clothes and an uncomfortable headdress, so that the labourer, as long as his clothes are in good condition, has an advantage over the soldier in this respect. There ought to be only one aim in the design and manufacture of a soldier's dress, namely—to allow him under all possible circumstances to do his work with the greatest possible comfort; but, beginning at the top, look at his head-dress: Guards' bearskin; Infantry-shako; Dragoon-helmet; Lancer-cap; Hussar and Artillery-busby. Which of these would any sensible man choose as a head-dress for work? As a climax of absurdity, we would select the busby. Common sense points out that a head-dress should be as light as possible, well ventilated, soft, and easily accommodating itself to the shape of the head, protecting the eyes from the sun, and the face from the rain. Routine dictates that the head-dress of the hussar, gunner, and sapper should be a cylinder of pasteboard covered with seal-skin, perfectly stiff, and pressing hard on the forehead, without peak or brim to serve as protection from weather, and hollowed out at the top so as to catch the rain, of which it will hold about three-quarters of a pint. Then, in order to prevent this water coming through to the head, there is underneath a piece of solid leather, which utterly precludes all possibility of ventilation. The whole apparatus weighs about $1\frac{1}{4}$ lb. and has a bag of cloth hanging down (a perfectly useless appendage) at one side. Neither this nor any other head-dress in the army has even the advantage of being cheap. If we turn to the forage cap, we find comfort again sacrificed to a false notion of smartness. The cap is too small, and the order to wear it one inch over the right eye-brow leaves the left side of the head entirely exposed. A cap of the same material, or of soft felt, larger and with a soft brim, would be a valuable protection from sun and wet, and comfortable to work in; or, better still, we would have a good Glengarry cap with a peak, ear-flaps to turn down if necessary, and a water-proof flap behind.

Then there is the tunic—tight across the chest and in the shoulders and arms, cut in to the shape of the body, with a standing-up collar, and large skirt in front. The coat should be a loose, double-breasted patrol, or monkey-jacket, with good pockets; or else built on the model of that very comfortable shooting-dress lately introduced — the Norfolk jacket—with collar turned down, or capable of being raised: and a good warm waistcoat with sleeves should be worn underneath in cold weather. Experience teaches every man that the most important points to be kept cool or warm in order to increase the comfort of the whole body are the neck and wrists. Accordingly, a working man leaves his neck bare in summer, and provides himself with a comforter and woollen mittens in the winter. Not only are these means of protection not supplied to the soldier, but if he were to buy them and put them on he would be punished; and he must wear the same leather stock and standing-up tight collar summer and winter.

The trousers are too tight across the knees and thighs for comfort, and too large over the feet; while, as for the boots, there is scarcely a

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soldier of ten years' service whose foot is not distorted. A soldier should have a strong laced boot well nailed, good 'peg-top' trousers with pockets, and soft leather or canvas gaiters with a flap over the instep, not short stiff leggings, cramping the ankle as do the present ones.

To enter more minutely into the points connected with the soldier's clothing would only be to weary our readers with a catalogue of minor mistakes, such as the absence of drawers in the infantry, and the wearing cotton instead of woollen shirts and socks. Any one who will take the trouble to read Dr. Parkes's chapter on clothing in his invaluable work on military hygiene will there find the question ably treated.[1] If we have made out a case for inquiry and reform our task is fulfilled; but if there is to be a committee on soldiers' dress it should number among its members those who have at the present time to wear the soldier's dress, for nothing but practical knowledge and present experience, not even the recollection of past discomforts softened and mellowed by time, will enable a man to overcome that deep-rooted prejudice in favour of *smartness* which seems to be part and parcel of the British officer's creed. If a committee of non-commissioned officers and men were requested to give a free opinion as to their various articles of clothing, receiving the assurance that their suggestions for improvement would be attended to, we believe some good might be done.

Independently of the additional attraction of a comfortable dress to the working man, it would clearly be the best policy to dress the soldier so as to get out of him the greatest possible amount of work with the least possible fatigue. If the articles of dress which we have enumerated make him uncomfortable and easily tired, what must be said of the knapsack?

British Regulation Pack.—Two straps pass over the shoulders and under the arms, and are fixed to hooks on the pack below. The whole weight of the pack and kit (12 lbs.) is thrown on the clavicle, on part of the first and second ribs, and the pectoral muscles. The movement of the clavicle and first rib is impeded, although in any exertion they are the parts which must be most free; the axillary nerves and vessels are pressed on; the hands become numbed, and often swell, so that men cannot use their rifles; the cutting under the armpit is very disagreeable, and the carrying of the pack is on this account alone very irksome. No plan is so unphilosophical as this: there is a violation of all the rules just laid down. The man cannot put on or take off his pack; and if the arm-straps are not very tight, the pack falls back. . . . . That the present method of carrying the weight is irksome, and at the end of a march becomes distressing, has been ascertained by many inquiries from soldiers. At the end of a long march the fatigue is great: the men, if called upon for any exertion, such as ascending a hill at the double, or even quick movements on the level, do them with great difficulty, and with an extraordinary acceleration and accompanying feebleness of the heart's action, and great rapidity and shallowness of respiration. The hands, at the same time, are numbed and swollen, and the careful training which the men now receive at rifle practice is entirely neutralised, as they can scarcely pull the trigger of their rifles. On long marches, or on field-days at the camp (if the men carry their kits in their packs, which happily they seldom do), some men always fall out; and the number would be greater were it not that the soldier fears the banter of his comrades. Occasionally, it is said, men have died after field-days; and the death of a man on the march of the Guards to Guildford, a few years since, created, it is well known, a great sensation.

From careful trials at Chatham, made by order of Major-General Eyre, it was proved that other packs did not produce these effects. With Berrington's (O'Halloran's), Carter's, and especially Sir T. Troubridge's,

[1] Since the above was written an excellent letter on the subject of soldiers' clothing has appeared in the *Times* of 4th January, signed 'A Progressive Officer.'

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the men at the end of sixteen miles' march came in fresh, could ascend hills easily, and declared they could have made the march over again without rest.

It is quite clear, then, that this is a military question of the greatest moment, since it comes to this, that the present plan lessens, to a very great extent, the fighting qualities of the soldier. The English soldier, in fact, is so bound up with straps and belts that he is almost as rigid as a statue—a plan which is about as sensible as placing shackles on a racehorse.[1]

These words were published by Dr. Parkes, Professor of Military Hygiene in the Army Medical School at Netley, *upwards of two years ago; and this day the same knapsack is being carried in exactly the same manner.* But there is another far more important aspect of this question. Upwards of three years ago, Dr. Maclean, the Professor of Military Medicine in the Army Medical School, delivered a lecture at the United Service Institution upon 'The influence of the present knapsack and accoutrements on the health of the infantry soldier,' which was printed and circulated among the authorities.[2] In that lecture he distinctly traced the extraordinary number of cases of heart disease in the army—

> To the mischievous constriction to which we subject the chests of our soldiers at the time we demand from them the maximum of exertion.

He adds statistics which are perfectly appalling, and thus appeals:

> Surely, gentlemen, you will agree with me, after hearing a statement so startling, that it behoves us to look narrowly into a question involving such an amount of suffering, costly invaliding, and inefficiency, with a view to the adoption of a remedial measure.

Word for word, this is again quoted by Dr. Parkes, who gives his own statistics from the books of the invaliding establishment at Fort Pitt.

	1860-61.	1861-62.
Total invalided at all ages . . .	2769	4087
Of these, invalided under two years' service	445	569
Percentage invalided under two years .	16·07	13·92
Percentage of heart cases in the men under two years' service	13·7	14·76
Percentage of lung cases, chiefly consumption, in the men under two years' service . . .	34·15	25·83

Out of 100 men discharged under two years' service, *heart and lung disease together constituted in one year* 47·85, *and in the other* 40·59.

In order to form a standard of comparison, which cannot be obtained from the civil population (as deaths only are recorded in the Registrar-General's returns), I compared this amount of heart and lung disease among the young soldiers with the same diseases among the invalids of all ages at Fort Pitt, in the two years. The following numbers came out:

	Percentage of heart diseases as causes of invaliding.	Percentage of lung diseases as causes of invaliding.
Invalids of all ages . .	7·7	19·8
Invalids under two years' service .	14·23	29·99

Heart and lung diseases therefore form a much larger percentage among the young soldiers; and this would have come out more clearly still had the number of young soldiers been deducted from the number at all ages.

How is this to be accounted for? The recruits are carefully examined; they have no heart or lung disease; how is it that such diseases are developed during their first two years of service, and indeed more during the second year than the first?

Dr. Maclean has already argued this question, and I believe his observations, already quoted, render it very highly probable that it is to the exertion we demand

[1] *A Manual of Practical Hygiene; prepared especially for use in the Medical Service of the Army.* By Edmund A. Parkes, M.D., F.R.S., &c. &c.; chap. xiv. London, 1864.

[2] *Journal of the Royal United Service Institution*, vol. viii.

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from recruits, while we bind down their ribs with dress and accoutrements, the production of heart disease, and of some of the lung disease, must be traced. At any rate, this seems the most obvious cause of this result.

When a railway manager or the overseer of a mine has repeated warnings that a certain arrangement, or want of arrangement, is dangerous to life and limb, but neglects to take precautions, if a fatal accident occurs, the railway company or owner of the mine is liable to be mulct in heavy damages, and the responsible person to be arraigned at the bar of justice on a charge of manslaughter. There is no lack of solemn warning here—not the hasty advice of passing strangers, but the careful earnest appeal of the men whom, for their skill and science, the State has selected as her advisers. Is it, then, too much to say that the blood of every young soldier who during the past three years has died from heart disease or lung disease brought on by the knapsack lies on the head of those who could but will not apply the remedy? Is this the way to attract men to the service? The troops know well enough that the misery and suffering caused by that deadly weight might be removed, and is not. A soldier writes in the *Army and Navy Gazette* on the 18th September last:

> Many a bright fellow has succumbed to that glazed house which carries such a harmless appearance, for death too often reigns within, and there is no such a thing as getting used to it. Times beyond number have I stood on parade in torture, with the pins and needles in my arms, and my fingers numbed, and the nightmare on my chest, when I would have given worlds, as the saying is, to have taken it off. But no; veins in your forehead might swell, and a faintish sensation come over you, but till the parade was over, there you stood. Often on the march, in rain, sunshine, and dust, tottering mile after mile with the portmanteau increasing in weight as the milestones were passed, with the sensible thought raging in your bosom, 'If attacked by an enemy of what use should I be?' while Common Sense cries out, 'Give the soldier the free use of his limbs, and in the hour of need he will not be found wanting.'

Will no one take up this question for the soldier, or must many another strong manly fellow sicken and die while the authorities carry on 'further experiments?'

The question should be settled at once by a decision that the soldier should for the present carry no knapsack at all. In time of peace there can be no difficulty about carrying the men's kits for them whenever a move has to be made; and there exists evidence enough that troops laden with a heavy knapsack will stand no chance in a future war against the more rapid movements of an enemy not so encumbered. Breech-loading arms are now adopted; rapidity of fire, *cæteris paribus*, will win the day: and therefore an infantry soldier's strength should be husbanded for carrying a sufficient quantity of ammunition to enable him to fire as rapidly as desirable, and yet not to fear that his supply will be exhausted at the critical moment.

The old argument with which routine has met every reformer's efforts in this direction, namely, that the soldier must not be separated from his change of clothing, has been effectually refuted by the experience of the Prussians in the late war; besides which, it has long been the custom for the men not to carry their knapsacks in India. By all means let there be a knapsack of Sir Thomas Troubridge's pattern (the best as yet known) belonging to each soldier, in which he may stow his kit; but let it always be carried for him, except in the very rare case of a march over roads impassable for horses or carriages.

If only common sense might have its way, if only that dead level of

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official placidity could now and then be surmounted, hope might dawn on the soldier. He groans under his weary load in his stiff, uncomfortable clothes; he complains that he has not food enough, and that his pay is always being stopped for something he does not want. At length, in vain hope, he summons courage to complain. This complaint reaches the War Office, overladen with comments till the original subject is lost sight of. What is it? Only some suggested change in the system. We have plenty to do here with keeping the system going as it is just now: put it away for the present. And there it lies, in its red-tape binding, till the next step removes the official who received it to other duties, and it is swept away as obsolete. In vain may the soldier ask for the reply—in vain hope against hope. Enough, if not too much, has been done for him in forwarding his original complaint, and the authorities must not be further interfered with.

If we turn to the question of barrack accommodation, it is still the same story. Before the Crimean war, the condition of all our barracks was far behind the requirements of the age, and none but miserable accommodation was provided for the soldier. A committee was appointed in 1855. A Commission made its report in 1861. But the work of improvement progresses too slowly; and many of the old barracks, even in London and close to London are, according to our modern knowledge of sanitary requirements, unfit for habitations. Wherever for want of ordinarily decent arrangements, the filthy tub is still brought into the barrack-room at night, wherever cesspits have to be emptied by the troops, wherever the men's rooms are immediately over the stables, causing defective ventilation in the stables, while at the same time the barrack rooms are filled with the effluvium from below, as in barracks in and around London, immediate improvements are necessary. Nor is the amount of space which the Commissioners declared to be absolutely essential to health always allowed,[1] but the air in one barrack is rendered foul by overcrowding, whilst numbers of other barracks throughout the country are left empty. But while in our English climate the value of good barrack accommodation can scarcely be overrated, in tropical climates life depends upon it. And yet we have only to turn to the events of the year 1865 to see how our soldiers fared in this respect in one instance, at all events:

> The scene of the epidemic in Bermuda was St. George's Town, a hotbed of filth and cesspools, lying in a basin, undrained, cut off from all winds, and densely populated—the very place for yellow fever to 'run riot in,' as Dr. Barrow says. Yet here, in this focus, where corruption invites the direst of fevers, our Government quarters its valuable and costly soldiers. And in what kind of barracks? Sanitary and barrack commissioners have laid down in their minute detail rigid rules for the construction of barracks. How these rules are carried out in the yellow fever zone Dr. Barrow explains for us:—'The barracks are intolerably hot in summer, as the prevailing south-west wind is completely cut off by a lofty wall within a few feet of the rear of the building. Their ventilation is bad, and the men's rooms scarcely raised above the level of the ground, low ceilings, small windows, crowded outbuildings, privies placed to windward, and water tanks close to the dwellings; the whole area enclosed by a wall, which obstructs the sea view and keeps off the southerly winds.' The hospital is 'intended for 48 patients, but is fit for only 24;' and the wards are fitted with water-closets *à demi*—i.e. without water. To make the picture complete, there is a burial ground a few hundred yards off 'quite full of graves.'[2]

[1] See the recent report in the *Lancet*, on the hygienic condition of Aldershott Camp.
[2] *British Medical Journal*, 1866.

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On this point we again hear the voice of Professor Maclean raised in protest:

> Is it [he asks] too much to say that it is a disgrace to our civilisation that such a state of matters should be found in a town under British government, and in a station where British soldiers are quartered?

But, he continues,

> Experience leads me to fear that the lesson will have yet to be taught again and again.

Yes; again and again—as well write your protests on the sand, and trust that they will survive the sweep of the incoming tide, as that your appeals will make impression on those stolid official minds to whom these things are matters of daily routine. Do you hope that these things, which cost you, who have lived among soldiers, and know them as men with souls and feelings, so many sleepless nights and sorrowful regrets, seem more to them than the slight jarring of the wheels of a machine? From them, tried in the balance and found wanting, we must turn to the great heart of the nation.

Again, in other points of minor importance, but which should be attended to in the construction of new and the occupation of old barracks, there is the same carelessness for the soldiers' comfort. Day-rooms for the men in which they may take their meals and smoke, leaving the sleeping rooms free during the greater part of the day, have been again and again asked for. At present the men are obliged to eat, drink, and pass the day in their sleeping rooms, where they are, in many instances, forbidden to smoke, and during bad weather are thus driven to the public-house.

Again, some provision should be made to enable each man to lock up under his own control any little private property he may possess. There could be no valid objection to a locker being fixed at the head of each bed; it would be a comfort to the men and would tend to prevent the great temptation to theft which is held out by the want of such accommodation; and last, not least, it would prevent that recourse to *dodges* in order to hide anything unregimental from the eye of the officer, which are rendered prevalent by the present system. This boon, too, has often been asked, but with stolid indifference nothing is done.

We have spoken so far only of the accommodation for single men, because, as soon as we claim better treatment for married men, we are liable to be attacked by the statement that it is not desirable to permit marriage among soldiers. On this question, we will merely remark that, if long periods of service be retained (and we think it essential that they should be, so long as we protect the colonies and India with troops), permission to marry after a certain term of service would be a great inducement towards enlistment. We have, at all events, a considerable proportion of soldiers married *with leave* now in the service, with whom the State has therefore entered into an agreement to provide them with quarters or payment in lieu. The disgraceful want of decency in the arrangements of many of the married quarters is pretty well known, but no steps are taken, except here and there in specially favoured places. What the arrangements are at the present time at Aldershott, we may learn from the report in the *Lancet*:

> The accommodation for married soldiers is still so insufficient as to make it necessary to appropriate barrack-rooms for their use. 124 women are so located now at Aldershott, and the only privacy obtained for each of the three or four families in a barrack-room is attempted by the very ineffective means of stringing up a blanket or cloth as a screen—an arrangement quite inconsistent with the preservation of decency in the relation of the sexes, who may

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thus be said to live altogether in public. The design of the specially constructed blocks of married quarters is bad. The rooms are deficient in light and air, and the men infinitely prefer the wooden huts, with all their defects as married quarters—no doubt because of their nearer approach to separate cottage accommodation. The present wooden huts are uncompromisingly condemned: they are 'broken-backed,' and require incessant patching up to keep them standing. They cost originally about 90*l.* to 100*l.* each, and during the last five years at least fifty huts per year have been 'shored up,' at an expense of 15*l.* per hut, while this year upwards of one hundred have already been shored up. There is no proper ventilation in the huts, which are suffocatingly hot in summer and uncomfortably cold in winter; the woodwork is rotten, old, and charged with organic impurity; and they ought all to be discontinued for habitation as speedily as possible.

The horrid descriptions of the indecency and over-crowding of the dilapidated low lodging-houses in the dens of St. Giles, scarcely exceed this account, and yet this takes place at a station under the command of a lieutenant-general, with a complete staff so organised as to provide means of the most minute supervision; a station which the Commander-in-chief constantly visits, and which is supposed to contain a model army. But Aldershott does not stand alone: other stations, notably Chatham, share the disgrace of quartering three or four families in one room without any partition or screen between them, except such as the men buy at their own cost and at no small privation. This is utterly inexcusable, and carries so conspicuously its own condemnation, that no further words of ours are needed. The soldier married with leave has his choice between such quarters, or finding for himself and his family lodgings out of barracks. In many places such lodgings are actually not to be got, and even when they are obtainable, a rent is charged which is in no way covered by the miserable allowance of lodging money provided by Government to a certain proportion only of the married men. When the late Lord Herbert was in office, six or seven years ago, a committee of officers was appointed to inquire into the want of quarters for married soldiers at Woolwich, and reported in favour of building a number of cottages and letting them to the soldiers at a low rental; but we believe that we are correct in stating that it was not until the officers composing that committee, astonished by the facts that came to their notice, had obtained careful estimates, and actually proposed on their personal security to borrow money and at their own risk to build such cottages, if the Government would grant a piece of waste ground, that the necessary funds were granted and the cottages built. If these cottages have proved, as they no doubt have, a *profitable speculation* to the State as well as a great boon to the troops, is it not inexcusable that similar buildings have not been universally raised? Married soldiers fare so badly at the hands of the Government, that respectable girls are cautioned by their friends against marriage with soldiers, the result being that men marry prostitutes in far greater numbers than formerly, whose presence is an additional aggravation to the hardships of respectable women. Soldiers should not obtain leave to marry any but respectable women, and men already married without leave should on no account obtain the privileges of married men until inquiry has been made into the character of the women they have married—a precaution which is frequently neglected, especially before the sailing of drafts for foreign service. A soldier once having been admitted to the privileges of a married man, the State should undertake the cost of moving his wife and children when the regiment is moved, for, in consequence of

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the much greater frequency of reliefs now than in former times, this is often so heavy a drain upon the soldier's pay that for long periods he and his family have to live upon food utterly insufficient to sustain health.

We cannot here enter upon the delicate and difficult question of marriage among soldiers. The one great argument against it is the expense entailed upon the State; the reasons in favour of its permission in a greater ratio than at present are not such as we can discuss in these columns. We would encourage it to a greater extent than at present; but whether the number of soldiers married with leave be large or small, the men and their families should be treated well, not badly—like civilised human beings, not like swine.



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VILLAGE SKETCHES IN OUDH.

Village Joys and Festivities.

FOR every class of humanity there is attraction in a crowd. Whatever may be the cause of the gathering, whether the inauguration of a public work, calling together the magnates of a district, and a fashionable assemblage; or a race, calling together a miscellaneous collection of all classes; or a fashionable preacher, who addresses an exclusive audience, and to hear whom the higher classes flock together; or a stump orator, the loved of the *sansculottes*, who rejoices to find himself surrounded by a greasy, sweating multitude of hard-handed workers and earnest listeners; or a royal or imperial Drawing-room, crowded with the wealth and beauty and fashion of a nation;—all these, and all similar occasions of congregating together, and excuses for so doing, are dear to humanity generally. Man is essentially gregarious, and the religious assemblages of Hinduism or Moslemism are not less dear to the villagers of Oudh, than the ball, or the popular preacher, or the well-attended race to the dwellers in the towns and villages of Old England. The very flocking together in masses is a delight. There is a sentiment of seeing and being seen in our moral nature, for which phrenologists should reserve a separate corner of the brain. All people have it alike, and the more unsophisticated man is, the stronger is the sentiment. The fairer and softer portion of human nature are not devoid of this sentiment; nay, it may be fairly doubted whether it is not stronger in the female than in the male breast. Certain it is that the grand occasions of gathering together in the East are as well attended by the females of Northern India, as those of Europe by their fairer sisters of the Christian world. The latter have the advantage in this respect, however, that the occasions of crowd-collecting in Europe are much more numerous and varied than in the East. For religious purposes only can the maid or matron of Oudh leave her village to wander to the scene of excitement. No race, or ball, or popular exhibition, is a sufficient excuse for such conduct. Religion only, or what passes for such, will justify so unusual a step; and to this, perhaps, it may be attributed that the pilgrimages to the shrines of the East are so popular and universal. The numbers assembling for any particular purpose in England, however great they may appear, are trifling in comparison with the vast crowds that assemble on the banks of the Ganges, or at the sacred city of Ajudhya, in Oudh.

The comparatively modern name Oudh is a corruption of the old name Ajudhya, of which the existing city, on the banks of the Gogra, was the ancient capital, and is indifferently called Ajudhya, or Oudh, at the present day. There was a time, 2,500 years ago, or more, when, from that capital city, issued a reformer, whose creed is now professed by a larger number of disciples than that adhering to any other faith. His name was Gotama or Gaudma Buddha, the founder of the Buddhist religion. He was a reformer of the old tyrannical faith of the Brahmans, and preached, amongst much that was good and bad, this daring doctrine, that all men were equal whatever their caste, and that the pretensions of the Brahmans were without foundation. His system of religion, in a form more or less corrupt, extends

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over Thibet, China, Japan, Nepaul, Siam, Burmah and Ceylon, at the present day, although it has long been almost extirpated from India proper.

It is not, therefore, on account of Buddha that the inhabitants of Oudh flock to Ajudhya in April and October. The town is an abomination to the Moslem portion of the population, for it abounds in Hindu temples filled with idols; but to the Hindus, who form the great majority of the people, it is more sacred than Jerusalem was to the old Christian Crusaders. They believe that Vishnu himself, in some of his numerous incarnations, lived in Ajudhya, and, from its neighbourhood, ascended to heaven again; whilst Rama, the great hero of Oudh, the man-god of the Hindus, the central figure in the vast heroic poem called the *Mahabharat*, lived and died in Ajudhya. So sacred is the town that, in the eyes of millions of trusting Hindus, to die in Ajudhya is to get a passport at once to eternal happiness; and to bathe in its waters, and make an offering at any of its numerous shrines, is to receive pardon for all past offences, and the immediate favour of the almighty Brahm himself.

Invested, then, with such sanctity in their eyes, it is not wonderful that the approach of the great annual occasions of gathering together at the temples of Ajudhya is the signal for commotion and preparation in every village in Oudh. For a fortnight before, the roads are crowded with families singing religious hymns as they travel along joyously towards the holy city. On foot, on the backs of elephants, camels, bullocks, buffaloes, horses, ponies, and donkeys, they wander on, sleeping and cooking in a grove, by the side of a well, near the road; and usually travelling either by moonlight, or in the early morning, or in the evening. No one who has read of the Jews going up annually to their temple at Jerusalem, can fail to be struck with the resemblance; and often and often may the observer see little parties exactly like those figured by the old painters, when they wished to represent the flight of Joseph and his family from Judea to Egypt—the mother and the little one on an ass, and the father trudging along, stick in hand, by their side, the costume of all three precisely similar to that represented in the old paintings. To judge by the numbers visible on the road, one would suppose the whole population was migrating; but this is by no means the case. From four to eight hundred thousand may assemble at Ajudhya, not more. Arrived there, the scene is as that of a gigantic fair. Tents and booths of every description; animals of all kinds in immense numbers, from the lordly elephant to the humble donkey; men, women, and children; thousands of monkeys, for the trees in the neighbourhood swarm with them; sellers of cloth of every hue, displaying their wares; jugglers, mountebanks, and gypsies; dirty-looking fakirs with matted hair, mud-daubed, and faces hideous with streaks of paint; palanquins, and native conveyances of every size and colour—black, red, yellow, blue, green, and white,—drawn by buffaloes, or bullocks, or ponies, or donkeys, or horses, or men; women with red or blue head-dresses and sheets worn like shawls, and others enveloped in white drapery from head to foot; men with turbans and head-dresses of every material, of every size, of every colour; children covered with cloth of gold, or glittering spangles, or party-coloured coats, or else altogether naked;—all these made up a scene of the strangest effect and character, such as, out of India, cannot be seen anywhere. Religion

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has nominally brought this immense assembly together; but to judge by the hearty yelling and screaming, the wrangling, and trafficking, and chaffering that goes on, the wordy disputes and shrill clamour, and soft ogling, and softer interchange of amorous dalliance amidst the crowd, there is very little religion in the assembly, or the people who compose it; far more of worldly thoughts and ways of enjoyment and pursuit of pleasure. It is, in fact, a sort of saturnalia. Men that have been under restraint all the year, here unburthen themselves of all restraint; women that have been shut up, or strictly watched for many long months, listen to the tender praises of strangers, and, with fluttering hearts, jostle lingeringly through the crowd.

The bathing to be performed at the river, here a sacred stream, and the offerings to be made at the temple, which vary of course with the circumstances of the donors, are by no means the only religious exercises in which the crowds indulge at the October meeting. And here I may remark that the bathing of the masses in the river is conducted with a degree of decorum and decency which would put Ramsgate and Margate to the blush, or even the less promiscuous assemblages of Dunkerque and Dieppe.

On the roads and in public places suitable for the exhibition, a sort of miracle play, after the fashion of those that delighted our ancestors when the clergy, and clerks, and choristers exerted themselves to teach the facts of Bible history to the unlettered by ocular exhibitions, not always of the most decorous character, is performed to illustrate the facts of the great contest between Rama, king of Oudh, and Rawana, king of Ceylon, who ran off with Rama's wife, Seeta. This event, with its consequent battles, &c., constitutes, as I have already said, the subject of the *Mahabharat*, one of the great heroic poems of the Hindoos, the *Iliad* of India.

A lofty stage is erected some 20 feet high, on which Rama and Seeta, and Rama's brother, Luckshman, are seen seated in all the splendour of tinsel and glittering gauds. The people stand round in thousands, often in hundreds of thousands, elephants, horses, camels, bullocks, &c., mixed up with them in a way that, to an inexperienced eye, looks dangerous and almost appalling. On the side of the stage opposite to Rama and Seeta is a huge pasteboard figure of colossal proportions, intended to represent Rawana, and crowded round the throne of Rama are miscellaneous groups of actors, masked, monkey-faced, hideous; some armed with bows and arrows, others with clubs and maces. After much preliminary matter and many delays—for Hindu crowds are the most patient of crowds, and will sit hours in expectation—Rama retires for a little, and, on his return, finds that Seeta is not to be found; and now begins the active, energetic part of the performance. Rama, with a degree of energy quite inconsistent with his royal Hindu character, rushes here and there, fuming, raging, jumping, caracolling, abusing, and flourishing about, in a way that delights the eyes and ears of the spectators.

At length he gets information from a kind friend, Hunooman, general of an army of apes, that his wife has been carried off by the giant Rawana, who stands stolid and immovable before him. Rama turns upon Rawana, and, slapping his heels against his thighs as he advances, which is regarded as a highly threatening gesture, he marches forward as if disposed to annihilate the giant. And now the war begins. Rama summons his forces, all except the monkey-faced followers, who surround his throne,

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and they too, with threatening gesture, advance towards the giant. And now appear the forces of the Ceylon ravisher, who beat back Rama and his army. Great is the agitation, great the excitement amongst the crowd. This is, in fact, the most exciting point in the contest, and as the heads at Epsom turn to see the horses crossing the road or rounding the corner, so do all eyes at Ajudhya follow Rama and his discomfited followers fleeing before the giant and his foreign forces. The huge paste-board figure is advanced, to the wonder of innocent villagers who have never seen the play before, and who sigh as they say, 'It is well to have lived to see this day.' Their loftiest imaginations never dreamt of anything half so grand, half so sublime, as that which they actually see before them then. They sigh, and take another dose of their favourite spices to chew, as the sailor chews his quid, and they exclaim, 'Waw, waw, but it is wonderful.'

Tradition, to them religion, says that it was by the aid of Hunooman, general of the monkey army, that Rama succeeded in defeating Rawana, and recapturing the fascinating Seeta. He now, therefore, as the next stage of this important masque, goes off to ask the aid of Hunooman, and the monkey-faced warriors who have been looking on all the while are called into active exertion. Hideous, in their monkey-faced masks, beyond anything that pantomimes in the best regulated theatres can produce at Christmas, they advance, with their king at their head, to the succour of Rama and his discomfited warriors. Terrible is the conflict—dire the yelling—hideous the uproar. Borne back and borne forward by the varying fortunes of the day, the two parties alternately advance and retreat. Arrows are infixed in the gigantic pasteboard figure of Rawana, until it resembles a vast pincushion. The excitement is waxing awful, when the party of Rama carries everything irresistibly before it, and the day is finally won. Ceylon is left in flames; Seeta is recovered in triumph and joins Rama upon their exalted throne, where, in tinsel and spangles more sparkling than ever, Rama, and his wife and brother, lord it bravely. Last scene of all, the gigantic paste-board Rawana is dashed to the ground and trodden under foot with an energy and a vehemence that show how the triumph of the great hero, the man-god king of Oudh, and the confusion and death of his enemy, the foreign ravisher, have delighted the hearts of the attentive audience. Sometimes he is set on fire and thus destroyed.

The bathing, the offerings in the temple, the great saturnalia of the mystery of Rama and Rawana, having been completed in four or five days, the villager now begins to prepare for the journey homewards. Again the road presents the same animated spectacle as before. The parties journey along singing and chatting during the moon-lit night, and in the early morning and evening, usually resting during the heat of the day. When the village home has been at length attained, the peasant and his family have themes for conversation to last them for many a long day afterwards, besides having the comfortable conviction in their minds that they have performed an act of religious devotion which must obtain for them the favour of heaven. Those who have made the journey are the village heroes and heroines for the half-year ensuing. They speak dictatorially of foreign manners and customs. They have collected a whole budget of news at Ajudhya, and, should their acquaintance with anything extraordinary be doubted for the next six months, they put down the doubter with the stern

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rebuke, 'Have I not just come from Ajudhya? Do you think I don't know?'

But life would be joyless to a very large class annually who cannot go to the great fair, if there were no other remarkable festivities but the half-yearly saturnalia at the holy city.

There are few villages which have not some great man's house in their more immediate or more remote proximity, and all the occasions of festival making at the great man's house are likewise occasions of village festivity.

There is the little hamlet of Suftergunge, for instance, nearly in the centre of Oudh, at some distance from the new high road, encompassed with its own fields and mango-groves, far away from the busy hum of cities, and seldom witnessing anything in its own bazaar more exciting than the wordy disputes between the two old village sages, Deokully and Chedy, who can agree upon nothing but to dispute upon everything; or the imposing spectacle of a police authority riding through, accompanied by two or three mounted sowars—a spectacle that brings every child able to walk to the doors, and opens every mouth and every pair of eyes in the village.

Even in Suftergunge there is a whisper that mighty tidings are in the wind. The rajah's wife in the great castle four miles away is about to present her lord and master with a new scion of their noble house; and the village astrologer has made up his mind that, if one or two contingencies occur, very likely to occur, it will be a son. And then, being a son, what a festival there will be! What a gathering of great folks! what a distribution of largesse! what an exhibition of fireworks, and what a persevering beating of tom-toms and sounding of all kinds of musical instruments will ensue! Suftergunge can hardly draw its breath in the violent anticipation of such doings. Every one knows the rajah has been making earnest intercession with heaven for a son for many months. He has showered blessings upon travellers, and distributed alms, and sent pilgrimages to holy places, and made offerings, and now, after the declarative enunciation of the astrologer (in which the *ifs* will be altogether forgotten should it prove a son, and be remembered only in case a daughter makes her appearance) the village community has finally made up its mind that a son and heir to the rajah will certainly be born. It was reserved for this very year to witness this wonderful event. It was reserved for this generation; and wise heads are shaken and long beards wagged in village communities and at gatherings of punchayets or brotherhoods, in earnest colloquy as to the consequences.

At length, when the village populace was one morning rousing itself from sleep, the sound of guns, fired off at the rajah's palace, announced to listening Oudh that a son was born. The astrologer who was so happy in his prediction walks as a man conscious of science and communings with the powers of the stars. He knew it would be so—he knew it would be so from the beginning. He had always said so. The villagers hear, believe, and tremble at his knowledge.

Little real work was done that day in Suftergunge, or for six days after indeed, such was the excitement, such the hurrying to and fro, such the eager desire of all parties to hear the news as to the wonderful things that were being done at the rajah's. Horsemen, in hot haste, it was known, had ridden off north, south, east, and west, to proclaim the news to the rajah's distant relatives. Tents, and extempore booths of bamboo, and flags and poles for banners and bannerets and

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streamers, were being erected; and such inconceivable quantities of sweetmeats were being prepared that thrifty housewives in Suftergunge shook their heads doubtingly at the statistics they heard from village gossips, exclaiming, 'Wah, wah!' Expectation was on tiptoe, whilst hour after hour guns continued to proclaim to all whom it might concern, and more whom it did not, that a son was born.

Such was the want of hands at the palace, that even from Suftergunge, to say nothing of nearer villages, all who were expert in bower-making and bamboo-work, and all kinds of ornamental devices, were eagerly sought for and engaged, whilst it was whispered that cunning craftsmen of celebrity had been hurriedly summoned from Lucknow to superintend the preparations. Here was surely enough for village gossip—excitement, and to spare, for quiet cottagers and garrulous tongues.

One feature of contrast, striking contrast, between such fêtes in Oudh and scenes of rustic jollity in England—harvest-homes and such like—is remarkable. There can be no such gatherings of Anglo-Saxons or Celts without an immense amount of drunkenness. In Oudh occasional instances of drunkenness will be witnessed, but they are quite the exception, not the rule. The arrack-shop is, happily, neither indispensable to the rural community, as the public-house is in England; nor is it, when established, that place of common resort which its prototype in England has become. Intoxicating drugs—chiefly preparations from the hemp-plant—are smoked and eaten; but the slaves of these habits are few indeed when compared to the great mass of the people, and are universally held in detestation. As a general rule, the victims of the fire-water and its concomitant stimulants belong to the lowest classes and castes—an additional reason for the respectable portion of the community to despise them. True, brandy is not unknown to some of the wealthier natives in Oudh, but very few indeed indulge in it to excess, as yet.

As the day wears on, the villagers of Suftergunge begin to prepare for journeying to the rajah's mansion, in order to witness the evening festivities. Holiday suits are taken out. Children's heads are decked in tinsel-covered caps, and prettily variegated dresses, of all the colours of the rainbow, are displayed by women, old and young—the latter showing no little coquetry in concealing only so much of the face as shall make the part of it exhibited all the more attractive. All day visitors have been arriving, and by the evening a miscellaneous assortment of elephants, camels, horses, oxen, donkeys and buffaloes has been congregated together, which makes the neighbourhood of the house present the appearance of a fair. The gaudy trappings of the elephants are lying about in various directions, whilst the huge sagacious animals are calmly munching their evening meal—occasionally alarmed for a moment by the sharp shrill cry of one of their number, alarmed by some horse drawing too near him. The variegated housings of the horses too are on the ground—every saddle red and yellow, or some other equally bright colours, and so made as to serve the purpose of a couch at night, when unfolded. The horses themselves, neighing and pawing, are tied by their hind legs to stakes at some distance, whilst their heads are made fast in front, thus allowing them but little liberty of locomotion—but they are accustomed to it—and show every sign of contentment with their lot. In the neighbourhood of the well, the oxen are congregated,—finely proportioned, stately brahmany bulls and bullocks and cows, all in

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peaceful harmony, their shoulders ornamented with the heavy mass of flesh, called the hump, which gives them so distinctive a character. They are all chewing the cud, or grazing, or eating their evening meal of corn and pulse, or chopped straw, under the carts which they have drawn all day. Here are no visitors to the rajah but well-to-do people, and the sorrier specimens of the bovine race, with lanky limbs, and protruding ribs, and sore necks, are not to be seen. Cooking is going on all around. Each little party has made for itself a fireplace of mud, consisting of two little heaps simply, or of a small semi-circular wall, within which the fire of sticks is kindled, and, on the top, the vessel of rice or *dhall*, in one place, and, in another, the never-failing curry. The rajah's servants, too, in flaming crimson liveries, are distributing sweetmeats amongst the crowd, from trays carried for them by willing volunteers. Sounds of music and singing come from the adjoining court-yard in front of the rajah's house, and guns fired during the evening more than once cause the assembled crowds to start.

In all this there is enough to occupy the attention of the visitors from Suftergunge for a time; and, as they wander, amongst the elephants, or look at the horses from a safe distance, or critically scan the oxen, and discuss their relative merits, or meet their fellow-villagers in out-of-the-way parts of the encampment, or partake of the rajah's hospitality, or assist a stranger to tie up a refractory donkey, or engage in conversation with some of the new comers as to the prospects of the harvest, or peep into the half-open tents occupied by the better class of retainers and their families, or admire the lamps twinkling on the great gateway that leads into the court-yard, the lamps having just been lit, or wonder at the display of streamers and flags,—there is no want of objects to arrest the eye or engage the attention of the little straggling parties from Suftergunge.

As darkness sets in, the fires and illuminations give additional interest to the scene, whilst at one moment the straggling community of outsiders is startled by the appearance of a rocket shooting up, clear and swift and straight, into the sky. It is the signal for a display of fireworks that, to the villagers of Suftergunge, is one of the most amazing and beautiful scenes they ever witnessed. As wheels of fire and stars, and discharges of rockets glitter in the darkness, made deeper and blacker by the temporary glare, the villagers are lost in admiration—they exclaim 'wah! wah!' more heartily and energetically than before,—they gaze, wonder, admire, and tremble. and all this time, from the court-yard within the great gate, itself a wonderful blaze of light to village eyes, innocent and ignorant of street lamps and lighted shops, and all the brilliancy of cities by night, sounds of music and the eternal tom-tom, and a brass band hastily summoned from Lucknow for the occasion, exerting itself to the utmost, and successful in making noises that sound harmonious to the confiding public, all keep the ears of the villagers as well employed in wondering attention, as their eyes are with the glittering brilliancy of the fireworks. Mighty is the din, great the uproar, astounding the magnificence, and as the visitor from Suftergunge munches the sweetmeats provided by the rajah's liberality, he wonders whether the world besides can furnish a scene of such magnificence, or a festival of such astounding interest.

And meantime within the court-yard, what has being going on? We have hitherto only been looking on as outsiders. We have been

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amongst the vulgar. This is the sanctum to which ordinary villagers are not admitted. The guard at the gate will allow none to pass but those who have some warrant of respectability, such as our poor villagers from Suftergunge cannot procure. He must be a retainer of a relative of the family, or a man of substance, or an invited guest to pass the threshold.

That threshold itself is ornamented and enlightened with small brilliant lamps, both inside and out, with a profusion of oil and light that shows how liberal have been the rajah's provision for the great festival. This is not all however. Trellis-work in arches and bowers, and passages of bamboo decorated with taste, and yet all of the most simple vegetable productions, have been thrown up within in a surprisingly short space of time, and here too are lamps of variegated colours, and devices of cunning artificers of all kinds, lit up in various ways, whilst torches are waved about and throw their yellow smoky glare upon the countenances of the crowd. What with the firing of guns, and the smell of the oil, and the smoke of the blazing torches, and the steam of the crowd, the nose of the fastidious visitor from London or Paris would be sensibly and not agreeably affected by the fumes within; but the people of Oudh, high and low, are not so sensitive or so nice, and care little for smells.

The brass band from Lucknow is the great feature of attraction—the ruling point of interest for the present. Their performance would not probably be tolerated in the least fastidious of European watering-places as a substitute for amusement, but they pass muster in Oudh, and few of the assembled crowds have probably heard anything better in the way of music.

The decorations leading from the gateway in arches and bowers, and a sort of open verandah of bamboo trellis-work, conduct the visitor to the house, the interior of which is of white plaster nicely polished, so as to bear no remote resemblance to white marble. The outside walls are dingy and neglected, but once on the steps, the visitor sees that the house is one of some pretensions, and that the pillars and semicircular arches, and ornamented ceilings, even of the verandahs, give promise of better things within. In this however he is deceived. The galleries and verandahs, the pillars and external arches are the best of it. The rooms within, to western eyes, are small and inconvenient, however richly they may be decorated.

On the present occasion, the principal part of the festival is held in a spacious hall or verandah opening out from the front steps, enclosed on three sides, open on the fourth, lofty and of fine proportions. The white marble-like pillars, and Moorish-looking arches, and ornamented ceiling, have all characteristic and striking features of interest in themselves to the visitor from the far west. Above, a wooden gallery runs round on two sides, from which doors open—gallery and doors by no means in keeping with the fine proportions of the hall.

It is not, however, the proportions of the hall itself, or the fine pillars, or finer arches, that attract attention now. A brilliant chandelier of gaudy and, to European eyes, tinselled and unreal richness, is suspended from the roof, lamps of red and blue and green glass are attached to the walls, whilst the blaze of light from the torches and the illumination without, glares through the entire hall.

Here the rajah is seated, or rather luxuriously reclines to witness the dancing of the nautch-girls, to smoke his hookah, and to receive the felicitations of his

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family and relatives, and friends. From the place where he reclines he can see the fireworks going on without, he looking over the heads of the crowds assembled in the court-yard below. The nautch-girls are accompanied as usual by their own musicians, who, with tom-tom and tambourines, and a kind of guitar, keep time to the dancers' evolutions—their music, and that of the brass band, seeming by no means to disturb or incommode each other.

Nor are the dances by any means the only amusements of the occasion, as presented in the great hall. Buffoons and mimics are as much prized now in the Talvogdan's assemblies as they were in the halls of the English barons three or four hundred years ago. One clever fellow will present half a dozen different characters full of broad buffoonery, whilst two or three, who travel in company, act some little drama, of which the interest centres for the most part in the jests. Quick-witted repartee rouses the enervated oriental chief from his lethargy, and he distributes his largesse widely on such occasions when pleased. Men exhibit here, too, as elsewhere, how many monkey-like contortions the human body is capable of. They will tie themselves in knots, and untie themselves with a facility that argues little for the stability of their bones; whilst girls of no mean pretensions as to form and countenance, will do the like, giving an additional and fearful interest to the scene, by holding naked swords between their teeth, and under their arms, and beneath their bent knees, and, in fact, in all sorts of out-of-the-way and unheard-of positions whilst tumbling and jumping. When to all this is added the swallowing of knives, the charming of snakes, and the jumping through hoops, &c., it will be seen that there is no lack of varied amusement, such as it is, in the great hall of the rajah's abode, on this joyful occasion. It is not for one poor night only, however, that the festival continues. The rajah is a Hindu, and for six nights the fireworks glare and the guns are fired, and the music resounds, and the plays continue. For six days the whole neighbourhood of the rajah's residence is a fair, and no wonder that our poor villagers from Suftergunge, worn out with the constant excitement, and the ever new delights of illuminations, fireworks, deafening explosions, equally deafening music, and all the other details of the great festival, wonder in their inmost souls, when it is all over, if the whole world besides could exhibit such a scene; wonder and decide that it is impossible.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that the villagers have no festivals of their own, celebrated at home, to infuse mirth and merriment around.

The forty days ending with the last day of the month Phalgun are days of license and saturnalia, during which the celebrated Holi festival is commemorated. The festival is in honour of the goddess of spring, Vasanti, and during its continuance the utmost license prevails: the lower classes indulge more in intoxication at this period than at any other; respectable individuals, who would at another time be shocked to consort with the profligate, roam about with groups of bacchanals, reciting love-songs. The whole village population is on the move, and they say that the female portion of it take especial advantage of this time of license to carry on intrigues.

As the month of Phalgun advances, the bacchanalian mirth waxes even louder and more indefatigable, tom-toms and tambourines are beaten with an energy and a perseverance that prove what the Hindu hands are capable of,

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whilst the blowing of musical instruments of all kinds is kept up with increased pertinacity, and produce the most astounding discords.

The chief amusement of the last few days consists in throwing a red powder at each other, or squirting a solution of it from syringes at the passers by in the streets. This is a license which religion and old custom are supposed to sanction, and therefore to be enraged at it would be to make one's self ridiculous. Groups of bacchanalians patrol the streets, deluging each other and strangers with the powder or its solution, until the dresses and faces of all are a mass of crimson. Songs in praise of the Holika, a hobgoblin made of bamboo and straw, are vociferated with all the force of the itinerants' lungs; and as night on the last day of the month draws near, heaps of fuel, wood, dried leaves, anything are collected 'to burn out the Holi,' with all honour.

These fires, like the 5th of November bonfires of the English schoolboy, are the great attraction for the boys and girls of the community; they are prepared beforehand, built up to great height, and on the great night of Poonum, the last day of the month Phalgun, and the termination of the forty days' saturnalia, the young people of the village take every care to replenish them as they are consumed. Some dance round the fires, boys and girls together, with wild songs and music; the red powder and offerings of corn and oil are thrown into the fire as the dance proceeds; tom-toms are beaten furiously, the songs degenerate into screams, and the whole village population, round these late fires, look more like fiends than human beings, as the fun waxes fast and furious. In this fire the hobgoblin image of the Holika is consumed.

After sunrise on the first day of the new moon, in the succeeding month of Cheyt, the inhabitants bathe, remove their stained garments, worship, and return to the ranks of sober citizens. The old stolid Hindu look is resumed, and quiet and monotony take the place of excitement and license.

Next to the Holi, perhaps, as a popular village festival, may be mentioned the 'Festival of Lamps,' in honour of the wife of Vishnu, the goddess of wealth, Luckshmi. The festival itself is usually known by the name of the Dewaly. As soon as night sets in on the 13th or 15th of Kartie, one of the Hindu months, every town, village, and hamlet is lit up with thousands of little lamps. The roads and gardens, and houses themselves, that is, the exterior of them, become a blaze of light. For weeks previously every potter's wheel is flying round incessantly to manufacture little earthern pots in which the oil is contained, and which answer the purpose of a lamp; the wick projecting from the oil into a sort of handle, whence the flame issues, and continues to burn till the oil within is exhausted. If there be a temple dedicated to Luckshmi in the neighbourhood, offerings are made in it by all classes according to their means; sweetmeats by the poorer worshippers, and rich stuffs and pieces of cloth by the richer, all neatly arranged on trays. It is not unusual for those who wish to pry into the future to throw dice on the occasion of the Dewaly, and from their good or bad fortune in the throws, they augur on the state of their finances during the ensuing year; Luckshmi will or will not be propitious to them.

A ride through a populous district in Oudh, on the occasion of the Dewaly, is extremely interesting. As soon as darkness begins, every householder with his family is busied in arranging the little earthen lamps on the recesses of the walls in his house, round some lucky tree, along a path or public

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road, or in his garden. The whole population is pouring forth. Music sounds, songs to Luckshmi are sung on every side, the little twinkling lamps are filled with oil and lit, and the whole earth around becomes a blaze of light. It has no resemblance whatever to an illumination in Europe. The lights are principally disposed over the ground. There are no windows lit from within, all is outside; and as the poorest, as well as the richest, are worshippers of Luckshmi, every cottage is surrounded by its twinkling lights in profusion. To ride a steady horse, and you require on such an occasion a very steady horse, from Fyzabad to Ajudhya, on the night of the Dewaly, is one of the most interesting expeditions I know of. I have been to the top of the Great Pyramid at Gizeh—who has not on these days?—and seen many a sight far-famed in Europe, Asia, and Africa; but I know of none that left a stronger impression on my memory, or more roused my attention than the Dewaly, as seen on the well peopled road between Ajudhya and Fyzabad, a ride of only three miles. In Ajudhya, a city of temples, a city that lives on these very festivals, and by means of them, all such occasions of exhibiting zeal in Hindustan are of course made the most of. Many of the temples are very wealthy, and their wealth is lavishly spent on festivals such as the Dewaly.

Next to the Holi and the Dewaly, in the estimation of the youthful portion of the Hindu community, perhaps, is the festival in honour of Saraswaty, wife of Brahma, the goddess of letters and arts. On this day pens, ink, and books are reverenced and worshipped, as the distinguishing implements sacred to Saraswaty. On this day, therefore, pens, ink, and books, being holy, are not to be profanely used. If a letter *must* be written on that day, it must be written with charcoal or chalk on a board. Saraswaty is usually represented as a white female, without anything extravagant in form, and of a graceful figure, wearing a slender crescent on her brow, and sitting on a lotus.

On the morning of the day sacred to Saraswaty, properly the fifth lunar day of the month Magha, the whole of the pens and inkstands, and even the books, if not too numerous or bulky, are collected, the pens or reeds cleaned, the inkstands scoured, and the books wrapped up in new white cloth: all are then arranged upon a sheet or platform, and are strewn over with flowers and blades of young barley, no flowers except white ones being offered. Sometimes these are the sole objects of adoration; but an image of Saraswaty generally stands behind them; or, in place of the image, a water-jar, by no means an unusual substitute for a god or goddess amongst the poorer Hindus.

Bathing follows as a matter of course; there is hardly a Hindu festival that does not require bathing as an indispensable accompaniment or preliminary. Meditation upon, and worship of, the goddess, follow. Amongst the more instructed, the following invocation, taken from one of the Shasturs,[1] is employed: 'May the glorious goddess of speech, she who is of a white complexion and graceful figure, wearing the moon upon her brow, and carrying an inkstand and a pen in her lotus-like hands, may she, sitting upon her lotus throne, be present for our protection, and for the attainment of honours and wealth.' Water is then to be offered for the washing of her feet; food for her refreshment; flowers, or more costly articles, such as pearls and jewels, for her adornment, and three salu-

[1] *Saranda Tilaka.*

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tations to be made, whilst the following mantra is used: 'Reverence to the great and good Saraswaty, reverence to the Vedas, the Vedangas, and the Vedanta, and to all the seats of learning;' or the following: 'As Brahma, the great father of all, O Saraswaty, cannot live without thee, so do thou, O goddess, be ever our benefactress;' or again, 'as the Vedas and all the sacred writings, as all the sciences and arts, O goddess, cannot exist independently of thee, so by thy favour may my wishes be fulfilled,'[1] &c. &c. The ceremony concluded, all the members of the family assemble and make their prostrations.

But why should the young especially delight in the festival of the Sri Punchami, as this worship of Saraswaty is called? Simply on this account, that all books, pens, and ink, on this day at least, must have a complete and entire holiday. It is usual, also, after the conclusion of the morning ceremony, for the young men and boys to collect for a day's sport; they play in the forests, or rob gardens and orchards, or exhibit their prowess in feats of daring as they list; whilst in the evening, entertainments, according to the means of the household, close the day's festivities.

Again, when the year is dying out, three great days of festival call the village populations to grand and universal rejoicings. The last month of the year is considered peculiarly unlucky, and the rejoicings indicate the joy of humanity that the unlucky time is drawing to a close, and a new year about to dawn upon the world.

Devotees begin their festival of the Pongul, by beating the most barbarous music on metallic plates opposite the doors of the houses, long before sunrise. This discord is accompanied by piercing, shrill cries, enough to scare those who are not generally timid. Siva is the god to be propitiated, and the devotees warn the sleepers to avert evil, and get rid of the sins of the past year, by propitiatory offerings and religious rites. Like our Christmas, however, the ceremony, in the great majority of houses, is less really religious, than an excuse for gatherings of family circles, for fun and amusement—all under the guise of religion, as every Hindu festival is.

After bathing in the morning, the devotee ought to pledge himself to worship Siva devoutly in some such form as the following: 'I will devoutly perform the worship of Siva, in the hope of accomplishing my wishes, of obtaining long life and wealth, and progeny; and for the expiation of the sins which I have committed during the past year—whether open or secret, knowingly or unknowingly, in thought, in word, or in deed.' He should then scatter mustard seed with appropriate mantras, or religious verses. The Linga is the great object of worship on these occasions, as the emblem of Siva. This Linga is first bathed in milk, and then offerings of flowers, fruits, incense, lights, and such-like, are made to it—whilst there are various forms of address to be employed, according to the blessings sought; or the evils to be averted.

In the villages of Oudh, however, such minute points of detail are little observed. The villagers are ignorant of the Shasturs, and the devotees, or Brahmans, who preside over the ceremonies, are but little better informed.

The women scour a space of two or three square feet in front of the doors of their houses, upon which they draw white lines, ornamenting the spaces with flowers. Upon these they place little balls of cow-dung, sticking in each a citron

[1] *Brahma Purana.*

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blossom. These balls are every day collected, and preserved till the conclusion of the festival, when the women place them in a basket, and proceed together with music, to a tank or some other place, sanctioned by custom, to deposit the sacred balls, which are supposed to carry with them the sins of the household for the year that is past. Great rejoicing accompanies this march—clapping of hands, shouts of triumph, wild music, all that can enliven and exhilarate. Feasting, of course, accompanies the festival, as it does all others, and the children of the village get rich, and often sick, too, with quantities of sweetmeats.

The married women bathe on the second day, in honour of the sun, and, as they rise, dripping, from the tank or the river, all their clothes wet, and hair dishevelled, they cook rice and milk as an offering to Siva.

The third day is devoted more especially to the worship of the cow. The cows of the village are collected and sprinkled with holy water, whilst the devotee or Brahman, who conducts the ceremony, repeats appropriate verses. Four prostrations are then made before the cows—their horns are painted—garlands of flowers are put round their necks, which, as they are shaken off by the animals subsequently, are treasured by the devout, as precious, holy relics. The prostrations made, the horns decorated, the garlands put on, the verses recited, the cows are then driven with a tremendous rout at their heels, through the village, greatly wondering, doubtless, at the unwonted clamour. Music sounds, shouts, and laughter, and wild cries, commingle into a mighty discord, and, if dancing girls can be obtained for the occasion, they, too, add to the strange wildness of the scene, by their dances, and their attendants' music and singing.

Thus is the old year danced and shrieked out, in the villages of Oudh.

Some of the traditions of the villagers partake of the simple, unsophisticated character of the rural population; others are truculent, violent, warlike, or coarse.

1. *The Green Pigeon's Cry.*

A pretty kind of green pigeon is common in the woods, which utters a loud, monotonous 'ootoo, hootoo,' sometimes of eight, sometimes of four, syllables in succession, the loud, prolonged double-o sound being the chief characteristic of the cry; and with this it is of course easy to suppose or fancy any consonants as affixes or prefixes. The villagers are at no loss to account for this singular cry. Long, long ago, says tradition, a poor old woman lived in the woods. She supported herself by gathering dry sticks and selling them to the passers by as firewood. All her relatives were dead and gone, except one little boy—her grandson, who lived with her, and who at this time was six or seven years of age, just able to toddle about and give her, at one time, a little assistance, at another, to tease and worry her by his mischievous pranks.

The two lived on, alone and uncared for by the world; happy when the passers by were numerous and wood was in demand; never absolutely reduced to starvation, for the forest yielded fruit and roots that might be eaten when nothing better was to be got; for the most part contented and happy, for their wants were few.

One day a party of travellers purchased some wood, and went their way. The old woman was happy and her grandson frolicsome. A little after, one of the party returned with the bundle of wood just purchased, and disputed the weight, stating that his party had not been fairly dealt with. The old woman was vexed; her grandson continued

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playful and frolicsome as before. The whole of the wood had to be weighed over again, and some additional billets given to complete the tale, at which the old woman was still more annoyed. In the meantime, amidst the chaffering and wrangling, the little urchin amused himself by pulling a log out here, and touching the scales there, and climbing everywhere. The old woman told him sternly to give over several times, but it was no use. He was in the best of spirits, and saw no reason for controlling them. At length, irritated and angry, his grandmother gave him a blow on the head with a billet of wood then in her hand. The boy fell, and remained motionless. 'Only his tricks again,' said she, as she turned from him to the scales and the wood; 'only his tricks again.' She went on grumbling and weighing; satisfied her customer, who departed; and then turned again towards the little boy. He was still lying motionless. 'He must have been hurt a little,' thought she; and, her anger gone, she turned towards him kindly, and said, 'Ooto, poota, poora hooa.'[1] 'Get up, my son, it is all well now.' But the boy did not move. At length, alarmed, she went up to him—her grandson was dead! The last words she had uttered remained on her lips, and she uttered them again and again—at first kindly and lovingly, at last shrieking it out in despair—'Ooto, poota, poora hooa.' But kindness and despair were alike useless: the corpse moved not. From that hour she wandered through the woods a maniac, still crying out at intervals, 'Ooto, pooto, poora hooa.' No other words did she ever utter, but for years wandered frantically about, still repeating the same cry—fed by the charity of the wayfarers, or by the good demons who had pity on her—until the birds took up the cry and taught it to their young ones. And now in every wood in Oudh you may hear the same wailing cry, in the early morning and in the cool evenings, bursting from thousands of feathered throats—'Ooto, poota, poora hooa;' only the young ones can get no further than the fourth syllable, so whilst the old birds repeat the whole of the heartrending cry, the young content themselves with 'Ooto, poota,' alone. Such is the tradition that accounts for the cry of the pretty green pigeons in Oudh.

2. *Science without Understanding.*

The following crude tradition is commonly reported by the sages of the villages to prove that science is useless without understanding. In the city of Jysthul there lived a Brahman of the name of Swami. He had four sons, of whom the first was a gambler; the second, a lover of strange women; the third, an unjust man; and the fourth, an atheist. One day the Brahman began to lecture his sons on their evil ways, and to say to them—'Wealth abides not in the house of the gambler. It is written in the book of the *Science of Government* that it is well to cut off a gambler's nose and ears, and drive him from the country, that other men may not gamble; and as to his wife and children, how can they be regarded, when no one knows how soon they may be lost? Again, those who give themselves up to the love of strange women purchase grief to themselves, are likely to lose all their property, and to become thieves; therefore do the wise keep far from those women who can fascinate the foolish. How shall he who has lost all shame for himself fear to disgrace his friends? Therefore do those who forfeit their truth, vows, religion, and good habits, forfeit also the friendship of

[1] Utow, puta, pura hua.

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the wise. Again, he who does injustice to others will, in his turn, suffer injustice, and cannot complain; whilst he who forgets or denies the God whom he ought to worship will be forgotten or denied in his need. Therefore, my sons, turn to science, and leave your evil ways.' The young men, reflecting on the sage advice of their father, resolved at length to profit by it, and took their ways, severally, to different cities, where they assiduously devoted themselves to the study of 'science.' After some years spent in this way, having become learned, they at length simultaneously turned their steps homewards, and lo! all four met on the way, as they were all wending towards their own city. Conversing about the various sciences they had learned, they met a low-caste man, who had the skin and bones of a tiger, recently killed, tied up in a bag which he was carrying on his shoulder. The eldest brother having heard from the man what he was carrying, proposed that they should make trial of their skill upon the bones and skin, and thereby show each other how much science they had learned. They therefore bought the bundle from the low-caste man, and sent him about his business. The four wiseacres then set to work in a field hard by. The first, with infinite pains, placed all the bones in their proper places, read an incantation over them of great power, and sprinkled them with some blessed water of marvellous virtue. Thereupon the bones adhered together, and formed a skeleton, exact and well adjusted, firm and compact. 'Well done!' said the others; 'you have, in truth, learned science to some purpose.' It was now the turn of the second to exhibit his 'science.' His was a more difficult operation. The first had had the bones to work upon; the second had from his 'science' to construct the requisite blood, flesh, sinews, nerves, &c., and to put all in their proper places. His science, however was equal to the task—the feat was accomplished. Another powerful incantation was uttered, and all adhered to their places, and, minus the skin, the form of a tiger stood revealed before the four, in all its symmetry, strength, and beauty. 'Bravo,' shouted the other three, 'it is right well done.' And now for the skin. It was the duty of the third to put on the skin—not by any means so difficult a feat, we should suppose, as the others had accomplished. It was done, and well done, too. Last of all, the fourth brother approached. It was his duty to give life, by his 'science,' to the frame which the others had prepared with so much skill and success. He knew the incantations well by which this was to be done. He had not studied the Shasturs for nothing, and, in all the pride of knowledge, he repeated a verse of such power that Indra, hearing it, trembles on his throne in heaven, and even Vishnu is not unmoved. A copious sprinkling of blessed water completed the task, and the body of the noble animal began to heave with life: the heart beat, the veins swelled, the muscles twitched convulsively. The tiger lived. 'Bravo!' exclaimed the four, as the noble animal twitched his tail, in all the pride of strength; 'bravo, bravo! it is well done.' The tiger heard, and turned and glared on them. He was hungry, for the stomach had been left empty. With one spring, he laid low the life-giver, and killed him in a trice. But he had no time to eat. He sprang again; this time upon the expert skin-disposer who had so cleverly fitted his—the tiger's—skin to his form. And so on: he killed them all four.

Moral.—Science is useless without understanding.

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CONCERNING THE TREATMENT OF SUCH AS DIFFER FROM US IN OPINION.

ON Sunday, November 11, 1866, public worship was being conducted at the parish church of St. Mark, in the city of Dublin. The time came when the sermon was to be preached. The preacher was the present Archbishop of Dublin: the learned, able, and judicious Dr. Richard Trench. When the Archbishop had ascended the pulpit, and was just about to read out his text, it is recorded that three hundred young men of most respectable appearance arose; and without tumult or other demonstration, left the church in a body. No doubt the congregation must have been disturbed, and the preacher astonished.

The reason why these respectable young men so acted was, that the Archbishop, in a charge lately delivered by him, had expressed certain opinions which they disapproved. Nobody can be more disinterested than I am, in looking at the suggestive event: for I have not the faintest idea as to what the opinions were which the Archbishop expressed and the young men disapproved. Nor do I express any judgment whatever as to the conduct of either the young men or the Archbishop. All I say is, here is one way of treating a man who differs from you in opinion. It is simple: and your protest cannot fail to be remarked by many.

It was a charge, in which the Archbishop had managed to give offence to those young men. It must therefore have been delivered in a church. And the decorous rules of such a place hindered a certain rough and ready method of expressing disapproval of what was said in it. The auditors, elsewhere, and in listening to an ordinary speech or address, might have signified that they did not agree with what was being said, by hissing it. Though that sound may fall unpleasantly on the speaker's ear, I do not know that he has any right to complain of it as offensive. It is the understood way in which an audience tells a speaker, 'Now, we don't agree with what you are saying.' And the intensity and endurance of the sibilation will be the measure of the degree in which the opinions expressed are in themselves disagreeable, or are made disagreeable by a disagreeable way of expressing them. For there is no doubt at all, that though as a general rule we have no right to be angry with a man for holding a different view from ourselves on any subject, yet he may express his views in so offensive a way as shall give us just reason to be angry with him. He may express them in an abusive and insolent way. He may convey to us that we are fools for not thinking as he does; or even that we are villains. And some readers know, that the law of the land recognises the distinction between opinions temperately expressed, and the same opinions offensively expressed. Thus, if a man in these days set forth views which traverse our most cherished religious beliefs,—even views which may be properly called blasphemous,—the law will not touch him if he do so in a temperate way, and in the interest of what he deems truth. But if he set forth his views with the manifest purpose of outraging the feelings of a Christian community, he will be punished. I mention an extreme case. But we all know, that there are people who can express opinions very different from our own, in so candid, fair, and good-natured a way, that no

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one can take offence. And there are people, too, who by want of tact, temper, and consideration for the feelings of others, are sure, in setting forth their opinions, to excite bitter animosity in an opponent's mind.

Shall it be confessed, in beginning, that we have all a natural tendency to get angry with those who will not think as we do? Shall it be confessed, that the history of mankind shows, that difference in opinion, as to important matters, is one of the bitterest of all offences; and is visited with punishments of diverse degrees, varying from ceasing to ask a human being to dinner or even to tea, to the cutting off of his head or the burning him at the stake? Must it be admitted, that agreement in opinion, in tastes and likings, is often felt as one of the greatest compliments you can pay a man? You know how a skilful person once gained the favour of a minister of state whose tastes were most anomalous in the matter of waistcoats, by appearing before him in a waistcoat too bright to look upon, a waistcoat of the most extraordinary shape and hue, yet which in shape and hue was identical with that worn by the minister of state himself. Is there truth in the suggestion, that a way to the Highland heart may be won by professing and of course feeling great admiration for the harmonious tones of the bagpipe; or as an eminent French writer renders it, the bugpipe? May I here publicly and humbly confess, that a human being always rises in my estimation who expresses an enthusiastic admiration for the vast and venerable church in which I preach? Few human beings, alas, are found so to do! Now, everybody knows the story of Charles V. and his clocks: how that great emperor, who had ruled a large part of Europe during a very stirring and critical part of its religious and intellectual history, and tried to get men or to force men to think alike on matters religious and ecclesiastical, began to see that he had been trying to do a vain thing and an impossible one, when he found he could not get a few time-pieces to agree in what they said as to the hour of the day. My readers and I have doubtless arrived at the emperor's conclusion, though by different steps from his. Living among people whose irresistible bent is to think for themselves, we have learned, by abundant experience, that people will not think all in the same way. I can say sincerely, and I doubt not every one who reads this page could say the like, that I cannot think of a single man among those I know, with whose opinions I agree on every point. But in speaking of people with whom we agree, and from whom we differ, I mean of course those in whose case our agreement or our difference concerns something which we hold as of importance. Thus a Whig in politics differs from a Tory: a dissenter in ecclesiastical matters differs from a churchman. And, seeing that people *will* differ, no doubt it is a natural thing to draw off from people who differ from us, and to live in the congenial atmosphere of the society of people with whom we agree. When you feel that you are at antipodes with a man on almost all points you can talk of, you naturally feel you cannot get on with him; and so draw off from him. And there is something very irritating about a person who is always wanting to prove by argument that your opinions are wrong, or that some statement you make to him cannot possibly be accurate. Such a human being provokes you, whether he is merely insisting that the day is warm when you have said it is cold; or persistently worrying you to bring your pet prejudice to the test of

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argument,—worrying you to take down again from the shelf opinions on which your mind is made up, and which you do not want to have unsettled. And, on the other hand, it is very pleasant and hearty to converse with an intelligent person with whom you are in thorough sympathy; not in greater opinions merely, but even in lesser tastes and likings. Only a few days since, I felt a favour was done me, when a very eminent authoress told me she loved and enjoyed Gothic architecture and positively hated classical. It was very pleasant. There was all the difference between concord and discord in music. Yes, sympathy, strongly felt, on even one important point, is a strong tie. You remember the conclusion to which ascertained agreement in liking conducted an historical or perhaps mythical man. 'Do you like butter-toast?' he is recorded to have demanded of a certain lady. 'Yes,' was her reply. 'Will you marry me?' was the instant and decisive sequence. When I once heard a man say that Glasgow Cathedral was 'a great ugly gaol of a place,' I felt it as a blow. Not a very hard one: for I instantly formed a calculation what that man's opinion was worth: but still a blow. So with a friend who told me that an organ in a church was an idol, and a rag of popery. There may be some readers, not confined in any place of restraint, who think that: frankly, I should get on better with the others, who think differently. You are very much disappointed when a person you know and like, declares that he thinks differently from you, perhaps on some question on which you made sure he would agree with you. You find it difficult to refrain from feeling and showing displeasure. Yet, if you be what you ought to be, you do refrain. For your friend has just as good a right to his opinion as you have to yours: and possibly his opinion may be as near the truth as yours. I don't mind confiding to the reader, in the strictest confidence, and on the understanding that it shall never be repeated, a special form of irritation, peculiar to the Scotch clergy. It is to sit in the General Assembly, when a vote is being taken on a subject on which you feel strongly. The fewer of these the better for yourself, let me say. The vote there, probably you do not know, is taken by calling over the roll of the names of the members: then each says how he votes. Well, it is provoking to listen to the roll being read on and on; and to hear this man and that who you were sure would go with you, going the other way. You feel just a little angry: and perhaps you form an unjust and uncharitable estimate of the man's opinion who differs from you. 'I remember that man at college,' you think to yourself: 'yes, I remember his standing there, very distinctly: and an awful blockhead he was.' And when you happen to be one of a minority, you doubtless please yourself with the belief that Time is with you; and that the day will come when all intelligent mortals will think on that question as you think now.

Now, no doubt, to think wrong, is wrong; and deserves blame. Nobody has a right to form a wrong opinion. But we have learned that great lesson of toleration which the world took many ages to learn; that for his honest belief, man is indeed responsible, but responsible only to his Maker. There is no infallible authority here, to which we can go and have all our little differences decided; and in all his beliefs, beyond the very few which are vital, and as to which inspiration has spoken explicitly, the wise man knows that however strongly he holds them, he may be wrong; and that some day he may see *that*.

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It hinders me from being so keen a churchman as I might be disposed to be, when I see that very wise and good men think on that matter just the other way: and when I see, too, that Almighty God looks on at us, going through life thinking so differently, and vouchsafes to us no unmistakable information which of us is right. Perhaps I learn from that, that the difference is not one to make any very bitter fight about: that a larger and more dispassionate view would show us both right and both wrong. For the vexatious thing in this world is, that in any complicated question, the reasons will not point all in the same direction: and what are you to do when there are fifteen reasons for going to the right and sixteen for going to the left? reasons which you have not simply to count, but (what is far more difficult) to weigh. And yet, with all that, you cannot give or get liberty of thought in the sense in which some able and thoughtful men desire it: that is, leave to hold and express any views, however dangerous to morality and society, without anybody thinking the less of you for it. Some opinions, however honestly held, and calmly expressed, bring discredit; and justly. There are views, which shew not merely a wrong head, but some moral perversion. The man who teaches, honestly or not, that it is right to sell men or women, like inferior animals: to recognise no marriage tie among them: to make them work under the lash for you, and not for themselves: to deny them every human claim: that man shall never be friend of mine. There was a man, a year or two ago, who maintained by argument that he had a perfect right to murder his wife and children, and who acted on that belief. Society said to him, 'We shall not discuss the question with you: only your ways of thinking and ours are so opposed, that it is plain we cannot both go on together: and as you are in the minority, you must give way: so we shall hang you.' Thus society hanged him: and it unquestionably served him right.

There is a difficulty here, of course: I find difficulties now in most things. The days are past in which one was quite sure of everything. Sometimes society thus puts down opinions which are right and sound opinions; only in advance of the average belief of the age. 'Are the Mormons good people or bad?' lately asked a friend of mine of a class in a school he was examining. 'Bad,' replied a little boy, with decision. 'Why bad?' 'Because they say people may have a great many wives.' Thus the Mormons were declared bad for an opinion they hold. And doubtless it is so desirable to prevent that opinion from being generally accepted, that it is well to crush it by the readiest means within reach. But, on the other side, books have been burnt by the hangman, because they set out opinions which all intelligent people now accept as true and right. Martin Luther was deemed by multitudes a bad man, for teaching what we all believe. John Knox was deemed by many a bad and dangerous man, for declaring opinions whose result has been to make us civilly and religiously free. 'To meddle with the Corn Laws would be madness,' said Lord Melbourne, being then Prime Minister. Yet it was not madness, but sense. To emancipate a certain large class of our countrymen from cruel penal laws, would be a national sin: so, once on a time, declared many worthy men and worthy old women. By and by, the nation discerned that it was not a sin, but a duty. 'Some day, the king's mails will go by railway, and railways will be the great highroads of this country:' so said old George Stephenson: and for thinking so and saying so, he was hounded

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down as a michievous fool. Read the reports of the abuse heaped on that great man, before the Committee of Parliament on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway: and you will see how perilous a thing it is for a man to be a great deal wiser than his generation. Yes, it is an awful charge, to be the only man that knows some great truth, flatly opposed to the common way of thinking. Either you must be a miserable sneak, shamming a conformity with errors and prejudices you dispise: or you must set your face to a lifelong strife, obloquy, and misrepresentation;—and then, when your views are triumphant at last, likely enough see some smart dodger gain the credit which was your due.

Let us go on to think of some of the ways in which people have been found to treat such as differed from them in opinion.

I live in an ancient and famous city, in which one is often reminded of a very short and simple way of dealing with such. It was to burn them. Thus they and their opinions together were got rid of, as the people who burnt them thought. Vain belief! You might burn the men: you did not get rid of their opinions. Every soul that now dwells in that city where these heroic men were burnt, now holds just the beliefs for holding which they thus perished: every soul whose opinion is worth a straw. The martyrs were put to death for insisting (among other things) that bread was bread; and that no spells which were muttered over it could make it anything else but bread. 'Ignorant authority,' to use the words of the most eloquent of living historians, 'said "The bread is flesh and the wine is blood: we will kill you if you say it is not." A sufficient number of noble-minded men were found to accept the alternative; and to prefer death to admitting what they knew to be a lie.'

Well, that way of treating such as differ from us in opinion, will not do now. People's lives are often better than their principles: and though there still remains in Europe a certain ruler, the head of a great confederation of people, who, according to his principles, ought to burn all who differ from him on various matters whenever he can, he never would think, now, of doing so. Let me say, frankly, he durst not. His place would not be worth a week's purchase if he burnt just one heretic. But besides this wholesome check upon any fancies he might take into his head (for it is a great thing in this world to make it impossible for a man to do what is wrong: in that case we may with some confidence make sure that he will not do it), I believe, most sincerely, that the good old man would regard the burning of a heretic with just as much horror as we should. Dr. Newman tells us that however right it might be, the sight of a Spanish Act of Faith would have been the death of him. Nobody really proposes now to burn people for difference of belief: though some are still silly enough to justify such burning. And I cannot pass this without declaring, that if any man, even of those to whom we owe (under God's overruling providence) even the most precious parts of that civil and religious liberty we possess, taught that to burn those who held erroneous theological belief was the right treatment of them, therein that man was miserably wrong. And I don't care a rush though his name was Calvin: I don't care a rush though his name was Knox.

Now, I wonder, does any one think that because burning is for the present over, the spirit which prompted burning is exorcised? What was that spirit? It was the spirit which grew out of this belief; that there are certain opinions and practices so perilous to the existing

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state of things, or the state of things which you desire, that by any means whatever they must be put down. By burning, if nothing else will do. Of course, if knocking on the head would suffice, then by knocking on the head. If blowing up with gunpowder would do, then by blowing up with gunpowder. If misrepresentation, and abuse, and calling bad names would suffice, then by misrepresentation, and abuse, and calling bad names. In short, whenever you try to bully a man out of his opinion instead of reasoning him out of it: whenever you attempt any form or degree of physical or moral intimidation; you are showing that you would burn an opponent, if you had the chance, and if you durst. Well, is intimidation ever attempted towards those who differ from us in opinion?

I read the other day, in an ancient manuscript, how an eminent politician (in Ethiopia of course, for I make no reference whatever to British politics), said, in a speech delivered by him at a large and excited meeting, that another politician who thought differently from himself and those he was addressing, was only safe in that town in concealment. What did that mean? Perhaps it meant merely that if openly there, he would be sought out, and by cogent reasoning, expressed in civil language, convinced how erroneous was his present belief. Perhaps the savage yells with which the orator's words were received, were the indication, on the part of calm logicians, that they felt how triumphantly they could refute the man's views, and bring him to their way of thinking. If so, I can but regret that the first reading of the eminent politician's words conveyed an entirely different suggestion to my mind. I read the other day, not in an ancient manuscript, how a man, a working man, who thought differently from his brother-workers at the same trade, and acted on his opinion, had something in the nature of a shell charged with gunpowder thrown into his house, which blew the house to pieces, though by God's mercy it killed no one. It was meant, plainly, to kill all. I have read how at the election for the burgh of Melipotamus, an unpopular candidate had his skull fractured by a large stone, thrown by some one who plainly thought that his arguments were better addressed to the outside of an opponent's head. I am not going to say more of this peculiar treatment of such as differ from us in opinion: except that those who approve it, need not find fault with the Inquisition, and may well cherish the memory of a certain Cardinal Beton. Let not the pot call the kettle black.

Not such extreme cases are now to be thought of. Only such treatment of such as differ in opinion as very passably respectable persons may be found to resort to. One mode of treatment known in the middle ages but quite unknown now, was to tell lies about an opponent: to repeat things to his prejudice which you may not exactly be quite sure are false, but which you strongly suspect to be so, and which a very little examination would prove to be so. For example, a man in Scotland has an organ in his church. You disapprove of organs. Accordingly, you write a letter to a newspaper stating that the man has left off preaching sermons in church, and instead reads bits of a book entitled *Ecce Homo*. Of course this is a falsehood; and you might most easily ascertain that it is one: but it tends to show that the man with the organ is a fool; and accordingly you propagate the falsehood. My friend Mr. Smith has a very fine organ in his church, which is remarkably well played, and delights everybody. One day he chanced to be travelling by rail-

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way many miles from his home: when, on the train stopping at a station, his ear was caught by the mention of his own church's name. He looked: and lo, two horribly ugly and malignant-looking old women were bitterly inveighing against organs. Said one to the other, 'Oh, the organ at St. Ananias! Such a miserable failure! Half the Sundays they can't get anybody to play it at all: and when the organist comes, it is most abominable. None of your gew-gaws for me!' My friend listened in silence, and heard a series of the most outrageous falsehoods related about himself. Had I been he, I should have told the ugly old woman who I was, and demanded her authority. You know how the mother of Dr. Chalmers stopped ill natured gossip among her acquaintance. When an acquaintance A. came and told her something bad about another acquaintance B., she instantly said: 'Oh, I don't think *that* can be true: but I shall just put on my bonnet and go over to Mrs. B. and ask her whether it is true; and tell her you told me about it!' Ah, how eagerly the acquaintance A. repudiated such a course! It was pleasant enough to tell the malignant lie: but quite another thing to be brought to book for it! And rarely did any acquaintance come to Mrs. Chalmers a second time with a piece of ill natured gossip. I fear it cannot be denied that in the middle ages,—say from the twelfth century to the fifteenth,—the conversation of low-minded people used to consist to a very great degree of retailing malignant bits of gossip to the prejudice of those who thought differently from themselves. Of course, in the nineteenth century, this has entirely ceased.

There are men, incapable of telling a falsehood, who will *cut* the persons who presume to think differently from them. To differ from them in opinion is a personal and grievous offence. Vote against such a one in a deliberative assembly: and though a little before he seemed your dearest friend, now he passes you without notice. Quite lately, I heard a most worthy clergyman say, that such a person, who had published a volume of unsound theology, had come to live near him. 'We used to be great friends,' he said; 'but of course now I don't recognise him on the street.' I confess I doubted whether this was the right way to reclaim the heretic. Yet people in a humble walk follow the example. 'If you say *that*, I have done with you!' And history tells of an old Tory lady, who said to her son, 'If you turn a Whig, there is no room for you in this house.'

Quite as injudicious a treatment of the friend who honestly and frankly differs from you, is to sulk in a corner, as it were: to draw off from him: to decline to discuss your difference of opinion with him. Possibly this peculiar treatment is the most irritating of all: at least to a manly and generous mind. You go to the friend from whom you have differed: you say how sorry you are that you don't see your way to think as he does: and you offer, in a frank, hearty way, to tell him your reasons for thinking as you do, that if you are wrong, you may be set right. But he persistently refuses to talk the matter over with you: refuses in a dour, sulky way. I don't mean the case in which you decline to discuss some point on which you feel strongly, with some impertinent stranger, who has no right to your confidence, and who wants to force his views upon you. To that sort of thing you politely give the go-by: your meaning being to convey to your very slight acquaintance, 'Well, you are not in a position which entitles you to push your peculiar views upon me.' When a

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young girl from the West country went out to Rome to convert the Pope, I should say that good old gentleman was quite right in good-naturedly declining to discuss with her the foundations of his faith. I am thinking now of the case of a man with whom you are on such terms of friendship as entitle you to go and set yourself right with him when you think he is doing you an injustice; and entitle him to tell you frankly when he thinks you are doing wrong; instead of drawing off in a petted, sulky, boorish way. When such a friend shows he thinks you have done wrong, I say he is bound to hear what you have got to say to the end of showing why you think you have done right. He is bound, in a kindly way, to discuss with you the point on which you differ: unless indeed he judges it best that anything like intimacy of friendship should cease.

Archbishop Whately, writing to Dr. Newman, who had shown a disposition to sulk rather than frankly discuss, speaks of 'our long, intimate, and confidential friendship, which would make it your right and your duty, if I did anything to offend you, or anything you might think materially wrong, to remonstrate with me.' And again the great and brave man says, 'I, for my part, could not bring myself to find relief in avoiding the society of an old friend, with whom I had been accustomed to frank discussion, on account of my differing from him as to certain principles,—till, at least, I had made full trial of private remonstrance and free discussion. Even a man that is a heretic, we are told, even the ruler of a church is not to reject till after repeated admonitions.'

Well and nobly said, great prelate and great man! But a man must be a man to act *that* out. Any infusion of the cowardly and sneaky: and then we shall sulk privately, but never talk our heart out manfully.

A way, and sometimes a specially malignant way, of treating those who differ from you in opinion, is to pray for them, or threaten to pray for them. Let us not speak or think of this matter unless gravely and seriously. But it cannot be passed by. You remember that country clergyman, named in a certain famous book of the last century, who threatened the squire of the parish that if he did not mend his ways, he would 'pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.' Prayer has sometimes been made a way of conveying the most wicked calumnies against a fellow mortal. Not long since, at a public meeting, an individual took occasion, in a discourse which he regarded as a prayer, to ask God's mercy on another person who had expressed opinions which he esteemed to be mischievous, describing that other person as 'that wretched man who was lately pouring forth blasphemies against Thee!' I may add, that the opinion described as blasphemous was this: that there is no harm in taking a quiet walk after church on Sunday. Now, I say there is something perfectly awful in that. If ever Satan was disguised as an angel of light, it was when wrath and unchari'ableness veiled themselves under the fair form of prayer! Let there never be admitted to our minds the faintest idea of *hitting at* somebody in prayer. Let it be suggested, as an excellent rule, that prayer for such as you think wrong or bad, be offered privately: when you have entered into your closet and shut the door, and are making your requests known to your Father which is in secret. If that rule were always adhered to, it would remove the temptation to that which is evil and unchristian about certain intercessory prayers.

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There would be no temptation to pray *at* the bystanders, rather than *to* the Almighty: no risk of making prayer a means of expressing your unfavourable opinion of a fellow-creature's character, or doings, or views: no risk of making it something like an imprecation of divine wrath, hypocritically veiled under the form of prayer. Whenever the great thing which you honestly feel you ought to ask for any human being, is, that he may be turned from his erroneous beliefs or behaviour, and converted to a better mind, ask that of God when you are alone with God. It is the safer, better, more kindly, and more humble way. To publicly express a very unfavourable opinion of a fellow-creature,—even though that opinion be couched in the form of a prayer for him,—is not, generally, a friendly thing. And it may be doubted whether it is ever a purely Christian thing. Let it be said, too, that in such cases the avowed imprecation not unfrequently is not a whit more malignant than the implied one. To ask that God may forgive a man who presumes to differ from you, means much the same thing that is conveyed by words which, grammatically, mean just the opposite. You remember the two doctors in the *Golden Legend*. One says to the other:

> May the Lord have mercy on your position,
> You wretched, wrangling culler of herbs.

The other replies:

> May He send your soul to eternal perdition,
> For your treatise on the irregular verbs.

It does not need much discernment to see, that here the benediction and the imprecation come to just the same thing. There is really nothing to choose between the blessing and the curse.

There is in many people a deep disposition to misrepresent the views of an opponent. In stating the opinions of such as differ from us in opinion, it is easy and (to some folk) natural, to give these opinions a little twist in the direction of extravagance, absurdity, or mischievousness. Indeed, there are persons in this world who can hardly record the sayings and doings of any acquaintance, without slightly colouring or twisting them, so as to make the acquaintance appear in the light of a fool, or even of something worse. But much more is this so, in stating the opinions of an opponent. This I have remarked that in certain American newspapers, which defend the peculiar institution of slavery, the opponents of slavery are generally called *nigger-worshippers*: as if there was nothing between making beasts of negroes and worshipping them. Then you remember how Mr. Dickens describes an old gentleman who, whenever any one said that the poor who are supported by legal charity should be treated with something like decent care, would exclaim, 'Oh, you want to feed paupers with turtle out of gold plates.' Some years since, a woman in the west of Ethiopia was found guilty of murder. Many people thought the evidence on which she was convicted insufficient; and said so. I remember well how much angry feeling was excited over a large tract of Ethiopia by the case. Those who thought she ought to be hanged, and those who thought she ought not to be hanged, would hardly speak peaceably to one another. A certain newspaper, eager for her hanging, called all those who thought there was not evidence enough to hang her, *believers in Saint Sophia*: Sophia was the poor wretch's name. You see, in the view of the conductors of that newspaper, there was no possibility of saying that you were not perfectly sure that a woman was a murderess, without going further and saying that you were perfectly

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sure she was a saint. Of course, they were not such blockheads as seriously to think *that*: but they thought this a fair way of creating prejudice against the views of their opponents. Some habitually treat one who differs from them in opinion, as in the old cruel days of Rome, persecutors treated the Christians. The persecutors first dressed up the Christians in the skins of wild beasts: and then set dogs at them. Even so do some unscrupulous men now, first, horribly misrepresent what an opponent thinks and says; and then, raise against him a howl of heterodoxy: of Atheism, Mormonism, or even of Bourignianism. You remember how the Pope declared that all such as thought he had better cease to be a temporal monarch, therein testified their disbelief in the immortality of the soul. And once this is granted, it becomes easy to show that these are very foolish and perhaps very bad men. It becomes extremely easy to refute an opponent's views, if you, being a perfectly unscrupulous person, are allowed to state them. For you have merely to state them so as to make them rank nonsense: and then it is comparatively easy to show that they are rank nonsense.

Now, some folk think opinions which differ from their own, such dangerous and evil things, that any means whatever is permissible for the putting of them down. If a savage tiger was roaming the parish, devouring men and women, you would destroy him by the first means that came to hand. You would have no Quixotic ideas about giving the savage brute fair play: but would shoot him, or poison him, or take him in a pitfall, without remorse. Even such is the usage which certain mortals give to those who differ from them in opinion. All means are fair for putting them down. The grossest misrepresentation: the most unfair and delusive arguments: appeals to ignorant prejudice: all the arts of intimidation; the coarsest and most vulgar railing and abuse; are unsparingly employed. But I take for granted—and I don't think I am assuming too much—that none of you who read this page would degrade yourselves by the use of poisoned weapons in dealing with an honourable opponent: and that you are incapable of malignant trickery, even if *that* could gain for your views some temporary triumph. And, taking this for granted, let me say to you: Be sure you properly understand what the views of one who differs from you, are. Possibly you have in your mind a horrible caricature of them. There is many a man who has in his head a theory of an opponent's character, which is as far from truth as the theory of the old astronomy about the movements of the stars. Many a man is sure that some one of whom he knows next to nothing is a malicious, conceited, stuck-up, stupid fool and ruffian, who, if he just came to know that being so misconceived of, would find him a pleasant, friendly, and modest man. Indeed, most unfavourable opinions are the result of our knowing very little about those of whom we think unfavourably. There is a great deal of good about most men and women I have ever come to know. So be sure you know exactly what the opinions you differ from are. Perhaps, when you know them right, you may find that you do not differ from them at all. Then, be scrupulously fair in stating the views of an opponent. Don't give them the little twist in the direction of nonsense, or of wickedness. More than this: don't force on them consequences which he repudiates. You may think that if a clergyman does not object to an organ in church, this shows he wants to set up high mass at once. But if he says he does not, you

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are bound to believe him. You may quite fairly say of any man from whom you differ, that in your judgment his views, if carried out, tend to such and such an evil result: but you have no business to say that he sees this, if he says he does not see it. Then, do not insinuate evil suggestions about those from whom you differ, in that sneaky way in which some people are able to insinuate evil against their neighbours without directly saying anything. Do not ask, for instance, about some professor of divinity, with a significant look, 'Does he hold the inspiration of the New Testament?'—thus conveying by inuendo that he does not. Under no circumstances call an opponent names. Do not even call him names in what may be termed a reflex way: as by saying, 'I say nothing whatever in condemnation of Mr. A.: I don't venture to judge him: all I say is that if I did so and so' (here describe exactly what Mr. A. has said or done), 'I am a pickpocket.' Refrain from calling an opponent a dog. The other day, I read a passage in which an author said of some one who differed from him as to the value of his writings, 'I left him to his dog's paradise, content that he should howl and rot there.' It is to be confessed that modern abuse lacks the full flavour of that of ancient days. Here are some words of Dr. Martin Luther: 'The papists are all asses, and will always remain asses. Put them in whatever sauce you may, boiled, roasted, baked, fried, skinned, beat, hashed, they are always the same asses.' The same eminent reformer, in a treatise in reply to Henry VIII., calls that monarch 'this rotten worm of the earth.' The language of Calvin was a good deal worse. He calls his adversaries 'knaves, lunatics, drunkards, assassins:' occasionally 'bulls, asses, cats, and hogs.' Erasmus once published a dialogue, in which the servile imitators of the Latin style of Cicero were cleverly ridiculed. On this a certain warm admirer of Cicero rushed to the rescue; and declared, in a treatise published in answer, that Erasmus was 'a drunkard, an impostor, an apostate, a hangman, a demon hot from hell.'

These specimens may suffice, of a manner of treating those who differ from us not at all to be recommended. And at this point it may fitly enough be suggested that, in arguing a question with any one, there is no advantage in roaring at the top of one's voice. You remember the man of whom Addison tells us that he 'only raised his voice where he should have enforced his argument.' A consideration which has no weight when stated in a moderate tone of voice, does not gain the least accession of force by being bellowed. Neither is there any acquisition of logical weight, when a man, arguing a question, violently whacks the table at which he stands, at brief and regular intervals. Indeed, to people of a musical ear, that disagreeable sound, constantly recurring, is so thoroughly offensive, that it tends to make the speaker be heard with an impatience which is all against what he says having its due weight. And here it may be said that all reasoning which is shouted at the top of a harsh and untunable voice, by a man of truculent and ferocious aspect, brandishing in the air a clenched fist, and calling on all who differ from him to come out and be bullied, has on my mind an effect precisely the opposite of persuasive.

Among the delusive ideas which used to be taught to school-boys, but which for the most part are not taught to school-boys now, was one to this effect: that if two persons are arguing any question, the one who first gets angry is the one who is wrong. We used to be told of an Indian chief, who was present at a

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debate, and who said, after it was over, that though he did not understand a word that was spoken, he knew, by this sign, who was wrong. My impression was, even as a boy, that the Indian chief was a near relation of that contemptible prig who when his wife was frightened by a storm at sea, suddenly held a sword to her breast and asked her if she was afraid, and so on. I have known several very great fools, but I never knew a fool great enough to have done that. Anything more grossly absurd than the test of who was right and who wrong suggested by the Indian chief, could not be imagined. He might as justly have said that the first man who took out his handkerchief and wiped his face, was wrong. Who is there that does not know that there is nothing more likely to make an honest man and a fair reasoner angry, than when he sees unfairness and dishonesty in the arguments and statements of his opponent? Setting aside constitutional differences of temper, of warmth of heart, of excitability of nervous system—which are the things, after all, which have most to say to a man's getting angry or keeping cool—I should say that lack of earnestness, of deep conviction, of moral fibre, is the great thing to make a man seem calm and tolerant. If you really don't care a rush how a question is decided, you will join in the discussion of it with great equanimity. There can be no doubt at all, that there is nothing which helps a man so effectually to show what seems a fair and tolerant spirit in any matter, as the fact that he really cares nothing at all about the matter. You will not show warmth in discussing an opinion as to which your feeling is of the coolest. And when you are greatly interested in any truth, and deeply feel its importance, it is provoking in a high degree to find an opponent seek to evade the force of your reasons by some shabby and dishonest sophism, or some discreditable misrepresentation.

It is good for us to see and know people who differ from us in opinion, politically, theologically, ecclesiastically, æsthetically. It is a great mistake to live always among those who think exactly as you do. You will grow very narrow, very self-sufficient: you will get a quite foolish idea of your own infallibility and importance. I have known good men, more than one or two, who would have been much better and more useful, had they occasionally met and conversed with people who did not agree with them. It is a most dangerous thing for any human being, to live among those by whom his views and opinions are never questioned. We all need to be often taken down from our vain self-confidence, and to be pushed out of our own way: and all this is best done by frequent contact with those who, honestly and civilly, think quite differently from ourselves. You may find a man here and there, who has long been the pope of a little circle, who never question his infallibility, and who laugh at all his old and bad jokes: the upshot being, that the man came to think himself the greatest and wisest of men, and to deem all who differed from him as monstrous and anomalous examples of folly and wickedness. Yet Samuel Johnson, when he met Wilkes, found him a very pleasant person; and quite discarded the impression that any man of Wilkes' principles must have horns and hoofs. When you come to know some opponent in controversy, of whom you had a most unpleasant estimate in your mind, you will in all likelihood discover a great deal of good in him. And you may not improbably find, that if you differ in some things, there are twice, or perhaps ten times, as many, on which you entirely agree.

I grant at once, that it is very

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disagreeable to hear your favourite views controverted. Even men who ought to have known better, have been silly enough to regard themselves aggrieved by having their views controverted. A curious instance may be found in the biography of Dugald Stewart, the eminent professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh. His assistant and successor in that chair (he did not live to succeed to it) was the much more gifted, acute, and eloquent Dr. Thomas Brown. Strange to say, good Mr. Stewart seems to have supposed that when Dr. Brown began to lecture on moral philosophy, he was just to echo his predecessor's opinions; and was quite aggrieved at finding that Dr. Brown did not.

When Mr. Stewart was apprised that his own favourite and best-founded opinions were controverted from the very chair which he had scarcely quitted, and that the doctrines of his revered friend and master, Dr. Reid, were assailed with severe and not very respectful animadversions, his feelings were strongly roused; and though they were long repressed by the peculiar circumstances of his situation, yet he has given them full expression in a note in the third volume of his *Elements*, which is alike remarkable for the SEVERITY and the delicacy of its REPROOF.

So you see, Mr. Stewart thought *severe reproof* was the right treatment for a much greater man, who presumed to think for himself. Had not Dr. Brown just as much right to severely reprove Mr. Stewart? I don't hesitate to say that in this matter Mr. Stewart showed himself wonderfully silly and small; and laid himself fairly open to the suspicion of unworthy jealousy of his more popular successor. And if Mr. Stewart was weak enough to do such a foolish thing, we can but wonder that a biographer was found who was snobbish enough to record it with approval.

It is disagreeable, let it be granted, to hear your opinions controverted. But it will do you good not merely in the way of taking you down from that self-sufficiency which comes of hearing your own views echoed, and which needs 'the animated No:' it makes you likelier to arrive at truth. To keep aloof from those who differ from you, and associate only with such as agree with you in opinion, will cut you off from the great advantage of hearing what is to be said on the other side. No doubt to hear *that* may cause some painful perplexity and effort of decision, which would be saved by hearing only one side. We all have been told of the man (of course an Irishman), who complained that he saw quite clearly the merits of a case when he had heard one side, but was horribly perplexed when he had heard the other side too. It is to many a most painful effort to make up their mind what they are to think. And this painful effort will be quite escaped, by keeping away from such as think differently from ourselves. It is obvious that if you put all the weights in one scale, and none at all in the other, you will see with the greatest facility to which side the beam inclines. But if what you want to arrive at is truth, and not merely certainty of what may be quite false, you will weigh the pros and cons.

And further: in meeting and conversing with those who in many ways think very differently from ourselves, there is a reward beyond that of hearing what may be said against the views we hold. You may find among such people the most interesting, stimulating, and sympathetic of all companions. There may be great and deep sympathy of feeling, where there are strong differences of opinion: more sympathy, sometimes, by a great deal, than with those with whom you intellectually agree. Every one has known somebody with whom

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he was at one on almost every material point of belief; yet who exercised the strongest power of repulsion, through the utter absence of spiritual sympathy. And where there is sympathy, combined with marked difference of belief, a raciness, a zest, is given to intercourse, which is wholly lacking in your conversation with those from whom you are always sure of an intelligent assent.

But everything must come to its end; and this treatise like all the rest. I think I have said, somewhere or other, all I wished to say. Now, what is the conclusion from all this? I do not think we can get any further than a certain good man long ago, who, in a time of heated controversy, said, 'Let us agree as far as we can; and where we cannot agree, in God's name let us agree to differ!' Let us all do this, too, without quarrelling: let us give our opponents credit for being honest: let us try to put ourselves in their place, and to look at things from their point of view: let us think how much a man's original constitution and the training of his life have to do with the formation of his opinions. Let us state the views of such as think differently, with a scrupulous and chivalrous fairness: let us never say the word of or to an opponent that is meant merely to give him pain: and let us make up our mind to this; that while this world stands, people who are able to form an opinion at all, will very often differ from us in opinion.

A. K. H. B.

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THE MARSTONS.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LODGER ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

THERE was a knock at the door.

'Come in,' said Olivia. She was standing before the glass as the door opened, and Mrs. Elliston appeared.

Olivia looked at her visitor with some surprise. Mrs. Elliston was pale, but even prettier than Olivia had thought. She closed the door quietly, and drew near Miss Marston, lowering her eyes as she did so. Then she spoke, rapidly and somewhat indistinctly, for her voice trembled.

'You sent me a letter to-day, Miss Marston?'

'I did.'

'I am come here to implore a great favour of you. You read it; of course you did. You could not have known it was mine, otherwise. You are kind—you are good—I know you are. Oh! for God's sake, don't—*don't*——'

'Mrs. Elliston, I read nothing but the first two lines of that letter. You may rest perfectly satisfied that I know nothing of the contents. Mrs. Flaherty recognised the cover of the letter, as having given it to you this morning. That is how I came to know it was yours.'

'You are generous,' said her visitor, shaking her head, and colouring. 'You wish to spare me; but, oh! Miss Marston, I think—I do believe that I may trust you. I do not think, with that face, you would betray me. If you will swear to keep my secret, I will tell you all—*all*——'

'Stop. Pray consider what you are saying. I am a perfect stranger to you. I have no wish to hear your confidences. I repeat that I did *not* read that letter, and can assure you I know nothing whatever of your affairs.'

Mrs. Elliston scanned Olivia's face keenly. Then, with the impetuous movement of a child, she seized her hand.

'If so, you are a wonderful woman. Not to read an open letter! But I am not afraid of you. Ah! if you would only be my friend. Do you know, I haven't a friend in the world.'

'Not a friend? Are you not living with an aunt?'

'Oh, yes'—here she sighed; 'but as to ever making a *friend* of her—as to ever telling her anything—you don't know what my life is with her.'

'Is she not kind to you?'

'Oh, in her own way; but she is so stingy and straightlaced, and she leads me such a life. She hasn't a grain of imagination or enthusiasm, poor woman, and she can't understand anything. It's a dreadful trial to live with her. She worries me from morning till night, and I'm sure I can't help it.'

'Can't help what?' asked Olivia, bluntly.

'Doing things she doesn't like. If she ever *was* young she forgets it, and expects every one to pass their life as she does, in preaching, and scolding, and praying. Isn't it hard to be *always* doing what's right?'

Olivia could not help smiling.

'Not only hard, but impossible,' she said. 'Why do you live with your aunt if you dislike it so very much?'

'Why, you see, I was still a girl when I became a widow.'

'Oh! you are a widow?'

'Yes, that was more than three years ago; and they all said that I—I was too young to live alone, particularly being on the stage.'

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'You sing at a theatre, then, do you?'

'Yes, saloons and theatres I've *been* singing at—that was only because I was beginning, you know. Now they say I'm quite fit for the Italian Opera, only I shall never get an engagement if I don't change my name. I've a splendid voice.'

Olivia smiled at this *naïf* announcement.

'And I'm so fond of it!' she continued. 'There's nothing in the world I love so much; and when I act, I forget everything in the excitement. And then the applause afterwards! Only Aunt Crosbie is such a damper to one's spirits—she can't understand an artiste's enthusiasm. And *oh*! her preaching!'

'Poor little thing!' thought Olivia; 'obliged to work for her bread, and, with this excitable temperament, condemned to live with a cross old woman—it is a hard lot!'

Still the recollection of that letter obtruded itself not altogether pleasantly.

'Does your aunt go with you always to the theatre, Mrs. Elliston?'

'Generally, when she is not laid up with rheumatism. Will you go with me next time? Oh, *do*. I don't think Aunt Crosbie can go on Monday; she is quite laid up today.'

'I never leave my father of an evening,' said Olivia, quietly, as though the proposal were not an unusual one. 'But I can fancy that Mrs. Crosbie doesn't like your going alone. You are too young and pretty for that.'

'That is what they all say,' pouted the little widow. 'It is better to be old and ugly, I believe, for then one is left in peace, to do as one likes. Oh, dear me!' she added, with a piteous sigh, 'I've had trouble enough, I'm sure. This life is very hard indeed to women who are not made of iron and granite. Don't you think so?'

Olivia thought it strange, as she looked into that rosebud face, that suffering should have left absolutely no trace there.

'All of us, I suppose, have our trials, men and women alike, if, as you say, we are not made of granite.'

'Oh! as to men, I never pity *them*. A married woman, I suppose you think, oughtn't to say so? But I wasn't happy in my married life.'

'It must have been a very short one?'

'More than two years,' she replied.

Olivia saw the little woman's eyes were filled with tears, and again Olivia's heart-strings were loosened towards her. But as she did not see exactly what to say, she remained silent. Mrs. Elliston went on—

'I have suffered too much through men to have much feeling or much opinion of them. But I have no right to intrude my troubles on you,' she added quickly, as though she had been surprised into saying more than she intended. She looked with those small but penetrating eyes of hers into Olivia's face once more, and then began a fresh sentence. 'You are very kind to me. Few women would be so kind to another whom they knew nothing about. I wish—would it be asking too much?—I wish I might come and see you sometimes.'

Had Olivia been a prudent English-bred young lady, she would have offered no encouragement to an acquaintanceship begun under such strange auspices. As it was, she felt touched by the forlorn condition of the little singer. Could it do her any harm to stretch forth a kindly hand towards her?

'We are very near neighbours,' she began. 'If I can be of any use to you at any time——'

'Oh! may I come and sit with you sometimes? If you will only let me come and talk to you about myself, when Aunt Crosbie worries

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me, you don't know what a comfort it will be.'

'I am almost always with my father, and he doesn't see strangers,' said Olivia. Then, because her kind heart felt for the young woman, she added, with a little hesitation, 'but when I am alone, if you want anything—if I can do anything for you——'

'Will you come and see Aunt Crosbie? It will be so kind of you, Miss Marston. I don't know how I can be bold enough to ask you, for she is *very* disagreeable, poor old soul! But she is laid up now, and it will put her into better humour with me, perhaps, and you'll see, too, what I've got to put up with. And then I can sing to you. I should like you to hear me sing. You haven't got a piano, I suppose? You don't know what an effect I make in "Ah! non credea." They said I drew tears from a Cabinet minister and two members of Parliament one night.'

Olivia smiled, as she would at the vain but innocent prattle of a child.

'I shall like very much to hear you sing, but it must be in your own room some day. My piano is downstairs where my father sits, and he doesn't see strangers. I have heard you, however, already through the ceiling, and know that you have a lovely voice. I have often wished my brother could hear you, he is so passionately fond of music.'

'What! have you a brother?' said the little widow, opening her eyes. 'I thought you were an only child. Where is your brother, Miss Marston?'

'A long way off just now. In the West Indies.'

'And how long is he going to remain there?'

'I hope not many months. He is in Mr. Claxton's house, and they have sent Rupert on a special mission——'

'*Rupert*! and *Claxton*! Dear me, it must be the same young man! How very odd. Isn't your brother dark, with a hooked nose? And he has no whiskers, only a very small moustache?'

'Yes. Where have you ever met him?'

Mrs. Elliston laughed very merrily.

'Only once, in an omnibus, some months ago; but, you see, he made an impression. We never spoke, only he did stare so *very* much that I couldn't help noticing him more than I should otherwise have done, particularly as he sat just opposite, and 'was so polite in jumping out to help me, and in picking up all the music I dropped, and in hailing the other omnibus—the Highgate one—for me. Oh, I should know him anywhere again.'

'But, after all, how do you know it was my brother? How did you find out his name?'

'He had a lot of letters and papers in his hand—law or business things of some kind, I suppose, for most of them were directed in a large clerkly hand—and sitting where I did, I couldn't help seeing the address on one or two: "Rupert Marston, Esq., at Messrs. Claxton's, Broadway."'

'There can be no doubt about it,' said Olivia, laughing. 'And I now remember his mentioning having met you. It must have been you from the description.'

'It is quite like some sort of tie—some kind of introduction, isn't it? I must run away now, Miss Marston, for my aunt's dinner is waiting; but I am so glad to have made your acquaintance. And only think of its being all through that horrid letter. Oh! you can't tell how you have relieved my mind. I am sure you are a woman whom I can trust and make a friend of. Do, please, be my friend—won't you?'

She looked up once more in her pretty childish way, and Olivia felt

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more strongly than ever the kind of fascination which a seductive kitten exercises over certain natures—a foolish little animal, with not half the fine qualities of a horse or a dog, but asking to be caressed, and impossible not to be forgiven its tricks and petty misdemeanours.

She promised to call on Mrs. Crosbie the first day that she was free; and having extracted this promise, Mrs. Elliston departed.

CHAPTER XIV.

FROM JAMAICA TO LONDON AND BACK.

A few days later brought Rupert's first letter, by the mail which left Jamaica a fortnight after his arrival there. He wrote in good spirits, and gave an excellent account of himself. The climate at that season was charming, 'and in three or four months,' he wrote, 'I expect my business here will be concluded and I shall be home again. Mind you tell me everything that happens, for I can't help being anxious about you. I wish you had some one woman friend near you; however, please God, you will not be left alone very long. My life here is likely to be very uneventful. The settlement of plantation accounts, the examination of returns, and invoices, and claims, fill up my day. I have no society—no ladies' society, that is to say—but I have made the acquaintance of a right good fellow who is quartered here—Henry Pomfret. We met by accident, and I knew him at once from his likeness to his youngest sister. He is uncommonly handsome, and has that cheery off-hand manner which army men so often acquire, and City men seldom do. I have dined at his mess twice. He is as different from that poor creature Lionel as chalk from cheese. I am sorry to say he leaves for England in a few weeks' time, as he has sent in his papers to sell. Heirs apparent can't be allowed to waste their sweetness in Jamaica. He is going to join his people at Nice; but they are all to be in England in the summer, he says. Caverton is to be sold; Mrs. Pomfret dislikes the idea of returning there. They will probably take some other place in another part of the country.'

In Olivia's answer to this letter, by the next mail, she wrote thus of her father:

'He sleeps more, and is more disinclined to exertion than formerly; otherwise he is really very little changed. He *can* walk as well as ever again, but always tries to avoid his little treadmill if possible. He is so patient—so unsuspicious. I have never had any difficulty in keeping all that would be painful from him. He is certainly deafer, and takes less notice of things—that makes it easier. Don't be the least anxious about me. I never was better, and I assure you I want no "woman friend," though, in an unexpected way, one has appeared on my *very* narrow stage. We have two new lodgers *au troisième*, an aunt and niece; the latter an acquaintance of yours—at least you very vividly and faithfully described her to us some eight months ago. There is a puzzle for you! Do you remember a wonderfully pretty little person you once met in an omnibus, and came home raving about? She remembers *you* perfectly; even recollected your name, which she read on the back of your letters. We became acquainted by her dropping something on the stairs. She lives with an old dragon of an aunt, who is a Dissenter as far as I can make out, and, curious to say, the niece is on the stage—an odd combination. To complete the strangeness of this child-like little person's position, she is a *widow*. I could scarcely believe it when she told me. Her naïve vanity is so amusing! there cannot be any guile, I think, about such a nature; and

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her position with this cross old aunt rather excites my interest. So, in all probability, as the poor little thing seems very friendless, and grateful for any word of kindness, we shall often meet.

'Mr. Thompson is still a mystery. Except Mrs. Flaherty, no one has ever yet heard the sound of his voice. We have met on the stairs, and once I even spoke to him about something that had been dropped, but he only made me a solemn bow and passed on. I fancy Christopher Columbus in a shabby coat would not have been unlike our "first floor." I am glad you have met Henry Pomfret; it may lead to your renewing your intimacy with them some day. They have not answered my letter. How I look forward to your return! I am never sad or dull—you mustn't think that. I have plenty to occupy me, only it seems so cheerless of an evening to see your empty chair instead of you. . . Aunt Clo comes here about once a week; she is much occupied now with a new grand and delightful friend of hers, Mrs. Quintus Smith. She asked me to go with a large party, headed by this Mrs. Q. S., to German Reed's on Monday last. Aunt Clo was very indignant that I was not duly impressed by the honour done me. She told me if I didn't "mix," I should never "settle." It sounds quite culinary, doesn't it?

'Father says that "sending love" is a very absurd fashion. If people are properly attached, why, it is a matter of course; and if they are not, it is merely a useless form. So he won't send you any message. Isn't that like him?—Ever your most affectionate sister, OLIVIA.'

'P.S.—De Castro and Montalba have just been here to say they are off to Lisbon next week. They, too, suffered, as you know, through Lozados, and it is on his business that they are now obliged to go to Portugal. I am very sorry for dear father's sake, as they look in so often, and he likes their visits. You know how horribly both the good men bore me, so, personally, they will be no loss. I have always Mr. Claxton to apply to in any difficulty.'

Six weeks after this, Henry Pomfret landed at Southampton. He fully meant to have called on Mr. Marston in London, and to have given him tidings of Rupert: but a telegram, announcing Mr. Pomfret's dangerous illness, summoned the son to Nice a few hours after his landing. For nearly three weeks had Mr. Pomfret been lying in the most precarious state. It was some months before Olivia heard from Mrs. Pomfret. Her husband was well again then, and her handsome and excellent Henry was with them: but all the anxiety of this illness, following so soon upon the death of her beloved Lionel, had been almost too much for her. She wrote as though much broken down in health and energy. Though still surrounded by so many blessings, like Rachel, the poor mother refused to be comforted for the son who was not.

CHAPTER XV.

TWO AUNTS.

Miss Pringle is paying one of her fortnightly visits to her brother-in-law and niece.

She now lives in a small house in Bayswater, which she has taken furnished by the year, and where she gives frequent tea-parties, with whist, to such of her acquaintance as are open to these seductions. The house is in a region of new brick and mortar, and is reached from London through acres and acres of dry, uninteresting streets, but it is not far from Kensington Gardens, and it is eminently 'a genteel residence,' so Miss Pringle is well contented.

She is often urgent on Olivia 'to mix,' and occasionally presents her

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with some impossible piece of finery as an incentive to that end; at the same time she most scrupulously guards the secret of Olivia's present abode, though moved thereto by other motives than her niece's. But, indeed, it is not uncommon in life to see very different causes conduce to one result.

Let us hear what she says on this matter in the course of that morning's visit.

'My dear, who do you think I met in the Burlington Arcade this afternoon? You can't possibly guess. Your admirer, the big man, who used to trumpet away of an evening at the Pomfrets', and who rowed up the river so often and was vastly civil about the ball. What's his name?—Westbrook, that's it. He immediately rushed up; it was really very flattering, though I was rather embarrassed. I was looking in at a bonnet in the window of that shop on the left hand side going up—a sweet thing in pink—when I heard my name, and turning round, found the big man bending over me. And really, in the Burlington Arcade, and altogether, I was quite —I scarcely knew whether—in short, I was a little *confused* for a moment, seeing people stare so as they passed at the meeting, which looked, you know—though, indeed, I should think they ought to be pretty well accustomed to that *sort* of thing *there*. However, he was most polite, and saw me to my brougham (I was glad I wasn't in a cab); and oh! by the bye, he asked a great deal after you.'

'You didn't give him our direction, Aunt Clo?'

She felt her heart beating quicker. Did she wish him to find her out? Of course not. Had she not herself sent him away from the Cedars? Nothing would annoy Rupert so much as Westbrook's coming here. Of course she didn't wish it; and Aunt Clo's reply, no doubt, reassured her.

'No, my dear,—no. Living, as you do, at present, in such a very ungenteel quarter, I don't think it is to your advantage that people should know where you are. I can assure you I had great difficulty in putting him *off*, however, he was so very curious. I gave *my* address, of course, and I invited him to my next little evening party, where I said he would perhaps meet you.'

The idea of Westbrook doomed to spend the evening among a set of card-playing old ladies nearly made Olivia laugh, in spite of her vexation.

'But, Aunt Clo, you know I never go to you of an evening, so how *could* you tell Mr. Westbrook that?'

'Well, I didn't know that you mightn't like to come and meet *him*,' said Aunt Clo, rather spitefully. 'You used to like talking to the young man, I remember, and thought his trumpet delightful, I believe. And he rowed in a great heat several times to the Cedars, and you seemed to think him vastly agreeable, when he sat on the lawn and smoked—so I couldn't tell, my dear, that you mightn't like to see him again.'

'If I had wished it, aunt, should I have taken any pains to conceal where we are living?'

'Why, as to that, one would be really ashamed to ask any one to come *here*, down in this low neighbourhood, by the river. I do hope, when Rupert returns, that you may be able to move to something a little more respectable, my love.'

'Half the nobility lived here a century or two ago; Northumberland House is within a stone's throw of us.'

'Well, my dear, I am glad *I* am not compelled to live here—that's all. I am sure, with my select circle of friends, I should lose half of them.' (Olivia thought this not impossible, and moralised on the worth of such 'friendships,'

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when Aunt Clo had taken her departure.) 'I never *could* expect Mrs. Quintus Smith, for instance, to come down here, and call on me. As to Mr. Westbrook, I know he's not a marrying man—his aunt told me so—besides which he has no money, so I never encouraged him, you know, my dear, beyond a certain point. He was civil and useful, and so forth.' (If Westbrook could only have heard her!) 'And provided he don't insist on playing his trumpet, I think he'll be a great acquisition to my little party. He and Mrs. Quintus Smith will suit, I know—moving quite in the same set. So even if you don't come, it doesn't signify. For really, between you and me, my dear, his manner to me was almost *more* than cordial—what you call *marked*. He even inquired where I went to church, and I fully expect to see him there next Sunday. Indeed, I remember a man, some years ago, at Harrowgate, who went regularly to church, and sat in front of me, and always *turned round* to kneel down, that he might look at me, which was very wrong, and calculated to disturb his thoughts, so I always frowned and shook my head, though I often felt touched by the poor man's piteous look of surprise when I did so. Where do you go to church, my dear?'

The works of Miss Pringle's tongue had run down, so she took breath upon a question. It needed but a simple answer—a mere touch—to set that admirable machinery in motion again.

'To the Temple in the afternoon, aunt. In the morning I generally read prayers with father.'

'Poor dear man! I shouldn't think *he* could follow much, eh? Your papa is terribly broken, my dear. It is impossible to make him understand a word I say, and he does nothing but talk about the darkness in a way that is really absurd. His memory is quite gone, too. I was speaking to him of Miss M'Claverty's elopement which created such a scandal when we were at Bath together with your poor dear mother, seven and thirty years ago, and I was telling him I had seen her daughter yesterday, which I thought would interest him, but I found he had forgotten all about the mother and the coachman, and all the interesting details, which occupied the public mind so much at the time.'

'Father never cared about gossip.'

'As to that, there are, of course, different degrees of intelligence, and all people are not gifted with equally inquiring minds. But like the man in the play, my dear, your father likes to sup full of horrors, eh? Any gossip of a frightful or appalling kind he is still alive to, I observe. Indeed, I never come here, but he asks me whether there have been any bad accidents—which is hardly Christianly, I think.'

'If more Christians were like him, the world would be a better place than it is,' said his daughter, firing up. 'He is kindness itself, and would not hurt a fly. But the manly love of adventure, which any one can see he had as a young man, makes him still delight in hearing of hair-breadth escapes, from which courage and presence of mind have extricated men. You ought to have known him better, Aunt Clo.'

'My dear, I know that he was always an excellent man,—no one can say I ever said a word against him—only the infirmities of age *are* very trying, eh? and he certainly is, eh? terribly broken—there is no denying *that*. You couldn't keep the state of things from him, if it wasn't so (and it is next to impossible that it *can* continue). I'm sure it must be a great strain upon you, my dear, and if it goes on much longer,—this constant watching and waiting on the poor man, and this habitual life of deception,—

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you will be worn to a thread. You are as thin as possible now, and your complexion is horridly yellow. Do you ever use the milk of roses I gave you? I shouldn't have kept my complexion as I have under so many trying circumstances (fancy the horrid girl, Jane, giving me warning *again* yesterday) if it hadn't been for that valuable wash.'

'Your anxiety about my health is quite unnecessary, aunt: I am perfectly well.'

'So you say, my dear; but it's a very unnatural state of things. I only hope it won't go *on*;' and she rose and shook her petticoats for departure.

'I don't know what you mean by an "unnatural state of things;" and as to its "going on," I hope everything will go on *exactly* as it is until Rupert's return. Good-bye, aunt.'

So the old lady went her ways, having succeeded in irritating her niece by more than one of her little speeches.

She sat down and thought what she should do if Westbrook found her out, and called. It would be very pleasant to see him again; to hear that most musical voice saying even common-place words; to meet those handsome eyes once more. She did not deny it. But no doubt it was much better as it was. Still she thought a good deal about him all that day. He had not forgotten her. That is always a strong claim in a woman's eyes. She wondered whether he ever bore in mind what she had said to him the last time they met—whether he was an improved man—whether Rupert would always think as badly of him as he now did. She certainly thought a great deal about him all that day.

Olivia, according to her promise, called on Mrs. Crosbie. The stern, iron-grey woman, she had seen only once before, was seated on a horsehair sofa, having a cup of chamomile tea, or some bitter drink in her hand, which she seemed to be deliberately sipping. There was neither book nor work on the table before her: only a silver watch—almost a clock in dimensions—stood there, in its case, at such an angle relatively to its owner, that her eye fell readily on the dial. She was an uncomfortable-looking woman, and everything about her looked hard and unpromising. The extreme hollowness of her figure and spareness of petticoat, joined to the sharp lines of her face, produced the same impression on her visitor now that they had done on the day of Mrs. Crosbie's arrival.

She glanced to the other end of the room: Mrs. Elliston was not there; but there stood her open piano, her canary, a large bunch of violets, a few ragged-looking books, and some woman's work. The contrast between the two ends of the room was as complete as between the aunt and niece who dwelt there.

'Mrs. Elliston is out, ma'am,' began Mrs. Crosbie, almost before her visitor had entered.

'My visit was to you, Mrs. Crosbie—by your niece's request, said Olivia, rather shyly. 'But perhaps as you are not well, you had rather——'

'You will excuse my rising. I can't stand; but take a chair, ma'am. You're Miss Marston, I suppose?'

'I am; and being in the same house——'

'My niece came down and scraped acquaintance with you about some book or other she had dropped? She told me so much; and I'm glad she should have made some respectable acquaintance. I inquired of Mrs. Flaherty all about you. Clara picks up a lot o' people at the theatre that I never allow to darken *my* doors. I won't have no actors nor actresses here. That *she* knows. Sit down, ma'am.'

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'I hope you are feeling better,' hazarded Olivia, after a pause.

'No, Miss Marston, no better.'

'The season is very trying just now — so much fog. You will be better as the spring comes on.'

Mrs. Crosbie gulped her chamomile and said—

'I'm old, Miss Marston, and old people must have ailments. I'm only troubled about one thing—I can't go about and look after that girl when I'm like this.'

'Do you mean Mrs. Elliston?'

'Yes; for all she's a widow, she's as incapable of taking care of herself as a new-born babe. Some people never *do* learn no sense.'

'She is very young.'

'Twenty-two,' responded Mrs. Crosbie; 'and that's old enough to have sense, I suppose?'

'Has she been long a widow?'

'Three years. Her husband was a poor creature, I fancy—never kept her in no order, and left her without a farthing when he died. That's the way with most of 'em.'

'Was he an actor?'

'Yes; that and his pretty face took the girl. I never saw him. I was out in Canada with my husband when they married. I thought it a foolish business when my sister wrote to tell me—and *she* was never troubled with too much sense, but it was no business of mine.'

'They must have been married a very short time?'

'Better than two years. I came home when Crosbie died (my sister was dead too), and found this girl, her only child, a widow, without a penny. So I took her to live with me.'

'That was very kind.'

'No, it wasn't, ma'am. It was my dooty; no more. But after a few months, as I wasn't rich enough to keep her, having nothing but my pension as Crosbie's widow, she went back to her singing, and to the stage. I suppose I needn't hardly say, it aint what *I* like. The Rev. Mr. Sparshott is always at me about it. I make her listen to two or three prayers from *The Futility of Good Works* every day. Do you know that precious book, ma'am? Upwards of sixty thousand in circulation—price one and sixpence. Happy to supply you with a copy. Well, I can't do no more for Clara, than show her the danger of her paths.'

'Are you afraid, then, of her trusting too much to her own good works?' asked Olivia — for this seemed the obvious deduction.

'It would be hard to say what they *was*,' returned Mrs. Crosbie. 'No, ma'am, but she's awful vain, and the Lord has given her a voice, and, except a pretty face, very little besides. However, the girl must make her living. *I* can't do no more than I do. *I* can't support her entirely.'

'Of course: and there is no harm in singing, Mrs. Crosbie?'

'I don't think much of it *myself*,' replied that lady gloomily. 'I've mostly found singing and bad company go together. And the worst of it is, I can't be always with Clara, though a widow of twenty-two *ought* to be able to take care of herself,—there's no gainsaying *that*. But she takes as much looking after as a child—always running up bills, and forestalling her week's salary, and never knowing what she's got. There isn't a day that I shouldn't like to give her a good shaking, for some stoopid thing she's done. She is enough to provoke a saint, she is. Sometimes I half make up my mind to leave her, and let her get on as well as she can alone.'

'Oh, Mrs. Crosbie, I'm sure you'll never do that! You'll never desert your niece, however tiresome and provoking she is. The more helpless or imprudent, the more she wants you, and you are too kind, I am sure, to give her up.'

'No, I aint a bit kind, Miss

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Marston. If I does it, it's because it's my dooty. I saw my dooty plain to Crosbie, and I did it for five and thirty year, though he wasn't a good husband to me—so I'm accustomed to worriting and bother, and to do my dooty, however nasty it may be. But Clara *does* try me, there's no denying that.'

It struck Olivia that the widow's duty to her husband might be better fulfilled by observing a silence as to his demerits: she only said, however,

'Your niece is very attractive, and is sure to marry again, and then you will be relieved from this responsibility.'

'That's just one of the things I'm most afraid of! She'll accept the first good-looking man who makes love to her, without ever thinking whether he can support her, or whether *she* won't have to support *him*. If he should have a tenor voice into the bargain, then it's all up with her. She's a fool.'

Olivia could not help laughing: but Mrs. Crosbie continued, without the spark of a smile,

'Take my advice, young lady. Keep unmarried. When a woman is fortunate enough to become a widow, it is the height of madness for her ever to dream of taking another husband.'

Surely, thought Olivia, no two women were ever less fit to live together, than this aunt and niece. How much better Aunt Clo would suit Mrs. Elliston, as a companion. What a pity the lively, frivolous, dressy old lady could not change places with this grim Mrs. Crosbie!

As this idea crossed her mind, the young widow herself was heard running upstairs, and came bounding into the room, with the demeanour of a school-girl of fourteen rather than that of a widow of three years' standing.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE LOST CLOCK.

Her cheeks were glowing from a rapid walk: her eyes were greener and more sparkling than ever. Her dress being 'kilted' from the mud, over the brightest of striped petticoats, showed a tidy little foot and a neat ankle. She had a large roll of music in her hand.

'Oh! you dear, kind creature!' she exclaimed, running up to Olivia. 'How good of you to come and see Aunt Crosbie, while I was at my horrid rehearsal, screaming my poor lungs out, and making myself such a fright as never was, what with the dust, *and* the exertion of going all round the stage upon my knees after that stupid little tenor, I don't know how how many times!'

She ran to the looking-glass, and examined herself, smoothing her hair, which was ever so little ruffled, before she brought a chair to Olivia's side.

'That's a new muff, Clara!' exclaimed Mrs. Crosbie. 'Pray where did you get *that*? Another extravagance, I suppose!'

'Well, I don't remember exactly what it cost, but I know it was very cheap. And I couldn't act the *Somnambula* with red fingers, could I, Miss Marston? My hands were so cold as I walked along, that I felt it was quite a duty I owed to society, to warm them. By the by, I've got *such* a lovely new song, the conductor of the orchestra has written for me. Would you like to hear it?'

'Surely you must be tired now? Some other time.'

'You'll not have a bit of voice to-night, if you begin screaming again,' said Mrs. Crosbie. 'Do try and see if you can't sit still for five minutes. There was a man came to be paid for some flowers, while you were out. *I* wasn't going to pay him. Such nonsense! What's

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the good of flowers, I should like to know?'

'Carì fiori,' began Mrs. Elliston, warbling the pathetic air from the *Sonnambula*, as though that were a sufficient answer to her aunt's question; then, stopping short, after a bar or two, 'Only I've got to sing it in horrid English,' she said, with a great sigh. 'Listen, how bad it sounds.'

She was an obstinate little woman, this widow Elliston, certainly. She ran to the piano, untied her bonnet-strings, and began. Perhaps she was determined that her new acquaintance should feel at once the influence of her strongest attraction. At all events she meant to sing: and she sang.

It was one of those lovely English voices, a fresh, full, clear soprano, unsurpassed in any country. It is true that half of it was lost in its passage through the throat, and some portion of the remainder behind the half closed teeth. This is but saying that such cultivation as it had received had not been Italian. There was great natural facility; every roulade was as clear and true as possible; and there was something more than this, which no teaching can give, and without which all music falls dead on the ear. The soul of the little lady burnt passionately up through her song; she seemed to become ennobled as she sang; of a larger and deeper nature; such was the intensity of expression she threw into the music.

Olivia was amazed. Was this the same person she had been disposed to regard as a pretty garrulous little doll? In what depths lay hid all these tender and stormy passions? Miss Marston had heard too much music, from her childhood (in Italy and Spain) upwards, not to perceive that the singer lacked almost everything save what Nature had given her. But what was it all, compared with that?

'You are made to be a great artist,' she said, leaning over the piano, upon her elbows, and looking into Mrs. Elliston's flushed face, as she finished, and threw herself back in her chair. 'You only want to study. You have been given a wonderful voice, and what is rarer still, a power of passionate expression. You must feel every note of that, to sing it as you do. It depends on yourself how much, or how little, you make of these great gifts.'

This was not the sort of recognition of her talents to which Mrs. Elliston was accustomed. A compliment, prospectively less lofty, actually and unconditionally more positive, would have pleased her better, it is to be feared. A daily surfeit of flattery is unwholesome feeding. She tossed her gold hair back with ever so little a pout, and her small bright eyes flashed as she said—

'I was a pupil of the Royal Academy for more than a year, and then I learnt of Prodgetti and of Scrogini before I ——'

'Prodgers and Scroggs,' said her aunt. 'No more Italian than you are.'

'Well, I always used to sing in Italian with them, and that's what they call themselves; and I don't know why you should try and make out that I've not had the best instruction, Aunt Crosbie, when you know I've still got to pay Scrogini ever so much for the next year of my engagement, and—and ——'

She looked very excited, and as if she were about to cry.

'You are so very young,' said Olivia, gently. 'You can't expect to be perfect until you have had more experience. Rome was not built in a day. If you go on studying, we shall have you singing at the Italian Opera I dare say, instead of these small theatres and saloons.'

'They all tell me that song is perfect,' she said naïvely.

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('What a fool you are to believe them!' muttered Mrs. Crosbie.)

'I know what it is! It is because I'm not on the stage. In the theatre I'm quite different. I can't sing here. I never could in a low stuffy room. You must come and hear me at the theatre. I'm in white, you know, with all my hair down my back, and they say I look very well.'

'I have no doubt you do. I must be content, however, to see and hear you here, for there is no chance of my doing so in the theatre.'

Mrs. Elliston's simple vanity did not disgust Olivia as much as a more subtle essence of the same quality might have done. It was still the child—a spoiled child if you will—whose *naïf* self-satisfaction disarmed severity.

'I am very fond of it,' she went on, 'it excites me so. When I get a passionate burst like 'grace, grace' in 'Robert, toi que j'aime,' I feel all the blood through my veins. Only I've such a horrid little tenor to sing with—scarcely any hair on his head, and fat hands, without any muscle! It is impossible to fancy one's self in love with him: and that destroys a great deal, you know.'

'What does it signify what the man's like?' cried Mrs. Crosbie. 'You've got to sing to him, and he has got to sing to you, for a couple of hours, and if he has not got a hair left on his head, and is as fat as a pig, what does that matter to you, pray?'

Mrs. Elliston looked at Olivia, and shrugged her shoulders, as who should say, 'you see what it is to live with a person who has not a grain of sentiment, or refinement. There is no use in answering her'—and so she was silent.

'You speak Italian?' asked Olivia.

'No, but I sing it. Oh! if I could only sing at the Italian Opera. How I should like that!'

'Still,' objected Olivia, 'it is essential to understand the language in which you sing. You can't give proper expression otherwise.'

'Oh, I can make out enough for that, you know. Of course if I had the opportunity I should like to learn. I know I've a good pronunciation.'

'Would you like to read some Italian with me? I think I might be of use to you.'

'Oh, how kind! That I should. Every day, for an hour? And not *here*?' she added, lowering her voice. 'I may come down to you, mayn't I?'

Thus a daily intercourse between Olivia and her new acquaintance was established. It was difficult to believe that these two women should ever become intimate; yet intimacy of a certain kind very quickly ensued. It was, in fact, so eagerly sought by Mrs. Elliston, that it would have been difficult for Olivia, having once opened the door, to keep it resolutely ajar. If it be true that in love 'il y a toujours l'un qui baise et l'un qui tend la joue,' it is at least equally so in friendship. Rarely, if ever, are the hands stretched out simultaneously; and, without very good cause for avoidance, it is only an unsympathetic nature that allows the outstretched hand to drop untouched.

In spite of her vanity, wilfulness, and other little similar defects; in spite of the somewhat disagreeable circumstance which led to Olivia's first acquaintance with her, Mrs. Elliston continued to interest Miss Marston, and to induce her to make great allowances for her many shortcomings. 'I have been knocked about the world like a foot-ball,' she used to say. 'I have never known a mother's care—never had any one to teach me anything, except music, at the Royal Academy. All I know I have taught myself; and at seventeen I was told to marry my husband, whom I didn't care two-

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pence about, and who didn't know what love was;—a cold——'

'Please don't say anything about your late husband. It pains me to hear you talk like that,' interrupted Olivia, quickly.

The widow's introduction to Mr. Marston was very simply effected; and it was a circumstance that tended to facilitate the constant visits of this 'neighbour' (as she was called), that the blind man took an uncommon fancy to her. She brought him books; she talked to him, and condoled with him upon the weather—the degeneracy in lamp oil—the scandalous quality of fuel in the present day. He liked her blithe young voice; and Olivia was sensible of her kindness to the old man. But, indeed, she learnt that there was a great deal of kindness and thoughtfulness, too, in the apparently giddy widow. Olivia happened once to name a poor family in the neighbourhood, whom she used to visit constantly. It was one of the few out-of-door subjects of interest she possessed. The mother was bedridden; the father was a hard-working artisan, and there were six helpless children. Olivia taught the eldest of these children to sew; and any little shreds of work, or scraps from dinner that she could save, were carried to these poor people. Mrs. Elliston begged, the next time, to be allowed to go with her; and after that, scarce a day passed without her bringing down to Olivia something—a slice of seed-cake, a couple of oranges, odds and ends of her wardrobe—for the sick woman or her children. Was all this from a desire to ingratiate herself with Miss Marston? Partly, perhaps; but let us give her the advantage of the doubt. It was pleasant to Mrs. Elliston to do kind or charitable actions—pleasanter, indeed, than to do strictly just ones.

Nearly three weeks passed. Almost every day Olivia found some hour, early or late, when she and Mrs. Elliston were both free, and could read *Le Notte Romane* or *Silvio Pellico* in the furthest corner of the sitting-room downstairs, while Mr. Marston dozed by the fire undisturbed by the low hum of voices. Mrs. Elliston was no tedious pupil. Quick and clever in all she set her mind to master, the progress she made from day to day astonished Olivia, and encouraged her to continue the kind task she had begun. The little lady was sometimes *volage*, often tired, and once or twice tiresome; but she never forgot anything that Olivia told her: her ear was as keenly sensitive to accent as a child's, and her love of approbation stimulated her to imitate what she heard. They were very pleasant lessons to Olivia. The feeling, alone, that she was of use—that into her singularly isolated life, with its narrow round of daily duty, another interest, and possible good, had been brought—would have reconciled her to a less attractive pupil.

It was notable that as Mrs. Elliston grew intimate with Olivia, she shrank more and more from talking of the past. Sometimes she made a disparaging allusion to her late husband, like the one I have quoted, which Olivia always checked. But of the mystery which surrounded that letter, she never spoke again. The confidence which a very little encouragement would have induced her in the first interview to give, there was no longer a disposition to offer. The impulse of the moment had been to tell all to the woman in whose power she believed herself to be. I think she hesitated for a long time to credit that Olivia had *not* read the letter: it was unlike anything in her experience. But as she learnt better that open and upright nature, and honestly clung to it, I do believe, as to one of the few good things with which she had ever come into close contact, so she

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desired more and more to guard a strict silence as to all concerning her past.

Olivia, on the other hand, as she grew to know her better, often pondered over the mystery of the letter, and wondered what the dark passage in this little singer's life could be. Though she discouraged her talking of her husband in the contemptuous terms Mrs. Elliston used, Olivia would not have repelled her new friend's confidence on the subject of the letter, had it now been offered. But it never was.

One day there came a knock at the door.

It was a gentle, deprecatory knock, which had to be repeated before it cut short the thread of Italian in Mrs. Elliston's mouth.

Olivia rose and went to the door. A dark, picturesque, somewhat evil-looking man, in the conical hat of the Abruzzi, stood there, with a fawning smile, and sharp, vigilant black eyes, that glanced quickly round the room, even while he spoke to her.

'Scusa, Signorina—cerco il Signor Ton—Ton—Tonson——', and he went on more volubly to explain that, overhearing his beloved 'lingua' being read as he passed the door, he had made bold to knock, and interrupt the young ladies.

Signor Thompson, the painter, lived on the first floor. The information was concisely given, and the man—a model, of course—with a lingering look at the room and its occupants, turned away.

Olivia explained to her companion what the man had said.

'Why,' exclaimed that astute little person, 'should he knock at this door to ask something he knows quite well? I am sure I saw that man coming out of Mr. Thompson's room one day, a fortnight ago.'

'Indeed!' said Olivia. 'Then it must have been the seduction of your Italian that roused his curiosity to see what we were like in here. I wonder what Mr. Thompson is painting. The man hasn't a good face.'

'I peeped in one day: the door was ajar——'

'My dear Mrs. Elliston!'

'I couldn't resist it. He had his back to me—had just come in. I saw a great canvas with some historical subject on it, and I think this man's head was just sketched in. He is a great bear, that Mr. Thompson.'

'Why?'

'If I happen to drop anything on the stairs, he picks it up, bows in a glum way, and scarcely looks at me when I thank him, but stalks on. I wonder what he thinks himself!'

'What he thinks *you* is more to the purpose,' said Olivia, quickly; 'if you are in the habit of dropping things——'

She stopped abruptly, for the recollection of the letter flashed upon her. She had not meant to allude to it. She had in her mind the transparent coquetry of what she supposed to be the little widow's conduct, in dropping things *purposely*.

Mrs. Elliston did not wince. Neither did she seem to observe Olivia's sudden pause; but she changed the subject adroitly, nevertheless.

Three days later a very beautiful little clock which had belonged to Olivia's mother, and which Mr. Marston had the habit of *feeling*, whenever he stood near the chimney-piece, was stolen. The robbery must have been accomplished in the dusk, during the very few minutes that Mr. Marston was left alone. Olivia had gone to her room; Fritz was called into the kitchen, on some culinary consultation with Mrs. Flaherty. The thief, adroitly watching his opportunity, it would seem, had quietly opened the door, and without waking the blind man in his arm-chair by the fire, had walked

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off with the most valuable thing he could lay hands on.

The loss was discovered within a quarter of an hour of the robbery. Olivia was greatly distressed. She knew how highly her father valued this clock, and how he would miss it. Of the little that had been saved from the wreck of their fortunes, this had been the first thing to be laid aside. He was not so deaf but that he could still hear it strike the quarters, and no other time was ever right for him but what this particular clock told. She never saw him go near the fire without his passing a hand over the case. It was something more than an inanimate object; it was a constant and a speaking companion to the blind man, sacred as having belonged to *her*, and bound up with endless memories of the past, that were hidden away from every mortal eye.

Olivia had a rapid consultation with Fritz, and to them was quickly joined Mrs. Flaherty. Who could it be? How could he or she have got into the house? The police? Yes, but first search the house. Might not the thief be concealed here still?

Rumour, wearing the shape of the maid of all work, flew up three pair of stairs, and bounced into Mrs. Crosbie's room with the intelligence.

Down rushes Mrs. Elliston, gushing over with sympathy, but more acute, in spite of her infantile garrulity, than any of them:

'The shaggy black man, Miss Marston! the model! The man who made you open the door!'

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POLITICS IN OUR PARISH.

By a Country Tory.

[I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that you won't agree with a good deal that is said in the following article; but there are two sides to every question, and I wish you to look for a little at that side of this Reform business from which all parties, Whig, Tory, and Radical alike, are resolutely averting their eyes. I may be, and very probably am, quite wrong; but our liberty is too dear a thing to all of us to be lightly sacrificed, and I grow every day more afraid of that worse than Oriental despotism—the despotism of a lawless, unconscientious, and irresponsible 'public opinion.']

I AM a Tory; have been so, in fact, ever since I was jilted by Kate Temple. Do not tell me that no Tories are left—they swarm round us, though we do not know it, and they may not know it themselves. A Tory is a cynic, and cynicism is rife. The Radical is the man who hopes—the Tory is the man who has ceased to hope. The moment a man is jilted, or makes his fortune, or gets his pet notion put into an Act of Parliament, he becomes a Tory. Nelly's desertion did not break your heart; but because the infernal little coquette chose to go off with your friend in the Blues, she has deprived the Rads of an effective henchman. How can John Bright be turned into a Derbyite? The thing is impossible, you say. Not at all. Pass his Reform Bill; give him manhood suffrage, annual Parliaments, and the Ballot. A man must have attained his object, or utterly failed to attain it, before he is able to say, from the bottom of his heart, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity!'

What Mr. Dallas calls 'the ethical current' of the time is thus distinctively Tory. Were I asked to select from the ancient Pantheon the figure which most characteristically represents our age, I would select the Antinous of the Albano. The intellectual fastidiousness and langour which curves the scornful lips of that masterpiece of classical art, are decidedly typical of the tone of thought, of the vein of sentiment, which tinges our over-educated society. Tories are supposed by the vulgar to have sturdy and somewhat immovable convictions—a vulgar error, which Sir Thomas Browne might have included in his *Pseudodoxica Epidemica*. The man of beliefs, of theories, of convictions, is necessarily a Reformer—the man destitute of these is a Conservative. I am a Tory, not because I entertain a blind attachment, a dog-like fidelity, to usage or tradition; I am a Tory, because experience has taught me that the something in the world amiss, which I recognise even too keenly, it may be, is not to be cured by this crotchet, or by that. If you fancy that the vice in the blood can be expelled by any rearrangement of franchises, voting papers, Privy Council Orders, or the like, Heaven help you, my poor brother; for indeed you have much need of any help it can spare you. But, for my own part, having lived fifty or sixty years on this earth, and having heard generation after generation repeating the same twaddle, or twaddle slightly altered, you cannot expect me to believe much in it or in you. Nothing is to me more unutterably stale or sad (except, perhaps, a speech by Mr. John

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Bright) than the contemplation of a young couple just beginning their married life. One knows by heart exactly how the whole thing will turn, like a piece of clockwork. First there will be the baby—to its gratified authors unsurpassed, unsurpassable: to you, who remember other babies in like circumstances, not precisely distinguishable; then a second, a third, a fourth, and Heaven, in its mercy, only knows how many more;—then measles, scarlatina, whooping-cough;—then, in the struggle for existence, the weakest and best-loved succumbs;—then school and college, the Latin grammar, and the cricket-green;—then Jim goes to the bad, and Ned to the colonies;—then the soldier is shot somewhere in Cochin-China or New Zealand, and the merchant marries a high-bred wife, who won't speak to her mother-in-law. So it proceeds; and yet each fresh couple fancies that their particular bark is steering straight for the Blessed Isles—those undiscovered islands, which lie beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the horizon. Is not the same progress, or want of progress, visible in political and other matters? Each new panacea—Holloway's political ointments, Gregory's ecclesiastical pills—is to cure the heart-ache of the people. Ah, no!—that unintermittent throb of dullest pain is beyond the medicine of the schools. Wait a week, a month, a year, and you will witness the silent discomfiture—the Exodus as well as the Genesis—of this precious alchemy, this wonderfully novel process of reaching the philosopher's stone.

If this be indeed so—and what other lesson does experience continually enforce?—in what political gospel can the wise man believe? In that only which wisely leaves the well and the ill of life alone, assured that our ineffective tinkering will merely widen the *leak*, and make the thin plank between the devil and the deep sea, on which we rest, less to be relied on each successive day.

> Let us alone! Time driveth onward fast,
> And in a little while our lips are dumb.
> Let us alone! What pleasure can we have
> To war with evil? Is there any peace
> In ever climbing up the climbing wave?

Political speculation, indeed, is disastrously monotonous: its damnable iteration, one would fancy, might ere this have wearied the most restless spirit; but some men, let it be admitted, continue to preserve a wonderful dash, and vigour, and freshness of mind. One listens to the details of that encounter between a Radical lecturer and a Greek professor, which took place in the northern metropolis the other day, with a sort of dumb and incredulous amazement. Ghosts of the patriarchs! can such things be? Here are actually two men, in the nineteenth century, sane (or presumably so) who meet together—visor up, lance in rest—to discuss with vehement earnestness, and something of the ancient courtesy, the first principles of government. One knows not how to account for this perennial uncontrollable vivacity. Whence comes it?—what 'seed of day' is imprisoned in these irrepressible chanticleers, who salute not the dawn alone, but crow unwearied on while the shadows lengthen and the day declines! Is it the language of a truer and profounder sagacity, of a higher insight and faith, or the prattle of children, who cannot see that certain discussions have been definitively closed, and that further argument must start from the admitted *results*?

You, my friend, are in the thick of the great world (so called), where orators debate and lawyers prose, and wits jump (as Shakespeare says), and beauty ruffles its feathers, amid the gossip of clubs, the scandal of palaces, and the dirt

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and ugliness of the dirtiest and ugliest city in Christendom; and yet you ask me, with an air of natural surprise, why I have left you?—why I prefer the ingenuous innocence of our rustics (in the depth of winter, too) to the latest triumphs of civilisation? I answer you, shortly, because I prefer to keep my wits; because the sound mind in the sound body is incompatible with heavy dinners at midnight, and short whist till the dawn.

And in truth, notwithstanding your reproaches, I am not convinced that I miss much. I gain something in the way of sunsets and sunrises, and the joyful greeting of the sea at my window (to say nothing of cock-shooting, and the like); I do not even lose that which to your town-bred imagination alone retains surpassing interest—the conflicts of men. Your great word-fights and thought-fights are repeated in a smaller way among our husbandmen and traders, and perhaps with more picturesque effects. Through the smoke and din of the great fight, you are apt to lose sight of what is truly in issue; our little skirmishes are more manageable, and we can see more clearly what the whole thing means. Our world is, it may be, only a miniature reflection of yours: but it is a reflection where the angles become sharper, and the separate features more distinctly articulated. Yours are big demagogues: ours are small; but between a big demagogue and a little one it is, after all, merely a question of less or more—*wind*.

Your protracted Reform debate of last session was, I think, a most magnificent tribute to the constitution, as it exists. No other 600 men in the nation (selected at Temple Bar or elsewhere) could, I venture to think, have argued a great constitutional question, pro and con., with more wit, wisdom, eloquence, moderation, charity, and knowledge—all the qualities, in fact, which we desiderate in a governing body. Yet some of the sentiments sounded strangely familiar to me. Mr. Gregory, alluding to Mr. Bright's canine seriousness and limitation of view, said that the member for Birmingham reminded him of the terrier immortalised by my admirable friend, Dr. John Brown. 'Oh, sir,' its proprietor, a Highland gamekeeper, exclaimed, 'life's full o' sariousness to him—he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'.' If you will take down the volume of *Maga* for 1859, you will find that the comparison had been instituted by us in April of that year.[1] And Mr. Lowe's celebrated contrast of the middle and working classes is just an elaboration of a passage in an article which appeared a year later.[2] 'The middle classes of this country,' the writer observed, 'notwithstanding their occasional meanness, vulgarity, and selfishness, are undoubtedly the safest custodians of our political and religious freedom. These shrewd, cautious, vulgar men, who never go to war for an idea, who have not, indeed, many ideas to go to war about, who are never touched by fine passion, nor roused to imaginative fervour, are much more likely to make tolerant governors than men whose feelings are stronger, more acute, and it may be more generous. Do not suppose, pray, that I harbour any of the old Tory dislike to "popular institutions." I don't care a sixpence, in fact, whether an institution be popular or the reverse. The sole test of its goodness, so far as I

[1] *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1859. Art. 'Professional Sectarianism.'
[2] *Fraser's Magazine*, April 1860. Art. 'On Certain Aspects of Toleration.'

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can see, must be that it secures in practice my right (so long as I do not tramp on my neighbour's toes) to speak, and think, and act as I choose. And it is because I am convinced that our present political arrangements preserve about as much of this liberty to me as I can reasonably expect to obtain under any arrangement, that I view with dislike and suspicion a measure which, without offering any adequate compensation, *may* imperil the moderation of English government, and hurt the substance of English freedom!' You up in London are the people, no doubt, and wisdom will die with you (as the rustic Job observed to his metropolitan friends); but it would appear that some rays of your divinity are occasionally permitted to reach the provinces.

If you have Mr. Robert Lowe and Mr. John Bright, we have Farmer Wiseacre and Andrew Jack the general dealer (commonly known as 'Cheap Jack,' from the professions of his advertisements in the local papers); if you have Dr. Pusey and Dr. Newman, have we not little Tom Noddy and the Chapel of St. Dunstable? 'Tis the day for a winter walk—clear, bright, sharp, with a crisp coating of frost; let us, gun in hand, for a chance shot at wild duck or cock as we cross the country, look in upon our local celebrities.

Cheap Jack lives at the other end of the parish, on the edge of the moorland. He is a general dealer, as I have said,—you may get a pound of sugar, or a cut of bacon, or a packet of tracts, or a pair of boots, or a box of percussion caps, or an ounce of Cavendish, from him, at a pinch, and you will get value for your money. One is pretty sure to find a farmer or two within or in front of his shop. Jack is not very popular, but he is a handy neighbour, and his shop is the sole place of public resort in that part of the parish. Jack, indeed, has not produced a favourable impression on the agricultural mind: he holds his nose in the air—the better to enable him to speak through it, perhaps; he is voluble, arrogant, and densely conceited; he is a red-hot republican. He tells the laird that the game laws are a relic of the feudal state; he lays down the law to the attorney; he puts the parson right about the atonement, and the farmer about his deep drains. The man is not without parts, indeed: he is well read, well informed—in a way (he was meant for the Kirk in his youth, before he emigrated temporarily to the States, and threw his theology overboard); but even when on the right side, as will sometimes happen, he is still profoundly in the wrong: that is to say, he accidentally reaches a true conclusion by a road—narrowly logical, superficially symmetrical—which, if followed out a little further, would lead him to the most monstrous results. The worst of this class of men is that they have no humour. In French revolutions and the like they develop into bilious, sea-green Robespierres—the cruel slaves of pitiless formulas. Meantime, however, while this rotten old monarchy holds on, Cheap Jack continues to extol his sugar and his whiskey.

Andrew was smoking his after-dinner pipe (he dines at one) in front of his shop, under the leafless elms, when I came up—his spectacles on his nose and yesterday's paper on his knee.

'So we are to have justice at last,' he remarked, 'your friends are going to give us a Reform Bill.'

'Whether,' I replied, 'giving you a Reform Bill is doing you justice, may or may not admit of question. Whether it might not be better for your soul's welfare, that the justice to be dispensed should be of another and far stricter kind,—of

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that, I say nothing. And yet, as I have heard, severity is sometimes the true kindness, and the cat-o'-nine tails the best reformer.'

'But you go along with your party?' he resumed, with imperturbable good humour, for his hide is as thick as a rhinoceros's.

'That depends upon the way they are going; and you have the advantage of me at present, Lord Derby not having informed me of what he intends to do.'

'Depend upon it,' he replied, in the easy, confident style of the *Morning Star*, 'they will try to hocus us,—some dodge of Dizzy's.'

'Your information regarding the intentions of the Cabinet must be singularly precise to enable you to speak so authoritatively.'

'Oh, we know well enough what he is up to,—the dirty Jew,' replied Mr. Jack, who had probably not been in fresh water for a week.

'If it be true, as you say, that Mr. Disraeli is a Jew, you ought to know that he belongs to a race remarkable for its scrupulous attention to personal cleanliness,' I retorted, with a side-glance at a pair of paws, which were thickly coated with tallow and tobacco juice.

'But your own men can't abide him,' replied Mr. Jack, who owes his close acquaintance with the motives of political and fashionable leaders to the 'London Letter' of the *Penny Fidler*—our local paper—to whose correspondent they are supernaturally revealed. 'They hate him.'

'If I am not misinformed, our men do nothing of the kind. There are some of the thick-headed elderly sort who grumble a little, and some of the kid-gloved younger men who ought to know better, but who follow the example set them,—a mere fashion, or affectation, among a *set*, however. The real flesh and blood of the party, its pith, vigour, and intellectual seriousness, are entirely loyal to him. They know perfectly well that he is a great power in the House and the country, and that he deserves to be so. The Tory, as a rule, is somewhat dumb and inarticulate,—as becomes a man who rests not on theory, but on fact. Speech is silvern, silence is golden. Be silent, and you will hear what the whole universe teaches, — the noisy demagogue hears the sound of his own voice only. So in an age of palaver, which tries everything by its own narrow, intellectual standards,—narrow, because they leave no room for the Infinite and the Unspeakable in man—it was necessary to put the most unintellectual of creeds upon an intellectual basis, and this is what Mr. Disraeli has done,—with immense cleverness, persistency, and boldness. A candid friend of his, like Canning,—

> But of all plagues, good Heav'n, thy wrath can send,
> Save me, oh! save me from the candid friend!—

(and they hated Canning in those days much more than they hate Disraeli in ours), once said that he showed an unrivalled faculty for leading his party into a ditch. The remark was fearfully unjust. On the contrary, in face of overwhelming obstacles he has made his party a possible governing power in the land. The ablest of the liberal writers early perceived that this would be so, and in every way, by fair means or foul, they tried to cut him adrift from his own side. The Tories may thank their stars that these intrigues were foiled, — for without him they would have been helpless as a pack of sheep.'

'So that you believe in the "Asian Mystery,"' said Mr. Jack, who like many of his class and persuasion is wonderfully conversant with the slang of the political world.

'No, I don't—but, I don't think

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the worse of Mr. Disraeli if he does. For what is the grand touchstone of European policy at the present time? Is it not the question of *race*? And what you stupidly call Dizzy's "Asian Mystery" is only a plea for the equality or supremacy of a certain race—is only a philosophical and imaginative discussion of a question which, though intensely practical, is still by our old-fashioned diplomatists, who cannot see a yard beyond their noses, regarded as more or less transcendental. Even at the worst, you cannot mean to say that on the ideal or imaginative side, Mr. Disraeli's intellect is so utterly untrustworthy as his great rival's. Mr. Disraeli's romance is the mere bye-play of his mind, and does not touch his working faculties,—his shrewdness, his common sense, his knowledge of men. Mr. Gladstone's visionary asceticism reaches deep down into his life, and colours more or less every mood of his mind. Never, certainly, I venture to predict, will Mr. Disraeli reach that point of wrongheadness which confounds the Virgin Mother with Aphrodite. People have laughed at Mr. Disraeli's reminiscences of Venetian polity,—but what says our latest critic?'

As Mr. Jack, however, had not read *The Gay Science*, he replied not at all. The opening sentences of the passage to which I referred will bear to be quoted: 'If we would know whether there is any connection of cause and effect between the predominance of the trading spirit, and the withering of individual character, then look at the history of Venice. Of all foreign histories which it behoves Englishmen to study, that is by far the most important. But it is studied very little: and Mr. Disraeli, himself of Venetian extraction, is the only one of our statesmen who seems to have mastered it. In the Venice of the Middle Ages we see before us a picture of modern England which we can hold at arm's length and study,'—and, so on, from page 253 to 264 (vol. ii.), in a very remarkable argument, which the reader however must seek in the book itself, and may study at his leisure.

Mr. Jack, foiled on this flank, now attempted a general movement forward. Ransacking the columns of the Liberal press, he accused Mr. Disraeli of artifice, dishonesty, levity of principle, and I know not what besides.

'What do you mean by principle?' I replied. 'The Whigs, for instance, have what they call principles, the sort of spiritual habit into which they were born; which they wear as they wear their clothes; and the reception of which does not imply any serious intellectual assent. That is one class of principles,—Mr. Disraeli's unselfish loyalty to his race, for instance, is a principle belonging to a very different class. For the principle of Jewish enfranchisement he encountered endless invective and ridicule; for it, he was content deliberately to sacrifice the highest object of his ambition. Surely that was a principle tenaciously adhered to, and strenuously vindicated,—bearing a much more direct and intimate relation to his life than "principles" commonly do. No doubt, Mr. Disraeli is not so alarmingly serious as Mr. Gladstone is. Mr. Gladstone would have been a greater man if he could have laughed at a joke—especially at a joke against himself. Holding that politics are very much matter of arrangement, Mr. Disraeli, on the other hand, cannot elevate a tax into an article of faith, or the taxgatherer into a minister of religion. Then as to dishonesty, don't you see that this is the cuckoo-cry of men too dense and stupid to meet him in fair fight? The fine edge of his intellect scares them, and they run away exclaiming that the blow

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which they could not turn was foul. But show me anything mean or base that he has ever done? Even immaculate Whigs are sometimes detected with their fingers in other men's pockets; we can recollect, even in our own time, how certain Indian despatches were surreptitiously suppressed; for my own part, and I fancy Lord Palmerston would have said the same, I cannot imagine Mr. Disraeli a party to any such transaction. He hits hard; there are times when he asks no quarter, and gives none; but still, upon the whole, he is a magnanimous foe, who fights above-board, who looks his enemy in the face, who is not treacherous. 'He never feared the face of man,' and there are no traces in any part of his career of the *tricks* to which the coward resorts. It may be that his speech or manner are artificial and overstudied; but then consider, on the other hand, what a vice *slovenliness* is. And when Disraeli appeared this vice had infected the House of Commons. The leaders of both parties were slovenly speakers, and slovenliness is a vice of thought, as well as of speech—indicating the man who will not or cannot *arrange* his thoughts. Disraeli's reaction may have gone too far. His every word was fastidiously chosen,—his every sentence was an epigram. It is difficult to conduct the business of a commercial nation in epigrams, nay, even in that form of speech which never falls below a certain high eloquent level,—except, perhaps, at some supreme crisis, like that which touched the great Athenian orator. But a national assembly ought not to be allowed to become a mere chamber of commerce, a mere conclave of traders, boisterous in speech and negligent in grammar. What discipline is to our army, the restraints of orderly speech are to a speaking body. Oratory is the discipline of the senate. Familiarities, colloquialisms, the want of self-respecting reticence, undisciplined discourtesy, deprive debate not only of its dignity but of its usefulness,—they inevitably lead to anarchy. To this twenty years ago, under the leadership of the great middle-class statesman, the House of Commons was fast coming. It was necessary that its members should be reminded that acquaintance with the jargon of trade, and of the Stock Exchange, was not everything,—that the fine weapons employed by the old orators had not lost their cunning, that wit, and ridicule, and the fire of genius, and the flow of eloquent words, were still potent auxiliaries in human affairs. It cannot be doubted, I fancy, that during the last twenty years the style of speaking in the House of Commons has much improved; and I am confident that much of this improvement is to be attributed to the example set by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. That half a dozen fierce, but exquisitely balanced sentences should have upset Sir Robert's ministry (or his temper, at least) was a great tribute to oratory. And unquestionably those speeches, whatever may be said against them in other respects, disclose the most finished and subtle felicity of speech. Hundreds of Mr. Disraeli's epigrams or epigrammatic epithets have *stuck*, have been assimilated, so to speak, by our daily speech: has his rival, in all those torrents of talk, ever uttered a sentence which any mortal would care to remember?'

Then, after some further skirmishing, we returned to the Reform Bill.

'It is new blood we want in the House of Commons—the fresh vigour and energy we see across the water,' said my republican friend.

'I grant you,' I answered, 'that that is your strongest argument. There *is* a want of vital life in our governing bodies. Our Admiralty, our army, all our public offices,

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are defective in many ways; yet the air of the House is fatal to every measure of administrative reform. There is no getting on—somebody's carriage always stops the way. I grant you all this: what I ask you is, Will a 5*l.* franchise or a household franchise give you what you want?'

'Why should it not?'

'Why should it? The onus lies on you; but I accept your challenge. What both you and I desire is some franchise which will introduce the real administrative genius—the true governmental capacity—of the nation into parliament. Only thus can the stagnation we both lament be overcome. Now—the object of your new franchise being to bring the working classes into the enjoyment of political power—I want to know whether you have any reason to believe that we shall find among our operatives that political originality, freshness, and capacity of which we are in search? For if not, surely some other franchise than you propose must be discovered. But I say that all I have seen lately forbids me to hope that the admission of a larger element of this class into Parliament will make it work better, more wisely, or more efficiently. Just look, in this connection, at your Reform demonstrations.'

Then I went on to describe a great procession in a great metropolis of which I had been a witness.

This is what I saw:

Thousands of men—many of them little more than boys, indeed—marshalled with military precision. They marched through a great city, in every street of which some momentous historical event has been transacted; but they passed by each—time-stained church, blood-stained palace, burying-place of martyr and patriot—without recognition (so it seemed to me) of the relation in which it stood to themselves, or to the splendid, difficult, and complicated civilisation which it had contributed to form. There was no communion between the people and their history thus visibly incarnated—it had nothing to say to them or to which they cared to listen. Its earliest memorials draw back to the period of savage society; between that age and this there lies a thousand years; it took our fathers a thousand years of patient toil to build up this great edifice of law, religion, freedom; may not—no observer could fail to ask—a rash hand, an intellect devoid of prudence, an imagination devoid of reverence, shatter it in a day? But to all this these men gave no heed—one of their leaders had told them that the constitutional edifice, constructed by such labour and at such cost, was unsymmetrical, and they had met to-day, in ignorant confidence, to take it to pieces. Innumerable flags and baubles glittered overhead, and added to the prettiness, if they took away from the dignity of the procession. A procession of children—pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—could not have regarded their toys with intenser gravity. A grave crowd indeed!—in which there was no element of humour, no gaiety, no *abandon*, no sparkle of fun, no intellectual elasticity—the grown-up children who make fanatics on this side of the water, and inquisitors on that—from whom, good Lord deliver us! Would our liberty be better assured, I ask again, if these men were our governors? Do these despotic guilds understand what freedom of speech and freedom of opinion really mean? An able operative, an ingenious hard-working man, came to a clerical friend of mine before the procession started, and told him—these are his own words—'I am not for Reform. I think that all of us who are sober and honest may get the franchise if we choose, and if we do not care to

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work for it then let us want it. But I am going in the procession. Our union insists that we should go, and if I don't go I shall be a marked man for the future.' Looking at these austere, absorbed, unimaginative faces, I was persuaded that he had spoken truly. And is *this* emancipation and enfranchisement?—for such 'freedom' as this, are we prepared to sacrifice the wise tolerance—call it indifference, if you like—which our governing classes habitually exercise? This fanatical and unelastic temper of mind, the inability to see that there may be two sides to a question, and the ignorant impatience of contradiction which is constantly found in the unlearned, in those whom no wide culture has softened into the charity of knowledge, is found, moreover, in still more unattractive forms among those who aspire to guide our operatives—the Radical leaders and the Radical press. An England governed by John Bright or the *Morning Star* would be as intolerable as Spain under Torquemada. Again,—this being the new blood which we are to introduce into the popular chamber,—do we find in the mottoes and devices which they bear with them, in the manifestoes, poetical or other, which they distribute as they pass, any evidence of that freshness, force, genius, originality which we wish to import into our legislation? Is it obvious that by our present arrangements we keep *the brains* of the people out of the Commons? It is by no means obvious. It is, on the contrary, painfully manifest that in a popular manifestation on which infinite zeal and labour have been expended by the *élite* of the operative class in a city which prides itself on its intellectual preeminence there is a lack, not merely of invention and originality, but of true vigour of mind and any high ability. These are samples of the prose:

Sweep out the cave of Adullam.

Manhood suffrage the safeguard of freedom.

Let tyrants tremble while Justice holds the scale.

The scorn of every honest man to the dwellers in Adullam.

The Hinder-pests of Reform are Lowe and Elcho.

Let virtue predominate, and merit have its full reward.

These are samples of the poetry:

Reform! there's magic in the name that
thrills the heart with fire.
All hail! thou priceless gem, bequeathed
from many a hoary sire.
Again o'er Britain's bounds
The glorious word resounds,
And far and near, o'er hill and dale, Hope's
brazen trumpet sounds;
While angel voices swell the cry, amid the
rising storm—
'Unfurl, once more, ye British hearts, the
Banner of Reform!'

The arm of the brave shall be raised in the
fray—
The fray, not of blood, but to strike off
the gyves
Which labour endures, while his 'bees' toil
away,
That Britain's best honey may flow from
their hives.

The horse that Lowe did send to grass,
Like him, became a senseless ass.

Give justice to all:
Household suffrage and vote by ballot,
whate'er befall.

The State is our ship,
Her captain, Reform:
The Queen is our pilot,
A faction the storm.

May Lowe, the chief of Adullam's cave,
Be laid with scorn in a slanderer's grave.

Looking to all these things—I concluded—to this elaborate trifling, to this austere absorption, to this rigid, fanatical, and intolerant habit of mind, to this lack of original capacity, must not any Reform Bill which proposes to entrust the government of this country (whether partially or wholly) to the operative class, be regarded at least with suspicion and hesitation by the lovers (growing fewer day by day, one

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fancies sometimes) of sober order and intellectual freedom?

Enough, however, of secular Reform and Mr. Jack: let us turn to the church, for a change.

You recollect little Tom Noddy at Camford: his big brother, Fred, was better known, but less liked. Fred was a sort of cross between a Cumberland drover and a Camford dandy, and these cross-breeds are seldom quite successful. Whereas Tom was a real good, honest, valiant creature in his way, Fred was the most intensely selfish man I ever came across in this world. Surely the self-seeker is the most hateful of mortals—the sycophant alone excepted; and Fred contrived to combine the two characters in an unrivalled way. He would grovel before you to-day if he wanted anything; and cut you to-morrow when he had got it. He never entertained angels unawares. He needed to know all about their pedigree, connections, fortune, and place in the red book, before he asked them to sup. But he had in him that of which Tom had no trace—brains. Brains, however, are not indispensable at Camford, and Tom, being a patient and plodding little chap, got through without positive discredit. But his friends were not deceived. Tom, they concluded, was not the man to set the Thames on fire. They did not see his way to the woolsack. Bookkeeping by double entry (to which our commercial pre-eminence is now ascribed, I see) was a mystery which he could not fathom, and his guardians were not unreasonably afraid, that in any worldly business he might muddle away the little patrimony a longer head had left him. So, to keep him out of harm's way, they put him into the church.

To my mind the church is, or ought to be, the most noble of all institutions. The idea of a truly spiritual priesthood, planted in every nation of the earth, proclaiming that there is a divine invisible bond which connects them all, offering up the sacrifice of willing obedience on one altar and in one name, is a fine and great idea. And the message which it undertakes to convey ought surely to be supremely acceptable—that we have a Father in heaven—that behind the fever of time there is an abiding rest—that in spite of the tragic frailty and perishableness of human ties, there is a Love which does not wax old.

This is the conception; what have the churches made of it?

They have clothed it in the guise of two different theories—one of which is repugnant to common morality, the other to common sense. The one faction represents the Almighty Father as a pedantic despot—arbitrary, unreasonable, and ruthless; the other prefers to believe that Infinite Mercy is to be bought only by means of certain charms and exorcisms, which a select and privileged caste are authorised to sell.

Tom Noddy, as was to be expected, adopted the latter of these theories. But no sphere of usefulness, as it is called, being found for him in the land of his nativity, the Archbishop of Canterbury ('the comity of law' not extending it would seem, to the churches) sent him to reclaim the barbarous people north of the Tweed, as he might have sent a missionary to convert the Yahoos. Hence it is, that in this outlandish district we have obtained the unspeakable benefit of his society.

Before starting on his mission, however, Tom was ordained. A very gentlemanly old gentleman in a round hat and a black silk apron laid his hands upon him. The secular eye could not perceive that any radical change in Tom's intellect or moral character had been thereby worked. But there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. To the eye of faith Tom had been translated into a successor of the apostles who

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ministered to our Lord. He had power to bind and to loose. He was the only medium through which Infinite Pity could reach the world which Infinite Wisdom had designed, —at least *in partibus infidelium*, that is, in our part of it north of the Tweed. So he came among us, prepared, I am bound to say, to do honestly and to the best of his ability what he had been instructed to do. The instruments by which he meant to reclaim us, and which he brought with him, were as follows :—

1. The above-named theory that he, as the successor of the apostles, was the sole channel through which the grace of God could be conveyed to us.

2. A set of curious ecclesiastical toys, which he distributed about the little chapel of St. Dunstable, where he officiates—gilt crosses, candlesticks, and the like.

3. A pot of incense and a censer (suggesting, somehow, to the carnal mind, the fumigation and disinfection of the Deity).

4. Certain postures and gestures.

5. A portable press, in which he is enclosed when confessing a penitent, and which is set up in the vestry.

6. A morning coat, cut after the fashion that prevails at Rome.

7. Two embroidered petticoats.

Tom (or Father Dunstable, as he prefers to be called) was returning from his daily afternoon service when I met him to-day. He wore an air of depression, the cause of which he ingenuously explained to me.

Betty M'Guffie, an old woman in the neighbourhood, had been hitherto the only subject upon whom he had been permitted to exercise his spiritual gift of healing, in the way of confession and absolution. Now Betty was known as one of the worst characters in the country-side, and Tom's housekeeper had not failed to observe that as often as Betty came of a morning to confess, so often some of the parsonage poultry were amissing. Putting the two things together, she had come to the conclusion that Betty was the thief, and sure enough that very morning, immediately after confession, Betty was discovered making off from the poultry-yard with a pair of clamorous Dorkings under her shawl.

'It is hard upon me,' said Tom simply, 'I had fancied she was a true penitent.'

'My dear Tom,' I said, we had been at Camford together, 'or Father Dunstable, if you like it better, I hope this may open your eyes to what you are about. You have been sent here to convert one of the shrewdest, longest-headed people in the universe; a God-fearing people, too, in the main, whatever you may think. They don't believe in your spiritual pick-me-ups, and never will. The Betty M'Guffies will be your only converts—people who use you to serve themselves. The sooner you come to see this the better for yourself.'

Tom hoped that grace might soften our hearts.

'No fear of it,' I replied. 'That is not a complaint from which we suffer. We have neither soft hearts nor soft heads. Believe me, Tom, it is you, and such as you, who are driving us to doubt whether we can afford to *tolerate* much longer. If, indeed, we saw any chance of your success, we would crush you without compunction or delay. You are the slaves of an ugly political system (wearing the mask of religion), which we did our best to kill at the Reformation. We will have no priests here to poison our family life, to came between us and God, no inspired conjurors to save our souls by sleight of hand. You had best go back to those who sent you, or better still come and dine with me to-day, like a sensible Christian, at seven.'

But this was the fast of St. Dun-

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stable, and Tom was engaged to the saint. So having delivered my soul I left the Father (somewhat sore of heart) and started on my homeward road across the muir.

This is my favourite walk.

There has been a heavy fall of snow, and the whole country is white and spectral. Across it at intervals the farmhouses rise up black and well defined, like islands in a sleeping and spell-bound sea. But across the muirland for miles no human dwelling is visible, nor as I plod on do I meet a single human being, or traces of one; for the muirland tracks are no longer distinguishable from the muir. Wild flocks of plover whistle shrilly as they skim past. A gorcock crows at times, in a sharp, injured tone, to warn his mate, for he and his friends have already begun to pair. Among the pools and springs in the black moss which never freeze, wild duck and snipe have gathered thickly. This is one of their winter haunts, for now the moss is well nigh impassable, except to the poacher who knows each track by heart, and even the wariest sportsman can hardly hope to surprise these vigilant watchers.

Just as we quit the muir, on a little furzy knoll above the morass, stands a solitary cottage, where a lonely old woman has resided ever since I can remember. We used to think her a witch in my young days, and even when I came to know her better I never could quite overcome the *eerie* feeling with which she inspired me. Elspet Gibson had met with a great sorrow before she was out of her teens, and it had cast its gloom over the whole of her subsequent life. She was a strong, stern woman, sharp and cutting as the east wind; remarkable, her neighbours said, for an uncommon understanding, but hard of heart. So it seemed to her neighbours, for the springs of secret pity and forlorn tenderness in her soul had never been opened to them; but I knew better. *That*, however, is a long story, which cannot be now dwelt upon; and there was much to justify the general opinion. Her manner was repellent; her contempt was pitiless. Neither Father Dunstable nor Cheap Jack would have fared well in her hands, I suspect.

For many years she had been bedridden, and she lay beside the little window that looked across the muir. As she lay there in her loneliness, watching the twilight gloom settle down upon the waste, or the first faint watery light of the winter day spread across the black moss and touch the desolate tarns, many strange thoughts must have passed over that strong, solitary, self-reliant soul. It was a place to test the real worth of beliefs—to learn which of them would hold water, so to speak—and I fancy that she had tried most of those current with but indifferent success.

'It is to be a hard winter,' she said, when I parted with her last; 'for the wild geese have been steadily flying south across the moss. A hard winter, and there's little life left in some of us,' she repeated, looking at her own thin wasted hands. And now, as I pass the cottage, her little granddaughter Alice, returning from the heather spring, leaves her pails to bring me the news. 'Granny died this morning, sir; wad you please come ben and see her?'

So I went in.

She lies beside the accustomed window; the body is already decently composed for the grave; the light of the winter afternoon falls coldly upon the worn face, into which a touch of the early sweetness has returned. How tranquil! how distant from us! how grandly and terribly indifferent! The stern sorrow has relaxed; the gloom of doubt is resolved. To her the noisy controversies of radical and ritualist

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have grown suddenly silent. She has learned without an effort the secret which eludes the quest of science, which the plummet of all the doctors cannot sound. From her desolate moorland home, from her fifty years of lonely widowhood, of solitary watching, of hard wrestling with adverse fate, she has passed—

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace.

. . . . . .

And even while I write, thou too, dear old friend, laying down the poet's pen, the pen of keenest sense and kindliest humour, hast gone away into the Unknown Darkness that girdles this visionary life. We are such stuff as dreams are made of. Visionary grow the old familiar scenes and faces, as brother after brother steals silently from us; spectral and remote the talk, the controversies, the criticisms, the habitual friendly greetings, that were once so simple and commonplace. These too, these vague wistful memories and regrets, the fleeting years will too quickly bear away; but something surely must remain—something that will remind us ever and again that we have known one whose life was just in the judgment of men and pure in the sight of God; a noble, tender, truthful, modest, and manly soul.

SHIRLEY.

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PREVENTION OF FAMINE IN INDIA.

THERE are some propositions connected with that terrible scourge of India, famine, which we think can hardly be denied, and which certainly give rise to serious reflections. 1. That famine is a fearful calamity, worse than a pestilence in itself, and usually followed by a pestilence; and that it causes a greater loss of human life, and more thorough dispersion, destruction, and disruption of all that makes life valuable and comfortable, than any other visitation to which nature or nations are liable. 2. That in India the recurrence of famine is periodical, not absolutely computable in respect of time, as an eclipse or the shooting stars, but not less certain, at an average rate of thirteen years. 3. That it depends upon causes which are in their own nature remediable. Not that drought can be prevented—and drought no doubt is the primary cause of famine—but that, by timely precautions, food might be provided in sufficient quantities to tide the people over the period of scarcity. Nay, that food is actually stored in abundance all over the country during the prevalence of dearth, but is not accessible to the people. 4. That from the habits of the people and the character of the climate, the food required for the healthy sustenance of the classes exposed, by their poverty, to the disaster, is the most simple, the cheapest, and most easily stored and preserved for an indefinite period, without loss or deterioration, of any food in use in any other nation on the face of the globe. 5. Lastly, that although the Government knows and admits, as the result of actual experience and observation, that famine will recur again and again; that it comes, when it does come, so suddenly and extensively, that no precautionary measures to save the lives of the people are then practicable, that no cost or exertion is able even to check the disaster, but that nothing is left but to look on and lament the catastrophe; and yet that it is a melancholy truth that the Government never has made any effort by legislation or executive preparation to anticipate the approach of famine, and on the contrary has always treated all suggestions of the kind with silent contempt, or poohpoohed them as visionary.

Absorbed in the petty details of every-day life, all really necessary to keep the machine in working order, even as oil is necessary to the cogs and wheels of other machinery; sometimes engrossed by personal squabbles, altogether unworthy of statesmen and legislators who are governing the community of nations which constitute our Indian empire; the misfortune of Indian administration is that the working members, in the words of Mr. Silas Wegg, are 'only the minions of the day and worms of the hour.' Their interest in their duties is only temporary, and they never seem to understand, or to be willing to undertake, the real responsibilities of permanent rulers. It is a despotic government, but not monarchical or hereditary, and a governor enters upon a position of unlimited authority, which he knows will altogether cease in five years. 'After me the deluge,' is the idea upon each mind at the head of affairs, as he enters and retires from office; and so long as the deluge does not come in his time, he gives little thought for the future. All this leads to one practical effect of immense evil in such a country, where government is more needed than in any other nation; the 'laissez faire' principle—the principle of let alone. There is no-

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where to be found any large conception of the grand task to be done in India, which is to raise that multitudinous people from a state of moral and physical depression, chiefly produced by maladministration; to protect them from great national calamities; and to place them permanently and securely in that state of social and political elevation which properly belongs to their keen and subtle intellect, their numerical strength, the extent of the country, and the unequalled resources of the soil.

It is quite certain that so long as extensive provinces of India are liable to be wasted by famine, for instance, which kills one half of the population, and disperses and ruins the other, so long prosperity and civilisation will not only not advance, but will be thrown back; and all material improvements, about which so much is said, will be at a standstill—and the question before the imperial Government is (for there is no hope in the local Government), is it a fatal necessity that a certain number of the people, varying from 100,000 to 1,000,000, at certain periods, say every thirteen years, the actual average, should be offered up, or given up, as victims to Bowanee, the goddess of destruction? Is the question of the prevention of this dire calamity so very unimportant or so absolutely visionary, as not to require or deserve any reply, or even deliberation? Does it accord with the general economy of nature, subject, as it plainly is in relation to man, to human effort and foresight, that this disastrous loss of life should take place periodically? Not because nature has not provided, and provided bountifully the means of prevention, but because the laws and rules of society, the artificial restrictions of trade, and the want of timely precautions, render such means inaccessible to the mass of the people, who die of starvation with abundance all around them. What the law does, the law can undo. What the habit of man throws in the way, can be removed by the foresight and prudence of man. It is not nature, or any natural causes which destroy the people; but the artificial obstructions which prevent them receiving what nature has in fact bestowed for their proper use. The grain which the people require to support life is stored as a matter of money speculation, and its existence in sufficient quantities all over the country in the worst periods of famine is a simple fact, known to every one. How then are such stores to be made available as a timely and general resource? This, and this only, is the problem, on which life and all that makes life desirable, depends; and this is the problem which it is the duty of the Government to solve, unless it is prepared to admit that it is unequal to the rudimentary task of a government, the preservation of life.

Let us, in the first place, look back and see what mischief famines and scarcities have worked within the limits of British India during the present century, omitting about twenty years, the records of which are not immediately accessible to the writer. Such famines did not extend over all India, but laid waste extensive provinces, and causing, in each instance, loss of life varying from 100,000 souls to more than 1,000,000 by starvation, be it observed—not reckoning the immense loss of life which follows every famine, from diseases engendered by bad and insufficient food; and which are not even counted up or considered in famine statistics. In 1802–3 there was the 'Burra Kāl,' in other words, the great famine. In that early year statistics were not practised. In the native idea, it is wrong to count up the living or the dead—

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and very useless, in particular, the dead; and, therefore, we do not know, and never shall know, the actual loss of life from this great famine,—the misery of which has stamped itself upon the traditions of the people. But having in 1853, fifty years after date, to take charge of some districts of great natural fertility, of peculiar advantage of position, and blessed with everything that need contribute to populous prosperity; and having occasion to observe that a large number of villages were known only by name, and that the sites were scarcely to be traced on the surface, and that large tracts of jungle covered by forest trees, still bore the designation of fields, with indistinct landmarks of past cultivation, we learnt that this condition of the country was owing to the 'great famine' especially, supplemented by lesser intermediate famines; but, in every case, the deserted state of the country being attributable to this one cause of famine. Passing over a period less known to us, we come down to our own personal observation. We were an eye-witness of a fearful famine in 1832–33. We happened to be travelling through a line of country, extending from Madras to the Neelghurree Hills, and such sights as we then encountered are too painful to describe. The people had died by hundreds of thousands, in the fields, on the high roads, in the cities, in the ditches, and there were none to bury them. A remnant of the population lined the high to Madras on their way to that presidency, which the greater number were not destined to reach. On the approach of a European traveller these poor wretches would grovel in the dust, uttering cries, not articulate sounds like human beings, but wailing screams, most pitiful to hear; their bodies which were unnaturally black, were swoln like persons with dropsy, while their limbs and ribs were emaciated to that degree that every bone and the articulation of each joint was as plain as in a skeleton. Such abject misery, such complete human prostration and degradation we never believed possible. The monkeys up the trees had far the advantage in physical appearance over the poor creatures who grovelled at the foot.

The loss of life in the Madras presidency, including Gimtoor, could not have been less than 500,000 or 600,000 souls. Well, there was again a most destructive famine in Central and Northern India in 1837–38. The loss of life in the Agra presidency is estimated by Colonel Baird Smith at 800,000 souls, and the harrowing stories of the misery of this period over the whole area of the famine, is told in contemporary papers, and need not be repeated. There was again a severe scarcity in 1845, causing some loss of human life, and an immense loss in cattle and other material, all affecting deeply the condition of the people by throwing them hopelessly into debt; but rain fell, and absolute famine was averted. And then in 1860–61 famine followed upon the two years of mutiny and rebellion, and the loss of life was estimated at not less than 80,000 souls. Now, again, the subject has been brought before the world, painfully and prominently, and we may say, as compared with the general average, prematurely, by the famine in Orissa, extending southward to Ganjam, the progress of which is not yet checked, and the loss of life from which has yet to be computed.

Here, then, we have, in the course of sixty years, a fearful calamity befalling our provinces—sectional portions of the Indian empire, but which in any other quarter of the globe, in extent and population, would rank as kingdoms—time after time, bringing in its train scenes of death, desolation, and moral and physical degradation scarcely credible; and often in mere shame and

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confusion of face denied or ignored by the authorities upon whom the responsibility seems to fall, but, nevertheless, lamentably true. And the one remarkable peculiarity on each occasion is, that not the slightest attempt at prevention has ever been made; nor, as far as the public records show, has the subject ever seriously engaged the attention or deliberation of Government, except as a collateral and make-weight argument in support of some pet theory, which happens at the moment to be in ascendency in the crotchety counsels of the people in power. Thus Colonel Baird Smith avails himself of the famine, upon which he was ordered to report, to prove that an old and favourite theory of his own and others in respect of land tenure and revenue settlement, is the panacea of these terrible visitations; and Sir Arthur Cotton and his school in like manner, and with some better show of reason, would persuade the world that the cure for famine is canal navigation and irrigation; and this would be true if the engineer could supply his channels with water during a drought. And thus through all the well intended, but not overwise ideas which our zealous and sanguine Commissioners of all grades are apt to indulge in, the question of famine is frequently aired as in some sense a reason why their particular hobbies should become a special subject of legislation. But famine, as a separate and vitally important matter, has never yet been included among the subjects of state polity. And yet nothing is more certain than that almost every other question of administration sinks into insignificance by comparison with this one constant danger and frequent disaster. Famine overrides and destroys every vestige of material improvement or moral elevation. It sweeps before it all that may have been done during fifty years of seeming progress; all marks of civilisation are obliterated; man becomes as the beast that perishes; the population is reduced to one half its ordinary limit; and everything that conduces to comfort and decent subsistence is transferred or lost. The remnant spared from death are reduced to abject pauperism.

Now, we are told by some that good roads will, in some degree, mitigate the effects of famine, but this we find is not the case. In Ireland, where the famine area was small, surrounded by the sea, with good inland communications and abundance of resources in the shape of money and land and water carriage, the people nevertheless died for want of food; and in India, during a season of drought, such as always causes and accompanies famine, the want of roads is no impediment to the transport of food, because the whole surface of the country is capable of being traversed by carts and bullocks in any number. Then, again, we are told that if a system of irrigation were carried out on Sir Arthur Cotton's scheme, famine would be prevented.

But besides that one set of engineers constantly deny all the calculations made by another set, and keep the question of irrigation, like the tomb of Mohammed, in perpetual suspense; let any unprejudiced party, not wedded to the water theory, examine the statistics of any famine that has ever happened in any part of India, and he will discover that wet, or irrigated cultivation, is interrupted by drought in the same, or even a larger proportion, taking the ordinary amount of each kind, than dry cultivation. It would be found that the tanks and water-channels had become dry beds, totally useless either for the transport or produce of food, just at the moment when they are most needed. When rain is withheld during a whole monsoon, after a previous dry season of eight

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months—the natural period—when 'the earth beneath is as iron, and the heaven above as brass,' all the springs of wells and the sources of rivers are dried up; and the same, but at an earlier date, as regards reservoirs and tanks, and thus the description of crop which depends upon water, is the first to suffer. Nature works on so large a scale that the artificial efforts of man are altogether unable to supplement the supply. Irrigation would, no doubt, enormously increase the produce of the land during the years of plenty, and it would prove particularly beneficial in years when rain fell in diminished quantity, because it would retain and utilise what was given; but when rain is altogether withheld, the system of irrigation becomes useless, for it entirely depends upon water. We lately saw a paper calling attention in the published map of India to the immense development of irrigation in the conntry around Hyderabad in the Deccan; and if the observer had looked a little further, he would have seen still more wonderful results in the country lying east of Hyderabad, the ancient kingdoms of Wurrungul, Elgundel, &c., where the tanks in size and number far exceed those in the neighbourhood of Hyderabad, and scarcely a drop of water escapes unprofitably to the sea, except where the ancient tanks are out of repair: yet it is a simple truth that, whenever a drought happens or threatens, the first to sound the alarm or feel its effects is this line of country. We regard, therefore, all that is urged in regard to irrigation as a preventive of famine as a mere error, and a somewhat mischievous delusion. The exception is where rivers derive their supply of water from the line of perpetual congelation, on the tops of high mountains. In such rivers the supply is increased with the increase of heat, and the stores of water thus provided by nature do afford an equivalent for the rain deficiency. Along the course of such rivers, a system of irrigation, carried out on a better principle than our engineers have succeeded in adopting on the Ganges Canal, might secure the population from dearth; but no such rivers are to be found anywhere south of the Ganges flowing eastward, and the Indus westward. The whole peninsula of India is watered by rivers which depend upon the monsoon for their annual flood.

There is, in our firm conviction, strengthened by years of thought and personal observation, one and only one means of prevention of famine, and that is to have a perpetual store of food, actually and readily available for the people when the time of scarcity arrives, and prices rise beyond a certain point, which is the famine point. When that fatal moment is reached, the authorities may talk, and speculate, and order, and rebuke, and lament; and lookers on may suggest, and criticise, and blame all that is done or left undone, but the end is that people have died, and will always die, like rotten sheep—a reproach to any civilised Government. This is the position of affairs at the present moment in Orissa, and has been every time a similar disaster overtakes us. Sir Cecil Beadon may be apathetic and deserving of blame: and Governor Napier may be zealous and humane, and merit all praise, and our Worshipful the Lord Mayor reeking from his feasts in Belgium, may be absolutely incredulous of hunger in any shape, but whatever men in or out of authority may do or leave undone, all are really equally helpless in the face of this calamity, and the people lie down and die of starvation in unpitied wretchedness.

Is it, then, to be believed that this is a fatality, and that Providence ever intended such a useless and

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demoralising destruction of human life, when a superabundance of food is bountifully given us for twelve years out of every thirteen?—of food simple, cheap, easily to be preserved and transported, and suitable not only for the preservation of life, but of health and comfort. In no other country in the world is there a soil so prolific of the only food which is required, and in no other country are the people less dependent upon variety or change of food. Grain and salt, and by way of luxury a few dried spices or other condiments, constitute the food of the poor, in times of scarcity as well as plenty, from one year's end to the other; and the only provision necessary to secure the people from famine, is to store in magazines underground, as described below, a certain quantity of the grain which is produced and used in each locality, that is, in some places rice, in others wheat, and in others jowaree, and so forth. Grain, when protected from damp and insects, is indestructible, and we all know that wheat dug up from the catacombs in Egypt, after being buried three thousand years, germinated when sown, and yielded a good crop.

Now, the plan adopted by our Indian grain merchants, and which under ancient dynasties was largely adopted by Government, and probably was used as a means of preventing famine, is to dig large pits in suitable soils called 'peoos,' or, writing phonically, 'pews,' of a circular shape and arched at the top, in form similar to the common water-pot or chattee, sufficient to hold any given quantity of grain. These pits are lined with jowaree stalks, or wheat straw, on the bottom and sides, and then completely filled with grain. The mouth is then hermetically sealed with bricks and chunam, or mortar, and thus rendered impervious to rain or damp from the top, the only part liable to this injury. We are not aware that the quantity in each pit need be limited by any consideration but that of convenience, but each granary might be made to hold one or two thousand bushels, and the pits might be multiplied to any extent. The surface of ground enclosed within old forts, which are to be found all over the country, may be indicated as eligible spots, because the ground would, for the most part, be found very suitable, and it would be more easy to bring the pits under the inspection of the police. Granaries of this description might be multiplied all over the country to any amount. The grain thus deposited is absolutely safe from all internal and external injury. Against the time of need it would literally form a treasure, where 'neither moth nor rust would corrupt, nor thieves break through nor steal,' for it is a truth that in the worst of famines, a peoo is never robbed or attempted, and while the prestige of Government remains as strong as it now is, a Government store would be less liable to attack than any other. The heat generated in these closed pits is so great as to prevent insect life, and no injury from this cause ever takes place, provided the damp is thoroughly excluded, and in well chosen sites there is no fear of damp. When an old granary is opened it is necessary to leave the mouth exposed to the air for two or three days to allow the heat to escape, but this heat is found not to deteriorate the grain itself. Granaries above ground are not only very expensive to build and protect, but the alternations of heat and cold, and the exposure to the external atmosphere, however much this may be excluded, always affect the grain. Insect life is generated and the grain is destroyed or rendered unwholesome, but, as before said, the peoo, or underground granary, is perfect for its purpose, quite inex-

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pensive whether as to construction or protection, and secure from all harm.

Now, as all that is required is to fill up such granaries with corn when it is cheap, that is, in years of plenty, and to distribute it under certain rules and restrictions when famine threatens—not gratuitously, but at prices which the people could afford to pay, and which would abundantly reimburse the Government for every cost of digging, filling, and protecting the pits, and in fact give a large profit, if that were needed, apart from the object in view—are we to be told that the Anglo-Indian Government is really unequal to the task of making a permanent and effective provision against famine? Why, yes! we are prepared to be told so, or, at least, to have this or any other plan treated with that silent contempt which official authority is too apt to bring to bear upon any question likely to require energetic effort, directed against an evil which may not come for the time being. Time after time we have brought this suggestion under the notice of Government, both in our official capacity, as well as through the press, and as yet without the slightest effect, or even notice; and yet we believe that a well considered plan of perpetual granaries might be systematically adopted throughout all parts of India liable to famine, without loss, without any great expense, and with perfect success, as a plan of prevention from the most disastrous calamity to which any country was ever periodically subject.

We have been told that such magazines would interfere with the ordinary trade in grain, and that, if Government stored grain, the regular dealers would give up their trade; but Government would not come forward in competition except on emergencies, when the ordinary course of trade is interrupted. Grain merchants do not, as a rule, buy their grain to sell at famine profits, but merely for the gain and loss of common prices. The original purchase of grain would assist the market, and the grain would then lie harmless, so long as prices did not rise to an exceptional height—so long as the resources of the poorer classes enabled them to purchase from the dealer. But when life was in danger, and the people began to die of starvation, surely a special case arises, which for the time being puts aside the claims of ordinary commerce, and warrants the interference of the Government, upon whom the responsibility of protection and support ultimately rests. We do not believe that the ordinary traffic in grain would be affected in the slightest degree by the fact that the Government held in reserve certain stores of grain, to be used only in times of the utmost need.

Then it is said, that to secure the people from famine, such large stores would be required as to be beyond computation, or the proper competency of Government. This argument has no good foundation. To tide the mass of the poorer classes over six months of scarcity, if they were wholly dependent upon this one supply, would undoubtedly represent an immense store; but practically this is not needed. All that would be required is that prices should be kept below the famine rate. Under the Hindoo and Mohammedan Government famine was averted partly by grain stores, as we believe, but chiefly by police regulations; as the Government always established the bazaar *nirruck* or tariff, and compelled the dealer to sell accordingly. This is contrary to the principle of our free trade rules; but it is pushing this principle to an absurd and suicidal extreme, to say that Government might not issue grain at certain prices to save life, lest the

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grain dealer should thereby lose a portion of his exceptional gains. Nothing would be required but to keep down the price below the famine rate. It must not be overlooked that there is always a sufficient quantity of food hidden in stores, but not accessible to the poorer purchaser, because too dear. The grain seller looks at the state of the crops, and regulates his price accordingly, expecting enormous profits, and anticipating the real period of dearth by factitious rates. This is all very well, and our system of legislation can provide no remedy that would not affect the rights of property; but when the grain seller saw that, beyond a certain mark, grain was liable to come into the market from an extensive source, he would open his stores at a more moderate price, and famine would be prevented. This is said to be an undue interference with trade; but we hold that when a house is on fire it is a mistake to keep all the doors shut lest something should be lost. The other day some stupid policemen exercised their discretion after this fashion, and five children were burnt to death in consequence.

Let us, however, assume that any scheme of storing grain is objectionable, or Utopian, or impracticable. Let us suppose that the project deserves all the contempt which it has received at the hands of the authorities, and that it is not possible, as people are pleased to think, to store a famine supply of the cheapest and most abundant description of food, and most easily preserved of any which would be required by any other people, and this, too, in granaries that require nothing whatever to complete them but a little labour at the hands of common labourers. Let us allow that a powerful Government, with immense resources, and with abundance wasting before their eyes in years of plenty, is, from some cause not known to us, and not explained by those who differ in opinion, really unable to utilise or conserve the wealth of food, which a bountiful Providence has freely bestowed and offered for the use of the people, if only they could get at it. Yet all this does not relieve the Government from taking the question of famine into serious and careful consideration. Whenever the Government shall have discharged its conscience, if a Government have any conscience, and fulfilled its obvious duty, in carefully examining all possible or probable means of averting that great periodical calamity which experience proves is certain to befall the people committed to their charge,—when they are able to show, on reasonable grounds, that the remedy for this gigantic danger is beyond the competency of Government to forestall or prevent, or even alleviate,—when it shall be proved by figures, or otherwise, that it is not possible to furnish a supply of food, directly or indirectly, sufficient to save the people from a miserable death, and the whole face of the country from becoming a howling wilderness—then we may acquit the authorities of apathy, and of criminal negligence in the primary duty of their office; but seeing that the facts are against them, that time after time this dreadful scourge sweeps over the land, unchecked, unheeded, and in each case unforeseen, though its approach may always be expected as a rule; and that during the space of one hundred years of power, nothing has been done, or even considered, to deliver the people from destruction, but on the contrary, they have been shackled by regulations which expose them to a danger from which they were formerly protected—we certainly cannot but consider that much blame lies at the door of our own Government.

In considering this vital question, let it not be doubted that the remedy must be something acces-

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sible at the time over the whole area of the famine land. To trust to waterworks, when there is not water to work the works—to trust to improved roads, when all experience shows that open communications do not afford timely aid, for all available means of conveyance can traverse the country during a season of drought without the help of any roads at all—to trust to any of the ordinary sources of supply, or to suppose that some change of revenue management will ever put the people of India into a position, by their own effort, to ward off a calamity so sudden, so overwhelming, and so fatal as famine, is mere delusion. Whatever plan is adopted, it must be something which shall always and in all places be available to an extent which shall reach the danger to its foundation. However brought about, this can only be done by a supply of material food. The danger is one, the remedy is one only. The danger is the want of food—the remedy is the supply of food. The Government cannot break open the stores of the grain seller, it cannot buy up food for the people at famine prices—the attempt would cause prices to rise still higher; but as far as we know and can see, with the careful thought and experience of forty years of Indian life on our grey hairs, we believe that the only remedy is to lay in a store of food which shall be practically available in the time of need.

Into the details of a scheme of this kind we do not enter, because it is not needed. Where the magazines should be placed in each district?—at what distances relatively?—under whose charge?—all these are points which must be determined upon by the executive Government. We believe that any quantity of dry imperishable grain might be stored at a cost altogether within the competency of Government all over the country, as a perpetual supply, and that it would hardly be necessary to add one peon or one writer to the establishments now maintained for the civil service, and scarcely one policeman to the force actually employed. We believe that the whole scheme, including the digging of peoos or pits, and purchasing of corn, and due protection of the same, might be carried out, by judiciously spreading it over three or four years, without any extraordinary grant of money, or any very material addition to the annual expenditure. But allowing that it would cost much in money, and increase the annual charges, and that money is of equal value with life—would the cost in money be equal to the cost of a famine? Is there any incident in Indian history so costly as a famine? Does war, or even that sink of money, the public works—the most extravagant of all Indian crotchets—cost what a famine costs and loses in hard coin? The loss of revenue for years after a famine is only to be reckoned in millions and tens of millions. The statistics given in Sir Arthur Cotton's revenue returns for Gimtoor show pretty clearly what a province yields before a famine, and what it yields afterwards; and how many years a country desolated and depopulated by famine takes to recover the normal state of its land revenue. The yearly improvement after the famine of 1832 is ascribed by Sir Arthur Cotton to his Godavery irrigation works; but a reference to dates, and a comparison with the districts surrounding, and not influenced by his canals, would show that the increase of revenue took place and was in regular progress before his works were in effective use, and in places which they never benefited; and the real truth is, that all parts of the country were going through the ordinary process of recovery from famine, which had brought down the revenue to one half its ordinary total, the popula-

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tion having been reduced in an equal ratio. This is the case always; and the loss of revenue is not fully restored, and in many instances not so soon, under ten or fifteen years, during which time the actual loss is aggregating to a large amount. But this is only the Government loss of revenue. There is, besides, the enormous loss of material, and the squalid misery of the surviving remnant of the population, who have been obliged to sell everything which conduces to comfort or decent subsistence.

Every motive of economy, of humanity, of policy, and of common sense, urges upon Government the duty of taking this important question into early consideration. It should be done with minds free from all prejudice or preconception as regards difficulties, as if famine were a fatal necessity beyond the reach of human effort to escape from. Great evils which destroy life, and sweep away all that makes life valuable, are not to be overcome or avoided without strenuous effort, and the utmost exercise of human wisdom and persevering energy. What then? We have time and thought for lesser matters —why should this great matter, of all others, be laid aside without reflection? We do not believe that the ancient dynasties of India were unmindful of this great duty, or were unsuccessful in their application of remedies. These were partly legislative, which gave the Government a direct power over the markets, and enabled it to interfere for the public good. But, moreover, we believe that the means adopted were partly the direct and practical one which we have suggested. We know a large town in Berar of which there is a proverbial saying, that an elephant could not place its foot without treading on a peoo or underground granary; and we believe that these peoos belonged to Government in former times, and were held in reserve against times of war and famine. We have not any authentic accounts that India under regular government, in her days of peace and prosperity—when the records show that the whole surface of the land was a garden of cultivation, and the population far in excess of the present population, —was exposed to these periodical visitations, although subject to the same atmospherical influences which now produce famine. But let it be otherwise; let it be allowed that former rulers were unable to avert famine, or unmindful of their duty in this respect; then let us form a precedent for ourselves and future rulers, and endeavour to inaugurate a system which shall preserve the lives of those who depend upon us; and let us not bear the reproach of incapacity or neglect in the primary duty of legislation—the protection of the people from a miserable death.

We owe a great debt to India: not because the wealth and competency of a large proportion of the middle and higher classes of English society owe their riches to India— not because England derives from India a large portion of its power and prestige and glory—not for the advantages of all kinds which flow from the possession of the most ancient, the most productive, and with one exception the most populous country in the world, whose language and traditions form the only direct link between the marvels of the present age and the old mysteries of the time when the world was young—but because we have, in the name of civilisation, and on the still higher ground of Christianity, undertaken the great duty of raising and regenerating the nations over whom we have assumed a sovereign power. But so long as we suffer the masses of the people to die before their time of mere starvation, without one effort, mental or material, to ward off this

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terrible periodical visitation; when all they want are the cheap and simple elements, grain and salt, so long we surely must confess that our highest aim in holding India is a humiliating failure.

The remedy for this terrible calamity is only to be sought in legislative enactment, and previous provision. It has been proved over and over again that the Executive is helpless in the face of such a foe. And it must be the work of the Imperial Government. We cannot be blind to the melancholy truth that little sympathy is felt in England for the miseries that overtake the people of India. We have lately seen the chief magistrate of London, and the Minister of State for India, coldly turn aside from the official reports of the destructive effects of famine upon the hundreds of thousands of the inhabitants of Orissa, and decline to receive the aid proffered for their benefit; but we have reason to hope that if the question were fairly brought before Parliament it would be duly considered. A return of all the famines which have occurred in British India, during the last century, if fairly rendered, would disclose an amount of human suffering greater than has ever resulted from any other disaster that has ever afflicted mankind. The returns would probably be very meagre, particularly towards the end of the last century and the beginning of this. Thus the great famine of 1770 is dismissed in Mr. Mill's history in one paragraph, and Mr. Mill had access to all the despatches of the India House; but details of this famine were duly received, and the circumstances are narrated in Lord Mahon's *History of England*, vol. vii. pp. 347, 348. We quote the passage, as it shows, from a totally different source, how little dependence can be placed upon tanks or rivers, or other methods of irrigation, during a time of drought; and how similar are the effects upon the population, both as to the nature of the distress, and the extent of the loss of life. The writer might have been describing scenes which we witnessed in 1832, when he narrates the scenes of 1770:—'In the ensuing year, 1770, a new and more grievous calamity overspread Bengal (or rather India, as it extended to the Malabar coast). The usual rains having failed, there was no water in the tanks, and the rivers shrank into shallows; the rice-fields continued parched and dry, and could not yield their expected produce, while the conflagration of several large granaries completed the work of misery. A terrible famine ensued; a famine such as Europe, during the last few ages, had never known. Throughout the wide valley of the Ganges the country places were deserted, and the cities, where alone there might be hope of food, became thronged with starving multitudes, from whom piteous cries were heard. The common misery united, for the first and only time, the men of the most opposite castes. Even the zenana now gave forth its guarded inmates, who, no longer veiled with jealous care, but prostrate and wailing on the ground, implored from the passers by a handful of rice. Thousands and tens of thousands of human beings died daily in the streets, where the vultures swooped down, and the dogs and jackals flocked in quest of their ghastly prey. In Calcutta alone there were daily employed one hundred men, on the Company's account, to pile the dead bodies upon sledges and cars, and throw them into the Ganges. It was computed, not in any rhetorical flight, not amidst the horror of the sufferings described, but in a grave despatch written two years afterwards, though even then perhaps with some exaggeration, that through Bengal this dreadful famine had destroyed in many places one half,

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and on the whole one third of the inhabitants.'

Well, in 1866, another famine occurs, and, according to the local papers of authority, the loss of life is in the same proportion: more than 800,000 were said to have perished up to the last dates from Calcutta. No doubt the number has been much overstated from panic and rumour, but that the Government was no better prepared to contend with the calamity in 1866 than it was in 1770, after one century of possession, is indisputable. And this is the fact to which we desire to draw attention. Her Majesty's subjects in India ought not to be left in constant danger of a periodical calamity so destructive as famine, if any scheme of prevention is within the power of human wisdom and effort. We have said before, and we repeat, that irrigation is not a remedy for famine, because it ceases to be useful whenever drought occurs; roads may afford help, but will not prevent famine. The means of prevention must be direct and accessible, and in the shape of food.

T. H. B.

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THE FOUL SMELLS OF PARIS.[1]

'GIVE me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination,' or give the author of *Les Odeurs de Paris* an ounce of charity to soften his pious indignation and vindictive virtue. He holds up his nose at everybody and everything; and to get an adequate idea of the savage denunciations he deals out, we must fancy the Third Satire of Juvenal, or Johnson's imitation, expanded into an octavo volume and applied to Paris. This production of his, however, with all its violence and exaggeration, contains some important statements, which should be read by the light of the career, character, and disposition of the man.

Louis Veuillot was born in 1813, at Boynes (Loiret), the son of a cooper, who set up a workshop at Paris, where Louis was sent to school and afterwards entered the office of an avoué. Here he took to reading, contracted a taste for literature, and worked hard to supply the defects of his education. At nineteen, he began living by his pen, and at an unusually early age was selected by the Government to edit a provincial journal. On his return to Paris he became the editor of *La Paix*, a doctrinaire paper, in 1838. Up to this date he was a mere *condottiere* of the press, without profession of faith, religious or political. But a journey to Rome with his friend, M. Olivier Fulgence, effected a complete revolution in him. He was so impressed by the ceremonies of the Holy Week that he once for all became the devoted champion of the Papacy. Several publications of a theological or religious tendency were the first fruits of his conversion or new birth; but it was not until 1843 that he became the editor of *L'Univers Religieux*, to which he is mainly indebted for his European notoriety or fame. He waged furious war against moderate or liberal men of all parties, especially economists and philosophers; in fact, against all who were not as furiously ultramontane as himself. On being censured by the Archbishop of Paris for the tone of his polemics, he went to Rome to plead his own cause, obtained plenary absolution, and returned triumphant. But he was less fortunate in his contest with the civil authorities, which he provoked by a fierce attack on the imperial policy respecting the temporal dominion of the Pope; and in January 1860, *L'Univers*, after repeated warnings, was suppressed. In the course of the ensuing six years he has published several works more or less distinguished by his wonted ability and bitterness, of which *Les Odeurs de Paris* is the last.[2]

The first chapter is devoted to *La Grosse Presse*, and begins with the story of his own final exclusion from it: 'I was forty-five years old; I had been carrying on politics in print for a quarter of a century; and I was profoundly ignorant of two things that I have learnt one after the other in no time: the first is the facility of compromising one's self without wishing it; the second is the difficulty of compromising one's self when one does wish it. The *Univers* had just been suppressed. I was at Rome; I was going through the churches; I was on visiting terms with a very small number of friends; I met a

[1] *Les Odeurs de Paris.* Par Louis Veuillot. Cinquième édition. Paris: Palmé, Éditeur des Bollandistes, Rue de Grenelle-Saint-Germain. 1867.

[2] *Nouvelle Biographie Universelle*, publiée par MM. Firmin-Didot.

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still smaller number of acquaintance; I read some books, I took some notes, I received some letters from my family: I was compromising myself. An inspector, invisible for me, was following my steps, was reporting them to Paris, was specifying the instant of my return, was keeping the police on watch at the railway station. Scarcely at home, my portmanteau hardly opened, three men appear, show me an order, seize my papers: behold me compromised! What did these papers contain? No great matter, and this was admitted. Simply enough to construct a little accusation of manœuvres abroad against the safety of the State. The period of proscription for this crime is three years according to some, ten years according to others. It is punishable by death, but the construction must not be too light.'

'I should have liked to be prosecuted. They replied, with charming courtesy, that I could not expect so much; that I had formerly performed too many services. I protested that I did not appeal to this recollection. They protested that nothing would cause it to be forgotten. "Power is not satisfied with being just, it is becoming for it to be grateful into the bargain." "Then let my papers be returned." "Oh! no. For after all, without any intention of using them—Heaven forbid!—we must notwithstanding provide for a case of great necessity which might compel such a step." It was M. Billault, Minister of the Interior, who spoke to me thus, in very mild words, with a knowing smile, perhaps with a touch of irony.'

As M. Veuillot could not get prosecuted, he resolved to prosecute; but before he could commence a suit against the Préfet de Police for the seizure of his papers, the permission of the Conseil d'État was indispensable, as was politely intimated by the Minister. 'But does your Excellence think that I shall obtain this permission? I do not believe I shall.' 'Nor I either,' replied he with a smile more knowing and a little more ironical. This smile convinced M. Veuillot that his most prudent course was not to occupy the public attention any more and to continue in his situation of *homme compromis*, which, it would seem, is not more comfortable in politics than that of *femme compromise* in society. 'No situation is more simple: it leaves you complete freedom of going and coming, only you are everywhere liable to be met by an exempt armed with a warrant; and then you neither go nor come any more: you follow the exempt where he takes you, and you remain where he puts you.'

To get out of this uncertain and annoying position, he resolved to compromise himself in good earnest, and fancied that the surest and quickest way would be to write in the newspapers. There were days, he says, when he would willingly have written at the rate of a month of imprisonment per line. But he must either find an editor ready to be compromised along with him, or set up a newspaper of his own; and he could do neither. Even the resource of the pamphlet was denied by the not unreasonable fears of the printers, who respectfully declined his manuscript; and so, not being able to re-engage in journalism or the controversial literature which comes nearest to it, he compensates himself —no bad compensation, after all, in his eyes—by heaping every sort of invective and abuse on those who are actually engaged in it, under circumstances which might well save them from the envy of any would-be competitor. The position of a French journalist, slightly ameliorated of late, still resembles that of Gulliver when held between the

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forefinger and thumb of the Brobdingnag labourer some sixty feet from the ground, to the great inconvenience of his ribs, and in mortal terror of being let drop.

Galvaudin, one of M. Veuillot's types or representative journalists, is a man of letters and *député*. 'As man of letters his opinions are broad; as deputy his votes are decent. As man of letters *and* deputy he writes in the *Mercure Belge* [query, *Indépendance Belge*]; where he combines both breadth and decency. To vary his correspondence and enliven the gravity of his political communications, he attends the great political entertainments; as deputy he eats them, as man of letters he describes them, as correspondent of the *Mercure Belge* he is paid for them. He must surely eat to describe; he must surely be paid for describing. Happy Galvaudin! Every time he handles his knife and fork is twenty sous in his pocket, perhaps thirty.' We are then favoured with a specimen of this correspondent's style. The Amphitryon of the day, a minister, has two pet dogs, which are always with him when he receives. When bowing out his visitors, he is fond of looking at his dogs. One day, when he was bowing out Galvaudin, he exclaimed, 'Look at these noble beasts!—noble creations of God.' After the description of the dinner and the guests, the publicist and legislator Galvaudin arrived at his Excellency's dogs. He consecrated fifteen lines to them, containing details of their graces and intelligence—

> Et mon valet-de-chambre est mis dans les gazettes.

'But would Alcestes be angry if it was his dog and not his valet-de-chambre that was put into the gazettes? The glory of the valet-de-chambre is personal: the glory of the dog all reverts to his master.' It is added that the same writer, in the same *Mercure*, highly flattered the boots of another minister, a young minister, who prided himself on his feet.

We are not prepared to say whether this satire is fully justified by the facts, but it strikes us that a portion of the English press is quite as reprehensible as the French or Belgian in this respect. Many Irish, Scotch, and provincial newspapers now make it a point to have a London correspondent, who seasons his letters with the latest gossip, social or political, that he can pick up; and the quantity of mischievous absurdities thus put into circulation is immense. Not unfrequently a mere *canard* comes back to the metropolis from which it started with a deceitful semblance of authority.

In reference to what he deems the bad writing of the *Constitutionnel*, M. Veuillot propounds a theory of the French language which (if sound) we should be proud to claim for our own:

'A fine and noble language is the French. One does not know French, one does not speak it, one does not write it, without a quantity of other things which constitute what was formerly called an honest man. *French is a bad vehicle for a lie.* To speak French, there must be in the soul a fund of nobleness and sincerity. You object Voltaire. Voltaire, who moreover was not a fool, spoke only a dried-up language, already notoriously debased. The fine French, the grand French, is at the command of the honest man alone. A vile soul, a lying soul, *a jealous and even simply turbulent soul*, will never speak perfectly well this tongue of the Bossuets, the Fénelons, the Sévignés, the Corneilles, the Racines; he will master some notes, never the entire gamut. There will be alloy, obscurity, emphasis. As to these raw

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students, I defy them to rise even to mere correctness. How could they manage to lie and talk nonsense without breaking, swelling, bursting a tongue that Christianity has made for logic and truth?'

A good writer must also be a sincere Catholic, and 'the sincere Catholic—listen to this, Trivois, Fouilloux, and Galvaudin—is he whose profession of faith is the belief that Jesus Christ, true God and only God, speaks by the mouth of Peter, who is the Pope. And when you proclaim yourselves sincere Catholics, and at the same time reject the teaching of the sovereign pontiff, it is as if you took pains to declare that you are—what we know all very well.'

As M. Veuillot evidently thinks his own French unimpeachable, we should like to hear from him whether the Christian—or what are commonly thought the Christian—virtues of charity and humility, along with temper, courtesy, self-restraint, and self-respect, form an essential part of the French character, and are consequently essential to French style. We fear that no writer of our generation could pass muster, except, perhaps, the Counts Joseph de Maistre and Montalembert. There is no hope for Thiers, Lamartine, Georges Sand, &c. &c.; although a vague idea has got abroad that some of them could write tolerable French, even in passages which were not remarkable for scrupulous adherence to historical truth or sound morals. Nor will all M. Prévost Paradol's polish and refinement procure him an exemption from the common doom, unless he gives better proofs of orthodoxy than have been hitherto discoverable in his articles.

Considering the manner in which *La Grosse Presse* had been treated, we were curious to know what remained to be said of the conductors of *La Petite Presse*, the subject of the second book; and we must say that M. Veuillot deserves credit for the ingenuity of the commencement, in which he really contrives to discover a lower depth for them. Recalling the time when the streets abounded in vendors of quack medicines, fortune-tellers, ballad-singers, and other vagabonds, he says that, having observed them narrowly, he never found that they were enemies of social order, or noxious to anything good. 'They invented no religion; they were not reformers; their remedies were not dear or poisonous; they gave the address of no lady, of no eating-house, of no gambling-house; they did not drive the public to Baden or anywhere else; they recounted no criminal process, they started no *roman-feuilleton*. It has been said that they assisted the operations of pickpockets. Possibly. But at least, they never advertised a commercial company; they did not specify good investments; and the thieves who were enabled to work on the groups formed round them with or without their complicity, stole nothing but your handkerchief. They have completely disappeared, *they have been completely replaced by the penny and halfpenny press.* I regret them more than I can tell, in the literary point of view, in the hygienic point of view, in the social point of view, in the moral point of view, and in all the points of view.'

He justifies this preference by examples taken almost at random from the inferior class of journals, and it is difficult to help suspecting an indirect set of influences, when even the description of a marriage, or a fête, is accompanied with the names and addresses of the various artists who have supplied the dresses, the decorations, the music, the supper, and the wines. Here, again, parallels may be found in this country; but the reporter does not feel proud of his vocation, does

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not dub himself man of letters on the strength of his communications, does not republish them as literary productions with his name.

We have now before us a collection of essays and articles entitled *Indiscrétions Parisiennes*, by M. Adrian Marx, amongst which is a detailed account of the kitchen, culinary establishment, and cellars of the Baron James de Rothschild, headed *Le Sous-Sol de l'Hôtel Rothschild*, and beginning thus:

Although on bad terms with the millions, journalists do not disdain to approach the millionaires. This is why I was yesterday in the cabinet of the Baron de Rothschild, requesting permission to visit, not his apartments and bureaux so often described, but his cellar and his kitchen, which have hitherto escaped the descriptions of chroniclers.

The permission is graciously accorded through the intermediation of a friend, and M. Marx is taken over the whole of the underground story, where, among other notabilities, he meets the 'famous' Clara, who has been elevated to the rank of queen of the kitchen by the skill with which, for more than fifteen years, she has prepared the *choucroute* of her master. Just as the journalist is leaving the house, he is recalled to the presence of the Baron:

'My dear sir,' he said, 'I have reflected, and you would oblige me by publishing nothing about my mansion.' I made him a low bow, but without uttering a word, reserving myself to reply to the demand of the capricious millionaire.

'If I had come to you, Baron, on the emission of the Austrian loan to tell you that you would particularly oblige me by not negociating that affair, you would have replied that the fancy of a scribbler ought to vanish before the interests of a hundred thousand subscribers. Allow me, then, to beg of your reluctance to vanish before the pleasure which the five hundred thousand readers of this book (including yourself) will have in entering the kitchen and the cellar of the most illustrious banker in the world.'

Several other domiciliary visits to celebrities are narrated in this collection with or without their leave; and neither the author, nor his friends, appear to think that any rule of literary or social propriety has been transgressed.

The susceptibility of French journalists, especially those of the *petite presse*, on the point of honour, naturally provokes the poignant irony of M. Veuillot. One of the late illustrations of the *Charivari* represents a man seated on a bench with an arm in a sling and an eye bandaged. A bystander inquires: 'Monsieur est militaire?' 'Non.' 'Journaliste, alors?' This would shake M. Veuillot's theory, which is that the journalist duel is commonly a bloodless and premeditated farce. 'A short time since we had one of these heroic spectacles, and very touching it was. The coats and even the braces are off, and the swords in hand, when difficulties arise. One of the parties was not sure of the identity of the other, and thought, not without reason, that he had only a plenipotentiary opposed to him. The seconds dispute warmly; the adversaries, more peaceably disposed, separate the seconds. *The continuation in the next Number.* In the next number the same kind of thing recommences: '*new continuation*: the public is panting, the fire is relighted, the interest increases—*for to-morrow.* Nothing is concluded, the public speak of nothing else: *to-morrow on the field.* They take off their coats and waistcoats; they take off their braces; the swords are grasped, the swords cross, the swords strike fire. Une, deux! Une, deux! On rompt, on pousse; le rompant pousse, le poussant rompt. Une, deux! Bottes portées, bottes parées, vli, vlan! Bottes par-ci, bottes par-là, bottes partout! Flic, flac! encore des bottes! Que de bottes, que de feu dans le fer, que de fer dans le feu, que de feu au cœur. The perspiration flows, they

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do not stop to wipe it away. At length one of the cruel swords touches one of these cruel men: there is blood Stop, rash men! honour is satisfied. The wounded man has lost some hairs off the left eyebrow.'

The worst of this practice is that persons not belonging to the *métier* are apt to take it seriously, and exact genuine satisfaction for an affront. Only the other day an Italian colonel, reading what he thought an insulting article on the Italian army in a French paper, challenged the writer to a hostile meeting half-way between Paris and Florence, accompanying the threat with the agreeable intimation that, if he was not met half-way with the sword or pistol, he should come the whole way armed with a horsewhip. The practice is not new. Indeed, until checked by the lamented death of Armand Carrel, it was carried to a much more dangerous and reprehensible extent, of which M. Veuillot should know something, if it be true (as stated in the *Nouvelle Biographie*) that he was personally engaged in more than one duel, provoked by his personalities. In vindication of the fair fame of the Duchesse de Berri, some twenty or thirty legitimists enrolled themselves to fight the staff of the *National*.

According to M. Veuillot, the arch offender against taste and morals, under the head of *Divertissements* or Entertainments of the Stage (Book iii.) is Scribe, whose works are condemned *en masse* as setting the worst possible example in dramatic composition. As for the more modern play-wrights, after exhausting their slender powers of invention in idealising incest and adultery, they have at length descended to the lowest point which can well be reached by their art. They are content to furnish words, or *libretti*, for the machinist and scene-painter, and the success of one of their *chefs-d'œuvre* depends on the quantity of gross excitement that may be blended with it. The satirist was present at the 401st representation of a fairy scene, in which he saw 'in the midst of a golden shower, under an electric light, men and women dressed as fishes, others as vegetables, others as something else, and (above all) numbers of women not dressed at all—and there was the grand attraction.' Not for him, however. 'That which borders on the appalling, is the very object that is employed to attract the crowd — the naked women. I am not speaking of the horror of the soul in presence of this prostitution. I am speaking of the simple disgust to the eye. The spectacle is more frightful than profligate. The castaways produced are not satisfied with having ugly faces, they are generally and variously very ill made into the bargain, knock-kneed, crooked, paunch-bellied, chicken-breasted, scraggy, shameless, and awkward, not knowing how to walk or stand. Oh, shocking deformities of the unplumed biped! Four hundred representations!'

When the supply of nude or demi-nude nymphs falls short, the deficiency is supplied by legs! 'We announce,' says the manager, 'surprises, stupefactions, showers of gold, showers of fire, showers of natural water, deeper skies, louder thunder, and legs! legs! legs! For the ideal of legs is carried to the highest pitch; gold and legs, legs and gold, are always in request. We give out that so many legs will never have been seen at once, never such bold ones. Our neighbour advertises three hundred; we promise six hundred, and of better quality.' Some years since, the devil was in a course of representation at five or six Parisian theatres at once; *Le Diable au Corps*, *Le*

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Diable Boiteux, &c. &c. &c. At each, his infernal majesty was acted by a pretty woman in red tights. The piece which proved most attractive to the gay world of London during the winter season of 1866, was one in which a number of women danced a quadrille attired like jockeys in breeches and top-boots. But Moore, in his *Fudge Family*, describes a scriptural ballet in which—

Pretty young Israelites dance round the prophet
In very thin clothing and but little of it.

And Byron satirises the scene—

When Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks
Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes,
And high-born lechers eye the lovely Presle
Twirl her light limbs which spurn the needless veil.

The most effectual antidote was applied by the late King of Naples when he ordered that the *danseuses* at the *San Carlos* should wear green drawers instead of flesh colour.

The *café-chantant* falls under M. Veuillot's observation next, which is much the same thing as falling under his lash—

What an atmosphere, what a smell, made up of tobacco, spirits, beer and gas! It was the first time I had ever entered such a place, the first time I saw women in a *café-fumant*. We had around us not only women but ladies. Twenty years ago, you would have looked for this spectacle in vain through all Paris. Obviously these ladies had dragged their husbands there after a struggle. The vexed and preoccupied air of the gentlemen proclaimed this plainly enough. But as for the wives, they hardly seemed out of their element. He was right, that old and honest valet-de-chambre, who, speaking of his marquise, completely *dévoyée*, observed to me: 'Monsieur, on ne sait pas ce qu'un maladroit peut faire d'une femme comme il faut.' The presence of these women *comme il faut* gave the company a peculiar stamp of looseness, social looseness.

Twenty years ago, also, we should have looked in vain through all London for a tavern or coffee-room in which women *comme il faut* might be seen supping on poached eggs, toasted cheese or mutton chops, and listening to singing in an atmosphere similarly compounded. But they may be seen now; although, if Thérèse could be courted to these shores and induced to appear at Evans's, the fastest would probably take flight. Yet this heroine of the *café-chantant* has not only been admitted to the imperial presence, but has found rivals and imitators amongst the fairest of the fair guests at Compiègne; where her *Rien n'est sacré pour un Sapeur* (the tit-bit of her *répertoire*) was sung by a marquise amid the applause of the illustrious circle, with the single exception of her husband, who is said to have left it in a huff. Thérèse is thus described by M. Veuillot:

I did not find her so hideous as I had been told. She is tall enough, well set enough, with no charm but her glory, which is one, in truth, of the first order. She has, I believe, some hair: her mouth seems to make the tour of her head,—the lips of a negro, the teeth of a shark. A woman near me called her *un beau brun*. In a word—but I have also perhaps a ray of glory in my eye—she is no common person. She knows how to sing. As to her singing, it is indescribable, like what she sings. One must be Parisian to seize the attraction, thoroughly French to taste the profound and perfect foolery (*ineptie*). It is of no tongue, of no art, of no truth. It is picked up in the gutter; but it smacks of the gutter, and what smacks of the gutter must be found in the gutter. The Parisians themselves are not all endowed with the sense which leads to this truffle. When it is seasoned, they appreciate it. Our singer has her appointed finders who propose the subject, and she artistically adds the sauce. She acts her song whilst she is singing it. She acts with eyes, arms, shoulders, hips, fearlessly. No grace; she rather tries to lose feminine grace; but there perhaps is the piquancy, the supreme point, of the ragout. Tremors pervaded the audience, murmurs of admiration rustled in the smoke at certain passages, whose success, though assured, defies all analysis.

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Explain, if you can, why the Alsacian kindles at the smell of *choucroute*.

No play has made so much noise in France during many years as *Le Fils de Giboyer*, of M. Augier, written in 1862 to discredit the clerical party, and containing some strong personal allusions to M. Veuillot under the pseudonym of Deodat. Its intention having been mistaken by the censor, it was laid under an interdict, which was not removed without the personal intervention of the Emperor. The authorities speedily compensated for the original error by the steps they took for compelling its reception in the provinces, where it occasionally stood more in need of such patronage than in the metropolis, and M. Veuillot justly complains of the manner in which the honest expression of opinion was put down. At Rennes and Toulouse, the legitimists and ultramontanes assembled in sufficient force to mingle an embarrassing amount of hisses with the applause, and the police interfered :

'What,' protested the spectator, 'the right of hissing a bad or immoral piece is a right which I have bought at the door. Passages outraging my principles and opinions are hailed with applause, which are so many affronts to me. I have no resource but hissing, and you deny it to me.'

'Very well,' replies the police, 'I deny it, and I take it from you, for this reason. Every piece represented upon the stage is so only with the assent of the Administration: consequently, it is clothed with the inviolability of the Administration; consequently you owe to it the respect which is due to the Administration. You must listen to it in silence as to a thing which the Administration is saying to you. However, the Administration permits you to express your opinion by applauses, even by hisses. Its indulgence goes to that extent; but you must be quiet at first, and wait for the fall of the curtain to express your favourable sentiments or the contrary. Otherwise you disturb order, you forget yourself towards the Administration, and I arrest you.'

'But they applauded during the piece at the places which wounded me most, and (above all) they applauded to outrage me, and those who disturbed order by applauding have not been arrested.'

'Let us distinguish. The Administration does not say that those who applauded were not wrong. However, their applause is less disrespectful towards it than your hisses.'

'But they were disrespectful towards me.'

'That is your affair, and you must not do yourself justice.'

This is a fair summary of what actually took place in open court at Toulouse, where some young men of family were fined for hissing in reply to the applause excited by a passage beginning, 'Je déteste la noblesse.'

In the fourth book, *Beaux-Arts et Belles Lettres*, M. Veuillot discharges all the hardest terms of invective in his vocabulary at the popular artists and authors! 'Amongst all the spectacles of Paris, the first view of the annual exhibition is the most capable of procuring at once, and in all their bitterness, all the sensations of contempt, disgust, and horror. Impossible to find anywhere else united more revolting forms of vileness, folly, and imbecility; more proofs of degradation of mind and heart. The worst of it is, that it is not the worst works, artistically considered, which are the worst. There are paintings which reveal a gifted hand and an intelligence capable of doing itself honour. The Tempter must have come, ringing his infamous gold, and have said to the painter, "You know what pleases me."' This theory of art, it is added, was naïvely explained by M. Champfleury, an apostle of realism: 'The painter should keep a loaded pistol in his *atelier*, and fire it out of the window from time to time, to attract the attention.' 'This is why M. Courbet produces one day country curates *entre deux vins*, and the next day courtesans *entre deux airs*.' The artists, it is added, have only one mode of heightening the required effect left. 'It is to mix certain

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drugs with their colours: the sense of smell will then co-operate with the sense of sight, and the public crowding round these superb performances will award the praise supreme. Comme c'est cela!'

Certain it is, that when some figures in statuary (representing Bacchanals) which had been highly extolled in Paris were exhibited at our Great Exhibition, they revolted our chaster or more fastidious taste, and elicited the expression *shocking* from the Queen; an expression which is not yet forgotten or forgiven by the artist (M. Clésinger) and his friends.

After abusing Victor Hugo and Béranger, M. Veuillot paradoxically maintains that Heine is the Parisian poet *par excellence*. He has also a weakness for Théophile Gautier, although only acquainted with a single work of his, and that one the least likely to please the rigid moralist or defender of the Church. The heroine of the *Roman de la Momie* (the work in question) is the beautiful Tahasar, daughter of the high priest Pétamounoph. She is miraculously cured of a spinal complaint by Moses shortly before the passage of the Red Sea: she is passionately beloved by Pharaoh till he is drowned: she is found in our day entire and fresh in her tomb by a young Englishman, who disembalms her, falls in love with her as desperately as Pharaoh, and is in love with her still—or at least was when the narrative broke off.

This, in M. de Veuillot's judgment, is a work of great imagination: which it undeniably is; and so is *Salhambo*, which he deems a monstrosity. If imagination be the one thing needed in fiction, why does he withhold the laurel from the author of *Les Misérables* and *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*? It is poor work, after all, for a man of real intellectual vigour to be throwing about critical estimates at random, or under the blind impulse of passion and caprice. His onslaught on science is little better than an ebullition of bigotry, with the exception of the exposure which he has introduced, as a reflection on progress, of the practice of infanticide in France. He quotes medical authority to this effect: 'I doubt whether in China, where they quickly put to death all the little children that are superfluous, the massacre of innocents can ever be as complete as, in certain communes of our civilised France, is the massacre of foundlings or of children put out to nurse.'

Observe, runs the comment, that the cause of this mortality has been perfectly well known for twenty years. It is the nurses who cause it, and in some respect the parents, who find relief in taking this sort of nurse. Most commonly, father and mother trouble themselves little about the death of the nurseling. Sometimes it is matter of arrangement. It is brought about of set purpose. In Paris there are numerous offices for nurses, where all who offer are inscribed. These offices supply parents who are in want of them, and the parents take them on trust, like the offices. Moreover, the offices easily find physicians to certify that the milk is good. 'I have seen,' stated M. Chevalier to the Academy, 'a woman who had seven children at nurse to herself alone, and had neither milk nor cow.' But she had her certificate. There are other details. The nurses are brought back from Paris in carts, in which they are crowded together with their babes, and they think nothing of changing with one another. 'How like he is to his father!' exclaims the delighted mamma, when by a happy accident she sees again the brat she believes to be her own. Another of their tricks is to continue sending favour-

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able bulletins, and receiving their pay, long after the child is dead.

A great number of nurses are unceasingly carrying babies from Paris and bringing back none; 'vestigia nulla retrorsum.' Dr. Brochard (cited by M. Veuillot) names two communes of the department d'Eure-et-Loir where all die. According to him, there are nurses whose reputation is so well established for getting rid of incumbrances that they are greatly in request at certain houses of the metropolis. He begged a mayor, member of the council of the arrondissement, to oppose this immoral trade in children, whose bodies, by his own avowal, paved his cemetery. 'I know very well,' was the reply, 'that these children are condemned to death, but what would you have? it is the well being of my commune.' Another functionary, of elevated rank, received the complaints of the same physician with these words: 'There will always be children enough.'

M. Veuillot adds his personal testimony, that when he was *souschef* of a bureau in the Home Office, great care was taken to diminish the number of foundlings whose support devolved upon the public purse. 'Very ingenious means were devised to render the approach to the *Tour* more difficult, to reduce the cost of bringing up; and I will answer for it that administrators were not wanting who wished the ideas of Saint Vincent de Paul at the devil; that circulars have been written to préfets more exterminating than the decree of King Herod; and that the functionary of a high order who realised a steady diminution in the number of foundlings to be maintained, had an excellent chance of being promoted to a still higher. I find in this a little anthropophagy. I find that these offices of nurses, so favourable to the depopulation of France, are another needle-gun of which the god Progress has made a present to Prussia.' And this, in a country where the favourite reading of women is or was Rousseau!

To complete the picture it is stated that illegitimate births are stimulated by the demand for unmarried wet-nurses. M. Adrian Marx, among his other exploratory visits, made one to the nurse-office, and reports that married nurses were at a discount, because it was found by experience that their tempers were sharper and their powers of attachment more liable to be blunted. This is confirmed by M. Veuillot, who says that, within a circle of thirty miles round Paris, young girls are brought up for the calling. 'An honest countryman pointing to a daughter of fifteen, clean, robust and promising, exclaims: "In a year or two, what a capital nurse *we* shall have in her." I need hardly say that there was no question of her marrying; for then there would be no more profit for the parents.'

We shall conclude with a remarkable self-disclosure, by no means superfluous either as a caution to readers or an apology:

I have spoken as I felt. I neither blame nor excuse the bitterness of my language. Although far from liking the times in which I live, I recognise in myself more than one feature of their character, and notably that which I condemn the most: I despise. Hatred has not entered into my heart, but contempt cannot get out of it. It is cramped and glued there: it conquers, do what I will: it increases when I try to stifle it: it desolates my soul by showing, as an effect of human perversity, this universal conspiracy against Christ, with which ignorance has perhaps more to do than perversity. My reason, not less revolted than my faith, crushes whatever of hope I would preserve, and dictates sharp words that it seems to me I would rather not write. I thence arrive at the belief that it is my function to make the persecutors of the truth hear something of the indomitable contempt by which the conscience and intelligence, which they crush, are avenged, and point out to them in a future, close at

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hand, the inexorable scourge that will descend upon them. I am that man whom a force superior to his will made run up and down the walls of Jerusalem, beleaguered but still haughty, crying: 'Woe! woe! woe! woe to the city and the temple!' The third day he added, 'Woe to me!' and he fell dead, struck by an arrow of the enemy.

The free and large circulation of his book go far to prove that M. Veuillot's conscience and intelligence are not crushed by authority or by any influence from without. They are sinking under his own violence and intolerance. He is paying the inevitable penalty of habitual indulgence in malice and uncharitableness. It is the sword wearing out the scabbard,—the scorpion in the fiery circle stinging itself to death. He will fall, if he falls, by no arrow of the enemy: and if he lives long enough to see the error of his ways, the appropriate motto for his tombstone will be the familiar couplet—

Keen were his pangs, but keener still to feel,
He nursed the pinion that impelled the steel.

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FAITH AND SIGHT:

IN THE LATTER DAYS.

'I prae: sequar.'

THOU sayst, 'Take up thy cross
O Man, and follow me:'
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But O, dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see!
Thy blessed face one moment's space—
Then might we follow thee!

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change;
How can I follow thee?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades;
How should we follow thee?

Unchanging law binds all,
And Nature all we see:
Thou art a star, far off, too far,
Too far to follow thee!

—Ah, sense-bound heart and blind!
Is nought but what we see?
Can time undo what once was true;
Can we not follow thee?

Is what we trace of law
The whole of God's decree?
Does our brief span grasp Nature's plan,
And bid not follow thee?

O heavy cross—of faith
In what we cannot see!
As once of yore thyself restore
And help to follow thee!

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be:
Set up thy throne within thine own:—
Go, Lord: we follow thee.

F. T. P.

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COSTUME IN SCULPTURE.

By F. G. Stephens.

At this time so much uncertainty prevails as to the desirability, and even the practicability, of loyally representing costume in sculpture, that it may be worth while to inquire what were the usages of former ages and bygone phases of art in the matter. An historical sketch of what has been done will help us to a conclusion with regard to what might be achieved at present and in the future. This will be most serviceable if it shows that the rule with the most fortunate artists was to adhere to the truth in dealing with the costumes of their own times, so that their works now present not only noble ideas in design, but the verity of dress as it existed when those ideas were put into form. I believe that no small portion of the effect produced by fine ancient works upon the minds and imaginations of observers is due to the fidelity with which their makers wrought costume; and I am almost inclined to give credit to the assertion that the degrees of success and non-success in sculpture are, so far as this matter is concerned, proportionate to the simplicity, or what I cannot avoid styling the loyalty, of artistic craftsmanship.

The comparative beauty or ugliness of dresses which have been worn at different periods is, contrary to the popular belief, not the paramount quality that indicates to an appreciable degree good or bad sculpture in draped figures. It is commonly asserted that of two artists with equal powers, the one will fail and the other succeed exactly as the costumes with which they may have to deal are or are not consonant to the ordinary notions of the beautiful. Yet, in fact, there are no such notions. The common idea of beauty in the abstract is simply confused, self-contradictory, and vague.

Most persons are unable to imagine even the colour and arrangement, still less the beauty, of innumerable fashions garments which certain races, whose art-instincts were of the highest, have adorned their persons in and found to be suitable to their labours. Not one man in a hundred who looks at the low-relief sculptures of the Egyptians is able to recognise the splendour, elegance, and, above all, aptitude to the climate of the Nile of the garments which he sees portrayed before him. Partly this is owing to the severity of artistic style in ancient Egypt; but more to the utter strangeness of the garments themselves. The enormous head-dresses of the royal statues which sit by the portals at Ibsambul, the coronets and wide lappets that reach to the breasts and spread to the shoulders of the giants, possess, notwithstanding their strangeness, a character which, to the educated eye, is wonderfully in keeping with the suave but immobile and seriously expressive features they inclose. The garments are outlandish, but when we remember their adaptation to the climate, we feel their form to be not unbeautiful.[1] Had the sculptor clothed the heads in an

[1] A cast of one of the faces of the colossi in question, divested of its surroundings, fronts the north-west staircase of the British Museum, as one ascends from the Egyptian Hall to the upper storey of the building. It is impossible to look at this fragment of an extraordinary monument without recognising, even in its mutilated copy, elements of the

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ideal fashion, it is questionable if he could have devised one nobler than that he found in vogue, and copied literally. In nature, as in art, it must be remembered that the effect of these dresses was sought rather from colour than form. Yet, so strictly logical was the artistic theory and so loyal the practice of the Egyptians, that they succeeded in sculpturing these difficult costumes with undeniable good fortune, although our modern carvers fail ignominiously in like tasks. On the other hand—here I endeavour to show the self-contradictory state of popular ideas on the subject—certain dresses have been adopted in times that were unfavourable to art, and with astonishing perversity reproduced in our own, which are not less *bizarre* in form than the Egyptian imperial wig, which is ridiculed without being understood. The merit which such dresses possess is derived from colour and richness of material—qualities which, not being expressible in sculpture, ought not to be attempted by the professors of that art, even if to attempt their reproduction did not, as is really the case, disturb its proper severity. The puffed-out garments of the seventeenth century in southern and western Europe, the huge and hideous breeches and shoulder-paddings, find almost universal acceptance, and do so although they most completely deform the human shape, upon which all dress, to be beautiful in sculpture, should be moulded. With the vulgar, who are unable to separate the proper functions of the arts, and give to each its own, the pleasure derived from splendid velvets and glistening silks is, so to say, carried to the credit of sculpture, which cannot reproduce those beauties wherein painting triumphs. It is not wonderful that persons of this class should delight in the gorgeousness of the dresses to which I refer. The human form is not familiar to them, and its beauty—which requires an unsophisticated or a highly trained taste to appreciate it—is unknown, while fripperies entrance and are generally imitated.

The figure of the late Prince Albert which stands in the Horticultural Gardens at Kensington was clothed in the robes of the Garter, not because the Prince so dressed himself in life, but because they might be said to represent what the lower orders aptly style his 'best things' or 'Sunday clothes.' Had these foolish robes been peculiarly suited to sculpture of a noble kind, there would be less to say against the choice of an unusual costume. The absurdity of the matter appears when we recollect that the Prince, who has suffered a newspaper apotheosis, was an excellent modern gentleman, as remote as possible in likeness to the courtiers of the second Charles, who, at a time which was not less unfortunate for art than for honour and morals, introduced this human upholstery. The prodigious cloak and barbarous breeches that encumber the statue in the Horticultural Gardens are simply ridiculous. Still more puerile is it that the absurdity should be repeated in the national monument of Prince Albert in Hyde Park. The result will be, that, so far as these memo-

highest grandeur, in which the costume has by no means an indifferent part. At the Crystal Palace are entire casts of the figures at Ibsambul: these are so crudely and vulgarly coloured as to be little better than caricatures of what one's instinctive feeling attributes to the Egyptians. What that people did in colour is amply shown by minor relics, of which the chromatic decoration remains nearly entire. As our purpose is to deal with pure form, the fragment at the British Museum is apt here.

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rials are concerned, the public of the future will not be better enlightened about the actual appearance of the husband of Queen Victoria than we are by the figure in Roman costume which stands behind Whitehall Banqueting House, and is said to represent King James II., but has been attributed to his predecessor.[1]

We have here two instances whose opposition to each other may be taken to show the same thing, i.e. that mere custom rules the opinions of most men as to costume in sculpture, and that thought has nothing, or very little, to do with their judgment. The noble headdress of Rameses II. would be acceptable, not only on account of its aptitude to the Egyptian climate (to which the turban faintly answers), but as concentrating the effect of the wearer's garments about the face, the noblest element of the human form, and doing so in a manner which is magnificently harmonious with the character of the features it incloses. The puffed and cumbrous dress of the seventeenth century—of which that of the Garter is but the representative which I have chosen in order to illustrate its defects—unlike the Egyptian costume, is unsuited to the climate, and fetters the body by loading its hinges or points of motion, which are the shoulders and hips. It is inelegant and illogical, so to say, in its character, and peculiarly unfit for sculpture, because its redeeming qualities of rich colour and resplendent fabric are not reproducible without the aid of that tinting which we ignore for this branch of art, and which is practically never used by our artists.

As the Egyptian is one of the noblest forms of art, it will be worth while to extend our examination of the manner in which costume was dealt with by its professors. Apart from what we are accustomed to call the archaism of their style, no school was so faithful to nature, none so laboriously minute in reproducing the garments that were worn in the valley of the great river. A familiar, but in some respects not fortunate, example of the unshrinking fidelity of the Egyptian sculpture, as well as of its grand results, appears in the Osirid statues—so called from their representing Rameses II. under the type of Osiris, who was himself the mythically embalmed God. On a sadly reduced scale, they form the façade of the 'Hall of Columns' in the Crystal Palace. To readers who do not live on the banks of the Nile, or in the fifteenth or sixteenth century before Christ, I need not apologise for referring to these imperfect examples. These statues are from the Ramesion, so styled, at Thebes, a building which is sometimes called 'the Tomb of Ozymandias,' the king of kings. To master the meaning of these gigantic figures, we must remember that Osiris was the judge of the dead, the very centre of the tremendous mystery of the Egyptian faith. Accordingly his statue holds the crook to save and the flail to punish those who are brought before him. Upon the head is the *Pshent*, or composite crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, placed

[1] Almost as much doubt has existed on the subject as about the name of the sculptor who so cleverly wrought the figure in question. See Walpole's (Vertue) *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, p. 545, edit. 1849, for the doubts expressed by the annotator, Dallaway, as to which king's name the figure should bear. Its ascription to Gibbons was not considered beyond question, until some one observed in *The Autobiography of Sir John Bramston* (Camden Society's Publications, 1845), a statement to that effect, added to the date of its erection where it now stands, 'December 31st, 1685.' Great works were executed at Whitehall at this period: see Evelyn's *Diary*.

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there to signify at once the royal power in both those realms, and the universality in death and life of the power of that god in whose form King Rameses appears. These figures are not *telemones* in the common sense of the word; that is, they perform no structural office with regard to the building, but are purely decorative and significant. That such is their true character is evident to those who observe that no part of the façade of the Ramesion rests upon the heads of the statues, and that the fact of their being 'engaged,' as architects say, with the piers behind, is merely accidental; due to their position, not to their office or character. We question if the Egyptians of the noblest period would have consented to such an unfortunate arrangement as this, which, however, the Greeks did not scruple to adopt. The figures, contrary to the occasional practice of the latter people, are merely attached with their backs to the gigantic piers which support the entablature; accordingly they are statues proper, and to be considered as such by us. The reproductions at Sydenham are on a small scale —rather more than one third of the size of the originals, a limitation which injures the dignity of works which depend so much on bulk for their effect. Nevertheless, one can hardly conceive anything grander than the range of colossi, which the Sydenham figures imperfectly suggest.

In contrast, let us enter St. Paul's, and, turning to the right hand as we pass from the north door and then crossing, go to the north aisle of the nave of Wren's great temple. Beneath one of the windows—which, if memory serves me truly, is the second from the transept—is a sculptured composition by one of those gentlemen who now-a-days practise sculpture with much popular and fashionable applause, but who, nevertheless, so far as their works show, do not seem to have mastered the radical principles of the art. I am almost ashamed to refer to this production, and feel the intensity of the anticlimax which brings the tremendous colossi of Thebes into the same page with Baron Marochetti's monument of Lord Melbourne and his brother. It is not, however, so easy as it might appear to discover among modern sculptures an apt example for comparison with these ancient ones. Most of the recent statues in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey make no pretension to that monumental character which must exist ere they can be ranked before that standard which is applicable to the Egyptian works.

On the other hand, if M. Marochetti's design is not monumental, then it is nonsensical, oblivious of human intelligence, and a caricature of its purpose as a memorial of two statesmen. The composition represents, in the centre, a closed doorway, the material of which being bronze, or black marble, has been employed to contrast with that of the statues of angels in white marble, which, one on each side, lean against the jambs of the portal, and hold respectively a sword and a trumpet. As if to assure us against mistaking the 'reason,' we have presumed for the blackness of the architectural accessory, these instruments are of unmistakable bronze. Whether or not it is right to employ different materials, such as marble and bronze, in a single figure, is open to doubt, and a question not settled by the ever ready answer, that the Greeks employed both materials for some of their severest works, such as the Panathenaic frieze. They did this, indeed; but they also gilt the metal bridles of the sculptured horses in

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that marvellous procession, and, by the employment of other coloured enrichments, placed their work out of range or comparison with monumental figures that are wrought in very slightly stained marble, and belong properly to the category of monochromatic sculptures.

That the sword and trumpet have been made of metal seems due only to the utter impossibility of otherwise producing them in that extreme tenuity of form which the sculptor's design required. Significance and probability have been sacrificed to the facility for giving lines to the draperies and peculiar curves to the contours, which—as the attitudes depended upon them—the use of these slender instruments permitted. Had Baron Marochetti meant anything in particular by this sword and trumpet—that is, anything satisfactory to an intelligence which is superior to the delight of the eye in curves of exquisite beauty—he would have imitated the Egyptian workman who wrought the crook and flail in the hands of Rameses, and put the wearable *Pshent* upon his head He would have taken care to introduce instruments capable of sounding and cutting, according to their functions in proclamation and war. The utmost sound that could be got out of that long reed-like pipe would be far inferior in power to that which was produced by the Romans in funerals, a custom which probably originated the appearance of the instruments here. Neither the *buccina* nor the *lituus* was such a lean tube as this; it is, indeed, an exaggeration of the form of the *tuba*, but lengthy and slender out of all proportion and probability of service. The sword is even more ineffective, being a mere spit with a handle. These affectations of design might be unobservable in a grandly conceived work, but this is not grandly conceived. Not only are the figures fantastically weak in their attitudes, but they seem placed for no purpose by the side of the tomb. It is impossible to decide by their attitudes and faces what is their business where they are. They do not seem to meditate on death, or the earthly loss of the persons at whose graves they are supposed to stand, because meditation is impossible without mental force, and such force is not observable by its traces on the features: their looks are not those of joyfulness in the departure of those who rest below for the world where 'the wicked cease from troubling.' The blandiloquent simper on their visages is not what the situation and purport of the monument demands. In designs of this kind, a vague smile, set on features that are by no means really beautiful, gives no key to the sculptor's meaning, and may mean everything, anything, or nothing.

Had the contours of the statues been unexceptionable, which they are not, correctness of drapery would have followed: for no sculptor with power to deal with fine forms in flesh would be content with meagre and lean lines, which do not explain to the satisfaction of the educated eye either the quantities and contours that are within them, or the action of gravity upon the falling masses of the draperies themselves. A certain amount of picturesqueness is not to be rejected in sculpture, even of the architectonic sort, and is welcome when rightly employed in the freer developments of the art. The 'Theseus,' the 'Ilissus,' and, above all, the so-called 'Fates' of the Parthenon—which are the most perfectly costumed and draped statues in the world, because the contours of the figures show with unchallengeable fidelity through their clothing—are eminently picturesque; so, also, the Osirid statues at Thebes, and the seated figures at Ipsambul. The

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sitting knight on the summit of the Medicean tomb derives all its effect from picturesqueness, or that look of vital significance which, for lack of a better word, we associate with the picturesque. All these examples, however, are not only perfect in execution—which cannot be said of the Melbourne angels—but they have also costume and accessories of that sort which theatrical folks style 'practicable,' to distinguish them from the 'fixed properties' which merely make believe to satisfy the eye. They never violate probability, and are rich in that propriety which gratifies the mind by its truthfulness. A statuesque accessory must therefore be as much a reality as the figure to which it pertains. We can no more receive a sword like a spit than an angel with limbs which are 'fixed properties,' or draperies which ignore the contours upon which they lie, and that law of gravitation which should compel them to point towards the centre.

Without practicability there is no such thing as good design. These statues are not to be admitted as works of art because the merely sensual grace of certain curves they possess gratifies the eyes of the untaught. Doubtless the modern spectator feels pleasure in graceful curves, however they have been obtained; he does so because elegance is utterly neglected in most modern English sculptures, and our people are thus led to enjoy even caricatures of refinement; exactly as the puerile conventions of the stage have rendered melodrama, with its blue and red fires, acceptable to the vulgar, and the music of Verdi to those who can appreciate the clang of 'tongs and bones.' Useless sword and squeaking trumpet, impossible draperies, unmeaning faces, blandiloquent smiles, limbs that are impracticable, might singly be set down to the defective education of the artist, or as unimportant matters, if the composition altogether were essentially a loyal one, and not a mere sham or mask of sentiment, which does not even care to pretend to be true. The sculptor, however, has placed his doorway of an imaginary tomb where it could lead nowhere if it opened, unless to the pastrycook's shop in St. Paul's Churchyard. The whole thing—thought, execution, and design—is a sham from top to bottom; and is more antipathetical to the great sculptures of antiquity than vice and virtue to each other.

To return to our Egyptian colossi of the Ramesion. One can hardly conceive a costume less consonant than theirs with what is ordinarily demanded for sculptural treatment; that indeed can hardly be called a costume which is simply the casement of the mummied dead when placed in the chest that enclosed the bandages of the embalmer. A stern, severe, foldless—yet not quite formless bulk of time-defying mortality in stone, the king is rather incased than clothed, but does not, because of the rigidity of the outlines of his god-like statues, produce the less effect on the spectator of that awful line of giants. The magnificence of them is due in a far inferior degree to their bulk than to the impressiveness of their attitudes, and to the solemnity of their sculptreatment. Taking to mind, as we are bound to do, the preconceived ideas of the Egyptians in piety and art, it is impossible to say that Osiris, the judge of the dead, could be better represented than in this way, which was not only the grandest, but the most apt to the condition of that king who thus adopted the emblems of the god. Judged by our ideas of sculpture, nothing could be more futile than an attempt to render expression by these simple means, yet nothing the world contains of statuary is more awful

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than these figures. Their impressiveness does not lie so near the surface as in the works of our modern sculptors, when they aim at the like effect, by less potent means with inferior skill. Even the Roman or Greco-Roman artists of the Antonine period, though wealthy in all the traditions of an immemorial art, surpassing all 'revivalists' that have since appeared, and admirable in themselves for many of the powers in art, failed when they dealt with the tremendous majesty of the severest Egyptian school; yet even they, when aiming at nothing more valuable than mockery, far transcended modern attempts with the style of the grand Osirid statues.

We are in the habit of talking of Egyptian design, as if its achievements, the magnificence of which we are considerate enough to acknowledge, were of comparatively easy accomplishment and assured effect, because they were wrought in what we are pleased to style a narrow—a word here employed in its minor sense—mode, and on a gigantic scale. Undoubtedly, with regard to the latter characteristic, great advantage was obtained by the use of a large scale for monumental works, such as, e.g. the Ramesion; were it otherwise, the men of the Nile would not, we may be sure, have adopted it. But most certainly the art upon which we gaze in wonder had, rapidly or slowly, passed through all the stages of experiment ere the oldest of its remaining triumphs was produced, and is to be regarded as a thing already perfected to its purpose. We can trace the progress of Greek architecture and sculptural art through centuries to the age of Phidias; but Egyptian art and architecture seem never to have had a rude time. Can it be that the experimental works of this people were destroyed by those who attained the perfection we see, or is it more probable that, contrary to all the lights of history, art was born perfect in Egypt?

There is much more in the design of the Nile than that 'mere sense of art,' to which it suits our vanity to ascribe the success of Oriental nations in certain branches of decorative design. It may be true that this 'mere sense,' and nothing more, remains to the Chinese and Japanese—hence what we may call the frequent refractions of their artistic visual rays into the inconceivable void of nonsense,—under the influence of which outrageous fooleries have been perpetrated, that have no counterparts in Egyptian, Greek, or mediæval art, nor semblance even among the stupidest Arctic savages, or most barbarous of Polynesian peoples. These unutterable follies received a sort of life in Europe in the seventeenth century, and, under the name of *rococo*, still dwell amongst us as if to attest the ignorance of our people that art is really logical and not idiotic. Nothing of the idiotic or *rococo* nature appears in Egyptian art, but the most sternly significant nature and perfect logical sequence. These purely intellectual qualities of the noble Egyptian design seem to me to point to one of two causes at work in the development of art on the banks of the Nile. Either the tentative productions of the people were destroyed when soundly logical knowledge was obtained, as before suggested; or, more probably, the fresh clear instinct of the people, being unswayed and unchecked by traditions of what was inapplicable to their peculiar needs, went straight at the end in view, without suspicion, because sophistication was unknown to them—without hesitation, because the one achievement followed the other in direct logical sequence. Yet the wonder is that, as their art is apt in adaptation to the hardest and

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most difficult materials, such as we cannot conceive them to have adopted in the first instance, how fared it when wood gave place to stone as a building material, and stone again to granite? In the Greek temples we see everywhere what anatomists call rudimentary signs of art labouring in stone. Was Egyptian logic in art so inexorable that it not only abandoned tradition and convention when these changes took place, but accepted the new thing, the right thing, at once, when required?

We say not how the laws were obtained, but under them the Osirid statues were produced to answer an effect most supremely impressive. The means were of the least promising kind our notions could suggest, yet the result is undeniable and the significance most profound. Here are no stiff or sweeping folds to repress stability or motion, according as their curves take form; not a fold appears to break with its slightest power the immobile design; a few shallow hollows affect not the severe contours, and yet are enough to suggest, without defining, the forms within; the figures are swathed in the bandages of the tomb, incased as if for eternity. That part of the body which is free from mortuary restraint is not such as would, to a first thought, seem calculated to assist in calling before the spectator the grave and dignified presence of the king-god, yet such is absolutely the triumph of these extraordinary statues. These purely personal equipments are—first, the broad encircling breastplate, or gorget of beads that lies on the shoulders and covers the breast of each figure; secondly, the double crown or *Pshent*, which had also a wider than personal meaning, and was a noble coronet in itself, having a singular effect of dignity in sculpture. When the *Pshent* was worn it must have been a splendid ornament, decorated, as no doubt also the statues were, with the most gorgeous colouring, and borne on the head of a king, suited also in its form to that of the countenance of the race. The stiff, square-cut beard is that of a god—the band by which it was attached to the cap exists, and attests the loyalty of the sculptor who did not shrink from reproducing an unpromising item of dress; above the forehead is the royal *uræus*, or basilisk. The whole is sternly monumental; as faithful to the type as was possible without servile copying, it is far more literal than the most stringently restrained monumental statuary of the mediæval period.[1]

[1] It is noteworthy, how much the mortuary figures of the best forms of mediæval designs reproduce the ideas of the Egyptians at the Ptolemaic period. It is not impossible that some of the early travellers of Western Europe might have seen in Egypt examples of these works, i.e. the recumbent tomb-statues. If so, it must have been hard for them, so ready to receive art-impressions as they appear to have been, not to feel the aptitude of such treatment of the subject as appears in the statue that lies upon the slab No. 90, Egyptian Hall, British Museum, the lid of a sarcophagus of black syenite, bearing the recumbent figure of a woman in a Greek dress, with her arms crossed at the wrists, as in the mummies. Here, as in the Gothic statues, we have the figure of the dead *as dead*, but certainly with inferior significance to that of the latter, in which is to be recognised the profoundly pathetic action of the hands, which are pressed palm to palm, and pointing upwards from the breast in prayer, while the inscriptions which almost invariably surrounded these monuments called upon the spectator with 'Orate pro anima,'—at once invoking the promises of redemption, and claiming companionship with the living. To represent the dead was the common object of both peoples,—the one soared with hope, and is yet warm with companionable prayer; the other was simply at rest and in peace, the labour done, the arms set crosswise on the breast: this action did, however, express prayer also. The Egyptian figure in question is of Ptolemaic origin and corrupted sculp-

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There is more than people readily fancy of the operation of a logic which is common to both in the works of the Gothic and Egyptian orders of design. To insight such as that of the mediæval artists there would be, in the immobility and grave simplicity of the Egyptian forms, much that would charm their sense of art. Modified by the Gothic spirit, the rigidity of Egyptian design could not be maintained for a moment, if they came in contact at all. So much of freedom as was peculiar to the Gothic forms of thought, constitutes the main differences between these two great schools of art. That thorough recognition of the immovable principles of design, which was inherent to the Gothic artists, induced those extraordinary ancestors of ours to develop ideas of posing and drapery, in which the candid observer cannot refuse to recognise the motives of the Greek sculptors at their best, and the severity of the Egyptians blended with elements which were proper to the mediæval period only. I believe that, apart from the merely technical qualities which are proper to either, the great intellectual schools of art (Egyptian, Greek, and Gothic) have differed in what constituted the highest human happiness and expressed those differing roots of inspiration—those fundamental ideas—in their sculptures; and that the logic by means of which those diverse notions were rendered is one and the same, in fact that without it they would not be schools of art at all, however grand might be the power of some of their members. The prime and ultimate idea of the Egyptian was perfect rest in the enjoyment of virtue; the Greek sought an Elysium in which mere repose was less captivating; that of the Goth implied eternal activity and companionship: hence the figures of the 'weepers,' or statuettes of earthly friends, stood around the ideal Gothic tomb; the dead reappeared above the sleeping monumental effigy in full exercise of their human privileges, as if the never-ceasing exercise of energy was to them both delight and virtue.

This idea of motionlessness should be taken into account when we consider the manner in which the Egyptians represented costume. It is obvious that they treated the garments of their statues merely as costume, not as drapery. It will be remembered that my subject is costume in sculpture, not drapery in painting, or in marble, and that I wish to show how the great schools of sculpture never shrunk from being faithful to *costume*, however little that particular form of it which came to their hands seemed fit for sculpture, as we understand the term. Accordingly, I have shown that, strange to us as they are, some of the least promising forms of dress retain the power of producing noble effect. We have found, also, examples where an able sculptor gave impressiveness even to the contour of a mummy. It is not costume, then, however unapt it may seem, which prevents a sculptor from being great, but rather that if he be able he *will* be great in spite of costume, and possibly by means of it. This is because that secret force which lies at the foundation of all art—without which art is naught—works thus in the favour of those who express thoughts of their own, untrammelled by traditions, artificial media, and

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tural character; it sufficiently illustrates how the archaic manner of treating costume was retained until a late date, though influenced by that feeling which delighted in the free play of drapery,—see the bands upon the chest, and the modelling of the garment, which is knotted below the paps of this statue.

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laws. The proper dress of these thoughts is the costume, be it wig or be it boots, be it utter nakedness, steel armour, or voluminous toga, in which the sculptor's ideas were naturally or habitually clothed. Through these, and these only, the artist's mind will be expressed. If we recognise it not the fault is ours, not his. The common language of human sympathy will, if our minds be large enough, move us as the sculptor designed to move us. Hence it is, no doubt, that our modern sculptors, who are trained upon the antique alone, are perpetually at variance with the requirements of their practice, and never do well; while those schools succeeded which went to nature, or what was nature to them—to the great centre of invention, thought, passion, hope, and beauty.

Why the Egyptians did not treat their costume as drapery will, we think, appear by reference to their idea of god-like repose, the well imagined happiness of a tropical nation, as apt to them as that of a ceaseless action was to a Gothic one. That they had not the power to represent figures in violent action is disproved by ample evidence from basreliefs and pictures, in which works we have to allow for nothing more than that ignorance of perspective which was common to them as well as the Greeks, an ignorance which, it is right to say, was compensated in the practice of the latter by loyal adherence to rules of representation which enabled the artist to produce whatever he might desire in a perfectly reasonable manner, and, at the same time, to preserve the appropriate character of sculpture. Into the nature of these rules it is impossible to enter here: suffice it to say that by their introduction Greece conferred on what may be called the science of the arts, an inestimable benefit, second in value only to that which was due to her marvellous power of modelling and exquisite sense of beauty. The Egyptians characteristically produced *intagli* and coloured their sunk spaces, so that their works on flat surfaces are, for the most part, pictures or diagrams, but not sculptures. The coarse sense of the Romans led them to betray the art of sculpture as it was practised by the Greeks, into all sorts of crude follies and barbarisms, the chief of which, so far as this matter is concerned, was the imitation of pictorial effects by those insufficient means which were at the command of the sister art, and her consequent humiliation. It must not be supposed that the Egyptian artists did not attain the power of modelling the surfaces of statues, on the contrary, in this they were scarcely, if at all, inferior to the Greek masters of the second grade. None but Phidias and his assistant, Alcamenes, could transcend the execution of some Egyptian figures of the best time—e.g., the kneeling statue of a priest in dark syenite, life size, which is numbered 42, and came from Abydos to the British Museum; the treatment of the thighs, knees, and legs is marvellous. There is no need to educe further examples. It was not mere lack of ability to carve living figures in an admirable manner that prevented the Egyptians from giving an air of motion to their statues and variety to their draperies; in obedience to a great and valuable law of their æsthetic system, which was consistent throughout, they did not aim at these results in statuary, although in their pictured diagrams, they acted under less constraint.

From the point of view thus assumed, the Fathers of Design were undoubtedly right in dealing as they did with the difficulty of representing drapery in motion; in truth, by a sort of masterly inactivity, they did not deal with it at all. They were justified in doing

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so, because the limits prescribed by their art obviated its employment and rendered the expression of motion needless. Had the condition of design among the Egyptians been different, we cannot doubt for a moment that they would have equalled the Greeks in the expression of activity. There was no lack of fertility in the Nilotic genius of design; as the infinity of decorative works, the innumerable patterns which were produced, survive to testify. With these notions as to the limits of their art, it would have been improper for the Egyptians to carve statues which they intended to be motionless, with the folded draperies which are proper to subjects wherein motion is expressed and activity desired. Thus, not only are the seated genii of the place at perfect rest, benignantly outlooking with the same calm eternal smile, and with hands placed palm downwards on their knees; but the goddesses who stand between the feet of Osiris at Ibsambul are swathed in foldless robes, not draperies in the artistic sense of the word, that seem time-moulded to their forms from breast to instep, and the only sign of action they display is in one foot being advanced before the other by less than its own length. Beyond doubt, this was done by the sculptors to express life and stability at once. Had the feet been put together as we see at Thebes before the great façade of the Ramesion, no life could have been hinted at; as one is the god of the dead, the others are the goddesses of the living. Both examples, be it borne in mind, are intended to be understood as detached from the mountain in the one case, and the enormous piers in the other. The like difference exists between the figures of the active goddesses at Ibsambul, and the seated figures of the god-king beside them.

In these figures the sculptor did not shrink from representing the costume of his time: the goddesses wear the gorgeous scintillating headdress that covers their enormous manes of black hair and spreads like wings on either side of their faces; they grasp in each of their hands the staffs of their functions. There was no need for even the slightest indication of motion to be imparted to their figures; of volition, the great element in demand, there is ample evidence in the most subtly rendered expression of the attitude. A fine example of how much the sculptors of the Antonine period felt the spirit of such figures as these, may be seen in that sculpture which is now in the Vatican and represents Antinous in an attitude exactly such as that of these statues. The attitude has been supposed by some to represent the act of walking; it is clear to my mind that the attitude is meant to be that of a living *standing* figure, with one foot advanced for the sake of stability and vital expression. A human living being cannot stand with the feet close together, that is, side by side; and this the Egyptian sculptors knew better than seems to be the case with ourselves.

Let us trust that enough has been said to show the carefulness of the Egyptians with regard to costume in sculpture; the robes on the grandest statues of the gods they worshipped, and on those of the kings they served, were such as were worn by the class nearest to those who were thus elevated; the priest appears in his sacerdotal garments, the soldier as he went to battle, the woman as she lived. There is ample evidence that with this people there was no recurring to an anterior school, to tradition, and to history. We ought to know that no great work was ever written in a language that was dead; nor can any great art represent a mode which has passed away. Nevertheless, our

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sculptors still carve Venuses, Apollos, nymphs and fauns, not only in that tomb of the arts, Italy, but here, where there is not even the memory of life for them.

We need say little about such a school of sculpture—if it could be called such—as the Assyrians and Chaldeans possessed: great in decorative art, the sculpture-proper of these peoples is opposed to those principles under which it can ever rise to splendour. On the other hand, it must be remembered that the very practice of these Asiatic races in following loyally what they saw before them, and carving men and kings in the habits in which they lived, has endowed their works with imperishable interest for us; by this practice they have given us a series of pictures of inestimable value, the most complete records of their glory and lives. Had they, as our *dilettanti* are so fond of doing, devoted their ability to the reproduction or continuation of an earlier school of sculpture, we might indeed have discovered the views of the Assyrians and Chaldeans with regard to the sculptors of the Nile, but we should have known little or nothing about the races whose myriads were settled on the Tigris and the Euphrates.

Among the Greeks the costume of the people of itself makes perfect drapery, their lives fell perfectly in with the ideal of art; and there is little more to be done than to add a few testimonies of the prevalence of faithful practice in sculpture among this people, and the benefit that was obtained from it. We have already referred to the surpassing merits of the famous group now in the Elgin Room at the British Museum, and styled 'The Fates.' It is impossible to conceive a more perfectly loyal manner of treating the fabric and form of a dress than appears in these figures; the material is thin and light, moulds itself perfectly to the limbs, and yet leaves not even a wrinkle unaccounted for by gravitation, substance, or position. Nothing can be more prosaic than the profound care that has been bestowed upon this seemingly unimportant matter of fidelity to the too often considered humble duty of giving things as they are; yet every sculptor will tell the reader that our estimate of the figures is not overcharged, and that no small part of their merit is derived from that same unshrinking fidelity which they at once display and inculcate. If we turn from them to another statue, also antique, but far inferior in value, the truth which it is now endeavoured to assert will be made more obvious. That inferior statue is a gigantic figure styled 'The Flora.' In one hand, which is probably restored, is a bunch of flowers or grain; the other hand holds up the skirts of the dress. The student who is accustomed to consider the nature and character of drapery, sees at once that this huge figure is not so faithful to the laws of character, quantity, and gravitation as it should be; in fact, he sees that the draperies are not 'accounted for,' either in the way in which they fall, or in the way in which they cling to the limbs: the mere shape of the robe is right, doubtless; but without attention to the qualities and conditions under which the robes are worn, they go for little in art. Hence it is that the modern costume of coat, trousers, and waistcoat, which are by no means favourable to sculpture, are made much less so by false and negligent representation, so that the spectator who looks for a coat sees nothing better than bad anatomy badly veiled, great bunch deltoid muscles, pectorals like paving-stones, and the physique of a prize-fighter attached to the head of a statesman; such a jumble as

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no Greek would have made, under peril of inextinguishable laughter, if nothing worse. Thus far with the schools of antiquity in sculpture; I consider all that which can properly be called antique to be either Egyptian or Greek; the Romans, when they did not by their native coarseness utterly ruin the art they practised, were real Greeks, who wrought as men always work in captivity and degradation. Costume, as treated by the mediæval, Renaissance, debased, and modern sculptors, we shall consider at an early opportunity.



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LORD RUSSELL'S *LIFE OF FOX*.

THE life of the most illustrious of Whig statesmen by one who has himself been for so many years the foremost man of the Whig party, ought to be, and we think is, a most interesting book.

It bears indeed on the face of it, the marks of not having been written by a professed literary man. The arrangement is that of an amateur, and the style is somewhat dry and formal. In this last respect, though in no other, it seems to us to resemble the history which Fox himself wrote, of the reign of James II. Fox's work has in parts the same rigidity, and he mars in the same manner the spirit and grace of his narrative by too precise an attention to the niceties of language. Lord Macaulay has attributed this, in the case of Fox, to his too great anxiety to avoid the opposite faults of looseness and conventionality into which one who speaks frequently in Parliament is likely to fall. The same cause may have operated in the same way with Lord Russell, unrelieved by the passionate and vigorous energy which occasionally breaks through all trammels in the pages of the other.

These trifling defects in the work before us, are, however, more than made up for, by Lord Russell's own strong sense, by his complete knowledge of the subject in hand, and of the whole principles and history of the British Constitution, and by the warm affection and admiration for his hero which he possesses, and without which no good biography was ever written.

It is not our intention to indulge in anything like a minute verbal criticism of the work before us. A collection of extracts in small print, with a sneer or comment tacked on o each, is very useful to fill up space in a newspaper during the dead season, and is a very good method for one whose chief object is to find fault; but it has always struck us as a very uninteresting species of reading. Nor do we intend to give an epitome of the life of Fox. The details, as far as could be given in a magazine, are well known, or could be found in any biographical dictionary; and it would require the pen of Macaulay himself to give life, and colour, and spirit, to such a bird's-eye view of so familiar a career. To make a few passing remarks on the most prominent features of Fox's life, is the modest task which we have set ourselves.

There are two portions of that life about which people seem to have pretty well made up their minds—one, in which the verdict of posterity is in his favour, and the other in which it is against him—his opposition to the American war, and his coalition with Lord North.

Now we, of course, concur in the main with the verdict of posterity. Yet we cannot but feel that in the one case, those who took an opposite line had a great deal to say for themselves, and that in the other, his conduct might, according to the views of the day, be to a certain degree excused.

Posterity generally takes a very decided view of a thing. In its judgment there are no two sides to a question, or rather there are no lights and shadows thrown upon either side—all is pure white, or pure black. It requires a strong effort of imagination to place ourselves in the position of those men who slowly, and in a puzzled manner, made out the problems of which we so clearly see the solution.

Let us by such an effort seek to enter into the feelings of the politicians of the days of the American war.

We were undoubtedly wrong in

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attempting to tax the Americans. Our only excuse for doing so, was on the ground that they ought to contribute to their own defence; and, in their remonstrances, they expressly declared that they wanted no defence but their own militia.

But when the quarrel had once begun, when we had been defeated in the field, when a much larger question than the right of taxation without representation was raised, and the colonists were contented with nothing short of an acknowledgment of their independence, it would have been difficult for any Government to have given way. It required a very enlarged and farseeing mind to grasp the fact, which to us, who live after the event, is so manifest, that not only the colonies but the mother country would be better for the separation; and that a temporary wound to our pride would be more than compensated by our being able in any future emergency to fix our attention more exclusively upon European matters, leaving the affairs of the New World to be settled by a new nation. If on the wings of fancy we transport ourselves back to that time, we shall see cause to make great allowances for those who were for carrying on the war to any length, and at any cost, though indeed nothing can reconcile us to the imbecile manner in which that war was conducted. Not only, however, shall we make great allowances for the war party, but our admiration of the deep wisdom and statesmanlike foresight of those who early in the struggle were for acknowledging the independence of our colonies will be greatly increased.

It is indeed on their statesmanlike foresight that the Whigs of all times must chiefly rest their claim to pre-eminence. In oratorical power the two parties have been on the whole equally balanced; and in administrative ability the other side has perhaps the best of it. Many of the greatest measures, such as Catholic Emancipation and Free Trade, were actually carried by the Conservatives. It is in seeing at the time what the majority of men only came to see long afterwards, that the Whig statesmen conspicuously shine; and in none of these statesmen is this quality so remarkable as in the great man whose life we are reviewing.

With regard to the coalition with Lord North, for which we have said that, viewing it in the light of the principles and practice of those days, some excuse may be found, we must remember that the principle of the entire agreement of all the members of a Cabinet to stand by one another in all questions was only established very lately. From the retirement of Walpole till the premiership of Lord North, we have frequent instances of one member of a Government actually opposing in Parliament a bill brought in by another. The coalition, therefore, was not exactly what we should now call by that name. Indeed, so great a question as that of parliamentary reform was actually left open. The two parties only agreed to take office together, as many men in former times, who had differed as widely, had already before them frequently done. The chief mistake has been justly pointed out by Macaulay. The coalition was not cordially entered into by the rank and file of either party. This it is which chiefly distinguishes this coalition from that of Lord Grenville in 1806, which few people have ever blamed, and which caused it to prove so disastrous to the Whig party.

We confess that we hesitate in making even so slight a defence as this, of a line of conduct which has been so generally condemned; all the more so as Lord Russell himself has passed it over without a

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single excuse. But Lord Russell seems to us to admit, and even exaggerate, Fox's error here, as well as his mistakes during his opposition to the early part of Pitt's administration, and his conduct on the Regency Bill, in order to reserve all his encomiums for the great crisis of the French Revolution. Fox's language and behaviour during this terrible period are indeed the portion of his career on which the attention of friends and foes may well be fixed. It is here that the statesmanlike forethought which we have claimed for him is most displayed; for much of what he said, which was then considered extravagant, would now be common-place. It is here that the indomitable courage of the man shines out conspicuously, as with friend after friend falling away from him (and he was one who could feel acutely the loss of a friend), a mark of opprobrium at one time to the greater part of the nation, misunderstood and misrepresented, he stood up night after night and denounced what he considered a fatal and foolish policy. It was here, on the other hand, that in the vehemence of debate, or in some hurriedly scrawled private letter, he occasionally let fall expressions which his admirers must ever regret, and which, wrested from their context, have been repeated over and over again till the present day, to brand him with the imputation of being deficient in patriotism.

Fox's speeches had little method and no preparation. He depended for his inspiration almost entirely upon the arguments suggested to him by listening to the speeches of his opponents. He himself, at the time of his quarrel with Burke, acknowledged that no member of the House was more apt to let fall expressions which were rash and imprudent than he was. We are far from saying that if a man chooses to speak without preparation, any hasty words which he lets fall may not be legitimately made use of against him in parliamentary warfare; but at this distance of time, when we are supposed to look upon words and actions more as a judge than as a counsel, the disposition and habits of the man we try should surely be taken into account.

Again, with regard to his letters. It has always struck us that great care should be taken in publishing the letters and records of a public man. What is written hastily, or with a particular object, and speedily forgotten, is brought up as a deliberate opinion. When men read a thing published, they forget that it was never meant to be seen by any eye but that of a private friend.

More harm has been done to great men by their own letters and diaries than by any abuse of their living opponents. How often do we for a moment look upon the witty, accomplished, and sensible Lord Holland as a frivolous gossip; or upon that chivalrous, eloquent, highly cultivated, true gentleman, Windham, as a miserable hypochondriac who wasted time and thoughts in regretting that he went out riding instead of going up in a balloon, or went to dinner with one man instead of to tea with another.

We maintain that it is by his actions alone that a public man should be judged. What were Fox's actions? His quarrel with Shelburn was, that while he was for granting independence unconditionally to America, he had no objection to carry on the war with France, and wished at any rate for a more honourable peace with her. Just before the outbreak of the French war, which he opposed, he was for increasing our army, and intimated that if France was still of the same encroaching spirit as in the days of Louis XIV., or if Hol-

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land called upon us to resent the opening of the Scheldt, we might have to go to war, and when war was declared, he expressed his intention of supporting the Government in the prosecution of it. He had no opportunity of directing public affairs till 1806, and if he then shewed himself what Sir W. Scott calls 'a Briton,' it was not because he was 'dying,' but because it was for the first time since 1783, that he was placed in a responsible position.

On the whole question of the policy which was, and which might have been taken by England at the outbreak of the French revolution, we must, more especially, refer the reader to the work of Lord Russell. He sets forth the whole subject from a Whig point of view in a most masterly manner. The best part of the whole book is, we think, the last part of the second volume, where these matters are particularly treated. The picture which is there drawn of the proud and useful position of armed mediation, which under a courageous and liberal minister might have been taken by England, is a very fine one. How we might at the same time have forbidden the German Powers to interfere with the internal concerns of France on the one hand, and on the other compelled the French nation to keep within its own limits, under pain of throwing the whole weight of our active interference into the scale against whichever side refused to listen to what we recommended. This would have been, indeed, a very bold course, but we think a successful one, for we do not see that either side would have been in a position to risk our hostility, in addition to that of their other foes.

Whether Fox would have adopted this course, or whether any statesman could in England, even in those days, have held out a distinct threat of war before the passions of the nation were roused, is another question. Certain it is that we have *drifted* into more than one war, from the want of a distinct declaration early enough in the dispute, that war would undoubtedly be the consequence of a particular line of conduct.

We cannot follow Fox through his hopeless opposition during the following years, nor will we pause with our author to contemplate him among his flowers and nightingales at St. Anne's Hill, with his Homer and Ariosto, happy in the society of the woman he loved.

Lord Russell does not attach much importance to the arbitrary measures passed through Parliament during the reactionary panic of those days; but we confess it rather takes our breath away, when we read that a man persisting in attending a public meeting which had been disapproved of by two justices of the peace might be punished with *death*.

At length, the long days of opposition are over, and we feel that the great abilities comparatively wasted for thirty years in thwarting and denouncing the measures, sometimes good, but oftener bad, of other men, may be more immediately enlisted in the service of the country. But it is too late, the hand of death is already upon him—the work of his life, good and evil, is at an end.

Fox's great work after all, that by which he is remembered, and by which he will for ever have a name in history, was one to which he never actually set himself, and which he achieved accidentally, rather than with any fixed purpose. He may have hastened by a few years the close of the American war; but he failed in his attempts either to put an end to the war with France, or to conduct it in a better manner. His notions of finance were, according to our modern ideas, still more erroneous than those of Pitt. The oppressive mea-

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sures of the years 1795 and 1796 were hardly mitigated by one who was then at the head of so small a minority, and it was reserved for other hands to establish the principles of religious liberty, and to carry parliamentary reform. What he really did, was to reorganise the Whig party, and to infuse such new life into it that it has lasted to the present day.

We are aware that his unfortunate coalition with Lord North was one of the causes of its being driven from power in 1783, and that he was deserted by the great bulk of his followers in 1794, and that from then, till the close of his life, the party he headed was not large; but though he may have committed errors occasionally — and, occasionally what is almost as bad in a leader, was in advance of his age— he more than made up for his faults and misfortunes by the happy power he possessed of rallying men round him as fast as they dispersed, and by the devotion he inspired among his followers. Let us consider the state of the Whig party in the beginning of the reign of George III. Objectless, spiritless, and divided into many factions, its members were falling apart for want of a leader. The one great man of the day was Chatham, and he was not a Whig. Had either Newcastle, or Grafton, Bedford, or Grenville, possessed the qualities of a party chief, the whole political history of the times might have been different. Rockingham was upright and sensible, wealthy and well born, and to be the latter in those days was of greater advantage than now; but he was hampered by a constitutional nervousness, and an utter deficiency in power of speaking.

It was not every able man, or even every great statesman, who could have reorganised the party at the head of which Fox placed himself. We doubt whether Pitt, with all his genius, could have succeeded—and certainly Pitt's virtues would have been in his way, while even the very vices of Fox assisted him.

It is not easy to form a just conception of the manners of those times among the higher and more fashionable classes. Every diary that is published has to have many passages suppressed; and a glance at some of the half-erased pages in the old betting book of Brookes's, may show the curious not only how free was the conversation of those times among the foremost men of the day, but how little they objected to leaving their conversation on record. And yet in the midst of this, among the most profligate men of that period, there existed very often, not only a high sense of honour, but a tenderness, a refinement—a love of all things noble and beautiful—a strong feeling on many points of sense of duty and responsibility which, now that open profligacy is so much rarer, we are not accustomed to see associated with it.

In those days, too, rank itself had certain advantages, however mean the family, or however discreditable the means by which that rank was obtained. Still more advantageous was it to 'be the fashion,' that expression which it is so difficult to define.

Fox, therefore, had much in his favour that was possessed by few other men of his day. In his faults and virtues, he was the representative man of his class. He was a favourite in every club and drawing-room in London, even before he rose very high in the House of Commons. Then there was his vehemence of disposition—his never failing boldness—his extraordinary eloquence, original in its nature, and from its very appearance of being utterly without preparation, all the more fitted to dazzle a class who were not themselves in the habit of deep and continuous study.

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The influence of Fox, however, among his own contemporaries was of slow growth, and was continually being thrown back by opposing influences. It was among a younger generation, those who were entering upon life when he was quitting it, that his fascination was most irresistibly exercised. We can most of us remember some on whom the spell had fallen, or have seen its effects when transmitted through them to their descendants.

Because Fox wore a blue coat and a buff waistcoat, blue and buff became the Whig colours, and old gentlemen might very recently have been seen wearing a similar dress. The books he read, the poetry he admired, attained a new value. In politics, the definition of the word Whig was, a follower of Charles James Fox; and now that his name is fading from memory, his party seems likely to fade with it. No subsequent leader has attained anything like the same position. Lord Grey was too reserved and exclusive. Lord Melbourne indeed was genial and open, and his conversation had a peculiar charm. He had, however, passed a great part of his life in the retirement of a comparatively small circle, and had the disadvantage, like Lord Grey, of being in the House of Lords. Lord Palmerston belonged to the nation rather than to any party; and among the many estimable and some great qualities of the author we have been reviewing, the power of acquiring a widespread social popularity can hardly be numbered. Indeed he seems never to have attempted to obtain it. He too, with all his merits and all his faults, is drawing towards the close of his career. Who is to succeed him? What is to be the future position of the Whig party? Is there still to be a Whig party, or are we entering upon new combinations in which old names and old watchwords will no longer find a place? This is a very wide and very complicated question — too much so to be entered upon at the fag end of what was only intended for a review. C.



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THE AMERICAN SANITARY COMMISSION AND ITS LESSON.

By Frances Power Cobbe.

A QUESTION which meets philanthropists and statesmen at every turn is this: What are the bounds of their respective provinces? What is it that the State ought to do towards relieving want, reforming crime, and curing disease; and what is it that Voluntary Charity ought to accomplish in these works? When we have decided what each can do best, the further inquiry presses for reply, How are the two to be made to act harmoniously?

Into these large questions we shall not presume to enter. There is, however, a subordinate and very definite problem which it seems that the recent experience of another nation has in a degree helped us to solve; namely: What kind of voluntary organisation can best aid a government in a great national work, without at the same time hampering it? How can the flexibility and enthusiasm of a free philanthropic agency be made to supplement the stiffness and coldness of routine inseparable from the mechanism of a great State engine?

For the answer to these latter questions we believe we need look no further than to the history of the United States Sanitary Commission,—a voluntary association whose remarkable success must be familiarly known to our readers, but whose relation to the American Government and whose almost perfect machinery are well worthy of the closer study of English philanthropists. The contrast between the origin of this Commission and the one effort in our history (the mission of the nurses to the Crimea) which bears resemblance to it, is very painfully striking. The Americans, beginning in time, and untrammelled by official 'red tape,' achieved a magnificent success; and henceforth should any great national calamity befall them, they will know in a moment how to renew their organisation, and carry on the same work of beneficence. We English, on the contrary, only began our labours of mercy when it was already half too late, and at this hour if a similar trial were to be repeated, it is much, very much, to be doubted whether all the horrors of those hospitals on the Bosphorus, those cruel transports of the Euxine, that pestiferous camp at Sebastopol, and all the long story of official blunders and neglect, would not be enacted over again.

It is surely worth our while, now, when it is still a fresh experience to learn somewhat of the way in which a great national struggle may be made as little painful as it is possible to be. The Crimean war, indeed, is not only over long ago, but already strangely forgotten. It has bequeathed some obscure political results among the complications of European diplomacy, and it has left a few English homes where the place of the dead has been not even yet closed in by the aftergrowth of life and affection. There are still a few lonely graves on Cathcart's Hill, where the rare visitor pauses and says, 'Ah, I remember that name!' But this is all. The war which once filled all our thoughts is a thing of the past; a leaf of history which we have read and turned over.

Yet the lesson of that terrible time ought not to be wholly forgotten, nor the contrast which our rashness and American forethought produced in the results of our war and theirs. *We* began by thinking it was the business of our Govern-

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ment to provide all things needful for our soldiers, to take all the sanitary precautions for their health which science might dictate, and to provide for the sick and wounded hospitals, ambulances, surgeons, nurses, drugs, linen, all and everything they might require. We took a long time to discover that our Government either could not or at least did not, half or even a quarter fulfil any such supposed obligations; and then, after weeping and storming, and asking wildly, '*Whom shall we hang?*' we began to send out scores of nurses and thousands of bales of food and clothes and medicine; the nurses barely reaching their work till half the agony had been endured unrelieved, and the food and other objects sent for the sick being half destroyed before arrangements were made for its distribution. It was all a nightmare, the sort of nightmare out of which the Greeks made Tartarus. There was the charity here and the want there, and a fleet of ships for ever passing from us to our dying friends, but what we sent them never reached them. What they wanted we did not give; what they received they did not want.

Very differently—partly warned by our example, partly moved by another spirit—the Americans commenced their struggle. While England, boasting of her thousand wars, cast her soldiers on that Crimean shore almost with as little forethought as the Euxine cast its pebbles, America, which scarcely knew what a single campaign signified,[1] went to war with the gravest sense of the difficulties ahead.

As Dr. Bellows, the President of the Sanitary Commission, said in his speech at Philadelphia, February 24, 1863:

> We did not wait until the horse had been stolen before we locked the stable door. We did not appoint a commission after a year of reverses to find out how many lives had been thrown away; but with a spirit characteristic of American forethought, we selected a body of men at the start, before a single life was exposed, to suggest the means of preventing any needless waste of human life during the war.... We asked ourselves, What can we do to help the Government to take care of the sick and wounded? We foresaw there would be a rush of philanthropic men and women to the hospitals. It occurred to us then, at the outset, that it was important to organise this beneficence, that its results might be regularly, economically, wisely, and kindly utilised for the good of all.—*Dr. Bellows's Speech*, p. 21.

Dr. Bellows was able, at the end, to boast that—

> The mortality of our army has been reduced by influences which have been exerted—God knows how, we trust in some degree through our instrumentality,—to six per cent. as the general average and rule. Whether this be due to the beneficence of the Government, or to the admirable commissariat, or to the abundance of clothing which our soldiers have possessed, or whether perhaps it is owing to the versatile and self-protecting character of the American people, or to the favourableness of the climate, or to the efforts of the Sanitary Commission—it is not for me definitely to say; but by the blessing of God our army ... is the healthiest army by far that has ever been in the field.—*Speech*, p. 19.

It is curious to read that only five days after the President's proclamation of war, a Soldiers' Aid Society was regularly constituted by the ladies of the State of Ohio; and that before a month had elapsed there were hundreds of such associations scattered all over the loyal States. These societies coalesced in the 'Women's Central Relief Association,' and this, again, with two large societies of gentlemen which had the same objects in view. The three united societies, on the 18th May, 1861, deputed their repre-

[1] At the beginning of the war the military establishment of the United States amounted to 20,000 men, and for these, the staff of 150 surgeons and assistant surgeons was sufficient. (See speech of Dr. Bellows, Feb. 24, 1863.) But when a million of soldiers were called out, and all the wounds and diseases of war entailed, 3,000 surgeons were not enough.

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sentatives to treat with the Secretary of State as to the means by which they could most effectually co-operate with the Medical Bureau of the War Department.[1] They asked that a mixed commission, military officers and medical men, might be appointed by the Government, whose duty it should be to organise the voluntary aid of the nation towards the health and well-being of the army. They referred to the commissions which had followed the Crimean and Indian wars, and had brought to light the vast amount of suffering needlessly endured; and they begged that in this case the organisation might *precede* the war, and not follow after it. They suggested the appointment of cooks and nurses for the army, and stated that the 'Women's Central Association of Relief' stood ready to undertake the training of both in their duties. The Commission asked for no legal powers and for no pecuniary remuneration; only for a recommendatory order to all officers to further its purposes; and it promised to disband if experience should prove its operations embarrassing to the Government.

When we figure to ourselves the manner in which such proposals as these would be met by pretty nearly every Government Board in England, our wonder is small when we read—'The President and Secretary of War were not at first disposed to look with any great favour upon this plan, which they regarded rather as a sentimental scheme concocted by women and clergymen than as one likely to be useful.' The position and influence of some of its advocates, and the request of the Acting Surgeon-General, finally procured a reluctant decision in its favour. Be it said, however, that the consent thus cautiously given was soon followed by the most cordial co-operation on the part of the American Government, and that President Lincoln, to the day of his death, gave the Commission his warmest sympathy and assistance.

On the 9th June, 1861, the Commission was created, at first under the long-winded title of 'The Commission of Inquiry and Advice in respect of the Sanitary Interests of the United States Forces,' but soon assumed its well known name of the 'United States Sanitary Commission.' The President was the Rev. Henry W. Bellows, D.D.; and with him were associated at first about five hundred members from different parts of the country. Among the most active and able of these were the Vice-President, Mr. A. D. Bache; Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, author of the *Cotton Kingdom*; W. H. Van Buren, M.D.; Mr. C. R. Agnew, Dr. S. C. Howe, Mr. J. S. Newbury, Mr. F. Knapp, and Dr. Jenkins. There were also numerous gentlemen and ladies having other duties, who, on occasions of the great battles, answered to the summons of the Commission, and hastened to the field, to render there all the assistance in their power. Among these last, and present during the whole war, either at the military hospitals in Washington or at the different battle-fields, was the well-known eloquent preacher the Rev. W. H. Channing, Chaplain to the House of Representatives. The writer gratefully acknowledges the information he has afforded for the compilation of this paper.

Besides these gentlemen, there were also hundreds of ladies acting in concert with the Commission. Their practice usually was to hold separate committees, and to meet from time to time for consultation with the committees of gentlemen. Among these ladies most prominently

[1] See for this, and some subsequent information, *The Philanthropic Results of the War*. By an American Citizen. New York: Sheldon & Co.

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active were Mrs. and Miss Scuyler, Mrs. Holmes (the wife of the charming novelist Wendell Holmes), Mrs. C. R. Lowell (sister of the poet), Miss A. W. May, Mrs. A. H. Hoge, and Mrs. Livermore of Chicago. When it is remembered that these women and the thousands who worked with them throughout the country presented to their country, during the war, clothing and food to the value of 7,000,000 of dollars, we are not surprised to read what Lincoln said of them at the opening of the Sanitary Fair at Washington:

> I have never studied the arts of paying compliments to women; but I must say that if all that has been said by orators and poets in praise of women were applied to the women of America, it would not do them justice for their conduct during this war. I will close by saying 'God bless the women of America.'[1]

The Commission once in existence, commenced without delay what it called its 'advisory functions,' which consisted in the preparation and circulation of an immense number of sanitary tracts. The service which these rendered to the soldiers and their nurses is said to have been considerable.

The next step was for the agents of the Commission to visit all the camps, and report on their needs: after which there was an immediate effort to meet them with the proper supplies. At first there were no means of transport at the disposal of the Commission, and in the earlier battles much suffering was caused by delay; but as soon as possible the Commission made for itself a whole system of communication by land and water, waggons, ambulances, railroad-cars, steamboats, all fitted up with special view to the purpose in hand. In particular, the railway carriages and steamers intended for the wounded were provided with hammocks suspended by elastic cords, and every contrivance which could save the patients the pain of motion. By July 1863 each *corps d'armée* was attended by its special superintendent of relief, with his full complement of assistants in the various departments, and with complete trains of waggons, ambulances, and supplies of all kinds.

The system, which had become gigantic in extent of operations, was arranged somewhat as follows. There was an eastern and a western branch, with central committees of gentlemen for each. There were subordinate committees, generally one of ladies and one of gentlemen (often joining to consult together), in nearly every town throughout both Eastern and Western States. The business of the central committees was to organise the general action of the association, to inform the local committees of the supplies needed, and to forward the supplies so obtained to their own officials at each station of the army. When any great battle occurred, a special call was made for volunteers, and such men and women as offered themselves were sent down at once to the field, and told off to the duties of charity allotted to them. At all times there was a continuous system of relief, rising out of every village and town, where the women held sewing parties, prepared articles of food, collected books, linen, money, opened bazaars, and in every way made up supplies, which were forwarded free of cost by the railways to the central depôts, and thence distributed week by week, according to the special requirements of each army. As a witness has assured us, 'The arrange-

[1] *The Sanitary Commission*, p. 282. New York, 1864. It is pleasant to know that the magnificent monument to be erected to President Lincoln in Washington, at the cost of 50,000*l*., has been entrusted to one of these 'women of America,' Miss Harriet Hosmer.

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ments were as nearly perfect as anything human might be; and till the end of the war, when all the railways were broken down, and the supplies could no more be so rapidly forwarded, it was almost miraculous how the discovery of any want was followed by its immediate relief.' Anecdotes are told of this of a curious kind. On one occasion (and proving very remarkably the use of so flexible an organisation as that of the Commission) it is mentioned that the sanitary inspectors having detected symptoms of scurvy among the troops engaged at the siege of Vicksburg, immediately and long before any Government measures were practicable, the Commission sent down to the camp immense stores of onions and other vegetables, whereby the disease was arrested at once. 'Potatoes and onions,' we are told one of the energetic lady agents of the Commission declared, —'Potatoes and onions captured Vicksburg.' Again, when the unhappy starved prisoners were released at last from Andersonville, they found on board the steamboats provided to carry them home only the usual soldiers' rations of hard beef and salt pork, which to their weakened systems were wholly useless. The Sanitary Commission agents instantly intervened with farina and various delicacies fitted for the condition of the sufferers. At another time the Commission constantly engaged for weeks together a car on the railway from Baltimore, whereon (with due provision of ice) stores of poultry, fresh meat and fruit were brought up to the sufferers in the hospital at Washington after one of the great battles, and when their condition rendered such fresh food specially needful.

The principle on which the Commission seems to have proceeded was, 'never to find a want of any kind without striving to supply it.' The spirit of the agents was rather that of brothers and sisters looking after beloved relatives, than any routine of charity, which we should associate with the idea of a public institution. A story is told of a sick soldier complaining to his comrade in hospital that 'after all he derived no benefit from the Sanitary Commission.' The fellow-soldier asked the complainant to look first at the letters on his clean shirt, then on those on the pot of jelly he was eating, the bottle of wine he had been drinking, the book he had been reading, and so on, till he was compelled to avow that all his comforts came from the same source.

Of course it would be idle to suppose that all the difficulties of that vast war were *adequately* met, either by the State or the Commission. The evils were far beyond the powers of both. They did but alleviate them so far as time and human activity permitted. The agonies of those dread battle-fields were too wide and sudden for any effectual or immediate relief. The general amount of disease and wounds in that army of nearly a million men reached at one time almost 100,000 men (in October 1862); and to suppose that all these were thoroughly well attended would be vain indeed.[1] We are often told of frightful and overwhelming misery, beyond all reach of aid. Still the Sanitary Commission effected a greater amount of good than had ever before been done in time of war: and the help that its agents gave, if inadequate, was never wholly missing. No camp, no hospital, no field of battle, was without them, and their waggons of stores, and trains of nurses and assistants.

Let us try to give a brief outline of the ramifications in which

[1] *The Sanitary Commission: A Sketch*, p. 43. Boston, 1863.

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the work of the Commission finally took shape.

There was first the original 'advisory function;' the examination of and reporting on the sanitary condition of the different camps, and the distribution of thousands of tracts and good counsel.

Next came the supplying of medical and other stores to the hospitals before the great battles; then, after they had taken place, the gathering up of the wounded, and, in general, the assistance in all ways of the overtasked State Medical Department, whose 3,000 surgeons and 15,000 nurses far from reached the necessities of the case. To take a single instance of the way this work was carried out. After the battle of Gettysburg, upwards of twenty thousand men were left upon the field. Till four and a half months afterwards, when the last load of mutilated men were carried away, the agents of the Commission laboured on the spot and distributed enormous stores of articles which the charity of the nation forwarded to them for the purpose, to the value of 15,000*l.* sterling.[1] The horrors of these vast fields of carnage and the labours of the agents among the dead and wounded, were repeated again and again throughout the war. These labours were not always free from danger. The attempts to carry the wounded from the field continually brought the agents under fire, and they were always liable to be taken prisoners on their errands from city to camp and camp to city. On one occasion, for example, two of them, a physician and a clergyman, were conducting some waggons of hospital stores, when they were surrounded by Confederate troops, who brought them to Lee's head-quarters, from whence they were dismissed to the terrible Libby prison. They were released thence at last, but not till health and strength were broken for life.[2]

Again, a great task was the supply of extra food to the soldiers, especially of fresh vegetables, as in the case above cited, where a cargo of onions saved an outbreak of scurvy. To obtain potatoes, onions, carrots, and turnips in sufficient quantities, large gardens were made wherever the camps were stationary, and planted by the agents with seeds given by the Commission.

Next, it was resolved to supply the troops with books and periodicals, to keep them as much as possible to innocent pursuits. Large donations of books and a whole circulating library was the result. Stationery was also given to those who desired to write to their friends.

The clothing demand was, perhaps, greatest of all, and the purchase and making up of warm vests and socks, and changes of linen, became the principal business of the women's 'Sewing Circles' throughout the country, and their collection and distribution the task of the agents of the Commission. The sort of spirit with which this needlework was done is illustrated by an anecdote we copy from the book above quoted.

> In one of the mountainous counties of the North lived a mother and daughters, too poor to obtain by purchase the material for making hospital clothing. Twelve miles distant over the mountain was the county town, in which there was a relief association. Borrowing a neighbour's horse, either the mother or one of her daughters came regularly every fortnight to procure from this society garments to make up for the soldiers. One of the managers of the association once addressed them: 'You have some relative in the war, I suppose?' 'No,' was the reply, 'not now; our only brother fell at Ball's Bluff.'[3]

When medicine, food, nursing,

[1] *The Sanitary Commission: A Narrative of its Works and Purposes*, p. 160. New York, 1864.

[2] The names of these gentlemen were Rev. Mr. Scanlon and Dr. Macdonald.

[3] The New England Branch of the Sanitary Commission during the first two years of

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books, and clothing had been supplied to the soldier while living, it appeared that the work of burying the dead decently and collecting and sending to surviving friends the little relics found on the battle-fields, or bequeathed in the hospital, was a matter far beyond the resources of the regular authorities. Here, again, the Commission intervened and did all that time permitted to inter the bodies of the dead, and conveying to their surviving relations such accounts as might be given, and such objects as could be preserved. This work led to another: the institution by a lady, not a member of the Association, of a regular Soldiers' Inquiry Office in Washington, where anxious friends might learn all that was to be learned of the missing and the dead. This same lady (Rosa Barton, of Worcester) was at a later period sent down by Government to Andersonville with a ship-load of head-boards and a staff of assistants, to place decent memorials over every grave which could be identified.

The care of the Commission extended even beyond the graves of the soldiers, and was exerted to obtain for their families, free of cost or trouble, such arrears of pay and such pensions as they might inherit. Another branch agency assisted the soldiers themselves when discharged, to obtain their pensions quickly and without expense. Some idea of the scale of these affairs in America in 1862, may be formed from the Fourth Report of the Sanitary Commission, where it is stated that—

> In the Second Auditor's office, to which claims for arrears and bounties were brought, there are now accumulated at least twenty thousand claims, and although forty clerks were added last winter, the prospect of clearing the docket is *affected* (!) by the fact that two hundred new ones are received daily while one hundred are settled. —*Report*, p. 10.

Besides all these regular branches of the Commission's work, there seem to have been various other contrivances for helping the soldiers under every contingency. Scattered along the lines of march were twenty-five Homes and Lodges, where they could rest on their journeys and be housed and boarded free of cost. In one of these lodges in nine weeks, we find in the account that eleven thousand meals were furnished, and an average of more than two thousand soldiers were sheltered every night. Other homes again were opened for the nurses of the military hospitals, and for women coming from distant places to see sick relatives. Again there were people appointed by the Commission to arrange for through-tickets on the railways and steam-boats, to push on the invalid soldiers on their return home, and to save them from delays and 'sharks,' which last, by the way, from the care taken to guard against them, seem to have been a formidable band.

Again, there were the miserable famished prisoners in Andersonville and the Libby prisons, and to these, whenever it was possible, the Commission forwarded supplies. We have all heard of the cruelty wherewith these supplies were so often kept from the starving men for whom they were destined. As to the Confederate prisoners, such of them as being sick or wounded passed into the hospitals, were there treated by the Commission precisely

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the war contributed 45,500 shirts, drawers, and other garments. One old lady of eighty-five knitted 191 pairs of socks for her share of the work. See *Sanitary Commission Bulletin*, vol. i. no. 13.

One of the chief modes of collecting money for the Sanitary Commission was by the Fairs (or, as we should call them, bazaars) held at the chief cities. Some of them produced enormous sums.

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the same as the Federals. No difference whatever was made in the distribution of stores to one or the other. A lady engaged in the hospital service after Gettysburg, thus simply described the feelings of the members of the Commission on this subject, in a private letter to a friend:

> You will not, I am sure, regret that these most wretched men, these enemies 'sick and in prison,' were helped and cared for through your supplies; though certainly they were not in your minds when you packed your barrels and boxes. . . . . It was curious to see among our workers at the lodge, the disgust and horror felt for *rebels* giving place to the kindest feelings for *wounded men*.[1]

Again, there was the navy to be assisted, and a branch of smaller work by the Commission, undertaken to convey to the gunboats and other vessels the same fresh stores and hospital appliances as to the army. The blockading squadron at Charleston was thus specially assisted.

A whole department of the work of the Commission to which we have already referred, was the transport service. For the conveyance without needless pain of the wounded, the Commission fitted up ambulances and river steam-boats with every appliance, and kept them in instant service wherever they were needed.[2]

Such in brief was the work of the American Sanitary Commission, a work which began simultaneously with the war, and is now being concluded by the obtaining of pensions and bounties for soldiers and their widows, and the facilitating the final return to their homes of those discharged from the hospitals. A natural pride seems to have been felt in bestowing a parting kindness in the shape of meals at starting to the disbanded regiments leaving Washington in the triumph of victory.

Let it be remembered that this immense work was mainly done gratuitously; that men and women with brains and activity enough to carry it out in such perfection, took from their professions and amusements the time needed for such toil, claiming no remuneration of any sort. Even the servants of the Commission employed in the transport and other business worked for the most moderate wages. Against all the ugly stories of political and mercantile corruption told us of America, let us at all events set in remembrance that, so far as it is known or even suspected, the enormous machinery of the Sanitary Commission was worked with clean hands without even the accusation of a job. The collection and distribution under peculiarly complicated and difficult circumstances, of goods and money equal to upwards of 2,000,000*l.* sterling, *with a cost of management of less than three per cent. on the whole*, may be held to be a phenomenon of which sundry religious and philanthropic societies nearer home would do well to make note.

The Sanitary Commission was not quite alone in its labours, nor would it be fair to withhold credit to some minor societies which acted in friendly co-operation with it, though under different auspices. Chief among these was 'The Christian Association,' designed at first exclusively to afford spiritual aid to the sick and dying; very soon however its agents were inevitably led to bind the wounds of the body before attending to those of the soul. Strange to say no religious jealousy of differing sects seems, from first to last, to have interfered with the harmony of charitable efforts. The Sanitary Commission was composed of men of all denominations, and they were apparently all too busy to attend to those theological diver-

[1] *Three Weeks at Gettysburgh*, p. 85. New York, 1863.
[2] See *Hospital Transports: A Memoir.* Boston, 1863.

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gencies which generally set our Priests and Levites quarrelling over the half-dead man till some heretical Samaritan takes him to the inn. There were also a few Ladies' Societies which did not affiliate themselves to the Sanitary Commission; chief among them, the Ladies' Aid Society of Philadelphia, whose secretary, Mrs. Harris, expended in the first year money and supplies to the amount of 200,000 dollars. The place taken by women in the whole work is indeed very remarkable. Both the volunteer Commission and the Government Senate from the first welcomed their aid. The well known philanthropist, Miss D. L. Dix, was early appointed by the Government to the office of General Superintendent of the Nurses of Military Hospitals in the United States. Among the *irregulars*, heroes and heroines, who hovered around the army of charity, may be reckoned also a gentleman and his adopted daughter (Mr. Fay and Miss Gilson), who during the entire war followed one camp or another, having their own waggons and tents, and a large cooking apparatus and store of good things, which the young lady herself distributed, day and night, to those in need of them. Mr. Channing describes her, as he saw her, seeming too fragile for anything but the life of a drawing-room, but standing in the midst of the camp, amid her cauldrons of hot soup and punch, cheering everybody by her courage and spirits. It was to another such woman that the poor soldier she was nursing made the remark, 'When you get to the gate of heaven they won't *ask you for a countersign*—they'll let you right in!'

Besides all these, it is to be remembered that each State of the Union sent to the war agents to follow its own regiments, and supply their necessities as might prove desirable.

The lesson of this grand achievement of American philanthropy is not far to seek. It has demonstrated beyond a doubt that, alongside of a great State department and in entire harmony therewith, voluntary charity may have an immense sphere and may effect incalculable good. The cause, among all others, to which we must most attribute the success of the Sanitary Commission, is the good sense wherewith its leaders took and kept, from first to last, the right attitude towards the United States Government, namely, that of a *supplementary agency*. Instead of attempting any such alliance, we in England have always (with the single exception of the Crimean hospitals) rather tended to keep the two lines of State action and voluntary action as far apart as possible. Our efforts for the future must be to discover how they may best work together. Nor ought we to require so tremendous a trial as the American war to show us how needful is such an alliance. Everywhere through our reformatories, our schools, our workhouses, our sanitary movements and efforts to improve the dwellings of the poor, the same want of the *double* help is obvious. Things done wholly by the State lack elements of flexibility, of tenderness, of personal human interest, without which the cunningly devised schemes of the most benevolent law makers are but half efficacious. And, on the other hand, private charity unassisted by the State too often labours all in vain, feebly assuaging symptoms of the social disease, which nothing but the sharp knife of legal enactments can extirpate. Let us for a moment glance at some of these things as they now stand in England:

1. Reformatories and schools of all kinds have, more than any other institutions, united State foundations (or grants in aid) and direction, with a liberal admission of

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voluntary work. Who that knows anything of the matter does not know that it is precisely those reformatories where the voluntary system has largest scope, that the criminals are best reclaimed; and that the schools of the poor, where private patrons visit, are those where the greatest animation pervades teachers and pupils?

2. Penitentiaries, on the other hand, have been left almost wholly to voluntary charity, and the result is that, with the utmost devotion, the patrons fail to accomplish any work commensurate with the need. It may be gravely questioned, also, whether the rigid and almost penal systems for the government of such institutions which have suggested themselves to the ladies and clergymen by whom they are commonly directed, be anything like so wise as the larger and kinder treatment, combined with legal authority, which, beyond a doubt, would characterise the regulations of statesmen and men of the world.

3. In Sanitary Reform the State has done much in England of late years, and the visitation of cholera has produced a tolerably cordial cooperation between volunteers and officials. But not till the State undertakes the Herculean task of cleansing thoroughly the slums of the great cities, and rebuilding the dwellings of the poor out of loans of national money, not till there remains no single unpurified hot-bed of disease in the land, can the work of the State be complete. Voluntary charity, like Miss Coutts's, or Mr. Peabody's or Alderman Waterlow's model lodging houses, can supply but a drop in the ocean of want; and if we wait till private enterprise or private charity buy up all the slums of London alone, and build on their site fit dwellings for human health and decency, we may wait till generations have died in misery and squalor, and pestilence after pestilence has ravaged the land. The approaching session is to see the reintroduction of the 'Bill for Improving the Dwellings of the Working Classes,'[1] a Bill which could not be carried last summer, though Whigs and Tories agreed to support it, because it trenched on interests '*vested*' in those foul dens of disease. Let us hope that at this next attempt the Bill will find friends enough in earnest to force its acceptance. But, unhappily, what Morality is to pulpit teaching, *that* social and sanitary measures are to parliamentary legislation. A theological error, however minute, is ferreted out and hunted to the death by our clergy; a moral dishonesty, such as those practices of bribery, false weights and adulterations, which are the disgrace of the land, rarely receives from them a word of condemnation. Just so, a question of *political* influence, of the grant or denial of the franchise to possessors of five pounds more or less of property, causes a turmoil to make the walls of St. Stephen's rock, and transfers the Government of England from one party to another. But the question of sanitary and social reform,—of the purification physically and morally of the lives of hundreds of thousands of the people,—this question hardly rereceived the attention of a day in Parliament, and was postponed for a session from opposition, which the least earnestness expressed by the nation or the press would have immediately overcome.

Lastly, there are the Workhouses to afford the most effective instances of the need of a coalition between the State and voluntary charity. The existing Poor Law is probably, on the whole, as sagaciously framed

[1] See *Fraser's Magazine* for January 1866. Article on 'The Indigent Class: their Schools and Dwellings.'

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a measure as might be named: but its actual results have involved enormous suffering. And why? Surely in a great degree because, dealing with charity, it has dealt with it solely as a State power, and not as a voluntary expression of human sympathy, and because it has lacked all the flexibility of arrangement, all the insight of sympathy belonging to a voluntary system. Of course a system radically voluntary (like the monastic charity of the Middle Ages) would have been far worse. For all purposes of solidity and strength the bony skeleton of such a national institution should be as firm as the State law can make it. But over these dry bones (as one of the framers of the Poor Law has said) the flesh and blood of warm free charity should clothe the whole, else is it but a grim and hideous image. The jealousy of the Boards of Guardians, the red-tape spirit which so long pervaded the Poor-Law Board, these have in a great measure debarred private charity from entrance on a sphere of work, in itself far from attractive. The Workhouse Visiting Society, one of the most wisely designed and freely worked charitable associations in England, has effected, after years of effort and conciliation, the permission for its members (under stringent regulations) to visit about *one fourth* of the workhouses in England and Wales. The remaining three fourths remain unvisited, some of them well and kindly managed, the greater number with all sorts of ill arrangements for sick and healthy, young and old, virtuous and vicious; and without a breath of the better sentiment which comes of the experience of voluntary kindness from visitors. Year by year this Society went on publishing a journal calling attention to one stupid blunder, one cruel neglect after another, and through every channel opened to its editor (the secretary of the society, Miss Louisa Twining) calling public attention to the real state of the case. But the Society, though numbering many dignitaries of Church and State among its patrons, had no countenance from the department of the State on whose province it touched, no recognition such as the Medical Bureau of the United States so gladly gave to the Sanitary Commission. The consequence was that beyond the narrow margin of the workhouses to which the members obtained admission, they laboured in vain; nay, even in these, from fear of giving offence and being excluded by the guardians, they did not half accomplish the good they could otherwise have done. In a word, they worked on *sufferance*, instead of on the footing of recognised allies. Then, at last, when a few cases happened to come before the public (cases such as every member of the Workhouse Visiting Society knew of familiarly), there was a great outcry, and the *frightful disclosures*[1] filled columns of every newspaper. Had this Society (which possessed every possible claim to such confidence), been officially recognised and invested with the right to visit the workhouses and publish what it found there, there would have been no 'disclosures' of 1866, and no such evils to disclose.

Again, while the State hospitals

[1] A curious instance of the impossibility of making the public take in a fact about which it is indifferent may be found in the circumstance that the present writer in 1860–61 wrote and obtained admission in fifty-four newspapers to eighty-seven letters and articles, in which the misery of the workhouse sick wards and the claims of the incurables were set forth with whatever clearness she could command. Yet most of these fifty-four journals (including all the most influential in London) have this year talked again and again about the 'disclosures' as if nobody had ever breathed a doubt of the perfection of workhouse hospitals.

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are thus three fourths closed to private charity, other Hospitals supported by voluntary contributions are in no true relation to the State, but jealously exclude paupers even when suffering from the acute and dangerous diseases for which only the perfect arrangements of such hospitals hold out a hope of cure. A right alliance between the State charity and the voluntary charity would result in some arrangement whereby a sick pauper's destination to the workhouse Infirmary or to the best local Hospital would be determined, *not* by the chance of his wife finding a subscriber to the hospital with a ticket to spare, but by a competent officer deciding that his illness required the highest skill and nursing, or might be sufficiently treated in the workhouse. In the former case, of course, the guardians of the union would be called on to pay to the funds of the hospital the cost entailed by the patient. This, we say, is what ought to be done if the State and voluntary charity were here in the same sort of alliance displayed in America between the United States Government and the Sanitary Commission.

So far we have proceeded, believing that the example set by the great American charity has been every way worthy of imitation. In conclusion we wish to point out that not only were its relations to the State all that was desirable, but that it must be absolved for having encroached in other directions upon provinces not its own; namely, the province of ordinary paid labour. In a great emergency like the American war there can be no line drawn, no reservations made, and the example then set cannot be quoted for imitation under ordinary circumstances. The lady who at such a time will serve her country as a volunteer nurse deservedly receives all gratitude and honour. But in years of peace, when no war, no pestilence brings extraordinary demands, when the struggle to obtain honest maintenance by thousands of indigent men and helpless women is the only prominent feature of national distress —at such a time we believe that the gratuitous service of ladies as hospital nurses is often, *not* an heroic act of public charity, but a serious social mistake. That 'the labourer is worthy of his hire' is a principle which justly pervades all other professions; and were a *man* to offer professional services of any kind gratuitously (unless under special circumstances), he would be justly considered to do a wrong to the fellow members of his profession. Women have failed to see that the same rule applies to any professional work they may undertake. Ladies of independent means filled with religious zeal and the truest 'enthusiasm of humanity,' devote themselves in numbers to the office of nurses at our public hospitals, and do so avowedly as an act of gratuitous philanthropy; refusing such salaries, great or small, as might have been attached to their offices. Now to this innovation, generous and noble as are the motives which have inspired it, we gravely object. True, we know that the nursing of these ladies (at King's College Hospital and University College Hospital, for example) is excellent; so excellent as to draw forth the *Lancet*'s commendation, that the nursing was the best that England had yet seen.[1] True, we know that such service is positively good for the bodily health of ladies lingering previously in the *ennui* of a useless life, and at least apparently good also for their minds and

[1] Quoted, with much that follows, in an admirable paper by Dr. Eliz. Garrett, read at the Social Science Congress at Manchester, 1866.

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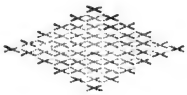
hearts. But the nurses and their patients are not the only people to be considered. The community at large suffers when higher education is wasted on lower work; when employments which ought to be remunerative are closed to the competition of those to whom such remuneration is needful. The benevolent ladies at King's College may nurse a patient as well as the best hired nurse, but what has that hired nurse to say to the arrangement? For the thousands of women who need to earn their own bread, and often the bread of their families also, there are but half a dozen modes of gaining money open—teaching, working, nursing, trading, or domestic service. A widow who is too imperfectly trained to teach, who cannot earn enough by needlework to stop the cravings of hunger, who has no capital for trade, who has learned no arts of domestic service, such a woman when she *has* learned the art of nursing, has a right to ask why a lady who can afford to work without pay, steps into her place, and not only shuts her out, but degrades her whole honest profession by making the acceptance of salary for its duties appear mercenary. Still harder is the case of the gentlewomen without fortune for whom the offices of lady matron or superintendent of the charities of England would afford at once support and the very duties of beneficence for which they crave. A rich 'sister of mercy' who comes in and fulfils freely the office which such a lady desires, takes the bread out of the mouth of that lady even if she feed never so well the sick pauper in her hospital. Is it asked Are these wealthy and charitable women to do nothing? The question is ridiculous. Every one knows that the proper work for them, the task of visitors, patrons, occasional readers and teachers, is never half accomplished, and that it is the very Quixotry of philanthropy for them to leave these duties which none else may fulfil, to perform other duties which less fortunate women may do equally well. Even if from peculiar aptitude, a wealthy woman find herself led to accept the office of superintendent of any charity, she ought in justice to her sisters, to accept her salary, as any *man* would accept that of his office; expending it again, if she please, for the benefit of the charity.[1]

The real reform of hospital nursing will, we believe, be effected by other means than the entrance of such volunteers of charity. It will be effected by offering, for very delicate and arduous duties, such just and liberal remuneration as will raise up a class of women really fitted to perform them, and willing to undergo the training needful for the task. It will consist, first, in the appointment of lady superintendents over the female side of every hospital and large workhouse (real ladies, we mean, and not superannuated housekeepers), with salaries of at least 200*l.* a year, with apartments and rations. Secondly, in the appointment of head nurses over every fifty patients, with salaries, not, as now, of 20*l.* a year, but of 50*l.* or 75*l.*, whereby the first class of respectable women of the middle ranks might be obtained. Thirdly, and lastly, by the appointment of under-nurses and night-nurses, not, as now, with wages of 10*l.* and partial board (making their service inferior to that of the lower sort of general servants and scullions) but at wages of 20*l.*, with good wholesome board, making their irksome service attractive for its remuneration, while its duties must ever remain more laborious than those of domestic

[1] Of course the gratuitous service of physicians and surgeons in hospitals repays them in a degree by the experience only to be therein obtained.

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life. Thus, with a wholly different scale of salaries, would come in a new and superior order of women into our hospitals. Nor do we believe that the fact that they honestly gained their livelihood therein would make them one degree less kind or less skilful than their volunteer rivals. 'Of course,' as Miss Garrett remarks, 'where the salaries are so low that none but intemperate charwomen will think of taking them, the nursing is as bad as intemperate charwomen can make it.' It is very easy to draw a favourable contrast between the high-born 'sisters' of King's College and such wretched night-nurses as come to the hospitals on wages of 9*l.* a year to work all night, having already eked out their subsistence by scrubbing floors all day. But the only comparison which need concern us will be that between these amiable and refined but, we think, mistaken sisters, and the superintendent, ladies, and respectable upper nurses who will make, not a sacrifice, but an honest profession of work fairly remunerative, and who will perform it as such women are undoubtedly able to perform such a task.



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MINISTERIAL PROSPECTS AND REFORM.

MONDAY the eleventh of February was a black Monday, an Ides of March, to both the Government and the Reform League. Resolutions and Demonstrations fell together. The failure of Mr. Disraeli was a set-off, or more than a set-off, to the failure of Mr. Beales; who, by marching his forces in meagre array before the mocking faces of the clubs, materially weakened the salutary impression that had been produced by the many well attended, well disposed, regular and orderly meetings, in town and country, of the much maligned, mistrusted, and misunderstood working class. But, fortunately for this learned gentleman, his blunder was speedily thrown into the shade by the portentous collapse of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had a greater height to tumble from, with the fortunes of a ministry and a great party to drag after him in his fall. The utmost exertion of rhetorical skill proved unavailing to sustain interest, or keep curiosity in suspense. All reasonable hope that the great question of the day would be satisfactorily settled through his instrumentality, or that of his colleagues, was at an end long before the conclusion of his speech; and Mr. Gladstone could well afford to wait the bursting of the bubble, the dispersion of the mist, the parturition of the mountain which was sure to bring forth a mouse.

The mode of proceeding by Resolutions is obviously inapplicable to so advanced a question as parliamentary reform. We are all agreed upon the main principles, so far as we are likely to agree; and the direct matter in hand, the indispensable preliminary to a settlement, is the practical application of them. It was an idle mockery to throw upon the table, and request the House to supplement or work up, a series of Resolutions not specifying the borough franchise, the county franchise, or the seats to be redistributed—not even supplying indications from which these all-important particulars could be guessed. This studied vagueness in recognised essentials contrasts strangely with the precision with which sundry novelties, not generally regarded as essentials, are marked out: and here we have the key to a system of tactics for which no common hypothesis will account.

An opinion had got abroad that a Government which would be held responsible for a complete scheme embodied in a Bill, would not be held equally responsible for the same scheme embodied in Resolutions. We do not understand this. It strikes us that, if a Government proposal is rejected, their course depends on substance, not on form: that whenever they are outvoted or thwarted on a vital point of distinctive policy, they must resign. Be this as it may, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli having announced that they will not accept the rejection of their Resolutions, individually taken, as a defeat, the treatment which a specified franchise might receive at the hands of the House could not be the reason of their refusal to descend at once to figures or details.

The reason probably was, that if, before carrying the Resolutions, they were to adopt or accept a definite borough franchise, there would be a split in their party, and their Cabinet would break up. A section of the Cabinet would not—at least at one time—agree to reduce the value of the qualifying tenement in boroughs, until 'other franchises' and 'the principle of plurality of votes' should be distinctly and definitively confirmed

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and conceded. Many influential county members would not agree to that reduction unless the counties were secured to the landed interest by the elimination of the popular element from the constituency. Mr. Disraeli undertook to satisfy them all, and they were content to abide the issue; although it would be giving both him and them small credit for sagacity to suppose that they really expected him to succeed in procuring the stipulated guarantees or securities. He doubtless thought he should perform his part if he could tide over the session without coming to particulars, and he will complacently submit to any incidental imputation of bad faith. 'Populus me sibilat at mihi plaudo.' But we had hoped better things from some of his colleagues, whose administrative career promised so fairly and who began without a stain. Surely they should have seen that it was neither honourable nor safe to trifle with the country in this matter: that there never was a period when national confidence in public men was more needed to check the menacing progress of popular discontent. If the session should be wasted as Mr. Disraeli intended and hoped to waste it, we want no prophet to foretell that Mr. Bright's next autumn campaign will be more successful than his last, or that Mr. Beales and the Reform League will be looking up.

Replying to Lord Robert Montagu and Mr. Osborne, Mr. Disraeli stated that no details or figures would be given prior to the introduction of the Bill to be founded on the Resolutions; that he deprecated the specification of a franchise from any quarter; and that nothing was easier than to form a just conception of his plan without any specification whatever. The aptest parallel for this audacious paradox may be found in that of Crambe (in *Martinus Scriblerus*), who 'swore he could frame a conception of a lord mayor, not only without his horse, gown and gold chain, but even without stature, feature, colour, hands, head, feet, or body. Cornelius told him he was a lying rascal.' Avoiding the strong language of Cornelius, we may suggest that no one who heard Mr. Disraeli assert the possibility of discussing the Resolutions as pure abstractions, agreed with him; and that the minds of many wandered back to the diametrically opposite views which he and his colleagues maintained last year, when Lord Stanley delivered his famous 'unanswerable' speech in support of Lord Grosvenor's motion, or when that noble lord moved without notice that the proposed mode of proceeding should be reversed. Surely he and all who voted with him on either occasion, were then of opinion that the entire scheme should be before the House at starting; that the franchises could not be discussed without knowing the precise areas within which they were to be in force respectively; and that the redistribution of seats should be considered first. His very words were:

> 'The question is not as to the effect of this Bill (the Franchise Bill) upon existing constituencies, but as to the effect of this new franchise in the existing constituencies *plus* those new boroughs which are about to be called into existence. These new boroughs, however, are entirely cut off from the discussion: we do not know how many, or what, they are to be, and we are therefore acting in the dark as to the ultimate balance of power between the different classes of the community. . . . I say that you cannot deal conveniently or satisfactory with the question of the extension of the franchise in boroughs and counties—but more especially with the question of the franchise in counties—unless you know what is to be the nature and extent of the constituencies you are about to create.'

Delay, then, being the transparent object of the Resolutions, will not the Opposition lay themselves

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open to a charge of complicity if they permit the mystification to be prolonged till it is too late to introduce a Bill with a reasonable prospect of its passing this year? The question is a difficult and delicate one; for, on the other hand, they may be accused of faction, if they refuse to allow the Government to carry out their programme; and, strange to say, there are sincere reformers who think it possible (without Mr. Disraeli's help) to mould the Resolutions into the basis or framework of a measure. As the Resolutions constitute a most important document to which both now and hereafter we shall frequently be obliged to refer, it seems best to print them as they stand:

This House having, in the last session of Parliament, assented to the second reading of a Bill entitled 'A Bill to extend the right of Voting at Elections of Members of Parliament in England and Wales,' is of opinion—

1. That the number of electors for counties and boroughs in England and Wales ought to be increased.

2. That such increase may best be effected by both reducing the value of the qualifying tenement in counties and boroughs, and by adding other franchises not dependent on such value.

3. That while it is desirable that a more direct representation should be given to the labouring class, it is contrary to the constitution of this realm to give to any one class or interest a predominating power over the rest of the community.

4. That the occupation franchise in counties and boroughs shall be based upon the principle of rating.

5. That the principle of plurality of votes, if adopted by Parliament, would facilitate the settlement of the borough franchise on an extensive basis.

6. That it is expedient to revise the existing distribution of seats.

7. That in such revision it is not expedient that any borough now represented in Parliament should be wholly disfranchised.

8. That, in revising the existing distribution of seats, this House will acknowledge as its main consideration the expediency of supplying representation to places not at present represented, and which may be considered entitled to that privilege.

9. That it is expedient that provision should be made for the better prevention of bribery and corruption at elections.

10. That it is expedient that the system of registration of voters in counties should be assimilated, as far as possible, to that which prevails in boroughs.

11. That it shall be open to every Parliamentary elector, if he thinks fit, to record his vote by means of a polling-paper, duly signed and authenticated.

12. That provision be made for diminishing the distance which voters have to travel for the purpose of recording their votes, so that no expenditure for such purpose shall hereafter be legal.

13. That a humble address be presented to her Majesty praying her Majesty to issue a Royal Commission to form and submit to the consideration of Parliament a scheme for new and enlarged boundaries of the existing Parliamentary boroughs, where the population extends beyond the limits now assigned to such boroughs; and to fix, subject to the decision of Parliament, the boundaries of such other boroughs as Parliament may deem fit to be represented in this House.

The first will be passed unanimously; and there would be an immense majority in favour of the second, if taken literally and understood to commit nobody to anything more than that at least two 'other franchises' might be suggested which he would approve. There are the lodger franchise, the savings-bank franchise, the education franchise, the co-operative-society franchise, the income-tax franchise, the Bank and India Stock franchise, &c. &c., to choose from. Two were included in the Bill of the late Government, so that the leading Liberals can have no difficulty in voting generally for 'other franchises.' But no good could possibly arise from the discussion or the vote, unless the intended franchises were defined and separately treated, if not individually submitted from the Chair. The lodger franchise would include nearly all of the unenfranchised who could be expected to benefit by the rest.

The third Resolution is in flat contradiction to the plain facts of history, for the constitution has notoriously grown up under the

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predominating influence of a class; and the Liberal who objects to the predominance of the landed interest as manifested by game-laws and corn-laws, might vote for the proposition as consistently as the Tory who dreads, or pretends to dread, the preponderance of the working class. As no one contends that they ought to be predominant, and the sole question is whether any given franchise will make them so, the third Resolution has and can have no other object than delay. Neither will time be saved, if it be not altogether wasted, by debating abstractedly whether rating or rental should be the test of value. What was really put in issue by Lord Dunkellin's motion was, whether the franchise should be practically raised from 7*l.* to 8*l.* or thereabouts, and the Government resigned because the minimum number they had resolved to enfranchise was reduced. At the same time Mr. Gladstone's argument for rental against rating made a far deeper impression on the House than could be collected from the press; and it may be doubted whether his demonstration of the varying and uncertain quality of the rating-test will be removed by Mr. Hunt's Bill, should the House or the country be disposed to wait for it. In introducing his boasted Bill of 1859, Mr. Disraeli declared distinctly against the rating-test:

'There is a wish—I could once have said a very general wish—that instead of the household suffrage being founded on value, it should be founded by preference on rating. I am not at all surprised that more than one honourable gentleman has received these observations with marks of assent and sympathy. I confess, myself, that I was always much biassed in favour of that plea. It appears to me that if you could make—to use a common phrase—the rate-book the register, you would very much simplify the business of election; but when you come to examine into the matter in detail, in order to see how it will act, you will find that it is involved in difficulties—great, all acknowledge, and I am sorry to say, to my mind, insurmountable. For the purpose of securing the advantage of having the rate-book the register, you must of course leave perfect discretion to the overseer. The overseer has an interest in raising rates, people may say; or, he may be a very hot political partisan. But even beyond this, you will find there are other difficulties equally insurmountable.'

He then went on to expatiate on the evils of inequality which he now hopes to remove; but the other 'insurmountables' remain just where they were in 1859.

The fifth Resolution, with all its air of hesitation and diffidence, is the essential one, and opens a glimpse into the real state of things, when it intimates that the principle of plurality of votes, if adopted, would facilitate the settlement—i.e., would quiet the fears, lull the scruples, and induce the concurrence, of those members of the Cabinet who so recently denounced a 7*l.* franchise as revolutionary. Give them plurality of votes, and they will speedily discover that any franchise short of manhood suffrage is a perfectly safe and sound resting-place. The phrase, like most of Mr. Disraeli's studied phrases, is susceptible of two or three interpretations—'dolus latet in generalibus;' and people naturally desire to know on which they are to proceed.

The leading journal states that the principle of plurality, originally contemplated, was that a double vote should be given to every borough elector now on the register or who should hereafter qualify as a 10*l.* householder, and a single vote to every householder of whatever nature his holding might be. We have also heard of an ascending scale going as high as five votes to one person; and the scheme is probably so framed as to be contracted or extended according to the disposition of the party or the House. If we could forget a certain budget of 1852 and an India Bill of 1858, we should deem it

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incredible that any such proposal could have been seriously entertained by a Cabinet. As it is, we can believe that the cardinal feature of the promised bulwark against democracy has been correctly indicated by the *Times*; and the cause of Mr. Disraeli's reluctance to submit it to parliamentary or public examination stands confessed.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lowe, whilst repudiating a wider application of his words, perseveres in attributing the worst electoral abuses to the occupiers of houses from 20*l.* to 10*l.*, and that he was vociferously applauded from the Conservative benches when he spoke. The revelations at Reigate, Yarmouth, Lancaster, and Totnes show that, whatever may be the case with violence, impulsiveness, or drunkenness, venality and corruption are pretty equally distributed in those peccant constituencies. Where a vote is coveted rather as a marketable commodity than a political privilege, a double vote would simply command a double price. Assuming, however, that the scheme is only to apply to large constituencies, it is radically objectionable all the same.

Plurality of votes, to be proportioned to property, may be tolerated when the powers and duties of the elected body are confined to the levying of rates or the disposition of funds. A good deal might therefore be said for it if the House of Commons still met merely to vote subsidies. But no man's interest in political rights or general legislation can be measured by his pecuniary circumstances, and it is far from clear that a poor man has not more to hope or fear from the passing or rejection of the majority of the measures about to be submitted to Parliament than the rich man. Take, for example, the poor law in all its branches, or the laws touching trades' unions, co-operative societies, savings-banks, hours of labour in mines and factories, &c. Lord Chatham once declared that the meanest peasant in Europe was interested in the balance of power; and it is undeniable that a mistake in foreign policy might throw an entire community out of work.

Apart, therefore, from any superior personal fitness or education that may be presumed from wealth, the occupancy of a lordly mansion gives no more moral or equitable title to a double vote than the occupancy of the smallest tenement by which a qualification can be conferred. 'I hasten to say,' remarks Mr. J. S. Mill, in his *Considerations on Representative Government*, 'that I consider it entirely inadmissible, unless as a temporary makeshift, that the superiority of influence should be conferred in consideration of property. I do not deny that property is a kind of test: education in most countries, though anything but proportional to riches, is on the average better in the richer half of society than in the poorer. But the criterion is so imperfect; accident has so much more to do than merit with enabling men to rise in the world; and it is so impossible for any one, by acquiring any amount of instruction, to make sure of the corresponding rise in station, that this foundation of electoral privilege is always, and will continue to be, supremely odious.' He proceeeds to propose a criterion which would be equally difficult to work, namely, the weight a man's opinion might be supposed to carry from the circumstance of his belonging to a calling or profession which implies trustworthiness, knowledge, or capacity.

Why should not rich men, and clever men, and men of recognised judgment and integrity, be left to their indirect influence, which is immense? 'We know very well,' said Mr. Disraeli, in 1859, 'what takes place at a parliamentary election in

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this country. The man of princely fortune has, when he goes to the poll, no more votes than the humble dweller in a 10*l.* house; because we know very well that his wealth, his station, and his character, will give him the influence which will adequately represent his property; and the constitution shrinks from a plurality of votes in such a case.'[1]

Although decidedly at variance, like his 'insurmountable' objections to the rating-test, with the doctrine he has to maintain now, the right honourable gentleman has here started a complete answer to the proposed application of the plurality principle. There are many counties in which the representation is entirely in the hands of a few great landholders. The influence of property is not only overwhelming in boroughs—like Calne, Stamford, Eye and Ripon—but it may be safely laid down that the number of votes swayed by any holder of borough property is proportioned to the number of his tenants, to his expenditure and his means. His influence would be rather shaken or diminished, than confirmed or increased, by placing him in an invidious position, which it would be impossible for him to retain long, since the agitation for equality would not be stopped or even suspended by changing the outward and visible form of inequality.

Assuming that the principle of plurality will not find favour with the House in the sense of giving cumulative votes to property, will it find favour in the sense of the representation of minorities? and, thus understood, will it be accepted as a sufficient 'muzzle' on the masses to satisfy the statesmen who are resolved not to reduce the qualifying value without a set-off? Let it first be observed that the minority may be Liberal or Radical as well as Tory, especially in counties; so that it may be doubted whether the aggregate number of the so-called defenders of the constitution will be augmented; and, secondly, that the moderate men, who now get second votes from both sides, may be squeezed out. The preponderance of class opinion or class interests is always to be deprecated; but if the representation is fairly distributed, we do not see what harm could arise from the entire House of Commons being of one mind on any subject. When we come to comparative hardship, we are as far as ever from an infallible criterion. It may be hard that in a constitution of 300, two members may be elected by 151; but is it not equally hard that 101 should have the same electing power as 199? The point was fully considered in 1853, when a minority clause was introduced into the Government measure of that year; and the general conclusion was that it offered no advantages capable of weighing down the objections to it as a new-fangled departure from the plain principles of representation.

Mr. Mill's scheme for enabling a given number of electors to combine to elect their own representatives, would introduce an element of confusion and embarrassment which would soon be found intolerable. Fancy some thirty or forty gentlemen, with their friends, travelling over or corresponding with every district in the realm to discover whether they could induce twenty or thirty thousand electors to surrender their local privileges and concur in the required elections respectively. Must the combination be unanimous? Would it constitute a lasting constituency or a temporary one?

Little less open to sound objection is the scheme, attributed to Mr. Lowe, for giving the franchise

[1] *Speeches on Parliamentary Reform*, edited by Mr. Montague Corry; p. 170.

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to all contributors to the income-tax, and extending that tax so as to include incomes of 30*l.*; the additional impost to be compensated by the reduction of taxes on necessaries, so that the persons thus enfranchised should not be more highly taxed than before. But they would pay more in direct taxation, and it would be no easy matter to convince them that they were not paying in hard cash for a franchise, which, if bestowed at all, should be bestowed gratuitously. The scheme requires, moreover, not merely that an unpopular tax should be extended, but perpetuated.

A politician, with half Mr. Lowe's knowledge and ingenuity, may sit down and contrive many other schemes which would answer the purpose of controlling popular power, if they could be carried out. But the problem before the legislature is how best to satisfy a popular demand, and it would be better to refuse it altogether than to take away the whole grace of the concession or convert the boon into an affront. If the so-called Conservatives are strong enough to carry a plurality clause, they are strong enough to refuse any vertical extension of the franchise whatever. Half the schemes we hear of for safely enfranchising the labouring classes, assume such an amount of docility and simplicity on their part as constantly to recall the famous contrivance for catching sparrows by putting salt upon their tails.

The *Times* thinks that the question of polling papers has been virtually decided by the resort to them in elections for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But surely a body of electors composed of Masters of Arts stands on a very different footing from an ordinary constituency. The identification or authentication, easy in the one case, may turn out difficult or impracticable in the other. In every close contest abundant fraud would be imputed if not committed, and a prolonged scrutiny would ensue. We should also be sorry to encourage that indifference to practical politics which is the inevitable forerunner of constitutional corruption or decline. Weak health may be a fair excuse for not repairing to a polling booth, but we do not see why persons who will incur neither risk nor trouble for a public object, should overrule those who have born the heat and dust of the fray.

Voters for counties in respect of property in boroughs are not mentioned in the Resolutions; and the county grievance to which Mr. Disraeli principally addressed himself in his speech, was that suburban occupiers have votes. Why should they not, if they occupy the required value within the county? Why should rural and urban or suburban voters be invidiously separated and contradistinguished? The best system is surely that in which all classes blend together, like the colours in shot silk. If the town influences the county, it is undeniable that the county influences the town. We cannot conceive a scheme more likely to pave the way for serious parliamentary differences, or civil disturbance, than that of enclosing all populous suburbs within their respective boroughs, or of taking all the towns out of the county representation and converting them into independent electoral districts. The advocates of this sort of redistribution forget that a British member of Parliament is not a delegate or the representative of a class, and that he is chosen to watch over and promote the interests of the empire as a whole.

We are obliged to conclude before the delivery of Mr. Disraeli's supplementary explanation; to which he will be driven as well by the strong remonstrances of his

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own party as by the firm yet conciliatory attitude of the Opposition. The propositions which he will be empowered to make as the organ of a united Cabinet (if they remain united) will probably not be accepted by the House, and the question then will be how much he can get his colleagues and followers to swallow in order to pass a measure in concert with the Liberal party. The best hope of a speedy and satisfactory settlement clearly rests on that party, the natural and appropriate promoters of Reform; and they are evidently prepared to perform their part in a becoming spirit, whether in or out of office. Their forbearance has been severely tested by Mr. Disraeli's evolutions, which have been pretty generally regarded with disgust. Since the days of Wilkes, his equal for cynical assurance has not appeared on the political stage; and the contrast has proved in the highest degree favourable to his most eminent opponent.

Fortunately, the Extreme Left is weak in numbers, open to reason and (whatever their language), prepared to co-operate with the moderate, Reformers whom they can trust. If, then, instead of a uniform 7*l.* franchise, we are to have household suffrage (with or without plurality) for the larger boroughs and 5*l.* or 6*l.* for the smaller, the credit or discredit of the substitution will be due to the coalition who recently denounced the 7*l.* franchise as revolutionary. To have reconciled so many moderate politicians to household suffrage within a year was no common exploit, and if the Adullamites only go on defending the constitution against democracy with the same sagacity and with corresponding results, they will have a fair chance of bringing us to a republic before they have done.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

APRIL 1867.

MILITARY REFORM.

III.

SINCE the publication of our last number, the decision of the Government on the subject of army improvement has been pronounced. We turn away disappointed and heartsick from its perusal. It stands forth eminently unpractical, among the many unpractical schemes suggested by those who know nothing of a soldier's real wants. It does not contain one single element of success. It seeks to plaster over the surface, leaving the sores to fester and rot within. It leaves untouched, nay more, it stamps with approval the vile and hideous system of recruiting, which renders foul the very threshold of the service. It proposes to perpetuate the system which turns out like a dog the soldier broken down by climate in his country's service, to die in the streets or the workhouse. It rejects the suggestions of the Recruiting Commission on the subject of pensions, though these were generally considered insufficient. It ignores the indisputable evidence that the soldier has not enough food. It scorns as unworthy of notice the wish of every practical man to relieve the soldier from his uncertain and burdensome stoppages, and thus gratify him and save thousands of pounds now wasted in unnecessary accounts. It has not a word to say of additional rewards for good service, of relief from harassing and vexatious worries, of increased independence, hope of promotion, and generous kindly treatment. In a word it utterly neglects all those practical improvements which would render the soldier's life as enviable as it is now the reverse, and it proposes one remedy for all evils—and that remedy is *twopence a day*!

The course pursued by the Government in this matter is directly at variance with the dictates of wisdom and experience. A small addition of daily pay given indiscriminately is perhaps the very worst method of helping soldiers. It is argued that every penny of the additional sum asked from the nation goes into the pockets of the men themselves. But from their pockets it will in the majority of cases find its way direct to the public-house and the brothel. It requires superhuman strength in a man of strong desires, excitable temperament, and small education, who is alternately hard at work and perfectly idle, to put aside any part of the trifling sum which he receives *daily*: and the result must be that the soldier, already notoriously drunken and profligate, will be now more drunken and profligate still. Boons to the soldier should be in kind, not in

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money; if any money be given, let it be in the shape of increased rewards for good conduct and faithful service.

But all additional pay and boons which the soldier has not asked for will be utterly futile until you remove the grievances which he has called upon you to redress. In our last article we pointed out the chief material grievances relating to the physical condition of the troops, and what wanton and reckless waste of their strength, health, and comfort was there! But we cannot even stop here, for we have yet to show an equally wanton waste of their energies, and disregard of their feelings of self-respect, by needlessly rigid adherence to old and worn out traditions.

The hardest work to which a man can be put is that of which he cannot see the use, yet such is the work constantly demanded of a soldier in time of peace. Year after year he is put through 'setting-up drill;' he has to stand on one leg and go through a number of contortions which are hateful to an old soldier and perfectly useless, however useful they may be in setting up a round-shouldered ploughboy or narrow-chested artisan. Then on full-dress parade he takes part in a series of manœuvres at battalion or brigade drill, of whose meaning and object he is left in utter ignorance; he learns his position as a right or left file, or as a number of his company; but why he moves in certain directions, or why his battalion goes through these evolutions, he has no knowledge. Again he parades for 'position drill,' with more contortions, and such is his life from day to day. No matter how perfect in his drill, or how old a soldier he may be, no matter what foreign or active service he may have seen, he must go through this farce of drilling and re-drilling, till from sheer weariness and disgust he becomes careless and slack, and degenerates from a smart quick man into an indifferent automaton.

All this drill is only required because taught in this senseless manner, which compels men to learn by rote without appealing to their understanding, and because of our adherence to a cumbrous system of drill, which we shall bitterly regret the first time we have to meet an active enemy. Half the drill-book should be swept away. The cramping and complicated pivot system should be abolished; a man's face should always be his front, his right hand always the right of his battalion or company, changes of front should be performed by the facing about of the line, and each man should learn to be more independent than now.

From this monotonous work, the chief change is to the more wearisome duty of guard. It is very little known what a soldier's duties of this nature really are. The sentries whom we see in garrison towns represent nights out of bed to the troops, in many garrisons one night on duty to three nights in bed being the average proportion. After nearly twenty-four hours spent in their clothes,—two hours of every six on sentry duty, and the remaining four lying on hard boards in the guard-room,—often the old guard are relieved in order that they may swell the numbers on parade on a field-day, or are kept on guard several hours over their time, that the men to relieve them may first appear on parade. Two thirds or more of the sentries now posted might well be done away with, and the men's work by so much lightened. It is notorious that night duty breaks down soldiers more than all other hardships; but commanding officers still keep sentries at their doors, and thus every night men are kept out of bed as sentries over a gate here, or a door there, when often there is nothing for them to protect but the empty sentry-box.

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In such useless duties as these a soldier's strength and energies are wasted. But we are no advocates of idleness. Let every soldier be taught work of which he can see the use; first his military duties, then that which will fit him for an independent position in civil life. First let his drill and duties be taught in a rational manner, and let him be instructed by his officers, not only by his non-commissioned officers. Let the relation of the minor parts of drill to the larger manœuvres be explained, and then the object of the manœuvres themselves. Let the time saved from useless drills, harassing guards, changes of dress and rubbing of pipeclay, be turned to account in teaching the use of the spade and pick-axe in creating hasty intrenchments, the best methods of rapidly forming obstacles, of fortifying houses and walls, of climbing palisades, of crossing ditches, and the thousand arts of obtaining comforts in a campaign in which the French and Sardinians so far excelled us in the Crimea.

A private soldier of Crimean and Indian experience has given some very sensible advice on this head.[1] He says that a soldier should at least be taught the theoretical part of bivouacking, tent-pitching, and all the other numerous peaceful duties that he has to perform in war time; and that there would be no difficulty in doing this, for were only the men of each troop taken into a barrack room one afternoon in a week, and the theories of the foregoing explained to them by some competent person first, and then each man questioned in turn about what he has heard explained, and how he would act under certain circumstances, in six months most of the men would know how to cook, construct a bivouac, throw up a bank to shelter their horses in severe weather on outpost, to get clear water from muddy, to picket their horses, or to secure them in such a manner as would prevent them from straying, to make tents out of their blankets, &c. &c., of all which at present they have not the slightest idea.

When expert in these all-important points, let every man who wishes it be taught a trade, and let him have the opportunity of practising and profiting by it; and by prizes in examinations and exhibitions of industry, let each individual have the opportunity of proving his superiority, and of adding to his self-respect.

A soldier's self-respect is now unnecessarily slighted and disregarded; it is lowered by degrading examinations before a surgeon, by too constant supervision extending even to his bedside, by the absence of all opportunities of individual distinction in time of peace, but more especially by his punishments.

A soldier is punished for very trifling offences; he is late for roll-call, over-stays his leave a short time, or takes too much to drink, and he is punished with pack drill. This means marching in the barrack square four hours a day, wearing that murderous knapsack, in addition to all regular duties. This is a terrible punishment, far too hard for its infliction to be, as it often is on detachment, in the power of young and very inexperienced officers; but a man under sentence of pack drill wears no special and public badge of his disgrace; he is not publicly exhibited outside the barracks as a bad character, and when his punishment is over he can go among his civilian friends without his disgrace having been proclaimed. It is not so with men committed to the cells, another

[1] *Soldiering in Sunshine and Storm*, by Private W. Douglas.

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punishment which rests in the hands of single individuals. In this case a prisoner's hair is cropped, and he is clothed in prison dress; and of late a most reprehensible custom has grown up in some garrisons of sending these prisoners out to perform their hard labour on or beside the public thoroughfares, and to be stared at publicly in church through the performance of a long service.

If the object of all punishment is the reformation of the criminal, the surest way of defeating that object is to destroy his self-respect. These men are under short sentences: in a few days they will be back among their comrades; but the brand of disgrace is on them, and they will seek their companions among those who laugh at shame, and who mock at self-respect. Such exhibitions as these lower the whole tone of the army. Respectable men will not join the service where a slight fault—too jolly an evening with friends, a momentary ebullition of temper, or, it may even be, the caprice of a superior—may subject them to such a disgrace.

Surely, as the vast spread of education has made the working classes more independent, more proud, and more self-reliant, men will not come to the ranks until some internal change has been made to meet these altered external conditions. You must bid, not only by increased pension and pay, better sanitary arrangements, and more bodily comforts, but by more liberty and freedom of action. Whatever tends to degrade one soldier in the eyes of the people, degrades all. Through the press, and by reason of the facilities of travelling, the real conditions of a soldier's life are now as well known among the working classes as they are among soldiers themselves. These men are no longer to be dazzled and lured by a bunch of coloured ribbons and the lies of a recruiting serjeant; you must show them not only mere solid advantages, but that as soldiers they will still be free men. You must disabuse their minds of the belief that a soldier is a mere puppet; but to do this, you must insure that he really is not so. You must convince them that he has a rational and fair share of freedom, and that there is no man whose welfare is more carefully studied, and whose chance of self-improvement is greater.

Instead of this, it really seems now as if pains were taken to make things unpleasant for the men, and to compel them to contrast their thraldom in small matters with the freedom of civilians of their own class of life. Take for example the Sunday inspections. Although Saturday is, by the custom of the service, the day for heavy fatigues, it must not be supposed this is as a preparation for a day of rest. On the contrary, on Sunday a soldier has the most rigid inspection on morning parade; and both before and after morning service every moment has to be spent furbishing up the barrack room, because Sunday is the day on which it is customary for the commanding officer to inspect the barracks and stables. Certainly, in the infantry a man is free during the latter part of the day; but in the mounted branches of the army, what between church parade, barrack inspection, and morning and evening stables, Sunday is one of the hardest days of the week, and the men have no chance of passing it with their civilian friends who are enjoying their leisure.

There is another point on which great stress was laid by the Recruiting Commission, and of which we find no notice whatever in the ministerial scheme—the abolition of winter service at Aldershott and the Curragh. This has been so often discussed, that it seems almost superfluous to repeat how

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intensely distasteful it is to the men. Of all the dreary and dismal places that can be conceived, Aldershott is about the worst. If, as we believe, men are induced to enlist and tempted to remain in the service by the pride they feel in belonging to the profession of arms, and by the pleasure of playing the hero among civilians, and recounting their adventures by flood and field, what must be the deep disgust of the regiment which comes home from twelve years of India, and is sent to Aldershott, there to be entirely cut off from all connection with ordinary English life, and all intercourse with civilians! The pleasure of wearing a red coat, good-conduct stripe, or medal is gone, if there are but soldiers to see it. These natural feelings of pride and self-esteem should not be disregarded, as they are now. Nothing would be more likely to bring recruits than stationing regiments returned from foreign service in comfortable country quarters; always provided that the evils we have named are remedied, and that the people see a soldier's life is really a pleasant one at home as well as abroad.

Moreover there is nothing gained in thus employing these dismal places as winter quarters for the troops. A camp at home is intended only as a place of instruction. It is designed to bring large numbers of troops together, and thus afford both officers and men a knowledge of the manœuvres of war on a large scale; but in winter half the officers and many of the men are absent on leave, and no field-days or manœuvres on a large scale ever take place. What a camp of instruction should be we might learn from the French, the Austrians, or Russians; but, while in summer we neglect the real value of a camp by not teaching men any of the arts of a campaign, we keep up all the annoyances and discomforts of a camp for prolonged periods, so that the men are taught little and disgusted much.

It will not do to let this matter drop. There has been a general opinion expressed that the Report of the Recruiting Commission was insufficient and meagre; but there is great danger that the few improvements which it ventured to recommend will be left unheeded and unfulfilled, and that the public mind, wearied by vain efforts to induce authorities to step out of the beaten track and show themselves men of sense instead of men of office, will gradually subside into its normal state of apathy. Already the symptoms are appearing, but if nothing is done now—now, while the subject is fresh in men's minds, it is indeed a hopeless prospect for the nation when the current of events next drifts it into war.

How is it that these grievances, so well known in the army, so common-place a subject of conversation that we in writing of them feel almost ashamed of repeating for the thousandth time so old a story,—how is it that these grievances against which the soldier has a thousand times raised his voice, are utterly ignored, while the country is asked for half a million of money to give the troops an unnecessary boon which they have never sought?

Is there some strange spell which dulls the senses of every War Minister, soldier or civilian, Tory or Liberal? Is it not rather the case that of all men living the War Minister sees and hears least of the real state of feeling in the army? Is he not surrounded by underlings, ignorant of the soldier and his requirements—knowing little of his needs and caring less, interested only in keeping all things quiet, and always considering the *present* state of things the best, so that in very truth a War Minister sees nothing with his own eyes, hears nothing with his own ears?

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Once more, and for the last time, we assert that if these evils, and others like them, are not redressed now, they must be at some future time. They are well known. They are proclaimed from the house-tops. Twopence a day will not cure them. After it has been given the evils still remain. Where a man can choose his own home and his own style of life, more money is of great value to him; it is of little value to the soldier, for he cannot do what he likes with it. He may not improve his quarters or his clothes, he must eat his ration bread and meat. He can only lay the money by, or spend it in what perhaps he really does not care for, while all the while things that he craves to see altered go on from bad to worse.

We have touched upon the chief grievances common to all men serving in the ranks, no matter what their character, conduct, or abilities—those grievances, in fact, which must be remedied in order to supply the mere raw material to the ranks. Our next duty is to examine, briefly, the system of rewards—first, for good conduct alone; secondly, for superior abilities and professional knowledge combined with good conduct.

At present, if we except the medal for long service, there is no plan of rewarding good conduct but by a money payment. After three years' service, provided the name of the claimant shall not have been entered in the regimental defaulters-book for at least two years immediately preceding the claim, a soldier is entitled to receive one penny a day, with one good-conduct badge. After eight years' service, with a similar proviso, twopence a day, with two good-conduct badges; and then, after every successive five years, and with the same condition, another penny and another badge.

We will not enter into the complicated modifications of the good-conduct warrant, but will content ourselves with calling attention to two facts—first, that a man must always have been two years clear of the defaulters-book before he can obtain his first, or any subsequent, good-conduct badge; and, secondly, that the entry of the name of a soldier in the defaulters-book deprives him of good-conduct badge and pay for twelve months from the date of the offence.

First, then, we have the anomaly that a man may misbehave himself to any extent during his first year of service without in the least interfering with his right to good-conduct pay at the end of three years, but that one single offence in his third year delays his receipt of good-conduct pay for two years from that date. This is bad policy. Every inducement towards good behaviour should be offered immediately on entry into the service. There are always plenty of old soldiers ready to point out to a recruit that he may get drunk and absent himself as much as he likes at first, and be no loser by it in the end; and the result often is that when, at the end of a year, a man tries to reform, he has become so entangled in bad company that he cannot free himself, and soon gives up struggling after improvement. The remedy for this would be to make the first badge attainable after two years' service of uninterrupted good conduct.

As the power of acquiring and retaining good-conduct pay evidently depends upon the difficulty of keeping clear of the defaulters-book, we must note well what involves entry therein. The warrant says that commanding officers shall enter in the regimental defaulters-book the name of every soldier convicted by court-martial, or who shall have incurred forfeiture of pay, or any other punishment beyond seven days' confinement to barracks, or conviction by a court of criminal jurisprudence. To show for what small offences soldiers

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incur forfeiture of pay or heavier punishments than seven days' confinement to barracks, we subjoin a few genuine instances, taken at random out of a single defaulters-book.

Regimental number	Date of offence	Offence	Punishment
362	4th October 1854.	Absent from tattoo 7 hours.	Mulct 2 days' pay; 6 days' confinement to barracks.
216	25th May 1854.	Absent from tattoo till 1.30 a.m. 26th.	Mulct 2 days' pay; 28 days' confinement to barracks.
398	11th July 1861.	Over-staying leave 1 hour and 10 minutes from 11 p.m. 11th July, and found drunk.	Mulct 2 days' pay; 14 days' confinement to barracks.
1,472	2nd July 1866.	Absent from tattoo till 7 a.m. 3rd July.	Mulct 2 days' pay; 7 days' confinement to barracks.
1,425	20th January 1867.	Absent from tattoo till 9.30 p.m. same date.	Mulct 1 day's pay.

From these it will be seen that a soldier forfeits his pay *for two days* if he is absent from roll-call at night, till any time past twelve o'clock—even although he has not been absent a single hour from duty. We further find this remarkable anomaly, that while a man without a badge is only fined two days' pay or 2*s.* 2*d.*, a soldier who by good conduct has gained a badge is fined two days' pay *plus* three hundred and sixty-five days' good-conduct money, no less a sum altogether than 1*l.* 12*s.* 7d. for the same offence.

Independently of the absurdity of awarding the heavier penalty to the better man, the punishment is altogether too severe for the offence; and when we consider that good-conduct pay is carried to pension, its loss involving corresponding loss of pension, it cannot be doubted that this matter requires reform, and that either good-conduct pay should not be forfeited so lightly, or pension should be given for length of service irrespective of good-conduct pay. Of these two courses the first seems to us the wisest; and indeed it is matter for grave consideration whether the whole system of soldiers' punishments should not be revised, a far greater latitude being given to the men when off duty, and all punishment for offences committed on duty, or for absence from duty, being retained in their full severity.

But whether punishments be so revised or not, the good-conduct badge once gained must not be liable to forfeiture on such trivial grounds. It is a common thing for a man to come home from foreign service for discharge, and in the fullness of his spirits, commit some act of indiscretion at the very close of his career, which costs him a penny a day for life.

Another advantage to be attained by such an alteration would be greater uniformity of principle in the treatment of men wearing good-conduct badges. At present you may see in the same brigade, men with two or three badges in one regiment allowed as an indulgence to be drunk and slovenly almost unchecked, in another repeatedly placed in the guard-room and as often pardoned. It is in some regiments as difficult to get a man with

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a good-conduct badge punished, even when he deserves it, as it is in a court of law to obtain a conviction for infanticide against a woman, and for the same reason—the severity of the punishment. If the punishment were mitigated, men with good-conduct badges might be treated just as other soldiers as regards commission of offences, but might receive the just boon of relief from afternoon drills, fatigues, inspections of kit, &c. and all unnecessary duties.

We now come to that vitally important question, the reward of superior ability and professional acquirements, combined with good conduct: in other words, the promotion and treatment of non-commissioned officers. Our arguments have hitherto been addressed entirely to the one point of obtaining a sufficient supply of private soldiers. We want, however, a sprinkling of superior men, possessing higher intelligence and education, to fill the posts of non-commissioned officers. There is no doubt that, while in the outer world education and knowledge have spread, the present non-commissioned officers of the army are, as a class, far inferior in ability, education, and professional knowledge to those of fifteen years ago. This may partly be accounted for by the extreme rapidity of promotion caused by the Crimean and Indian wars, which compelled commanding officers to make serjeants of men not by any means proficient in their drill, and partly by the great rise in value of the services of educated and intelligent men out of the army, which has diminished by comparison the brightness of the prospects within it.

Since there must be a period of probation as a private soldier, even to the very best recruit, the improvement of the private soldier's condition will remove one bar to the enlistment of superior men; but nothing short of tolerably rapid promotion, and prospects of ultimate advancements to high positions, will ever again obtain able men in sufficient numbers. The importance of obtaining good non-commissioned officers cannot be overrated; but if we consider the extreme difficulty of their position and the trust which is reposed in them, we shall see what a combination of good qualities it must require to deserve that title. In foreign armies, where all or a large proportion of the commissioned officers have served in the ranks, and are conversant with the habits and modes of thought of their men, much less depends on the non-commissioned officers. But in our army, living in the same room in daily companionship with the men, bound to keep order among them, and to report breaches of discipline, a non-commissioned officer should be at the same time firm and temperate in authority, and respectful and obedient to his superiors. Good non-commissioned officers will impart a tone of cheerful discipline to a company or a regiment, which officers unaided may in vain attempt to promote; and the popularity of the army as a profession for private soldiers must depend largely upon the manner in which the non-commissioned officers perform their duty.

We have spoken thus at length on this subject, because we are anxious to convince our readers that the time has come for advancing in larger numbers to commissions tried and faithful non-commissioned officers, and placing in a position to rise to the highest grades those who are qualified by education, as well as by mere professional knowledge. If once the roads to the upper grades were really thrown open, there need be no limit to the supply of recruits admirably qualified to ascend them. At present the prizes are so rare and uncertain that no man can count on rising from the ranks, even though he dis-

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play ability and merit of a very superior description. The present system of promoting men from the ranks to be quartermasters is good as far as it goes, though it should be extended without exception to the appointments of riding-masters and paymasters; but we would go much further, and give definitely every fourth or fifth commission among the combatant officers to a non-commissioned officer. Promotion would then be rapid enough, and the reward sufficiently in view, to induce very superior men desirous of improving their position in life, to join the army. To all candidates for such promotion the same educational test might be applied as to young men obtaining direct commissions, and the army schools might be utilised for imparting the necessary qualifications. It is absurd to argue that none but gentlemen by birth should be admitted to the circle of combatant officers. Many of those who obtain commissions through Sandhurst have no pretensions to what we call good family; and both Woolwich and Sandhurst are open to any British subject within certain limits of age. In the case of admitting men from the ranks, promotion would from one cause or another—either promotion out of the ranks, or retirement to situations of trust in civil life—be rapid enough to give these commissions to men still young, and there need be no bar to their advancement to the highest positions.

England [we are reminded by Mr. Smiles in *Self-Help*] has no parallel instance to show of promotions from the ranks of the army to the highest military offices, which have been so common in France since the first revolution. 'La carrière ouverte aux talens' has there received many illustrations, which would doubtless be matched among ourselves were the road to promotion as open. Hoche, Humbert, and Pichegru began their respective careers as private soldiers. Hoche, while in the king's army, was accustomed to embroider waistcoats to enable him to earn money wherewith to purchase books on military science. Kleber, Lefevre, Suchet, Victor, Lannes, Soult, Massena, St. Cyr, D'Erlon, Murat, Augereau, Bessières, and Ney all rose from the ranks. In some cases promotion was rapid, in others it was slow. Ney enlisted at eighteen in a hussar regiment, and gradually advanced step by step; Kleber soon discovered his merits, surnaming him 'the Indefatigable,' and promoted him to be adjutant-general when only twenty-five. On the other hand, Soult was six years from the date of his enlistment before he reached the rank of serjeant. But Soult's advancement was rapid compared with that of Massena, who served for fourteen years before he was made serjeant; and though he afterwards rose successively, step by step, to the grade of colonel, general of division, and marshal, he declared that the post of serjeant was the step which of all others had cost him the most labour to win. Similar promotions from the ranks in the French army have continued down to our own day. Changarnier entered the king's body-guard as a private in 1815. Marshal Bugeaud served four years in the ranks, after which he was made an officer. Marshal Randon, the present French minister of war, began his military career as a drummer-boy; and in the portrait of him in the gallery of Versailles his hand rests upon a drum-head, the picture being thus painted at his own request.

If a French soldier can carry a field-marshal's bâton in his knapsack, why should not an English soldier? We believe that, far from the tone of the officers being deteriorated, it would be very much improved. A leaven among the officers—not a single example in a regiment, but a leaven of one fourth or fifth their whole number,—composed of thoughtful, earnest men, who have shown themselves gifted with perseverance, ability, and the power of self-help: men personally acquainted with the soldiers' habits, needs, and prejudices, and at the same time thoroughly conversant with their duties, could not fail to increase the earnestness of the officers, and to bring them more into sympathy with the men. A much closer bond of union might prevail between them, and officers might learn to care as much about their men's physical and moral

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welfare as they now do about their smartness on parade.

But in advocating so strongly this infusion of new blood among officers, we must not forget to point out how the traditions of Horse Guards and War Office seem not only opposed to any such step, but how scurvily, in many instances, those who have shown conspicuous zeal and ability are treated. We have shown the onerous task which a non-commissioned officer has to fulfil, and we are sure of approval in urging that no treatment can be too liberal or too generous for those trusty soldiers who have, by sheer force of merit, raised themselves, in spite of all opposing difficulties, to positions of honour. We will take two cases to illustrate the assertion which we have made more than once in the course of our remarks, that the unjust parsimony and meanness of the War Office has disgusted British soldiers. In the first case—we will not give the name, though the facts easily admit of verification, and have indeed already been once mentioned in the press—a non-commissioned officer, after many years of valuable service, was promoted to the rank of riding-master in the Royal Horse Artillery, and specially employed for several years in training the recruits for that branch of the service. He was held in such high estimation, that on the formation of a depôt for the Horse Artillery, he was commissioned as its adjutant, and promoted to the rank of second captain. In course of time, feeling himself no longer so active as formerly, he desired to retire. A special clause regulates the pension of a riding-master, and upon that clause he asked permission to retire; but the answer given was, that he must retire upon the half-pay of a second captain: *three shillings a day* less than the retirement of a riding-master. In vain he pointed out that if he had remained a riding-master he would have been entitled to the higher rate, and that in accepting promotion to superior rank and superior duties, he had surely done nothing to lessen his claims. But the official who had the matter in hand pronounced that the decision could not be reversed. His successor had been appointed, and another officer named to fill the place vacated by that successor; but it was not till the sturdy old soldier, with good practical sense, refused to retire at all on these conditions, and elected to stay on and do his work the best way he could, that, through the urgent application of his superiors, the decision was reversed; and after many weeks' delay, he was allowed to retire on the higher rate of pay. This occurred last year.

The other case is that of Quartermaster Jones, of the Royal Engineers.[1] This officer, when a serjeant-major, invented an iron-band gabion, which was adopted into the service in December 1861. He subsequently demonstrated that these iron bands were capable of being applied to several purposes—amongst others, the construction of military suspension bridges, for which purpose they were approved by War Office circular, 18th July, 1863. He received a medal for his invention at the International Exhibition of 1862. Without enumerating all its advantages, the value of his invention may be shown, in a few words, by the result of an experiment carried on at Chatham on the 26th and 27th January, 1866. On that occasion, twenty-seven trained sappers and miners and fifty-four recruits (total, eighty-one) made twenty-seven wicker gabions in five hours ten minutes, while two sappers, who had never till then seen an iron gabion, made sixty-

[1] The writer of this paper is not personally acquainted with Quartermaster Jones.

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four in the same time—an advantage of ninety-six to one, in either time or labour, in favour of the iron. There were 19,322 gabions used at Sebastopol. We will leave our readers to calculate the saving of labour which the iron gabion would have caused.

Such are the main advantages, though by no means the only ones, in Quartermaster Jones's invention. Now, let us see how his labours are appreciated at the War Office.

On the 8th December, 1864, he writes to say that it is now nine years since he first submitted his iron-band gabion, and that before that he had spent much time and consideration in the matter; that the band has been approved and adopted as above; that during the past nine years he has been put to many expenses in travelling and purchasing bands, altering and testing them, and making numerous experiments to prove their efficiency and usefulness, as well for gabions as for bridging and other purposes; that he has also written and printed two editions of a pamphlet on the subject, the better to inform the corps, &c.; and he requests that his case may be taken into consideration with a view to compensation.

In January, 'some statement of the actual expense incurred in his investigations is requested.'

He answers that in nine years he has expended 150*l.*, more or less; and then, on the 14th February 1865, the Secretary of State for War replies that he 'is *unable to sanction the grant of any special remuneration to Quartermaster Jones!*'

For a year he is silent, and on the 1st February 1866, he again asks '*to be reimbursed the sum which he is actually out of pocket* in bringing forward these inventions, the utility of which has been acknowledged by their official adoption in the service.'

This claim is most strongly recommended by the Director of the Royal Engineer Establishment, who, in forwarding the claim, speaks of Quartermaster Jones as 'a man of most zealous, energetic, and persevering character, and possessed of, great intelligence, which he exerts;' and also says that '145,000 of the bands have been supplied for service at home and abroad, in India, New Zealand, and North America.' The Director also recommends a remuneration for the inventions '*on the ground of the desirability of encouraging non-commissioned officers to devote their energies, not simply to their ordinary duties, but to the advancement of her Majesty's service.*'

The Commander-in-Chief calls on Quartermaster Jones for a detailed account of the expenses incurred by him in the invention.

He replies that he has kept no account, but believes he has spent 150*l.* more or less.

H. R. H. writes that he is unable to submit his application for recommendation.

He then on the 24th February sends in an approximate statement of 'travelling, purchase of bands, pamphlets, photographs, models, postage, &c., 150*l.*' and trusts that '*he may not be allowed to be a loser.*' This letter is forwarded to the War Office, and on the 5th April the Secretary of State '*cannot consider the claim of Quartermaster Jones, R.E., for* 150*l. sufficiently specific* to justify that officer being paid the amount as one of actual personal outlay on account of the adoption of his iron-band gabions into the service.'

Here the matter must have ended, but that on the 19th June, a War Office circular having been issued promising rewards to inventors, Quartermaster Jones again presses his claim—and now, a *soldier* having come into authority at the War Office, the payment of the sum is 'sanctioned as remuneration for expenses actually incurred by him.'

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We have given the details of this case because it is a flagrant example of the shameful injustice and meanness which have degraded the policy of the War Office for many years past, and which have tended more than anything else to destroy the zeal and energy of the best men. Nothing is so galling as the sense of gross injustice from which there is no escape, and these two cases have within our own knowledge called forth bitter indignation from officers and men. No man in the army knows when it may be his turn to be robbed of his rights, and a feeling of insecurity and uneasiness is generated, while far from exerting their energies in the cause of the service, men require more than common strength of mind to resist taking any advantage of a master who is sure to demand everything and yield nothing willingly.

This feeling which has risen up in the service is matter of every-day talk among the middle class, though it probably never reaches the ears of the War Minister or the Horse Guards authorities; and until the causes of the feeling be removed, it will be vain to expect valuable men to enlist, for 'surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird.'

It has been a painful duty thus to recount this long list of blunders, acts of injustice and suicidal follies, but we protest against the treatment of the subject of military reform generally adopted by the press, which leaves unnoticed the real tangible faults, and seeks to find remedies in grand sweeping systems of reorganisation, thus tending to draw off the public attention from the evils at work, and to fascinate it with ideal and impracticable schemes possessing the attraction of novelty.

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NISARD'S HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE.[1]

ALL who love literature will turn with interest to M. Nisard's pages illustrating its growth and development in a country more remarkable than any other for the abundant production of eminent writers. From the time when the invention of a printing machine first opened the way to the easy diffusion of ideas, up to the present day, when it may occasionally strike us that this diffusion has become somewhat too easy, no country has exercised a wider influence than France upon the field of letters; that is, upon the propagation of knowledge and thought.

The historian of such a progress has a difficult task to perform, but it is one which M. Nisard is well fitted to accomplish. Learned and thoughtful, with a style distinguished by simplicity and clearness, he instructs without wearying his reader, and his accurate knowledge and impartial judgment do him true service in the labour of selection. It is his intention to elucidate the national characteristics by singling out for comment and criticism the great authors of his nation whose fame and influence have survived their own age: by the undying works of her writers, he would interpret the mind of his country; the drift, the life, the stir, the very soul of the people.

In the same way, the letters of an individual extending from childhood to maturity might reveal the fluctuations of his temperament, the advance of his education and the formation of his mind. By accepting none but permanent reputations, M. Nisard gets rid of the redundancy of matter which would swell his record to an inconvenient size, if he permitted himself to follow the course of every writer who has had his day of favour. His biographical sketches and accompanying commentaries are full of value and interest; they extend from the reign of Francis I. to that of Charles X., and they are ably executed throughout; but we are not prepared to agree with all his critical views, or to adopt all his theories.

He excites our surprise and challenges our opposition when he tells us that France recognises the highest genius in her sons, if they think with precision and express their thought distinctly; that she crowns with the halo of divine inspiration the man who first neatly shapes a common thought in words; and that she hears the voice of a poet in an utterance, which is nothing more than the intelligent echo of the multitude.

We hold that genius, in whatever country or at whatever period, must have the creative faculty in order to deserve the name, and we will not allow a Frenchman any more than an Englishman to obtain the most exalted title of intellect at so low a rate of service. Genius may lead commonplace, but can never represent it; it has a birthplace of its own, quite irrespective of territorial boundaries, and whether it appears in Paris or Pekin, it must own the one great characteristic of original force.

But impulsive energy and high aspirations are not suited to M. Nisard's views; he rejects with disapprobation, if not with disdain, all that is indefinite in the suggestions of a passionate imagination; he insists upon the practical and positive, and repels the vision and the dream. He will not have 'the thoughts beyond the reaches of our soul;' he turns a deaf ear to the poet, who would stamp his special sensibilities

[1] *Histoire de la Littérature française*, par D. Nisard. 3me édition.

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upon the public mind; he is only willing to listen to him when he announces a general and obvious truth.

'In the foggy climates of the north,' he says, 'let poets meditate vaguely and publish their deep impenetrable reflections and uncertain dreams; but in the bright atmosphere of France, let them produce images of reality with photographic exactness. Let them cultivate accurate definition, let them adhere strictly to academic rule and seek rather to tighten the fetters of discipline than to move with a free step.'

Let them follow these directions of M. Nisard's, and they will be philosophers perhaps, but certainly not poets. Yet, in the present age of unbounded literary license and of slovenly composition, the advocate of rigid regularity may have his use, and if M. Nisard's persuasions could obtain a little favour for grammatical construction, or could moderate the excess, the spasm, the contortion, the outcry, and the clamour which now associate themselves too much with the exhibition of genius, he would deserve the gratitude of his country and of our own.

'Rien n'est beau que le vrai,' says Boileau, and this is truth, if we take the word true in a sufficiently extended sense, distinguishing it from the real or realistic. In art, truth is justness of proportion, the perfect harmony of one part with another, the fitting relation of the detail with the whole; or, in other words, the absence of excess. A fact introduced into a work of fiction which is not in unison with its general tenor, is false to the principle of beauty, and it is futile to argue that it must be natural because it is true; that it must be right because it has actually occurred in the system of nature, which it is the object of art to imitate. It is futile, because nature works upon an enormous scale, and in striving after her beauty we must weigh the proportion that her departures from order bear to her whole course, before we venture upon the introduction of similar deviations into our fragmentary copies. Whether an occasional departure from regularity appears as a grace or a blemish depends upon the skill with which its proportions are measured; it is only a complete sense of concord, and judgment in distribution, which can 'snatch the grace beyond the reach of art;' or the grace which *seems* beyond its reach, for after all, in that seeming, we have an exhibition of its highest faculty, and not of a mystery outside its pale.

> Art [says M. Nisard] is not easy even to those most richly endowed; the accounts furnished by our best authors, of manuscripts scribbled over at every line with corrections, of first copies, which are only laborious gropings after the definite impression, justify us in saying that the French language, so gracious to the reader, is merciless to the writer. How much vagueness we have to go through before we can attain precision. Let the writer beware of that treacherous twilight which may suffice to his own practised sight, but which leaves his reader in obscurity. He may not taste the sweetness of a truth which he himself discerns, however clearly, until he has made it equally intelligible to the whole world; otherwise it may prove a snare to him.

In this passage we sympathise with M. Nisard, and indeed we do not find ourselves often at variance with him; only he is disposed to circumscribe too narrowly the largest operations of the human mind.

In reviewing the prominent works of literature we shall find many instances in which the influence of an author is not confined to the continued circulation of his books. His work may disappear from society, and still the impression it has made upon general literature may be vivid and definite, as some illuminating powers in nature, when their actual presence is withdrawn, leave their image behind

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them in a glow of light. This is mostly the case with the pioneers of letters, with those who first found skill to mould their thoughts in a form agreeable and intelligible to their countrymen. In France, one of the earliest cultivators of a soil which has since yielded so rich a produce, was a woman and a princess. Margaret of Valois, sister of Francis I., was this woman. She combined with the most attractive feminine graces, an enthusiastic love of learning, which Briçonnet, the Bishop of Meaux, playfully commented upon, in a letter addressed to her, in the year 1524:

> Madame, s'il y avait au bout du royaume ung docteur qui, par un seul verbe abrégé peust apprendre toute la grammaire autant qu'il est possible à en sçavoir, et ung autre de la philosophie et aussy des sept arts libéraux, chacun d'eux par un verbe abrégé, vous y courriez comme au feu.

Her desire for knowledge was insatiable, and she was resolved to reach it by the nearest way. She gathered round her all the learned men of her period; a period which, on account of its new acquisitions in letters, is known as the period of the Renaissance. It was a new birth for the literature of France; and Margaret was one of the most distinguished who derived life and bloom from that dawn of light. She read Erasmus in the original, she knew enough of Greek to understand Sophocles, and she took lessons in Hebrew from Paul Paradis. It required some courage to confess to a knowledge of Greek in those days, for it was vehemently denounced in the pulpit; it was spoken of in monkish sermons as a new language, discovered of late, called Greek, which was full of danger, and which ought to be religiously avoided, because it was the begetter of all heresies.

But Margaret's gentle manners enabled her to follow her own way unchallenged; although she was several years older than her brother Francis, she was the darling of his heart. When he was the prisoner of Charles V. in Spain, she journeyed to his prison, to comfort him by her presence; and, by her passionate intercession for him, she obtained a mitigation of the rigour of his treatment. She was married first to the Duke of Alençon, and afterwards to Henri d'Albret, King of Navarre. Joan d'Albret, the fruit of this union, was the mother of Henry IV. of France, the pride of Protestantism, until he shifted his religion; and, to the last, its true friend and champion.

The monks then, were wise within the narrow limits of their own system, when they protested against the inroads of knowledge, and Margaret's learning planted the seeds of heresy. Although she made no public secession from the established church, she certainly favoured the doctrines of Reform, and protected its supporters from persecution, under the plea of sympathy with those who were united with herself in the great object of furthering the advance of letters. She was adroit, and she contrived to lighten their troubles and to promote their views, without provoking strife. She played the difficult part of mediator with unequivocal success, and continued to be one of her brother's most loyal subjects, while she esteemed and upheld the men whom he suspected and oppressed. She was at once a philosophical student and a practical woman: she was a careful and successful ruler of her own kingdom, and she was universally beloved.

Her royal brother's affection occasionally overflowed into verse in her honour. She appeared in his lines as the 'Marguerite des Marguerites,' the pearl of princesses, the most delicate flower budding in the field of poesy, the fairest jewel in the royal diadem.

We must acknowledge with gratitude the service she rendered to

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the literature of her country, in casting away many of the clumsy Latinisms which at that time loaded the French language; but her works, though they continue to be reprinted, are no longer popularly, or even generally, read. The best known of them, is the *Heptameron*, a collection of tales, after the manner of Boccaccio, supposed to be related by some nobles, assembled to drink mineral waters at the Pyrenees, and detained there by a great flood. They take refuge in the monastery of Notre Dame de Servance, 'convinced,' says Margaret, who loved to point an epigram at a friar, 'that if there were any means of escaping from danger, a monk would be sure to find it out.'

These narratives are distinguished by grace of expression, and by a delicacy of manner, which is required to relieve the grossness of the matter; for the love affairs of the heroes and heroines are loosely conducted, and the widow who is appointed monitor to the company, to preach virtue and point out impropriety, has an uncommonly busy time of it. The introduction of fresh sources of literary lore from Italy was the best reward that the French people reaped from their conquests in that land of beauty; territorially, they gained nothing worth having, but they added largely to their intellectual possessions by the importation of Italian works, and the imitation of Italian art. The tales of chivalry and high romance which became the fashion of the court, under this new influence, while they communicated to society in general a taste for their tenderness of style and heroic exaltation, found also their satirist, whose work was more enduring than their own, and which has not yet lost its salt nor its savour. The famous monk of Poitou, Rabelais, found vent for his peculiar humour in parodies upon the stilted sentiment and impossible adventures of persecuted damsels rescued by magnanimous knights, which filled all the popular fables of his day. The school of high romance, with its faults and its beauties, has vanished; the wit that played upon it is one of the permanent possessions of literature. While Rabelais made his thrusts at the absurdities of romance, he did not neglect those of theology—he had his fling at all parties. As a monk, he was suspected of heresy; as a heretic, he was suspected of Romanism; and on the whole he was a more troublesome impediment to Calvin and his innovations than to the Pope and his formulas. Paul III. better known as Alexander Farnese, had the wisdom to perceive this distinctly; and being convinced that Rabelais would rather live within the pale of his spiritual jurisdiction than burn for departing from it, he bestowed on him a general absolution for all his misdemeanours. Thus provided, this jovial friar indulged his humour freely in the pages of his *Garagantua*, and with his stinging satire whipped indiscriminately schismatics, ecclesiastics, Romanists, and Reformers. He unfrocked himself and took to the study of medicine, and administered unpalatable draughts to the body as well as the soul of men for their ultimate good. In the great struggle which was going on between Theology and Reason, Rabelais resolutely upheld Reason. He was neither a churchman nor a sectarian, and he was therefore pronounced an atheist; but he acknowledged a God in his heart, whom he described as, 'Celluy grand, bon, piteux Dieu, lequel créa les salades, harans, merlans, etc. etc., item les bons vins; c'est le Dieu de Platon le grand plasmateur.' And Garagantua, exhorting his son, Pantagruel, upon religion, says, 'Il te convient servir, aymer et craindre Dieu, et en luy mettre toutes les pensées et tout ton espoir, et par foy formée de charité estre à luy adjoint en

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sorte que jamais n'en soys desemparé par péché.' It would be difficult for a candid judgment to find a fault in this teaching, although to Calvin's rigid theological system it appeared an intolerable affront. But it is not the religion of Rabelais that interests posterity. It is his abounding fun, his relish of life, his relish of the bottle, and his keen perception of the ridiculous; and it is the wealth of words which he added to the French language that especially endears him to the French student. Rabelais was the genius of the Renaissance; Calvin was the genius of Reform—while Rabelais enriched his native tongue, Calvin organised it. Rabelais drew his inspirations from the Greek; Calvin from the Latin. Calvin's great work, called *l'Institution chrétienne*, was in itself an epoch in French literature. It was esssentially original in matter, method, and style. It was the first popular religious treatise that appeared in France; the first intelligible utterance of Christian philosophy in the French language. Its style was clear and concise, and turned its penetrating light upon the dark places in history—upon the relations of God with man, upon the mission of the prophets, upon the first traditions of the church, upon the doctrines of the early fathers, upon the progress of Christian morality and Christian error.

In the most exalted passages of this work, where he reveals his ideas of God with the enthusiasm of worship and the grandeur of self-abnegation, Calvin's language glows with an eloquence which was afterwards equalled, but not surpassed, by Bossuet. It is to such efforts as these that the word sublime may be rightly applied, although, like some others of noble significance, it has been made to sound trivial in this age of exaggeration by being vulgarly misused. A royal prince, sent to serve in the kitchen, comes to look too like a Simnel, a base pretender, and by degrees we lose the sense of his majesty.

After the name of Calvin, that of Malherbe sounds small; but however unimportant its bearing upon the general course of events, it is of special interest in the progress of French literature, for Malherbe may be said to have founded the institution of French poetry. He constructed both its laws and its language; and Boileau celebrates his advent as that of a great redeemer:

Enfin Malherbe vint, et le premier en France
Fit sentir dans les vers une juste cadence;
D'un mot mis en sa place enseigna le pouvoir,
Et réduisit la muse aux règles du devoir.

Malherbe's fault as a legislator was that he made too many laws and hampered the movement of French verse by an iron rule which still cripples its limbs; but if he imposed some harassing restrictions upon the poets, he did them good service in delivering them from many worse obstructions. He denounced the barren imitations of antiquity which filled the pages of Ronsard and other poets of the same school; he satirised their clumsy mythologies and pedantic allegories; he substituted French words for Latin, and straightforward sense for awkward involution. He became the oracle of French grammar; and though his poetical compositions appear flat and feeble to us now, they were, on account of the finish of their versification and the regularity of their construction, valuable examples and studies for succeeding writers; and to Malherbe's strivings we owe the full perfections of Boileau and Molière.

He was a gentleman of noble family, and an officer of some distinction; his manner was as rough as his verse was smooth and his temper was irritable—troubled perhaps by his close and continual contest with the errors of his native

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tongue. Courtiers paid him their court and asked him how to speak; scholars scribbled at his feet and asked him how to write; with his last breath he rebuked the attendant at his bedside for a grammatical error. He is dear to the affections of M. Nisard; a man after his own heart; the founder of a code which he regards with enthusiastic reverence, and which he exhorts every Frenchman to love and to obey. Montaigne, one of the most distinguished of prose writers—whose wit and wisdom are acknowledged throughout Europe—the first of essayists—was a contemporary of Malherbe; but though his powers are of a much higher order, they are less congenial to the taste of M. Nisard, who is offended by his want of precision and his looseness of style, which make him a bad model for composition. But his fecundity of thought and original suggestions have probably inspired many more writers than the deficiencies of his method have injured, and he must always remain one of the high lights of France The development of French prose was more rapid than that of poetry; the full blossom of which was delayed till the reign of Louis XIV., commonly called *le grand*, a title which we may dispute his claim to, on many grounds, for he was a selfish, cruel, and licentious king, but which we are willing to concede to him as a patron of letters. As a gentleman, he had his fripperies and his bombast, of which his great wig with its multitudinous swelling curls may be accepted as the type; but the ministration of the poets, of Corneille, Racine, Molière and Boileau, crowns him (in spite of that artificial headdress) with a glory that cannot die. Of all these great names, the one which is truly dear to the English nation is that of Molière. He is no less familiar to us than our own favourite dramatists; he is frequently quoted; the reflections of his wit hold a place in our daily thoughts; he is one of our household gods. Men whose perceptions are too blunt to discern the finest point of his satire, or whose knowledge of French is too imperfect to appreciate the remarkable skill of his verse, the felicity of his expression, and the subtle turns of his language, are still able to enjoy his broad humour and to join in his hearty laugh. His comedies combine so many qualities that they are equally acceptable to the thoughtful and the unthinking; they delight the critic, and they tickle the vulgar; they are full of fine sense and common sense; their satire is pungent without bitterness; their epigrammatic force fixes itself upon the memory; their characters are easy to understand, for they are generic rather than specific, and the situations devised for them are such as cannot fail to strike any audience.

On the whole, as a writer of comedy, Molière is unequalled; he is only deficient in individuality of character, and in that tenderness of feeling, that 'humorous sadness' which, when it underlies the bright current of wit and drollery, interests the imagination with a depth to be sounded, and lends to some perfect specimens of comedy, such as *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As you like it*, *The Twelfth Night*, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, their most captivating charm.

Racine is the disciplined writer, who is the model of M. Nisard's taste, and the master of his best affections. The structure of his verse is faultless, his rhymes are correct; his good sense is undeniable, his ideas are remarkable for their precision; every image is defined, every thought is clear; he never trespasses against a rule, he very rarely touches the heart.

Passion is not so exact in its

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definitions, nor so limited in its conceptions, nor so epigrammatic in its phrases as Racine's dialogues, which endeavour to represent it; nor can we agree with M. Nisard that it was a particular advantage to the poet to have the king for his ideal. If it is true that the person of Louis Quatorze is to be recognised in all Racine's heroes, we think we understand why their sublimity looks artificial, and why their talk is tedious. But whatever may be Racine's shortcomings as a poet, the stately grace of his diction, and his skill in construction will always make him a favourite study for the French scholar; and however the popular sympathies may swerve from the classical to the romantic school, he will still remain a model name in French literature, and an example of perfection in the conditions of French verse. His predecessor Corneille, who was the actual founder of French tragedy, treads with a freer step, draws a deeper breath, and climbs higher. He is a more passionate thinker, but he is a less exact grammarian, and M. Nisard feels that he left French composition still incomplete, and that Racine's exquisite mechanism was wanting to make it perfect.

Prose and poetry moved side by side in this brilliant reign, and the slightest effort of memory will bring a host of writers into existence: Descartes, Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, Pascal, Fénelon, we have not space for the enumeration which a single thought suggests. Fénelon owes his European reputation less to his religious treatises than to his romance of *Télémaque*. It was translated into every language, it found a place in every school; it maintained an extraordinary popularity for a long period, and was read with avidity by all sorts of people. But now its day is done; what used to be thought tender is voted sentimental, what used to be called eloquent is rejected as prolix: and its heroics are only tolerated by those who like a grave unconscious burlesque. Has literature then a fashion as well as dress, and does a favourite novel look as absurd as a favourite bonnet of the past time? How do such things get out of date? Do thought and method of thought and form of expression shift like the shapes of costume, and what are those elements of popularity which we must regard as ephemeral? We may safely reply to this question—almost all the essentially popular element of excellence is not enduring. Popular favour is hit by some marked appeal to the prevailing taste of the day, to that taste which is a temporary extravagance: for fashion is excess in some direction; it may be a 'fine excess' in the beginning, a scarcely perceptible exaggeration, but it has a tendency to increase till its disproportion becomes evident to all eyes, and then the overgrown pet is discarded as a monster. So people sicken with repletion at the thing they have tasted with too passionate an enjoyment.

In the case of a favourite author it sometimes happens that he repeats the admired style till it fatigues, or that he lays on a little more of the cherished peculiarity till it becomes a fault, or, perhaps, he does not himself change, but a school of imitators founds itself upon his manner, which they overemphasise, by their caricatures directing attention to the original idiosyncrasy, till it shocks a sober judgment, and then, what was once welcomed as a singular charm, is rejected as a positive blemish. But the idol of fashion may not have either himself or his disciples to blame for his desertion. It may be only the intemperance of their own worship which wearies the worshippers, the long kneeling posture in one place which fatigues so that they

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look to another shrine for the relaxation of change. In such a case time gives back the due rites to the true excellence, and the justice of posterity atones for the caprice of contemporaneous opinion.

For whichever of the causes here enumerated, or for all combined, fashion changes, and popularity wanes, and these fluctuations affect literature more in the present day of extended education (so called) than it did in the time when the right of judgment was confined to a more limited number; for then, the educated were the much instructed; the exceptional scholars who made a business of learning and thinking; but now, those who run may read, and they do for the most part read running. The many knowing their alphabet, are all qualified to taste books, their palates affect the sale of them, yet they are really so generally ignorant, that their influence is damaging to literature; something easy to understand, something which stirs the passion and makes no demand upon the intellectual faculties pleases the ordinary reader, and the chastened style and disciplined imagination with its fine and true conceptions are cast aside as flat and tedious. We may observe the same thing with music; the uncultivated ear loves the tune only, which it can easily recognise; a trick in the time so often repeated as to make an impression upon blunt perceptions will strike the fancy of the crowd, and Verdi's song of the 'Donna Mobile' or Donizetti's 'Brindisi' will give more genuine satisfaction to a common audience than Beethoven's most beautiful sonatas. Throughout the whole region of art, the admiration of the vulgar depends upon some exuberance which is a fault, and if there were no appeal from it, degradation would be inevitable; but time itself is a corrective, for as we have said, exaggeration ultimately destroys itself, and then, the sober judgment silenced in the first clamour for the favourite, comes to be heard and to 'outweigh the whole theatre of others,' yet the operation of time is slow, and we should fare badly if we had to wait for it in all cases. In an age of rapid movement, there must be another authority to invoke. M. Nisard turns a fond backward glance to the Academy of Letters in Paris, but he cannot find it there; he must look for it as we do in the public press; in the best journals and periodicals of the day. That some may be inadequate, and some not impartial we must admit, for no human tribunal can be absolutely perfect, but on the whole the leading public press is a valuable censor. Ignorance, however arrogantly it may swagger, is subject to secret misgivings as to the right way, and is glad to look at an occasional direction post. It has gleams of diffidence when it is conscious of its nakedness, and desires the protection of somebody else's garment. It clothes itself willingly in the opinion of the daily paper, which being impersonal does not offend its pride; and thus, many of the grossest errors of opinion are held in check.

Some authors of great distinction, if not of the highest genius, have marred their works by too much compliance with the special taste of their day. Sir Philip Sidney is one of these. His *Arcadia* is so shrouded in the artificial disguises of the time that it requires care and study to penetrate through them to the beauties which many of its pages unfold, and to reach the poetical truth of its best passages.

The same fault distinguishes Ben Jonson as a dramatist. Shakespeare, except in an occasional flow of puns described by Dryden as 'his clenches of wit,' abstained from it. Those who followed the fashion of their season have paid for their brief popularity

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by the general neglect of posterity, while those who, like Milton and Shakespeare, have held themselves independent of their time, remain the paragons and perfect models of all ages, reflecting the immutable truths of humanity rather than its factitious adjuncts.

The dramatic is, of all forms of poetry, the least popular, except when it appears upon the stage; because unless the player intervenes to carry on the action, it makes the greatest pull upon the imagination. In the written drama we have to imagine the movement which the romance or the narrative poem exactly describes; and to many persons the repetition of exits and entrances, and of the name of the character at the beginning of every speech, is a serious obstruction to comfort. It takes the eye and thought aside, and will not admit of that lull, of that approach to somnolence, which the reader loves to indulge in occasionally during the quiet flow of narrative. Not many of Shakespeare's plays would be familiarly read if they were never acted, nor many of Molière's: they would be read as Beaumont and Fletcher's, Ford's, Haywood's, Webster's, and Massinger's, are read—by the students of literature, and not by its looser members.

The stage is the life of the drama, and very few even of acted plays, however distinguished by poetical merit, are the favourite subjects of secluded reading. In our own time, Talfourd's tragedy of *Ion* may be mentioned as an exceptional case. It had, when Macready first produced it in 1836, a considerable vogue; and although the enthusiasm of that season is passed, it is still frequently, if not extensively read, both in private and public; and its present reputation is likely to be a permanent one, for it has some rare qualities, and some true elements of beauty.

Henry Taylor's dramatic romance of *Philip van Artevelde* is a more remarkable instance of success in a path where the goal is seldom reached, for its final appearance on the stage was the consequence, and not the cause, of the general esteem in which it was held; and when it first appeared as an unacted drama in the year 1834, without any of the puffs and advertisements used now-a-days to startle attention, it made a great stir—first in the world of letters, and afterwards in general society. It awakened an extraordinary interest by the vigour of its intellectual qualities; by its originality; by its sustained power; by the perfect government of its forces, and by the courage and strong sense of the critical opinions expressed in its preface. This preface contains an exposure of all the weakness of the Byronic school. The masculine energy of Henry Taylor's style, the freedom and depth of his understanding, his singular felicities of expression, his forcible conception of character, and the evidence of superior skill and judgment in the whole construction of his work, gave great weight to his censure; scholars admired, and Fashion followed the new poet. She has changed her religion many times since then, singing other pæans; and it is left to the poet to kindle the capable imagination of students, who love to meditate, seeking to assimilate the fruit of his brooding thought, or soliciting the delicate music of his lighter strain. Henry Taylor is no less a poet in his other works than in *Artevelde*; but *Artevelde* was the first to make an impression on the public mind, and therefore made it the most sharply. Its original force overmastered in its own favour the general aversion to the dramatic form in poetry, but it could not make the dramatic form permanently popular; and poems cast in this mould, however highly valued by the best judges, will never be the objects of universa

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love. The prodigality of public favour which depended upon the faults of Lord Byron's style, so powerfully commented upon by the author of *Arteveldе*, is now a thing only to be chronicled in the history of the past.

The artificial glooms of corsairs, and giaours, and Laras, no longer find stalking imitators, with misanthropic mantles. Young ladies are no longer in love with this kind of affectation, and no longer pin portraits of Byron to their bed-curtains, sighing for scowling lovers; but to the sober critic it is still given to recognise the poet in spite of his faults; to see the sunlight through the mist; to appreciate the music of a versification remarkable for its variety and melody, the splendour of a fertile imagery, and the picturesque power of a keen, if not a profound, observer of nature. A public, sated with its passion, turns for relief to an object totally unlike that which lately heated its pulse. Byron's inebrieties succeeded to the cold couplets of Pope; Wordsworth's meditations replaced Byron's fervours; and now, fashion has deserted Wordsworth, and proclaims Tennyson the only god. The ardour of this religion will cool by and by at the breath of a new prophet; but Tennyson, like some of those whose light his ascending star has for the present dimmed, is inspired by a genius which is destined to maintain an enduring empire over the affections of mankind: his works carry in them those seeds of immortality which take root uninjured by the gusts of caprice; and when the popular humour veers away from him, he will remain still one of our greatest poets.

There are some writings ephemeral in their nature; as brilliant it may be as any gay butterfly who flaunts his beauty in a lady's garden, but doomed by as feeble an organisation to as speedy a dissolution. The novel of the day belongs to this class. It imitates a mode; a mode of talk, of costume, of habit, of dialogue; it touches only the surface of life, and when that surface alters, it is cast aside; it is out of date. A very small amount of intellectual power in the author will serve to set such a work going. He will need only so much of memory as may serve to record the substance of a conversation in a drawing-room between a duke and a countess, just so much of observation as will serve to note the foibles of a fashionable woman, and just enough of skill to run a thread through these scenes of inanity, tying them together with a thin love story. Such novels are innumerable; in the rapidity of their births and deaths they defy statistics; but some stand out apart, in a rare immortality; some novels exhibit such exalted qualities of imagination and sense, such perfect reflections of humanity, that while humanity exists they must share in its life.

Marivaux, in the order of time, is distinguished as the first of novelists: in the order of merit he is one of the best; he was the first to give pictures of actual life and manners, combined with the analysis of motives and the structure of the mind; his delineations of individual character are delicate and true; his perceptions are fine; his style is clear and flowing, his observation and wit are penetrating; his humour is genial, and his story is interesting and occasionally pathetic, but not in the highest degree passionate. He flourished in the first half of the eighteenth century, and he flourishes still. Any one who cares to trace the living waters to their source, will discover the spring of modern prose fiction in Marivaux's *Marianne*, and will find that it has few rivals in brilliancy and depth. This remarkable work was in progress

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during the space of twenty years, and was left unfinished. It is a pity it was not completed, but it probably owes the perfect harmony of its parts to the long study and care bestowed upon it, and to the intervals of leisure enjoyed in the course of its composition; and if it had been more shortly concluded, it would not have lived so long. Marivaux was the author also of another novel, *Le Paysan parvenu*, and of some thirty ingenious comedies, which M. Nisard esteems very highly, but which, being seldom acted, are little read, and the great novelist can afford to dispense with the reputation of their creation. As the founder of French novels he is the founder of a race so prolific that we cannot see any limit to the line, and Banquo's family was a small one compared to his. The vitality, vigour and abundance of French literature suffered little interruption from the reign of Louis XIV. down to the first half of the nineteenth century, beyond which M. Nisard prudently abstains from advancing: indeed, as permanent reputations alone are within the province of his observation, the works of the present day can have no claim upon him except by anticipation, and such anticipation would be at once invidious and unjustifiable.

In passing from the works of Corneille and Racine to those of Victor Hugo and De Musset, we perceive a considerable change in the national taste and habits, and clearly discern the results of a great revolution. We see the bondage of arbitrary laws renounced; the ceremony, the restraint, the polite phrase, the smooth urbanity, the enforced decorum abandoned; we see the passion of the heart and imagination in free play; we see unconstrained movement, unbridled fervour, and the love of liberty carried to the verge of reckless license. It may be interesting to consider how far literature illustrates and how far it leads the tendencies of a people. It may be a question whether Voltaire, Beaumarchais and Rousseau cultivated the growing feeling of their time or sowed its seeds; it is certain that their writings made a deep impression upon the minds of their countrymen, and that Rousseau is to be looked upon as one of the mainsprings of the revolution of 1789, although he did not live to see it. His eloquence was the life-blood of his nation; his appeal to sympathies then newly invoked, which embraced a large humanity rather than a narrow aristocracy, inflamed hearts ready to take fire; his doctrines were impetuously adopted: they took the place of religion, and the author became the centre of a new French theology. French men, French women, and French infants, were under his dominion. Men applied to him for directions in educating their sons. Women wrote to him in anticipation of the hour of childbirth; he was to advise them how to bear their pains, and how to nurse their babies; if he could be present at their bedside, so much the better; if not, he was implored to write the most minute details ordering all their proceedings.

He advised cold water bathing for strengthening infancy, and in defiance of the physician's remonstrance, tender, frail, new-born wretches were plunged into the freezing tub, and frequently died in consequence. Mothers who used to farm out their children to wet nurses according to the lamentable, long-established custom of their country, now rushed into maternal ardours in compliance with Rousseau's exhortations; and as they could not prevail upon themselves to sacrifice, even for their adored prophet, the midnight dance and the public show, smart little bassinets used to follow them to the

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ball-room and the opera, where they performed the most sacred maternal office for general admiration!

Meanwhile, the great preacher's private practice was to dismiss every child of his own as soon as it was born to the foundling hospital.

The miserable mother, though ignorant and stupid, was not insensible to the sharpest of feminine instincts, and used to cry bitterly when the baby was dragged from her; but Rousseau bewildered her with platonic arguments and philanthropic discourses, to which she found no better answer than her tears, and gradually she became hardened to this philosophical system.

The devotion which followed this man, both in England and France, may astonish us now, but there was much to account for his influence. His arguments were supported by singular subtleties of reasoning and graces of style, and he advanced some theories extremely agreeable to the general practice of mankind. It was pleasant to be told that universal good was to be promoted by individual self-indulgence, and that a total freedom from restraint was the whole duty of man. It was no wonder that such preaching was welcomed with enthusiasm, though it was long drawn to the point of tedium; and that old unlawful passion, paraded as a fresh young virtue, found, in spite of the repulsive pedantries which signalised its description, a multitude of glowing disciples. It is over now: the spasm is passed, and the inevitable satiety has followed the idolatrous love; the mob has abandoned Rousseau, and his works are left to the mercy of the judicial bench.

The extreme sentence is not to be passed upon them; they must live by the exquisite beauty of their language, by the passages they contain of true feeling and acute thought, and by an original impulse in the writer, which is the spring of vitality.

It may be that the crimes and follies of the Reign of Terror in France precipitated the fall of the popular idol, but the decline of favour must have come eventually without that help.

A period of agony and convulsion is not favourable to the conditions of literature, and during the worst throes of the great French revolution there was some suspension of progress in letters, yet even that epoch was not without its distinguished authors. André Chenier is a poet whose name is familiar to all literature; and Madame de Staël, in the poetry of prose, has not been surpassed.

France put forward her most popular and stirring poetry in the productions of Béranger under the empire of the first Napoleon; and the poet's line of succession, extending to the first half of the nineteenth century, is crowded with eminent names, among which those of Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Alfred de Vigny, Victor Hugo, and Alfred de Musset, are universally known. M. Nisard is essentially candid, and notwithstanding M. Victor Hugo's continual transgression of classical rule, he does justice to his genius.

'Cette poésie prodigieuse' affects his mind with the sense of vastness and sublimity, and he is unable to plan lines of attack against so extensive a fortification. He is willing to let it stand, only he does not wish to see others constructed like it.

Alfred de Musset engages his more perfect sympathy, for he is a finished classical poet, and in grace and delicacy of expression and variety and polish of versification, he has no rival. On this account, M. Nisard can forgive him some other irregularities, because looseness of morals offends him less than looseness of style, and his treatise does not concern the establishment of

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French virtue, but the constitution of the French language. It is fair, in dwelling upon the merits of the French poets, to consider the difficulties they have to contend with. The generally even accentuation, the pervading regularity of the syllabic stress belonging to their language, deprives them of most of that music which depends upon quantity. They have, as one of their own critics observes, 'une prosodie peu sensible,' and they are therefore unable to dispense with the existence of rhyme. Lamotte, in the eighteenth century, did indeed make the experiment of blank verse, but it was a total failure. Despotic rules have added to necessary restrictions, and the enforced recurrence at regular intervals of the feminine termination in *e* mute, is a serious impediment to a poet. Under such conditions, it is not easy to avoid monotony in verse, and not many have been able to do it. But a few, among whom the most conspicuous is M. Victor Hugo, have, by their skill in the management of the cæsura, and in the disposition of their long and short lines, obtained a variety of cadence which excites our special admiration. Such triumphs, however, can only be won in short flights. All sustained narrative in French verse is monotonous, and their poets have been wise in abstaining generally from epics. Although M. Nisard would like to see heavier restrictions imposed upon French composition, advocating the theory that effort invigorates genius, it is certain that his country would have produced a larger number of beautiful poems if its poetry had been less shackled, and it should be borne in mind that freedom is not necessarily license. The defect which we have indicated in the French language for musical rhythm is inherent, and it is therefore no wonder that their poets are surpassed by those of Italy and England. Their pride can well afford to concede so much, for they are masters in every branch of prose, and for compass, power, and skill, in philosophy, history, science, satire, and romance, their literature takes the foremost place in the esteem of all nations.

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THE GRACCHI.

IT was a fixed judgment with the late Dr. Arnold of Rugby, that no modern history could furnish young men with the same amount of valuable political thought as the histories of Greece and Rome; because the ancient histories are completed, and in many senses compact. Greece, with her many remarkably contrasted states, runs through her cycle in a few centuries. Rome, first kingly, then republican, finally imperial, is a vaster world, and a longer tale, yet perfect in itself, and not beyond the power of a youthful student to grasp within the period of an academical career. Against this judgment, some stern member of the Manchester school may perhaps slip in the sarcastic remark, that our Oxford men must of course become, under such study, the most enlightened of politicians. But the reply is obvious, that but a small fraction of students can make history their chief concern, and unless these study under the stimulating moral forces of an Arnold, only a small fraction of this fraction is likely to reap the sound lessons really contained in the history.

To present any complete summary of those lessons in moderate compass would be a very arduous undertaking. To select some of them from Roman history is a sufficient task, and certainly not superfluous. Time was, when Englishmen used to read Plutarch's *Lives* earnestly as a book of political instruction: such an idea would now seem to our practical statesmen pedantic and ridiculous. To quote Horace or Virgil in Parliament was pleasant seasoning to a speech in recent generations, and is not quite obsolete even now: but to quote from Roman history would hardly be tolerated even from a Gladstone or a Cornewall Lewis. Rather perhaps it would be resented, as though they were making political capital of their classical lore, and stealing advantage over those whose culture lay in a different line. In foreign affairs, to know accurately dynastic pretensions and alliances, the military and naval resources of potentates, the weak and strong points of their social and national support, the means of strengthening or thwarting them; and *mutatis mutandis* in domestic affairs, to know how to manage, to benefit or to mollify, the different parts of our own population, with the smallest possible deviation from routine—these have long been the standard accomplishments of our statesmen. Few care to study the fundamental causes of the harmony and prosperity, or of the dissensions, seditions and downfall, of nations. The great premium is given to the talent or tact which can carry a ministry with credit through a few years. Sad to say, as England is now organised, every ministry is situated like a Turkish pasha, having an intense interest in the immediate, a feeble interest in the distant future. On one topic every English Parliament, since Parliaments have existed, has been vigilant, jealous and consistent, viz. in the effort to uphold or enlarge the rights or privileges of landlords. If it is not correct to say that in this respect Parliament has been very longsighted, yet certainly blind instinct has guided the landlord class as if with a longsighted purpose. In any other direction to claim longsightedness for our legislators would be utterly gratuitous. Seldom indeed can a minister of genius dare to recommend any measure which is not to bear immediate fruit. Even in the matter of lessening our national debt, only indirect, small and subtle methods are acceptable. When professed statesmen are not permitted to look far

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forward or use arguments founded on any broad principles of morality and history, all such great topics are virtually resigned by them to the outside public and to the press.

It did not need any deep philosophy in ancient times to be aware, that on the laws of landed property mainly depended the welfare of a nation. Land is emphatically that public possession which belongs to no one by nature, and only by conventional law is ever converted into private property. To give to the cultivator a permanent interest in the soil, was obvious wisdom to every unbiassed thinker. Unhappily, mere violence was almost everywhere the basis of landed institutions. In the most fertile regions a succession of conquerors claimed the soil. In the best regulated states the strict proprietorship rested with the commonwealth or with the king, its representative organ; and if the rights of the cultivators were reasonably attended to, the miseries of conquest at length were healed. If otherwise—if the cultivators remained as Helots or as serfs—such a nation was destined ere long to find its enemy in its own bosom, and to prove weak against the foreigner. On her landed system, according as it was sound or unsound, the internal strength of Rome eminently depended.

We will not vex our readers by discussions concerning the earliest times of Rome, which do not really concern our present argument; but for the sake of continuity we will briefly state what seems to us the most probable hypothesis. The kings, the senators, and the whole patrician order, were of necessity supported from the land, as are barons everywhere. The cultivators paid rent and gifts settled by custom, and could not be ejected at the will of the lord. When the Tarquins were expelled, the royal domain became public land, under the trusteeship of the senate; whose effort forthwith was to convert this domain into the private property of patricians. Through the sufferings of the cultivators by hostile inroads, the great mass of the rural population became legally indebted and helplessly depressed. Many were thrown into bridewells or jails, others were ejected from their fields, still more were pressed into the army in the very season when they needed to cultivate. Hence, though by insurrections they extorted various concessions, and their tribunes gradually beat down the excessive tyranny of the patrician executive, yet the whole period between the overthrow of royalty and the establishment of the plebeian consulate may be described as one of rural misery and public weakness. In fact the period does not end until a quarter of a century later, in the dictatorship of Valerius Corvus B.C. 339. Whatever uncertainty may rest on details belonging to these earlier events, it was in this era that the principles for the management of public land were established; and the evils developed themselves so rapidly, while Rome was as yet a petty state, that full warning was given of the frightful mischief which they were afterwards to work, when the Roman dominion grew into maturity. Our fullest acquaintance with the agrarian controversy is derived from Appian's very circumstantial account, and next, from Plutarch: both agree, that the evil system which the Gracchi found in existence dated from the very first conquests of the republic, and were partially restrained by the celebrated Licinian laws. At the later period all Italy had to suffer the very same evils which had ground down the early Roman plebeians.

The great phenomenon which marked externally the agrarian plague, was the growth of cities, with a comparative dispeopling of

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the country. The language in which the depopulation is lamented, is sometimes deceptive and apparently exaggerated; because slaves are passed by as nobodies, military considerations being so prominent. In fact the rustic slaves not only were no military strength; they were a source of weakness: for no one could say at what crisis of public danger they might discern an opportunity for insurrection. Tiberius Gracchus was able to make an effective argument on this head, from the terrible war of the slaves in Sicily which the Romans had a little before quelled with extreme difficulty. The Italian slave-war under Spartacus sixty years later was more formidable still. When, in the reign of the emperor Tiberius, a Gaulish chieftain stimulated his compatriots to revolt against Rome, by the topic, 'How empty of men is Italy!' he probably referred to the freemen only, and we must not press such phrases too closely. Nevertheless, it is impossible to doubt, that the rustic population, including slaves with freemen, was really much diminished; for the attestation is constant and unanimous, that the growth of corn in Italy was always declining, and that the towns could not be fed by the country. First Sicily, then Sardinia, Egypt, Africa, supply corn for Rome itself: while Italy became prevalently a mere grazing land. This was a notorious and necessary result of the Roman *latifundia* or great estates, tended by slaves. Slaves, working unwillingly, are unprofitable as agriculturists: it is chiefly as tenders of cattle that they bring gain to the capitalist. And we know that the cattle which roam over a wide tract employ but few herdsmen, compared to the peasants who would be needed as cultivators of the same tract. Thus it was not a mere figure of rhetoric to speak of Italy as depopulated; nor was it unjust to regard its huge metropolis as a morbid excrescence, a wen on its bloated body. Large towns are clearly the sinks, into which the misery of the country drains; and where rural industry is unprogressive, a stream of migration constantly setting from the country into the towns is a pretty sure gauge of injustice in the agricultural institutions.

These evils, we say, had manifested themselves very early. They were notorious and confessed. Decrees of the senate and laws of the people were made to restrain them: and when we read the decrees and the laws, we may be ready to exclaim, How wise! how provident! but alas, they were mere rules on parchment never enforced. Where one class is dominant, the enactments made to restrain their vices or their foibles can never be enforced. In the best period of the Roman republic, from the opening of the Samnite wars down to the invasion of Hannibal, the laws made for the regulation of land might have been enforced, had the immediate evils pressed on the Roman plebeians. But the new vigour which Rome derived from justice to her own citizens, enabled her to conquer Italy; and the agrarian mischiefs were presently shifted from the Latins on to the conquered Italians, who had no power of enforcing Roman law upon their Roman lords: thus after partial and fitful enforcement these laws sank into a dead letter.

The laws to which we refer were especially the following:—that no Roman should hold more than 500 *jugera* of the public land; or should have upon the public pastures more than 100 head of larger, or 500 of smaller cattle:—that in proportion to the land a fixed number of freemen should be maintained upon it:—and that those who settled upon the land without definite compact should pay to the state

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a tithe of the crops which came from annual seed, and a fifth part of the produce of trees.—But it may be well to state what was this public land, and how it arose. The original public land, in the time of the first consuls, could be nothing but the old crown land from which the Tarquins had been expelled, as already explained. But afterwards, when Rome began to conquer, she systematically confiscated a large part of the domain in each successive province, ejecting the old proprietors without mercy,—without a single effort to hinder their sinking into beggary: not but that many of them may have been slain or otherwise become victims of the war. Her first business, in the old and best times, was to plant Latin colonies in the new provinces, as garrisons and fortresses—*propugnacula imperii*. The colonists were Roman citizens, who for a grant of land consented to lose the rights of voting and of being elected to offices. The vote could not be used without travelling to Rome; and the mass of citizens, of course, had no chance of being elected: hence the sacrifice was not much. But in consequence, the citizenship remaining was imperfect, and was named *Latin*: hence the colonies are called Latin colonies, not Roman. Of these there were 30 in Italy, all founded before the Punic wars. As they actually received and cultivated the land, and had ability to maintain their rights, a certain prosperity was spread over the whole colonial domain; which nevertheless was but a part of that which Rome seized for herself. Of the rest, some parts were sold, and some were let out for grazing by the censors; but a large part beside remained, wholly neglected by the Roman executive. Except when a tribunicial bill was passed to enforce the rights of the poor, the censors (as far as we learn) neither sold nor let the land to any but the rich; and they are said to have made their grazing rent to the aristocracy almost nominal. Plutarch indeed asserts that the rich outbid the poor for the land, if we understand him. To judge by a topic on which Cicero in his speech against Rullus insists, we should rather infer, that the land-auctions by their very nature quite forbade real competition not of the poor only but even of the rich. Half a dozen men have seen certain lands in a distant part of Italy, and two or three of them covet farms there: the censors give notice of a land-sale, but the public (even soldiers who have marched over the district) are profoundly ignorant of the sites and values: only the very few can dare to buy, who have examined the details. In consequence they buy at a trifling price; and neither the state nor the poor get benefit. Thus, from the land which passed through the censors' hands only the aristocracy got advantage. As regards the neglected land, it was not an offence to occupy it (or, as we say, to squat upon it), but was rather encouraged: for, as Appian explains, the Romans much valued the hardy Italian peasants as soldiers, even when newly conquered; and clearly understood the unthriftiness of allowing the land to run wild: only the tax of a tithe and a fifth (as above explained) was laid upon the squatter. But it does not appear whose duty it was to collect this tithe or keep any register of the squatters. In Livy we read of a vigorous tribune now and then, who makes rich men pay up after long arrears. This suggests, that there was no systematic annual collection of these state-dues; a sure mark, that the squatters were generally Roman aristocrats, not poor Italians. And to this inference Appian's summary everywhere points.

The law, which limited occupation of the public land to 500

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jugera, was at first evaded in many ways; as, by getting land for one's children and other dependent kinsfolk; next, as Plutarch says, by fictitious names or collusive personalities; and when these had become common and notorious, the law was flagrantly defied without fear. Occupation went on from father to son in many generations, without any superintendence from the censors, who were no doubt more than satisfied to get the rents paid; they had no leisure to travel and inspect the boundaries of estates over all Italy. Each censor knew only what the *ledger* told him; every occupier had full opportunity of encroachment, as well as of buying up the lands of those impoverished by military absence. After 150 or 200 years of possession, how was the state to discriminate public land from private? One thing only was certain, that whoever had more than 500 jugera was criminal, and had in most cases morally forfeited the whole; for the value of the 500 jugera would generally have been too small a fine for the offence of the lengthened usurpation. Nevertheless, Tiberius Gracchus's first proposal, which roused extreme indignation (if we believe Plutarch, who does not at all speak gently of his mistakes), allowed the occupiers to *sell* all the land which exceeded the 500 jugera. He only insisted that they should somehow part with it. He did not want to impoverish them, but to give citizens to Italy. But to bring out the meaning of this more clearly, we must see how and why the other law was evaded, which defined the number of freemen to be kept on the public land.

The fatal difficulty lay in the activity of the military conscription, which seems to have been without local limitation. Suppose a particularly scrupulous Roman — a Cato, if you please — to occupy only 500 jugera, and to have on them the full legal number of freemen. The more just his behaviour to them, the better they thrive, the nobler their personal aspect; so much the more surely will they be seized by the consul's recruiting serjeant. Just the prime of his cultivators are carried off; his legal number is now deficient, and he must bestir himself to replace them. If he replace them by effort, and the conscription of the next year renews his loss (which was inevitable when Rome used up her peasantry faster than their natural increase), even a Cato would cease to struggle, and would resign himself to violating the law. By keeping slaves the occupier might get rich, and generally did get rich; by trying to keep freemen he might ruin his cultivation, and after all could not make sure of obeying the law. The Roman military system was necessarily self-exhausting; since every year gave to the republic two new commanders-in-chief, each having an army as of course, and almost always bent upon making a war, if they did not find one ready made.

The praises of wisdom and of policy, so often bestowed on the Roman senate, perhaps do but measure the wisdom of the historians who utter them. In energy against enemies the senate was never lacking; but energy against the vices and the lawlessness of its own order (in which pre-eminently wisdom is shown) is a quality which no one could ascribe to it. Energy to seize taxes after the manner of a forager, or of the general of an invading army, was a virtue much appreciated in Rome. A proconsul who established a new tax, lucrative to the exchequer, was imagined to make the province richer. 'His vectigalibus institutis, locupletior in dies provincia fuit.' But if sound policy consist in looking forward, and shunning to exhaust resources, there was little enough of this in the Roman senate at any time of the history. Their policy was essen-

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tially that of the mere military man, with whom immediate success is everything, and the future is left to fate or chance. In fact, the interests of the future were uniformly sacrificed to the exigencies of the present. The proof of this is written broadly on the whole history: for it is notorious and undeniable, that every region under the Roman rule was wasted and wretched, in proportion to the time that it had been under that rule. The first great desolation was in Alba Longa, supposed to be the mother city of Rome; and thence it spread over all Latium, in proportion to the growth of Roman power. In Cicero's day, the whole neighbourhood of Rome had become a wilderness; banditti plundered up to the gates, and no senator could go out to his country house without a powerful guard of armed men. This was no temporary accident, but the normal state. Even after the reorganisation of the empire by Augustus, to keep down the highwaymen needed constant vigilance from the imperial police: nor were the deserted lands repeopled. Cicero also describes Lombardy as very powerful in the Roman elections, by reason of the large number of the citizens; which rather suggests that, being farthest from Rome, and having been last conquered, it was least tainted by the diseases which Roman tyranny engendered. Sicily, so rich and valuable an island, was soon ruined under Rome. As it was the earliest province beyond Italy, so was it the most miserable. Nor must it be forgotten, that however hateful the infamous Verres may have been to the better part of the Roman aristocracy, yet that aristocracy as a whole defended him. His tyranny they deprecated and regretted; but they still *more* deprecated the punishment of a senatorial officer by the verdict of a jury. Such a phenomenon cannot be an isolated fact: it is representative of a pervading principle. So, the military exhaustion first, and the agricultural exhaustion which uniformly followed it, was no accident—no isolated mistake, but was the necessary result of the predominance of the military system and the lust of conquest. In consequence, as the Spartans, who have been called dwarf-Romans, ruined themselves from within, by a system exclusively military,—beginning with Helot peasants, and proceeding to sink the bulk of Lacedæmonians themselves under an ever-dwindling oligarchy; so, in a mightier and more varied world, and in spite of a more elastic system and less illiberal citizenship, the Roman senate undermined the props of its own supremacy. Italian agriculture declined; the agriculturists were little above serfs, and the grazier population were slaves. No wonder that Rome herself was conquered by Gauls and Italians, and the chains of slavery riveted by Germans, Spaniards, and Illyrians.

Tiberius Gracchus felt to his very heart the scandal, the immorality and the political danger, from the decay of freeholding rustics; and needed no rhetorical art to prompt his eloquence. He used to ask, whether it was or was not just, that land which is of common right should be common possession: whether a citizen was of closer kin to them than a slave: whether a fighting man was more serviceable than a non-fighter: whether a man with a stake in the country was a better patriot than a man who had nothing to lose. At other times he would wail, that wild animals have their lair to resort to at bed time, but the men who fight and die for Italy have not so much as a hole in the earth that is their own, but barely get light and air, being turned into vagabonds with wives and children; so that the generals who bid them to fight for their

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tombs and their altars talk nonsense: for none out of so many thousand Romans have a paternal altar or ancestral sepulchre, but merely fight and die to support other men's luxury and wealth.

Although the Gracchi failed, and reaction had a bloody and frightful triumph, it is probable that the reactionist party did bestir itself to lessen this peculiar scandal, by a method more convenient to aristocratic influence than small freehold proprietors; for immediately after this era the system of *private colonies* shows itself, on which a few words may be suitable. We cannot recover lost history; and it would be unprofitable here to produce conjectures, how even an Æmilius or a Fabius, much less a Pompeius, could defend their colonies from the remorseless conscription; whether any decrees of the senate abated the evil, or whether the introducing of the town-rabble into the army by Marius, half a generation later, facilitated private colonies. Citizens who had once adopted the life of metropolitan beggary, where voters were fed by public corn, and kept in good humour by public shows, were not easily persuaded to betake themselves to country industry, even by the grant of a freehold. To induce them to become agricultural peasants, and, as it were, clients—tenants at will beneath a great lord—by mere persuasion, was hardly possible. It is not likely that the new colonies which now certainly arose, and soon attained some importance, were peopled from Rome itself. More probably other towns of Italy supplied the colonists, when the aristocracy began to feel that something must be done. Enough was done to give high influence to certain oligarchical families; but nothing on such a scale as to have national importance. Yet the movement went on. Young Pompeius, in the civil war of Sulla, came of his own accord to join that general, at the head of a little army, made up from his father's retainers.

In the next generation we find Titus Labienus, Cæsar's lieutenant, a man of no very distinguished origin, to have a private colony of his own. And in the imperial time these *coloni* were recognised as a distinct order of the community, concerning whom there is a vast mass of imperial legislation. Savigny, who first collected and digested the materials, has shown that the *coloni* were in many respects similar to the old Roman clients, with certain points of dependence assimilating them to serfs. Numerous though they became, they proved no barrier whatever against internal decay, nor against barbarian invasion, although it is true that they must have afforded many soldiers to the Roman legions. This topic has an interest for us, since it represents the Roman aristocracy towards the close of the republic, as trying to atone for their intense spite against small freeholds, by adopting a system closely akin to the English or Anglo-Irish idea of a landlord with dependent peasants.

Perhaps we ought not to omit, that between the older system of Latin colonies, and the later private colonies, there was a parenthetic establishment of colonies on a different basis, originated in Picenum and Lombardy between the first and second Punic wars by the tribune Flaminius, soon afterwards the most antisenatorian of consuls. Cicero describes his law, as enacting that the land should be divided to the colonists in equal portions (*viritim*): which may suggest that in the Latin colonies the aristocracy had unfair advantage; and that this was the case, is pretty clear from other circumstances. The eminent prosperity of the Lombard colonies seems to justify the much reviled aristocratic demagogue. But after the Hannibalic war the senate was supreme. The

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Quiritarian proprietors had been burned out and ruined by Hannibal; and the aristocracy easily carried any votes that they pleased. Low-born merit was henceforth excluded from promotion, and the new confiscations of Italian land went to the advantage of the oligarchy which rose with Scipio's pre-eminence. Perhaps Lombardy, especially the *Transpadan* region, had the chief benefit of the democratic colonies. In Cicero's day, as already remarked, this was by far the best peopled and most flourishing part of Italy; nor does it ever seem to have lost the advantage then gained. Not only through the imperial period, but down into the middle ages, they seem to maintain a general superiority. But to investigate this subject fairly, would carry us much beyond our present topic.

The first proposal of Tiberius Gracchus, to allow the aristocracy to sell for their own benefit the usurped surplus of the public lands, which they held illegally, met with high popular approval. The people 'was quite contented (ἡγάπα),' says Plutarch, 'to let bygones be bygones, if only it could secure itself for the future against injustice.' But this mild and reasonable proposal, as the same writer calls it, was met by extreme indignation on the part of the aristocracy, to whom it seemed mere unjust confiscation; as Mr. Bright's recent Irish proposals seemed to certain English reasoners. Of course the Roman possessors could argue—'If there is to be a forced sale of so vast a tract at once, the depreciation will be enormous; and in the want of purchasers, land and houses may almost have to be given away.' But if they had duly understood their own legal position, and had frankly accepted the compromise, it would have been very easy for so powerful a body of men to obtain friendly provisoes against too rapid and forced a sale. In fact, if the sale had been spread over ten or twenty years, the measure would have lost little of its healing tendency. But they chose the course of abrupt and total opposition; and drove Tiberius to the harsher course of claiming strict legality, as regards all the land which exceeded 500 jugera. But he still was willing to permit them to hold this portion as an absolute freehold, and no longer as public land; and when it is considered that seven jugera was an ample farm for a plebeian, a freehold of 500 was a liberal concession. But by this change of measures Tiberius alienated his friend and colleague in the tribunate, Marcus Octavius, who was a large holder of the public land, and now became the tool of the senate to counterwork Tiberius through the forms of Roman magistracy. By pertinaciously interposing his veto, Octavius provoked Tiberius into the attempt to depose his obstinate colleague by a public vote. The people with great unanimity sanctioned the 'impeachment,' as we might call it; but as Octavius apparently put his veto on this measure also, the senate were able to say justly that Tiberius's action was unconstitutional. Private senators called on the consul Mucius Scaevola to use military force against Gracchus; but Scaevola replied, that a civil offence required a civil remedy, and Gracchus must be prosecuted by law, if he had broken the law. But the passions of the senate could not brook a legal and tardy remedy, even when their opponent had put himself in the wrong. Scipio Nasica hurried from the house at the head of a band of senators and knights, who assaulted and murdered Gracchus in the forum. Wonderful, or rather frightful, to say,—so accustomed to fratricide did the Roman aristocracy soon after become, that those who with Cicero had lived through the times of Marius and Sulla, appear not to have felt

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any horror at this bloody proceeding against Gracchus; but were satisfied to blame him for having provoked it—as the President of the United States lately blamed the murdered Unionists of New Orleans, for provoking their own fate by daring to hold a public meeting.

The uncertainty of Roman law was very remarkable. Rome has been to Europe the fountain of jurisprudence, that is, of scientific law: but Rome has also been the fountain of legal chicanery, of verbal pettifogging, and of technical mystery. It is very strange in Roman history to find again and again solemn laws which have been made dead letters by aristocratic lawlessness, to be re-enacted a second and third time in the same words, in the hope of at length attaining a practical result. Gracchus is said to have intended to re-enact the Licinian law of land, after clearing off the usurpations; but he did not live to do it. Upon his death, his law, which a reader of the history might imagine to have been vitiated by the veto of his colleague, is forthwith acted upon, as though undoubtedly legal; and a triumvirate is appointed for dividing the usurped land. No statute, no treaty between the orders, had ever invested the tribune's veto with legal force. It had begun in a disorderly way, as a threat of opposition on the tribune's part. It had been nursed into strength by the craft of the patricians, when Appius Claudius taught them, as Livy narrates, that in this way they could neutralise the tribunate, by getting one tribune to thwart another. Not that one was permitted to stop the whole college in the early times, but only after long management and intrigue on the part of the patricians. It would seem by the case of Gracchus and Octavius, that when the people really proceeded to a vote, the vote was sound, in spite of any veto. The veto was nothing in law; but, inasmuch as ordinarily it gained acquiescence and stopped the voting, in general it took effect as influence. But the aristocracy refused to give aid to the triumvirate in carrying out the law against themselves; and since in Rome neither registers of the estates nor description of boundaries were to be got, the triumvirs were driven to the harsh measure of inviting every one who chose to prosecute. Out of this unfortunately arose not only a vast and unmanageable heap of litigation, but (as Appian states) enormous confusion and injury to the Italians, whom, as well as Roman citizens, the measure ought to have benefited. The senate in the next year took courage to supersede by an arbitrary decree the judicial powers of the triumvirate, and ordered all claimants to lay their cause before the consul Tuditanus. By this proceeding they raised new uncertainty as to the value of titles, and actually stopped suitors from coming before the triumvirate. Among the popular party the cry was now raised, to make all the Italians citizens, which (Appian says) would have thoroughly reconciled them to the law. The injuries it inflicted on them must surely be exaggerated by him. Its great injury to them was perhaps that it gave them no hope of partaking in the public land ravished from their forefathers. In the next year the cause of the Italians was warmly espoused by the consul Fulvius Flaccus, one of Gracchus's triumvirs, who afterwards was slain with Caius Gracchus. But to content the Italians was precisely what the senate did not want; but on the contrary, to separate their interests from those of the Romans, and disgust them with the agrarian law. They resisted Fulvius with haughty decision. It was unendurable, they said, to put 'subjects' on a par with citizens. Yet, if they had then done it, the Social War, which dug the grave of Roman liberty and prepared for the senators assassinations

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and degradation, would never have taken place.

The same party which had allowed a virtuous and noble tribune to be slaughtered while peacefully performing his functions, and never called his murderers to account, treated the tribune's veto, when convenient for disowning the triumvirate, as sacrosanct, and branded the memory of Gracchus for having dared to neglect it. Just so Caius Cæsar, who made war upon his country avowedly in the cause of the tribune's sacred veto, which the senate had but deprecated by a vote; yet, when he wanted to take the gold of the sacred treasury for his war against the senate, threatened to kill with his own hand the tribune Metellus, who forbade his spoliation.

No new economic facts nor moral features of the controversy which here concern us were developed in the career of the younger Gracchus, who had to choose either to renounce the attempt of executing his brother's projects, or to attempt them with stronger aids; which implied a greater extreme of democratic action. His brother's law had been executed to the annoyance and loss of many individuals, but with no benefit to the nation; for no division of public land into small freeholds had taken place. It was manifest that against such opposition as the aristocracy made, far greater political resources were needful. Appeal to moral and legal arguments, to good feeling, to patriotism, had been made by his brother, and with no other reward than that he was murdered with impunity, in open day, by senators and knights. Caius Gracchus accordingly despaired of effecting anything by moral suasion addressed to the aristocracy, and thought only how to get votes enough to carry everything against them.

This also was vain, since he could not shield his body by votes. It is not for us to defend his measures in detail. He had to do a work which he thought of prime necessity and was of prime necessity, by the only tools which seemed available; and it cannot be pretended that they were intrinsically unjust, much less inhuman. His most offensive law was that which provided a jury of *knights* to sit in judgment on the crimes of *senators*.—It suffices here to state that he was slain like his brother, but under the pretence of martial law, after a vote of the senate, and under the leading of the consul.

And now, what is all this to us? Do we imagine that English institutions and English character bear any close similitude to those of Rome? All such similitudes are sure to be mingled with dissimilitude. History never repeats itself entirely: in general, you may expect strong contrast side by side with striking likeness. But history is not on that account uninstructive. Even when the circumstances of Rome and of England are most like, we do not fear that an English nobility will imitate the atrocities of Roman senators, or provoke the same retaliation. But the evil effect of bad national institutions, though it may be exasperated by a violent nobility, cannot be neutralised by any amount of amiableness; and though Englishmen have not the raw inhumanity of the old Romans, they have peculiar weaknesses of their own, which may, under some circumstances, draw after them nearly the same mischiefs as inhumanity.

The well intentioned despot, who knows the goodness of his own heart, but does not know the weakness of his head,—who desires to do justice to his subjects, but desires still more that no part of his 'prerogative' shall suffer,—who listens to pious ecclesiastics, and thinks all impious who will not listen as dutifully, may, unawares, rule far worse than an unscrupulous, hardheaded, and hardhearted man,

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who rigidly upholds a few great principles of justice, and tries to base his despotism on the welfare of the millions. So likewise a well intentioned aristocracy, which desires to do nothing *wrong*, but counts everything long-established to have a *right* of existence, which is not aware that the oldest evils are the worst, and that the longer they have been established by law, so much the more hateful they are,—such an aristocracy, if it inherit institutions which press hard upon the cultivators of the soil, may by its well meant conservatism inflict more cruelty than in a rude and lawless age cruel individuals can cause. When the law itself is unfair, the more law-abiding is the nation so much the more pernicious is its action: the evil spreads vastly wider, when not the violent and the bad only, but the amiable and gentle also, are brought into complicity with it.

Nor has the English *plebs* access to the same forms of redress to which the Roman *plebs* betook itself. It has no tribunicial legislation; it is far feebler in military conflict, as against the weapons of war now in the hands of organised authority. Yet, by a remarkable coincidence, it has now a weapon closely akin to the threat of secession, by which the plebeian Romans thrice wrung out of the aristocracy important concessions. To secede from Rome into Latium was to denude Rome of military force, and transfer the same amount into the scale of a neighbour power, perhaps unfriendly. Population was visibly and unquestionably the basis of power. Malthus for a little while caused English statesmen to forget this or to believe the contrary; but since 1848, renewed wars in Europe have brought us back to older and sounder doctrines. Every nation in Europe now computes its strength by its population: on it primarily depends stability and even wealth. The Irish emigration was for a while rejoiced in, and voices are still raised to applaud it; but the reflux of opinion is most marked. Its immediate mischief is perhaps most felt in the hostility to us which it has propagated in America; but the difficulty which the English executive finds in getting soldiers assuredly makes the words of Horace thrill through the bosoms of our ministry, regretting the loss of 'rusticorum mascula militum proles'—the 'bold peasantry' whose loss 'cannot be supplied.' The United States furnish a magnet which will attract English as well as Irish emigrants more and more, unless some great change take place in our rural industry and laws of land. This is the formidable secession which threatens our landlords. Our discontented population need not to put itself into collision with hard and powerful law: its easier remedy is to run away to a nation of the same speech, which honours and welcomes labour, and freely bestows on it land and full citizenship and education. We dare not, if we wished, to enact laws against emigration: it will be ominously remembered how Charles I. stopped Cromwell from banishing himself. The landlords of England have to look into the face of the stern fact that the United States longs to get our people, and therefore will get them, unless England be made a more desirable home than America.

It is a widely prevalent weakness of our ruling classes to think that when a grievance is confessed and grave, it does not rest with *them* to discover a fit remedy, but with the persons that complain. This is, in fact, to abdicate government, and to claim that the populace shall exercise the initiative of legislation; nay, credit is taken for such conduct, as if liberal and constitutional. Whigs and Tories alike do this. In 1828, the Duke of Wellington professed the principle that no important legislation must be undertaken unless initiated by popular outcry. If indeed the rulers gave

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way to the popular outcry,—then, whatever the inconveniences of such a system (and they would be truly grievous), it might well be alleged that it studied popularity. But when, as generally happens, the popular movement is stiffly resisted, and no measure at all is proposed by the holders of power, a dead lock follows, with no result but irritation. The English aristocracy is painfully like the Roman senate in this point, that it systematically demands *martyrdom*—martyrdom perhaps on a frightful scale for two or more generations—before the most reasonable reform can be carried. Inhumanity is not intended, but the effect is as bad as from inhumanity. Every one will think of the Irish famine in 1846, and of the Irish miseries not yet terminated; but few think of the far worse Indian famines, and the retaliations still threatening us from India, for the roads and tanks which our self-complacent and well meant rule has destroyed. Mr. Horsman lately gave a curious illustration of the simple self-satisfaction with which the ruling class sees its own avowed incompetence. He protested that it is unjust to regard him as an enemy to popular enfranchisement: in fact, he *wished* the artisans to vote in the parliamentary elections, *only* no one had yet shown him how it could be done satisfactorily. A gentleman naturally replied—'We look to clever statesmen like you to discover how it is to be done.' In general it would seem that both Whigs and Tories imagine they have an unlimited time to think over the practical problems of the day. As the evil does not pinch *them*, they imagine there is no hurry. But those who are under the pinch cannot be so philosophical, and if they become impatient, who can wonder? The old story of Tarquin and the Sibyl is sure to be enacted. Look at the question of the Irish Protestant Church. In 1837 the Commons passed a moderate measure, and the Lords threw it out. For thirty years no second move has been made, although Whigs, Liberals, and Dissenters—three quarters of the political mind of England, and five sixths of all Ireland—have continued to disapprove of the act of the Lords; and now a call is heard for a total destruction of that Church, and a complete secularisation of the property.

The landed proprietors, or their advocates, are more and more driving men back to first principles, which may prove a painfully severe medicine. Because Mr. Bright advised to buy with public money the estates of such Irish absentees as are willing to sell, it is asserted by one speaker or writer after another, that Mr. Bright agrees with Proudhon in holding that *landed property is theft*. Who does not see, that if moderate proposals, which try to benefit the public without a particle of pecuniary mischief to the innocent proprietor, are thus rudely rejected and slandered, men who believe national well-being more sacred than aristocratic inheritance will be forced to inquire how far the bare fact of inheritance confers moral right; and if appeal be made to Acts of Parliament, will be driven to the further question, whether the Acts passed by a single order to its own pecuniary benefit are to be held sacred for ever against the nation. All such questions will be debated in every market-place and in every village meeting, if reasonable compromises are rejected haughtily, and no remedy for the evils be proposed by the actual holders of power.

A kindred weakness is that of scolding against the lower classes or the Irish, for being so hard to govern. If the children of a family uniformly turn out ill, we impute it to the fault of the parents: so, if the mass of a nation which for a thousand years has been subject to despotic rule (having no voice in

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making the laws or choosing the rulers), prove untractable, vicious or unpatriotic, this is the fruit of the institutions. In the course of centuries, the mass of the uneducated and poor is infallibly moulded in character by the dominant and omnipresent legislation under which they live and breathe. To censure the dependent class collectively is to condemn the institutions. It is quite common to hear Whigs or Tories, when Ireland is touched on as a theme disgraceful to England, to say: 'Oh, Ireland notoriously is a problem which no one yet has seen how to solve;' and in saying this, men are not aware that they are avowing themselves incompetent to rule Ireland. No professed horse-breaker can help losing credit by inability to break in a horse. England chose to conquer Ireland, chose to keep it, chose to destroy the Parliament of Ireland, chose to take legislation into her own hand, and now coolly declares that 'she does not know how to legislate for Ireland, wishes she knew how, but finds it a hard problem;' and fancies that this shifts the whole fault on to the Irish. The more such a tone of self-justification is employed, the greater the irritation in those whose faults, if ever so real, are generated under evil pressure.

The land question is as cardinal to the welfare of England now as it was in Italy under the Gracchi; though the results will be widely different with us, if the aristocracy continue blind to the evil. It has long been remarked that, with a very rapid increase of population, the country districts either did not increase in numbers, or even became emptier. The country villages generally are stagnant or waning, the towns increase greatly, and the largest towns at the highest rate; London most rapidly of all. This is evidently a most unhealthy system, and is producing a population physically deteriorated. Philanthropic schemes are now heard for rebuilding huge cities on sanitary principles, and immense efforts are made to get parks in the cities; and at the very same time Stockport and Manchester are running into one (as a single type of a wide-spreading process), without an effort to *prevent* and *provide*. No statesman dreams of anticipating and obviating evil beforehand. Fatalism has invaded us: we drift with destiny, and this is statesmanship! The economists of the last generation practically inculcated that we must leave the future to shift for itself, and consider only how capitalists, landlords, and merchants might get most out of the present. It is surely high time to reverse our steps—to refuse to drift any longer, but consider some political questions *à priori*, so as to keep national destiny under national control. And what is more important than to make the rustic districts feed and employ their own increasing population, and stop the unwholesome growth of towns?

It is reported that when a Committee of Parliament asked a celebrated living economist what he considered to be the greatest burden on the land, he replied that he knew of no burden on the land, except the landlord. Whether he actually said, this we do not know. But we beg to suggest, whether a more philosophic, or at least a more plausible, reply to the question might not be, that in England and Scotland those middlemen, the farmers, are the real superfluity, and the practical incubus. In Ireland, wherever the system of cottar-tenants exists, the natural step upwards *is* into small freeholds. That such a step is a great improvement it is marvellous that any economist should ever have denied: no living economist of good repute will hesitate to affirm it. Nay, it seems to be proved by the experience of Guernsey, Belgium, and France, that by small freehold-cultivation, not only are more cultivators maintained on a given area, but the sur-

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plus produce sent to the market is larger than English farmers send from the same area. Thus the system of small freeholds stands well against the English system, even in the narrowest economic comparison. Nevertheless, the isolation of petty cultivators tends to absorb the family in its single drudgery, and loses the vast advantages of the division of labour and combination, which may be attained as soon as men have the moral qualities needed for co-operating; nor can we regard isolated cultivation as the ultimate and most desirable state. In no way would the task of co-operation be better promoted, or the moral qualities which it requires be more rapidly attained, than under the superintendence of an enlightened landlord. The feasibility of it has been proved in the well known case of Mr. Gurdon, commented on by Professor Fawcett and others. Mr. Gurdon did not displace himself the landlord; he displaced the farmer, advanced money to the labourers, suggested to them how to co-operate, to save, and to repay his capital. In all this he performed a function essentially different from that of the labourers, and by it raised them into a higher state. But the scientific and wealthy farmer, though he may pay good wages, leaves the labourer nothing but a hireling, with no stake in the soil, and no permanence; no need of foresight; no power of securing his own future by prudence. A landlord who gradually supersedes, first one farmer, then another, needs no new legislation, and does nothing convulsive or hard; but he performs duties of great value himself, and (if resolved not to permit his rent to be raised by other men's toil) he honourably earns the rent, and cannot be thought a burden. In most cases he might be a sleeping-partner in his farms, by his advance of capital. Of course, very great proprietors need to devolve on bailiffs the special work of a landlord, and will always be able to afford bailiffs; and, with this distinction, a duke's estates might be managed without farmers as well as those of a small squire.

If in some such mode the landlords of England would give to the peasants a direct interest in the soil, they would forestall the need of new and stringent legislation. We cannot pretend to expect it. For twenty years these topics have been prominently discussed, and not one landlord in a hundred moves in the desirable direction. By obstinate inaction they may produce large emigration as an immediate result. When sufficient alarm has been caused by this or some other still more disagreeable phenomenon, a legislative measure will be proposed, to make sale of land compulsory, and at fixed prices (or prices fixed by a jury) in the case of large estates. We cannot forget that land is the gift of God to a nation, and can never be really alienated beyond recall by the act of one generation; nor can the deeds done in ages of violence, and voted to be right by the men who did them, be accepted as an eternal law. If the landholders insist on shutting their eyes to the rights and needs of the nation, and, always refusing to do anything themselves, force those who are aggrieved to take the matter up from without, and to argue, not from what has been enacted, but from what ought to have been enacted;—if, in short, in regard to landed property, they play the same game as in the matter of the corn-laws;—we are sure that they will repent of it, too late.

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THE | MARSTONS.

CHAPTER XVII.

MR. THOMPSON.

MR. THOMPSON had been gone some time. His door was locked. Where to find him? How to learn the address of that ill-looking model who certainly had been seen to enter the house—the maid now remembered that she had let him in—early in the afternoon? The police were communicated with; they came and examined the premises, and listened to a statement of the case. The thief—supposing him to be the man in question—had no doubt concealed himself under the stairs, after leaving Mr. Thompson, and watched his opportunity to enter the Marstons' rooms unperceived. Again the question, where was this Mr. Thompson? was asked with some impatience by the police. It seemed scarcely credible that Mrs. Flaherty did not know where to find him; and when she further stated that his visits were quite uncertain, and that very probably he might not come to his lodging at all to-morrow, the chief policeman, by his manner, seemed really to suspect that this strange lodger himself might be implicated in the robbery. At all events, the only clue to the discovery of the Italian model was wanting; for the present, nothing could be done but to institute an inquiry after such a looking man, and to send round to all the pawnbrokers, warning them to give information if the missing property reached their hands.

The evening was a mild one, yet Olivia made up a fire enough to roast an ox. Even Mr. Marston, who was generally so chilly, felt oppressed by it, and her end, for the moment, was answered. He drew his chair rather further from the chimney-piece, and did not once get up to raise his coat-tails, and warm his back. The evil hour might be only deferred, but at least the old man would sleep to-night, without the agitation which the discovery of his loss would have caused. She herself passed an anxious evening, and a restless night. If she could only keep the knowledge of this from him until some clue to the missing clock was traced!

She was up by day-break—up and watching at the window, the baker, the milk-woman, the postman, the few stragglers, even to a vagrant dog, who came along the sloppy pavement at that early hour looking wistfully down all the area railings in search of a bone. No policeman, no Mr. Thompson, and the breakfast hour stealthily creeping on.

She went downstairs. She sat sick at heart by the window. Fritz came in; he had been already with the police that morning. No clue to the suspected man; no tidings of the clock. Olivia sent her breakfast away untouched. She dared not alarm her father by going into his room; he hated anything unusual. As the clock struck ten, he came in, leaning on Fritz's arm.

'Very foggy; very dark. Will you be good enough to write my journal, Olivia?'

'Yes, father.'

'Does the fog get into your head, eh? Make you feel stupid? forget everything?' He is feeling the mantel-piece as he speaks.

Olivia bites her lip hard; the moment, she knows, has come.

'Where—where is the clock?'

He turned his sightless eyes towards her as he spoke, while his trembling hand still fumbled at the chimney-shelf.

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She had found it quite impossible beforehand to frame any words wherewith to break the loss to him. The Father of Lies now urged her strongly to say that the clock was gone to be cleaned; but she resisted the temptation. With the courage of desperation, she blurted out at last—

'Some one has taken it; but we shall get it back, papa, to-day, I hope. We know—we are nearly sure who it is, and——'

'Taken—*taken*!' he almost shouted. 'What do you mean, child? My clock stolen? What are you talking about, eh? Got into the house! Who did it?—who? Oh, my God! *Her* clock—*her* clock!

He became inarticulate with agitation. Fritz almost forced his master down into his chair, and Olivia knelt at his feet, taking his hand in hers and pouring out such soothing words as her heart prompted her at the moment to speak. But the old man's excitement rendered him impatient of any caress. He pushed away her hand and kept plucking at the arm of the chair, while he moaned and muttered, 'Her clock — robbed — stolen — the villain — who is he? How did he get into the house? Aint there bars to the windows? Do you see that the chain is put up at night? *Her* clock! Haven't you a house-dog? And the plate—have you seen that all the plate is safe? Terrible—terrible! *Her* clock; the only clock in the house that went properly. Cost forty-five guineas at Geneva in the year '30, and never lost a minute in the year. *Her* clock, too—ta—ta—ta! What are we to do now, eh? Sent for the police? Let 'em search the coal-cellar and every hole and corner, Olivia. Offer 'em a—a—well—a handsome reward, do you hear? I must have the clock back, I must.'

Olivia caught sight of a head she recognised passing the window at that moment. She ran into the passage as Mr. Thompson opened the hall-door with his latch-key and entered.

'Sir,' said Olivia impetuously, 'we have been robbed; robbed of a clock which is of great value to my father, and we have every reason to think that a model of yours, a tall, dark Italian, is the person who has taken it. Can you give us his address?' Her cheek was flushed with excitement; her eyes looked full into the painter's face as she spoke. No wonder he seemed taken aback by the unexpectedness and the manner of the assault.

'By all means,' at last he replied, slowly. 'But may I ask your reasons for suspecting this man, Miss Marston? He is a great scamp, I dare say, and not unlikely to be the culprit. I shall do all in my power to find him, but it is better I should know what ground you have for suspecting the fellow.'

'Firstly, that he knocked at our door some days ago under the pretence of asking for you, though, it appears, he has been constantly in your rooms. I observed that he looked round ours curiously, and from where he stood he could see the clock. Then, it seems, he came to you early yesterday afternoon, but the maid says that she heard the street-door shut gently towards dusk, and looking out, she is nearly sure she saw this man walking away.'

'Humph. This is somewhat of my affair, Miss Marston. I consider myself responsible that—that—no pains is spared to get back your property, and I have little doubt of succeeding. He certainly left me while it was yet full daylight. Be good enough to describe this clock minutely; the maker, and number too, if you can.'

'The maker was Grohe. I am not aware that there was any number on it, but my mother's initials, L. O. M., with the date, July 1830, were engraved on the back.' She

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then described the size and appearance of the case generally, which was similar to that of thousands still fabricated yearly. Mr. Thompson at once saw that, except for the initials, it would be impossible to identify this clock from any other such by the same maker.

'My father is very much excited about this loss,' said Olivia. 'It would be a comfort, perhaps, if you would speak to him for a moment, Mr. Thompson, and tell him you think the clock will be recovered.'

He followed her into the parlour, where Fritz was assuring his master energetically that it was impossible the clock *could* be stolen—'voyong, m'sieu, c't juste imbossible.'

'Il ne faut pas congtredire la raison, Fritz. Ong me l'a volé,' repeated the old gentleman angrily.

'Here is Mr. Thompson, papa,' began Olivia.

'And who is Mr. Thompson, eh? What has he got to do with my clock, Olivia? Is this a mament for visits, when my clock is stolen? What are all the Mr. Thompsons in the world——'

'Stay, my good sir. I'm not the man who stole your clock, but I am the next thing to it; I brought in the man who probably did, and I shall not rest until I find him, and your clock too. Make your mind easy.'

Olivia saw herself now in a fresh dilemma. How to explain to her father this Mr. Thompson's presence and business at all in the house? She had forgotten that. The blind man looked bewildered, but his angry excitement had now an object to vent itself upon. He took up his visitor's words:

'It's easy to say "easy," sir. God bless my soul! Brought a man into the house. And by what right, sir? what do you mean? Introducing a set of ragamuffins to cut people's throats and—and steal clocks in this way? Pray who are you, and by what right——'

Olivia's eyes had already implored Mr. Thompson's forbearance, and half explained the truth to him. The kindly, pitying look in the painter's eyes, as he bent them on the blind man, reassured his daughter. She now interrupted her father, apprehensive of what he might say next.

'Mr. Thompson has a room in this house, father. The person we suspect is a model he has been painting. I will explain it all to you afterwards.'

But the old man's mind had already wandered back to its original grievance.

'Robbed. *Her* clock stolen; terrible—terrible! What am I to do, eh? It all comes of keeping the room so dark, scarcely feel the way to one's mouth. The confounded rascal must have taken it under my very nose. Where are the police? What are the police about that they let thieves escape in this way?'

'The police are on the man's traces,' said Mr. Thompson, 'and before the evening we shall have both him and the clock; you may depend upon that, sir.'

Mr. Marston listened like one in a dream. He had already forgotten who the speaker was; yet had a dim recollection that he had been told, and so leant back in his chair, muttering and moaning to himself, while Mr. Thompson left the room, followed by Olivia.

'You will forgive him, Mr. Thompson, I am sure,' she said, 'when I explain to you that he is quite blind, though he believes, or tries to make us believe, that he still sees. And he had paralysis just before his——before we came here, so we have never told him that this is a lodging. He can ill stand any shock now. That is why I am so anxious about this clock. I must explain your presence in this house as best I can to him, and you will come and tell us the result of

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your inquiries as soon as possible, won't you?'

'A quarter to eleven,' he replied, looking at his watch. 'I will send to you, or be here again, at two. And by that time you shall know what chance we have of success. Give your father something to make him sleep during the day, and before night——'

He left the sentence unfinished, for his hand was upon the street door as he spoke, and he passed out quickly, closing it behind him.

'That should be an honest girl, or am I again deceived, and is she like the rest of them?' muttered the painter, as he hurried along. 'It *looks* a crystal nature, only that I have been taught, by bitter experience, to mistrust my discrimination in women. But what a head! I should like to paint it. The expression is even finer than I thought, until to-day, though I have watched her often, these months past, and have felt curious as to the girl herself. Yet, true to my plan of life, I avoided trying to find the answer to this riddle myself. Fate wills it that we are to become acquainted. So be it. We shall see if, in the long run, she prove to be all she looks. She can have no motive for playing a part to *me*—a poor painter, a middle-aged misanthrope;' and he smiled, more in sadness than bitterness, as the thought crossed his mind.

On the other hand, the painter's promptitude and decision in action had greatly reassured Olivia. His accent and way of speaking showed her at once that she had not been mistaken, that he was a man of education, and that, whatever the accidents of his worldly position, he was, in the true sense of the word, a gentleman. She was glad now that she had spoken to him herself, instead of sending a message by Fritz. There was something so kind in his manner, that she felt at her ease—almost on friendly terms—with him at once. So quickly, in those few minutes, had the barrier of five months been swept away!

In the meantime, this is what the painter did. Having told the police all he knew touching the Italian, he hunted out a colony of models, organ-grinders, and Savoyards, living in the purlieus of Saffron Hill. The information gained here, after some difficulty, was unsatisfactory enough. The man in question was supposed to have gone to Paris the night before, in company with a band of *pifferari*. Nothing could be heard of the clock. It had not been seen by any of his companions; it almost certainly had not been disposed of before he left. Except the fact of the man's decamping, there was no circumstance elicited tending to throw the least additional suspicion on the model. After nearly two hours of fruitless inquiry, Mr. Thompson left the matter in the hands of the police, threw himself into a hansom, and told the man to drive him to Wigmore Street. At Grohe's door he got out.

There was a customer in the shop; he waited till this person was gone; then he asked to speak to the principal or foreman of the establishment.

'In the year 1830 a clock was bought from your house in Geneva,' he began, and went on to describe the one stolen. 'I am told it cost forty-five pounds. Do you know, or can you find out, the exact kind of clock you sold at that time for this price?'

'From what you say, sir, it must have been similar to this. This has the same movement you describe, and exactly the sort of travelling case.'

The clock which was shown to Mr. Thompson corresponded, in every particular, with the description given by Olivia. One thing only was wanting.

'Engrave these letters for me here, on the back, do you see? Let

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it be done by six o'clock. I shall call for it at that hour, punctually. And get rid of that spic-and-span look: dull the ormolu a little.' Then he went his way.

At two o'clock a line was brought to Olivia.

'You will have the clock this evening. Thief not turned up yet.'

A sedative, surreptitiously administered, had made Mr. Marston sleep the greater part of the day. It was near seven o'clock when Mr. Thompson came, bringing the clock. Olivia ran up to him, with her face beaming.

'Where did you find it? Oh, how glad I am! And the wretched man, is he taken yet, Mr. Thompson? I almost hope not. It is very weak, but I shall so hate any trial about it.'

'There will be no trial, I think I may assure you. The man has certainly left England, that is clear. The clock I got, without any difficulty, from the shop where I found it.'

'Well, it certainly has received no damage externally during its escapade of twenty-four hours,' said Olivia; 'for it looks to me positively newer and brighter than it did yesterday.'

'Probably cleaned and furbished up in the shop. Ah! your father is waking. Put the clock on his knee, and let him feel it.'

'Very dark,' muttered Mr. Marston. 'One feels quite confused; the fog gets into one's head, or something. Doesn't know where one is when one first wakes. Eh, what's this? The clock on my knee! What's the folly of putting it there? The mantel-shelf is the proper place for——stay, I am losing my head, or I dreamt—I dreamt it was *stolen*, Olivia. Tell me if I was dreaming, child?'

'No, dear father, the clock *was* taken; you did not dream it; but you see it has come back quite safe, thanks to Mr. Thompson's kind exertions; and it has been cleaned, and looks so nice.'

'Cleaned! It didn't want cleaning, and now there will be a bill to pay for that, and something for getting it back, I suppose. And have you caught the thief, sir? Make an example of him, sir. We'll prosecute him. I'll go into court myself. (What's that you're whispering, Olivia? telling me to thank Mr. Johnson?—of course.) I wish I could see you better, sir, but the room is so confoundedly dark. I am greatly indebted to you for getting this clock back, but as I understand that, owing to some odd arrangement, you have a room in my house, I hope you won't let any more of these foreign ruffians in—that's all. (He won't expect to be asked to dinner, will he?)'

The sentences in brackets were delivered in two very audible asides to Olivia, who knelt beside him, holding the clock on his knee. She looked up, with flushing cheeks, at their visitor, on whose lip was the faintest possible smile.

'You need have no apprehensions, Mr. Marston, from any more of my models. If I want one again I will bring him into the house and see him out of it. And as to this thief, we shall find him, sooner or later, and punish him, without your appearing in court; I have little doubt of that. He will be hanging about Rome, or Florence, or Paris, when I go there. That sort of vagabond never turns to a life of hard work in his mountains again.'

'The ends of justice will hardly be answered by that, sir, eh?' said the old man, with a quiet sarcasm. 'And as to foreign police—*they're* no good.'

'Then I shall be my own policeman (if I catch him),' said the painter, smiling. 'As I was once, at Toledo.'

'Eh? How was that? At Toledo? God bless my soul!' said Mr. Marston, with great animation,

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'and how came that about, sir? Who was the man?'

'A servant of mine, who had run away from me three years before, at Athens, carrying off a hundred pounds I had just got at the bank. No use pursuing him—I knew I should fall in with the rascal again some day. It was the night I was leaving Toledo—I was in the cathedral, listening to the vespers—I suddenly perceived my old friend Giuseppe in suspicious proximity to the pocket of an old lady. I had no time to spare, or I might have amused myself by watching his proceedings. I went up to him—you should have seen the beggar's face. He made a futile pretence of not recognising me. I told him if he did not follow me out instantly I would have him arrested for attempting to pick pockets. It would have been inconvenient to me to have given him up to the police for this, or for his robbing me (even supposing that they would have paid much attention to me, which I doubt). I should at all events have lost my place in the diligence, and have been detained there some days; so I took the law into my own hands, as being the quickest and easiest course. I led him round to the back of the cathedral, and I thrashed him, until I was ashamed to punish the abject brute any more.'

'Ah! very interesting, Mr. Johnson. Satisfactory that. Terrible thing a dishonest servant—terrible! Cut your throat before you know where you are—like Lord what's his name? No security when you lie down at night! Lucky thing for you, sir, that you left Toledo at once,—I know those Spanish and Italian fellows—you'd have had a stiletto in you, as sure as your name is Johnson.'

'Thompson, papa.'

'Very well, Thompson, then. And so you've been a great traveller, sir? painting as you go along, I suppose—a knapsack on your back, eh? Well, *I* once travelled like that, when I was five and twenty. Then afterwards, when I had a family, we went about in a coach; and fine work I had to make them grease the wheels, and oil the leathers, and clean it all properly at night. I've stood over them for hours,—but there isn't a foreigner who knows anything about a carriage—or a horse either, for that matter.'

'Quite right there, sir,' said the painter, who began to understand the old gentleman, and found a good deal of quiet amusement in humouring him, 'quite right. It requires to keep a sharp look-out in such cases.'

'You may say *that*, indeed! Very unpleasant things happened—*very* unpleasant, several times. I found the linch-pin out of one of the wheels once, just as we were starting. Why, sir, we might all have been rolled into the Arno, and the coach a-top of us; we couldn't have swum out. And once I found a fellow coiled up with the drag, underneath the carriage, smothered in dust, but smoking his pipe, and letting us pull him up-hill, as coolly! He probably was a robber, who was waiting his opportunity to attack us; but I presented my loaded pistol at him, and he took to his heels across the woods in double quick time.'

He leant back in his chair; Olivia had not seen him so talkative, so like his old self, for months. He certainly was the better for a visitor, who would fall into his vein, and tell him of personal experiences that aroused his peculiar turn of interest. Mr. Thompson sat there, very good-naturedly, as Olivia said to herself, for nearly half an hour, relating such anecdotes as his tact showed him were likely to be relished by the blind man. And the clock was forgotten. As he got up to go away, Olivia suddenly exclaimed—

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'You must have paid to recover this clock, I am sure?'

'Nothing, Miss Marston.'

'My father, being practical, thought of this. I confess I did not, till he suggested it. You will come and see him again, Mr. Thompson? It will be kind of you,—now that the ice is broken, and that the thought of a strange visitor will not startle him. Your stories have amused him so much, I know. He will talk about them all the evening. Thank you so much for all your trouble.'

The old man wished him good night quite cordially.

'Rather an amusing man, that Mr. Jackson,' he said, when his visitor was gone. He never committed himself to extravagant praise of anything or body. Yet he talked of little else till he went to bed; asking questions about him which Olivia was quite unable to answer, and commenting upon the stories he had heard.

As Olivia replaced the clock upon the mantel-piece her eye was attracted by the inscription at the back.

'It is strange,' she said to herself, 'I have not looked at it for a long time, but my impression—my strong impression—was, that the letters were roman, small roman letters, and *this* writing is in running characters. I can't make it out. The case, too—it is very strange,'—and she fell to pondering, without being able to arrive at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH TWO PEOPLE SPEAK ILL OF EACH OTHER.

From that day forwards, the painter was constantly dropping in for half an hour to chat with Mr. Marston, in the twilight. Sometimes two or three days elapsed, as heretofore, without his coming to his chambers; but upon the whole he was more regular in his appearance there; and, when there, he almost always asked if Mr. Marston would like to see him, before he left the house. The old man grew very soon to look for these visits, as the most amusing part of his day, and to feel himself aggrieved when three whole days went by without his hearing the sound of the painter's voice. It was a pleasant one, certainly, and his manner of recounting was good. He had travelled much, and seen much of his fellow men; that was clear. From whatever source he drew his daily supply of anecdote,—whether from his own imagination, or from old books (for he was evidently a great reader), the art in pouring it out, like beer, not flat and spiritless, but with a head on, was great. Olivia was as much delighted to listen, as her father. How often, in after years, she looked back to those hours, when a happiness was growing up silently and unobserved in her, day by day, and when, without a thought of the future, she let herself drift upon the sunny tranquil waters of the present, ignorant of whither they were bearing her!

Here is an extract from one of her letters to Rupert, in which, after telling him of the robbery, she went on to speak of Mr. Thompson.

'He is a very singular person. He gives me the impression of a life wasted by some great sorrow: I fancy he bears the stamp of it in his face. Not that he is sentimental, or melancholy; on the contrary, he is at times very humorous, and his conversation with father is always amusing—only occasionally rather cynical, which I dislike. But he has strong and deep feelings, I am sure, under that grave, calm exterior; and in his satirical talk I often detect an under current of passionate sadness. Father has taken an amusing fancy to him, and now that De Castro and Montalba

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are away, his visits are most pleasant and wholesome diversions for him, from the monotony of *my* very small talk. Of Mr. Thompson's past (or, indeed, present) history, no one in this house knows anything. In spite of his old coat, he must be tolerably well off, from certain small indications, which a woman, of course, is sure to observe: and if painting be really his *profession*, he is certainly independent of it.'

Not many evenings after the robbery, Mr. Thompson encountered Mrs. Elliston, for the first time, at the Marstons'. He did not look surprised, for he was a man who seldom showed what was passing within; but he listened to the little lady with a certain scrutiny, unmixed with the smallest pleasure or admiration. So, at least, it appeared to Olivia; and from an artistic point of view, at least, she had expected that Mr. Thompson must admire her pretty friend. The attention he paid Mrs. Elliston was that of a naturalist to the insect he wishes to dissect. He talked very much less when she was present; listened, and watched; and, like a skilful counsel, put an adroit question now and then, which 'drew out' something he wanted. But Mrs. Elliston writhed under this process, for she was sharp enough to see what he was about; and she resented at once the obtuseness to her charms, and the cold analysis of her character.

'How you can stand that man sitting there and saying nothing, but smiling every now and then with those washed-out eyes of his, Miss Marston, I can't think! Such manners as he has, too, I never saw! I like artists in general so much, but this one really is too great a boor. It's very good of you to tolerate him—for your father's sake.

'There is no goodness in it, I assure you. For my own sake, I am extremely obliged to him for coming. I find his visits pleasant and amusing — only when you come in, I think he likes hearing you talk better than talking himself.'

'I am very much obliged to him, but I don't like a man who never says a word, but glares at one, and listens to all one says. He has one at such a disadvantage: and then he puts questions too; in fact, it is the only time he ever opens his lips. I wonder what he would do if I were to put questions to *him*.'

'Probably not answer them,' laughed Olivia.

'Well, there are one or two that I *should* like to put to him, and if I meet him very often I think I shall. Is he married, or single? to begin with. Then, how is it that no one knows where he lives?'

'It is not at all uncommon for artists to have studios away from their own homes, and I don't know why any of us should be particularly told where his is, and whether he is married, or single. It is no business of ours. He comes to see my father out of pure charity; and to him we are utter strangers, of whose past he knows as little as we do of his.'

'He knows your *present*, however,' said Mrs. Elliston, quickly.

'Not more than I do of yours,' replied Olivia, looking into the widow's face.

She coloured, and the tears came into her eyes.

'Never mind,' said Olivia, kindly, taking her hand. 'Do not think I want to force any confidence from you—only allow other people to have *their* secrets, too. We none of us can ever know really much about each other in this life, I think. "We see as in a glass darkly," as St. Paul says. All the secret difficulties each of us has to encounter can never be known now.'

'Ah! you are so charitable, so pure-minded! Dear Olivia!' burst forth Mrs. Elliston, seizing her hands. 'May I call you so? and will you call me Clara? I have no

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friend in the world but you—and I do cling to you so much—ah! you don't know! Oh, don't let that man prejudice you against me. I know he hates me. I know he does. Don't listen to him if he abuses me.'

'Abuses you? nonsense, Mrs. Elliston; he——'

'Please call me Clara.'

'Well, Clara, then; Mr. Thompson is a thorough gentleman. He would not think of abusing a lady, whom he has never met but in our drawing-room.'

'Ah! that is just it. I don't know. I am not sure that he may *not* have met me before; and because I'm a poor singer, who am obliged to earn my bread, he may think fit to say all sorts of things about me. Men are so ungenerous.'

'Not this one, I think,' said Olivia. 'But if I am to talk to you as a friend, Clara, let me say this. You think Mr. Thompson has conceived a prejudice against you? If what you said the other day be true, I am not surprised. You behave more like a giddy child than a staid widow, dropping your things on the stairs, singing at the top of your voice, peeping in at his room-door—in short, to speak plainly, trying to attract his attention by every sort of device. I believe you do it out of pure gaiety of heart; but it is excessively foolish, and calculated to give the very worst impression of you to any stranger. A man of Mr. Thompson's age has possibly very little toleration for such frolics.'

The tears came again into the little widow's eyes.

'I'm sure I don't care how little he tolerates them, provided he doesn't turn you against me. But you're right, dear, I know you are; and I'm a foolish little creature—only I really think Aunt Crosbie makes me worse by saying everything I do is wicked; and I'm sure with the dull life I lead——'

'Dull? Why you have all the excitement of the theatre. I consider your life very dissipated, on the contrary, though I'm afraid not a happy one. This feverish restlessness, I suppose, belongs to your career,—but you can never have any time for reflection, Clara; and living in a perpetual whirl, no one can be happy, it seems to me. During the few quiet hours of the day you are occasionally at home, do you ever sit down and think seriously of this life, which is gliding away, like water through our fingers?'

Clara Elliston's head was turned aside. She shook it silently.

'I never think,' she said at last, and in so altered a voice that Olivia started. 'If I did, I should go mad. My only happiness in the past is mingled with bitterness: I can only live in the present.'

'And the future? You are still very young: you have a long, and probably a difficult life before you. Whatever is past, *is* past—whatever is to come, you have the power of shaping, in some sense, for 'conduct is fate;' but by drowning thought, and living from excitement to excitement, you are preparing yourself ill to meet sorrows, and trials, and disappointments.'

'I cannot help it. I am so constituted that if I have not something to rouse and interest me, I am miserable. You don't know me; perhaps you will, some day. I am a wretched creature—full of faults and follies, dear; but I am to be pitied—I am, *indeed*: if you knew all, you would say so.'

She cried; and then she dried her eyes; and five minutes afterwards she was mimicking her Aunt Crosbie, and laughing in that bewitching childish way of hers, which Olivia could seldom resist, though she often disapproved.

I think it probable that had Mr.

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Thompson shown himself the least attracted by Clara Elliston's pretty wiles, Olivia would have been less indulgent to her than she was. But she came to the conclusion, after watching them together upon three or four occasions, that the painter *was* hard upon the poor little widow. And after that, she sought an opportunity of speaking to him about her. And this trait was very characteristic of Olivia. There were things she disliked, and much that she could not understand about her new friend (as she must now call her), but her chivalry made her desire to break a lance in her behalf. Had Mr. Thompson admired Mrs. Elliston, of course this would not have been necessary. But Mr. Thompson did, clearly, not admire her; therefore Olivia spoke.

O. 'Have you ever seen Mrs. Elliston on the stage, Mr. Thompson?'

Mr. T. 'Never.'

O. 'Nor heard her sing?'

Mr. T. 'I cannot say that; for it is difficult to be in the same house an hour with her, and *not* hear her; but I was never in the same room. I suppose it is what you call "a fine voice?"'

O. 'What I call! Why, surely there can't be a doubt about it? It is a voice of rare power and beauty, and her singing improves every day.'

Mr. T. 'Does it? I think she sings louder every day, which is no doubt the test.'

O. 'I would give a good deal to see her act. I am sure she must act so well.'

Mr. T. 'I have little doubt of it—such constant practice.'

O. 'I see, by the expression of your face, what you mean, Mr. Thompson. You are prejudiced against her, I think. She is so very thoughtless and giddy—so like a child. Why do you smile? I know her conduct is often foolish, perhaps even reprehensible; but she is of an excitable temperament, and then she has evidently never had much education—of course, I mean of the higher sort—and therefore great allowances are to be made for her.'

Mr. T. 'Oh, if you go back to first causes, I have nothing to say, Miss Marston. No doubt you are right. Great allowances ought to be made, I think, for the man at the gallows, inasmuch as his early training was not what it might have been.'

O. 'But there is real good in Mrs. Elliston, let me tell you, in spite of her little surface follies. I know one or two poor people about here, to whom she has been very kind. Then there are no end to her little thoughtful attentions to my father and to me. If she has had any flowers at the theatre, she is always sure to send me half; and the same with fruit, books, newspapers, that she thinks may amuse my father.'

Mr. T. 'How does she get all these luxuries? Living in a garret, with that most repulsive old lady up stairs, is it not somewhat strange that she should be so supplied?'

O. 'She has not the least idea of the value of money, and is very extravagant. I often lecture her; but she always assures me that these things are sent her by different friends,—and of course I have nothing to say.'

Mr. T. (*drily*): 'I think a great deal might be said on that subject. But you know Mrs. Elliston better than I do—you are her friend.'

O. 'Yes; I am her *friend*.'

Mr. T. 'So I shall try and correct any false impression I may have taken of her. I have a mind to go and see her act to-night. Some suburban theatre, is it not?'

O. 'Yes, the St. Vincent. Her engagement there ends this week, and she hopes to get one at this end of the town; but it is very uncertain. If she had but the

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money, she ought to go to Italy, and study there.'

Mr. T. 'And you are teaching her Italian, meantime? You are an uncommon young lady, Miss Marston, to take all this trouble, and to defend as you have been doing as thorough-paced a little coquette as——'

O. 'I thought you were going to correct your false impressions? And you evidently know my sex very little, if you think it strange that I should be good-natured towards another woman, or defend her when I think her unjustly attacked.'

Mr. T. 'Allow me to remark, *en passant*, that I never attacked at all. You came into the lists, and offered to do battle in behalf of your fair friend. As to my knowledge of your sex, this is what experience has taught me: that it is divided into two classes, the intensely virtuous, who have such a keen nose for vice that they smell it a mile off; and the utterly careless in such matters, who are too much absorbed in themselves and their own affairs' (here he frowned) 'to think of attacking their neighbours,—unless their neighbours interfere with *them*. These are not the women who would give up some hours every week to teaching one of their own sex, more especially if she were young and pretty, with every disposition to make the most of these advantages. You see, you put my calculations out: I can't class you under either head.'

O. 'Are not all classifications mistakes? We vary as the leaves do on a tree. It is evident, however, that your ideas of women are based upon most unfortunate experiences, since you think they can be classed broadly under "the careless" and "the uncharitable." Owing to circumstances, I have been brought up more with men than women. Of the latter, I know, indeed, very few; yet I know enough to belie your judgment.'

Mr. T. 'You are right: my experience has been unfortunate, Miss Marston.'

She felt sorry that she had said it; there was an expression in the painter's face she had never seen before. Perhaps he had an unhappy home? She would give something to know if he were married. After a moment, with a sigh of weariness, he continued:

'Blessed is he that profiteth by his experience.'

O. 'Not if his experience makes him sceptical of good. I have a brother, whom I dearly love; and his admiration, his faith in women generally, is so great, that it is difficult to make him think ill of one. Yet I wouldn't have him otherwise. He has seen a good deal of the world for so young a man, but he is as fresh as a boy, and when he marries——'

Mr. T. 'If you love him, pray devoutly that he never may. That sort of fellow is sure to be taken in.'

O. 'Oh, he certainly will marry. He is so domestic—so fond of children. He never could go through life as a bachelor—a solitary old age for a man: it must be miserable. It is different for a woman.'

Mr. T. 'Here again my experience comes in. My old age will, in all human probability, be a solitary one; and I am very, *very* glad of it. It might have been otherwise.'

O. 'You are not, then——I thought you were married, Mr. Thompson.'

Mr. T. 'I was, Miss Marston. It pleased a merciful Providence to make me a widower.'

Olivia was somewhat shocked at the levity of the painter's tone, and the bitter smile that accompanied it. There followed a pause, which she broke at last.

O. 'And you have no children—no home ties?'

Mr. T. 'None. My art is now wife, and child, and everything to me. She is but a fickle mistress, if

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you divide your affection between her and others. All artists should be single—all creators of any kind—unless the wife is content to occupy a secondary place.'

O. (*ruminating*): 'Let us see—there is Shakespeare——'

Mr. T. 'Shakespeare never wrote after he settled down at Stratford, and became a family man. Dante, Petrarch, take whom you will—musicians, painters, poets—they are either unmarried, or their married lives are miserable.'

O. 'Clearly, it is not the wives' fault then. It is hard that our sex should be made responsible for this.'

Mr. T. 'I do not hold them so. I say that the exercise of the imagination—and the larger and loftier that imagination is, the more self-absorbing—unfits men for married life. All the nourishment that should go to the heart goes to the brain. They are irritable, capricious, moody—seldom pleasant husbands for the fireside; often led by their fancy to seek for companionship beyond it.'

There was another pause; Olivia scarcely knew what to say.

O. 'And every year you find your profession more engrossing? How long have you been an artist?'

Mr. T. 'I have only worked seriously within the last five years. I always drew, but it was only when losses—circumstances, in short—made me retire from the world, that I found Nature was my best friend, and my brush and palette my most trustworthy servants. I never tire of Nature. Books sometimes bore me; pictures often; people almost always; Nature never. I go out upon Hampstead Heath, and I find her as beautiful in her garb there as I do upon the Campagna. I travel abroad, but what is it for? Not for the galleries; not for the ruins of antiquity: it is for the varying aspects of Nature. She alone never disappoints me, though Velasquez and Leonardo often do. She, I find, always repays me, whether I wander on the lonely summits of the Apennines or the sunny plains of Provence; Styria, Switzerland, Spain—she greets me everywhere. Do you remember what Wordsworth says?—

> . . . . that Nature never did betray
> The heart that loved her: 'tis her privilege
> Through all the years of this our life, to lead
> From joy to joy: for she can so inform
> The mind that is within us, so impress
> With quietness and beauty, and so feed
> With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
> Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
> Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
> The dreary intercourse of daily life,
> Shall e'er prevail against us.

Mr. Marston, who had been dozing, here started up, and called for Olivia.

The *tête-à-tête* was broken up for that evening.

CHAPTER XIX.

SKIRMISHING.

Miss Marston found herself pondering over the painter's words, and wondering what his past history was, more persistently that night than she would have cared to admit. He called in the next morning, on his way up to his work.

'I went to see your friend last night. She hasn't a face for the stage: it is all too small—eyes and everything; but she acts with tremendous fire, and has wonderful lungs for such a little woman. She made startling plunges with her voice, and fished up a deep note, every now and then, Heaven knows where from! And then she went up like the last string of a fiddle—squeak, squeak, until the excruciating sound was lost in the cavities of the brain. It was a more extraordinary than pleasing exercise. Like watching a tumbler one was painfully curious to know how she would ever get her voice down again, after screwing it up so high into her head.'

'What's that you're talking

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about? The fog that's got into your head?' inquired Mr. Marston, leaning forward, with his hand up to his ear, to catch what he heard but imperfectly. 'Did you say you'd been watching a tumbler? Tumbling is a very dangerous exercise, particularly in this dark, slippery weather. I remember seeing a man in Seville once, in the streets. He had a terrible fall—terrible: knocked out all his front teeth.'

'Ah, sir, that was nothing to six brothers whom I saw in the arena at Nismes, performing a triumphal pyramid upon each others' heads. The fundamental base of this erection slipped, or caught his foot—down they all came! Three of them went up with Roman noses, which were flattened like pugs.'

'You don't say so? Three Roman noses! Terrible, terrible, indeed!—ta—ta—ta. Have you heard of many accidents in the streets lately? You don't take the horses out this dark weather, I hope, Olivia?'

The painter looked at Miss Marston.

'No, father, we never take them out now;' and turning to Thompson, she added, in a lower voice, 'Do you wonder very much at my constant power of dissimulation? It is so easy, poor darling! to deceive him, and it saves him such a world of misery! indeed, I don't think he would survive the shock. Nothing else could make me carry on this sham of being something we no longer are.'

'I am not of those who will think less of your truthfulness on that account,' he said, with a friendly smile.

'Do you sell your pictures very dear? make much money by 'em?' asked Mr. Marston by and by, suddenly.

'I can't say that I do,' replied the painter, with perfect good humor. 'You see my style is the great historic, which isn't very marketable in England.'

'Bad investment, that. You'd better change your style, then. No family to support, I suppose; eh?'

'None, sir, thank Heaven.'

'Ah! that's lucky; better be in a house of business, though. I shouldn't wonder if my son were a partner in Claxton's house some day; getting on famously—that's the sort of art that pays best—those are the sort of *figures* that return a man interest for his time; *he draws* them to some purpose; eh, sir?' and the old gentleman was mightily pleased at his own joke.

"'I should make but a poor man of business,' replied Thompson, 'but I have more than enough for all my wants, and, for the rest, I am very indifferent about money. You see, sir, I have no one to make, or to save for; and I have no sympathy with the man who "heapeth up riches and cannot tell who shall gather them."'

'Tut—tut—why, you're a young man still, eh? I don't see very clear, but so I imagine. You may marry yet, and have a family.'

'You are mistaken, sir; I am hard upon forty; and led a married life of such supreme bliss for eighteen years that I am not likely to try and renew it.'

Mr. Marston pondered on the sarcasm of the painter's words; his brow knit, his sightless eyes fixed on the wall opposite, and his lips parted; as was his wont when trying to solve some mental puzzle.

Olivia sat steadily stitching, without looking up. She wished he would say something more; she felt the most intense curiosity about his married life; but, somehow or other, she would not have *shown* this for the world.

The awkward silence was broken by Clara Elliston, who, with a preliminary knock, tripped in to the room just then: kissed Olivia,

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bowed frigidly to Mr. Thompson, and went up to the blind man, announcing her presence by putting her little hand in his, and wishing him 'good morning.'

O. 'We have been talking of you, Clara. Mr. Thompson went to see you in the "Sonnambula" last night, and says you acted with great spirit.'

Mrs. E. (*smiling blandly*): 'Ah! yes. I think I astonished them in "Do not mingle," with some of the things I did? I was in good voice, and being carried away by my excitement, do you know, I invented all those last roulades on the spot.'

Mr. T. 'Did you? I thought so.'

Mrs. E. 'I was universally complimented, and had three bouquets thrown to me from *one* box—filled by officers of the Guards, who came all the way from the West End to hear me. *Those* are the men who know what singing is—accustomed always to hear the best.'

This was said with marked emphasis. She was too sharp not to see that the painter's admiration had been of a very limited character. But I am afraid he was impervious to the sneer. He looked at her complacently, and said,

'I am an old-fashioned man, and not worthy, I am afraid, of the new school of singing.'

'Olivia,' said Mrs. Elliston, without taking any further notice of Mr. Thompson, 'you will be glad to hear that I have at last got two pupils—Alderman Bloom's daughters. I went to see Mrs. Bloom yesterday and she haggled about terms for a long time, but I wasn't going to take the two for less than seven and sixpence each; and at last she had to give in.'

O. 'Oh! I am so glad.'

Mr. T. 'And you thought Mrs. Elliston did not know the value of money, Miss Marston?'

Mrs. E. (*still ignoring Mr. Thompson*): 'Mrs. Bloom is such a vulgar woman, my dear! The Alderman was Lord Mayor two or three years ago, and she has never recovered having been "My Lady" for twelve months. Fifty times, I suppose, in the course of my visit, she referred to that brief season of splendour. "When I was Lady Mayoress, I had *h*opportunities of 'earing the very best singing," she told me, and then she brought in a string of great names, to dazzle my poor weak brain.'

O. 'That is a truly English kind of vulgarity; foreigners, I think, are seldom guilty of it.'

Mr. T. 'Not in the same way, perhaps; but your mushroom barons and vicomtes make the most of their coronets. How they plaster themselves over with them! And the value they attach to their wretched titles has no proportion to the money that they can be bought with.'

Mrs. E. 'Can be *bought* with?' Here she turned round.

O. 'Did you not know that? Nothing is commoner.'

Mr. T. 'Mrs. Bloom is just the woman who, if she lived in France, would purchase unto herself a coronet. Being a British female she is confined to talk of the coronets she knows.'

Mrs. E. 'But who—what kind of people buy titles? It sounds so absurd!'

Mr. T. 'I will tell you. An example occurs to me. I knew a fellow in Picardy—he was nothing more nor less than a dealer in cattle—a very good honest fellow, of a good Picard family, and a true gentleman in his dealings. Well, he had the misfortune to marry. He only lived with his wife a few months; she was a vain, frivolous creature, who was literally consumed by the one idea of becoming a fine lady. She found, with her husband's views, this was impossible. She betook herself to Paris. There, by dint of interest and money, she got the title of count for her husband; and

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now—as a *Comtesse*—the summit of her earthly ambition would seem to have been reached. With classic laconism she wrote to her husband, "Monsieur, vous êtes un comte." He replied, "Madame, vous êtes une bête." He utterly declined to assume the title with which she had invested him, and to her indignation and disgust, sent round cards to all their friends, on which was printed, "Monsieur ——, marchand de bestiaux."'

Both ladies laughed, and Olivia said she supposed it had not profited the comtesse much in a worldly point of view; for certainly, in England, if such a thing were possible, it would only meet with ridicule.

Mr. T. 'The comtesse is now one of the great ladies of Paris—not of the imperial circle, if you please: nothing so *parvenu*, but of the Faubourg St. Germain. So much for perseverance and determination, even in the case of a gibbering fool like this woman. As to England, I think civilised human nature is pretty much the same all the world over. Customs may vary—the rind of the fruit, so to speak—but the core of snobbism is there. We do not purchase titles, (though, by the way, may not the coronets bestowed on our rich bankers and large landed proprietors, without the smallest merit of their own, be said to be purchased, in a sense?) but if the system were ever introduced among us, you may be sure it would not be ridiculed, provided only it cost *enough*. Money sanctifies all in England—renders all possible. It is power.'

Mrs. E. 'There is a horrid old Jew comes behind the scenes at the theatre sometimes. He makes me sick; and yet I see all the women, and men too, crowding round and laughing at his nasty jokes, and paying him such compliments; and they write him such letters! All because he is rich. He wears diamond rings as big as marbles upon his dirty fingers; and they say that kings and princes invite him, and that all the great ladies go to his house. You may well say money is power. Heigho!'

'That was an honest sigh, at all events,' thought Mr. Thompson; 'a sigh after the diamond rings, and the loaves and fishes, scattered broadcast by this wealthy Israelite.' Olivia sighed too, but he interpreted her sigh differently. Mr. Marston, not hearing what was said, hazarded the novel observation that it was dark—very; and that he wondered whether the lamps were lit in the streets.

Mr. Thompson replied it *was* dark, and that the papers spoke of an earthquake at Athens.

Mr. M. 'God bless my soul! You don't say so? An earthquake! Shocking, terrible, indeed! Many people swallowed up? Are there any particulars?'

Mr. T. 'None, sir, as yet. Here comes your servant to take you out for a walk.'

Mr. M. 'A walk? Nonsense! Such a morning as this!'

Olivia. 'Yes, father—just a little turn. You will find it much warmer out than in.'

Fritz. 'Il fait bi'n beau, m'sieu.'

Mr. M. 'Nong; je n'irai pas. Il fait trop obscur.'

Fritz. 'Je fous garantie, m'sieu, qu'il fait beau.'

Mr. M. 'Fritz, il ne faut pas congtredire la raison. Ong va se perdre dans ce brouillard.'

The battle, fought afresh every morning, lasted some few minutes, but ended, of course, in the defeat of the old gentleman, who was led off a prisoner, to take his exercise on the sunny strip of pavement outside.

As he shuffled out upon Fritz's arm, it struck the three who watched him—but most painfully of all, his daughter—that his gait was feebler,

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and his body more shrunk and bent, than it had ever yet been.

Mr. Thompson wished Olivia good morning, and went up to his work. But his work, apparently, did not prosper. It was the head of a woman, in chalks, to which he applied himself, as soon as he had locked himself into his room, and had exchanged his coat for a painting blouse, and had lit his pipe, and had brought this head from the corner of the room, where it had been reposing with its face to the wall. He had been at work upon it, without a model, all yesterday, and the day before, and for many days before that again, and had not succeeded in satisfying himself at all. It was a profile, somewhat too sharp in outline, perhaps, but nobly modelled; the putting-on of the head and column-like grandeur of the throat reminding one of an Elgin marble The pale, lustrous eyes, under straight brows of unusual darkness, had given the painter much trouble; but he had caught their character sufficiently to leave no doubt on the mind of any one who had seen the original, for whom the sketch was intended. So this misogynist could paint women, and take pains with them, too. Apparently, it was the institution of matrimony, and not the sex, to which he had an aversion.

'I'm so glad that man's gone, dear,' said Mrs. Elliston, throwing herself into an arm-chair. 'I never feel at my ease when he is present. I didn't choose to say so before him, but that old Jew has been persecuting me so. I might be covered with his diamonds now, if I chose—the nasty old wretch!'

Olivia turned sharply round, and looked at Clara, with a flaming cheek.

'What do you mean? Surely I must have misunderstood you?'

'Dearest Olivia, is it my fault if I attract men so? I never looked at the horrid old creature. And one of those guardsmen wrote me a note, too. I returned it unopened—I did, indeed; though nothing could be more gentlemanlike than his manner when he was introduced to me the other night. I wish I was ugly, I do. It's a positive misfortune to be stared at, and followed in the way I am.'

'You bring it entirely upon yourself,' said Olivia, angrily. 'I have no patience with you, Clara. Your aunt is quite right. Look at your dress. You do everything to attract attention, and then you complain. Do you know, if I didn't believe you to be more like a silly child than a woman—a woman actually older than myself—I should give you up. I can't think how you can go on as you do. You put me upon thorns when Mr. Thompson is here.'

'He and I are not the least sympathetic, dear, that's it. His is a cold nature: I am too warm and outspoken. I know I say a great many things I oughtn't.'

'It isn't only the things you say—you *do* such strange things.'

Mrs. Elliston put her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes.

'That horrid man has been prejudicing you against me,—I see he has. Oh, Olivia, if you knew all—if you knew what I have to bear, you wouldn't be hard upon me.'

She burst into tears—apparently real, passionate tears. Olivia was moved to pity, as she always was when the little widow flung herself upon her friend's mercy. And it ended, as such scenes had ended before, in Clara's contrition and promises of amendment; but in her telling Olivia nothing.

'I wish heartily you were not on the stage,' said the latter. 'Keep to concerts, and give lessons; then you will be out of the way of all this silly flattery, which your foolish little head cannot stand, Clara. It

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lowers and vulgarises any nature to listen to all this stuff.'

'I can't help their talking to me. There isn't one of them I care twopence about.'

'That is exactly what I complain of. You ought to marry again. You would be much safer and happier. But what honest man would like to marry a woman whom he sees surrounded, as you seem to be, and drinking in all this adulation? I think you are capable of a strong attachment; and how much happier you would be away from all this excitement, with one man you loved and respected, in a quiet home, with children——'

Mrs. Elliston started up. Her face was very white: she was not thinking of dramatic effects now.

'Don't go on, Olivia—don't talk about children, for God's sake. I can't stand it. There *was* a time when—I thought such a life—such happiness possible for me—but it is all gone—gone! No, my present life is the only one for me—when one has suffered as I have, to drown thought—that is the only thing!'

She sat down again, and buried her head in her hands. She was silent for some minutes, and Olivia said nothing, thinking it better to leave Clara now to herself. By and by the latter rose, dried her eyes, and presently stole a look at the glass, to see that she was not greatly disfigured; then she leant over Olivia, in a graceful attitude, and kissed her friend's forehead.

'How good you are to me! I'm afraid I don't deserve it. And yet I went to church twice last Sunday, and read a book of Aunt Crosbie's in the evening, upon "justification by faith." Do you hold that doctrine, dear? It is certainly much easier than "good works;" so I think I believe in it.'

CHAPTER XX.

HOW THE NEWS WAS RECEIVED IN JAMAICA.

There was a visible change in Mr. Marston from about this time. He daily got feebler, and his appetite failed him. He still, when the sun shone, crawled out upon Fritz's arm for a quarter of an hour, but he became more and more reluctant to leave his arm-chair, where he dozed the greater part of the day. His old Spanish friends De Castro and Montalba were still out of England. Mr. Claxton called about once a month to ask after the old gentleman's health: but the good merchant's visits were not very enlivening. He always reported well of Rupert, and therein lay the most valuable portion of his discourse. Except Miss Pringle, no one else ever called. The daily visits of the two lodgers, therefore, were really valuable, as tending to rouse and enliven the old man. Mrs. Elliston was like an impudent little robin, twitting and chirruping about him; Mr. Thompson, a mastiff, full of sagacity and strength. He welcomed each after his kind. Mrs. Elliston knelt down beside his chair and made him laugh by recounting all the misadventures that befell her theatrical companions; how one, having split the most essential portion of his garments, at the moment of appearing on the stage, went through his scene without 'changing front,' and walked out backwards; how another, remarkable for his absence of mind, when enacting Macbeth, came on clutching a pot of porter, and exclaiming, 'Is this a dagger that I see before me?' And then Mr. Marston being kindled, would recollect stories of the great John Kemble, and Storace, and Madame Catalani, and tell them with much zest; after which exertion he gene-

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rally slept for some hours. By and by arrived the mastiff, and aroused him with terrible though friendly growls, telling of savage encounters, brave enterprises, and hair-breadth escapes. With this visit the blind man was always especially delighted; he grew more and more fond of the painter's society, though true to his character, he never allowed this, and cautiously abstained from any extravagant praise of the individual. Thus:

'How well Mr. Thompson tells a story, father! I know no one who recounts as he does.'

'Ah! yes; well enough. A pleasant man, certainly.'

'I observe you hear every word he says without difficulty. He has such a charming voice.'

'I hear every word that every one says, if they speak *distinctly*. They needn't scream, like your Aunt Clorinda. You've got into a way of mumbling lately, Olivia, but I *used* to hear you perfectly.'

'Yes, father; I must try and correct myself. I am so sorry Mr. Thompson is going into the country, and won't be here again for three or four days.'

'Oh! three or four days? A pleasant man, certainly. Humph! Not much of a trade, his painting, I think: unless he is a Sir Thomas Lawrence or a Romney, eh? Where does he live? Leads a wandering sort of life, it seems. That runs away with a deal of money. "Take care of the pence and the pounds 'll take care of themselves."'

'People who are always thinking of the pence are generally great screws, father; and I'm sure no one hates *that*, in reality, more than you do.'

'Oh! I don't know. I don't know about that; better than a spendthrift any day; but he's a pleasant man, certainly.'

More than this qualified praise he never bestowed; yet Olivia knew perfectly well that, within her recollection, no man had ever crossed their threshold whose society her father enjoyed as much as he did Mr. Thompson's. He had never been of a gregarious turn: he had made few friends, and those few were all of the solid, foul-or-fair-weather kind; capital, honourable men, but in whom conversational delightfulness had no part. The painter formed a great contrast to these; and Mr. Marston would have owned it, if the habits of three score years and ten had not been too strong for him. But he regarded laudation, or indeed, enthusiasm in any shape, much as he did embraces, kisses, tears, and emotions of any kind whatsoever; womanish extravagancies, unbefitting the caution and decorum of a sensible man.

March came—a bleak and bitter March. Mr. Marston caught cold. He could not shake it off for many weeks, and it still further enfeebled him. After that he went out no more.

Rupert's letter, in reply to his sister's, wherein she had told him of the clock robbery, and of the acquaintance they had formed with the painter, reached her about this time. In it he said:

'You know how desirable I think it that you should make no acquaintances in your present position; and I should have especially wished you to avoid intimacy with lodgers in the same house. Knowing your impulsive nature, I think I ought to have guarded you particularly against this; but the singularly reserved character of the "first floor" seemed to render any such warning unnecessary; and the third floor was unoccupied when I left. Of course, now it is too late; and I can only be thankful that Mr. Thompson seems such a thorough gentleman, and that his visits amuse my father. Still, you must not feel

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annoyed if, as your natural protector (especially since I am at a distance), I look jealously at every one who approaches you, and if I say something which appears to you absurdly premature and groundless. But, remembering how completely blinded you were as to the character of a certain person, not many months ago, and that you showed—shall I call it a susceptibility?—then, which *might* have become something stronger, I think it necessary to caution you very decidedly against encouraging any romantic ideas about your "Christopher Columbus in a shabby coat." You will either laugh or be very angry, no doubt, as you read this. If you profit by it, however, I shall not care for that. This Thompson may be a very delightful person; I dare say he is: still I can't forget that you and I differed considerably as to the delightfulness of J. W. You know absolutely nothing about this painter, and what you tell me you have observed sounds more mysterious than reassuring. For myself, I dislike mysteries. I love things that are above-board; and as I have nothing to conceal myself, I like to know something of the people I live with. Women are different: that cross between sadness and cynicism is always attractive to them; and mystery has a fatal charm. I do not see that Mr. Thompson could have done less than try to recover the clock, when he was in a measure instrumental in the robbery: and because a man is good-natured, and has the trick of talking well, it is no reason why one is to rush into an intimacy with him, without knowing anything of his antecedents. Nothing in the world would make me regret so much having accepted this appointment as to find that during my absence you had been led to fall in love with any one under these conditions. . . . .

'As to the little widow, so sweet and innocent-looking a creature *must* be harmless; and her living with the dragon of respectability you describe makes me easy about your acquaintance with *her*. I remember her distinctly. I wish I could hear her sing. Here I never get any music, and I thirst exceedingly for some. Our affairs drag on their weary length, and I see no prospect of getting away at present.'

Rupert was right: his sister did not laugh, but she was a good deal annoyed, when she read his letter. To her father she omitted the whole of the passage transcribed, and filled it in with some extraordinary details of Jamaica, supplied by her imagination. When she answered her brother, two days afterwards, she dismissed the subject of his warning lightly, in this vein:

'As to Mr. Thompson, he has a dread of women in general (as he shows, by scarcely tolerating pretty little Mrs. Elliston), and a perfect *horror* of marriage, of which he had a sad experience for eighteen years;—so you see how groundless your fears are on my account! He is most kind; and dear father and I may really regard him now in the light of a friend. He is so constantly attentive and good to father, that I feel very grateful to him; but as to *me*, his manner and his openly announced opinion of married life would be sufficient to prove to you that there is no danger on *my* account. His society is really very valuable to us, and I should grieve very much if father were deprived of it; but you may be quite sure that Mr. Thompson has not the most distant idea of laying siege to your sister's heart, even if that citadel were as insecurely guarded as you seem to think. I am nearly a year older, however, and I hope several years wiser, than I was last May.

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'I wish I could give a better account of our darling. These cold winds try him a good deal; and I am afraid he is decidedly weaker. Walking is such an exertion to him that we have given up urging it. We hope that with warmer weather he will regain his strength.'

But the warmer weather came, and though the old man rallied a little, he never went out. The habit once broken, could not be renewed. With loving eyes the faithful daughter watched him day by day. Before him she was always cheerful. Whatever dread or trouble she had at heart, her voice, at least, never betrayed it.



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WAS LORD BACON AN IMPOSTOR?

By Baron Liebig.

[As a matter of courtesy to a distinguished foreigner, although contrary to the received practice in such matters, we readily insert Baron Liebig's rejoinder to an article under the same title in this Magazine for December last; and all we ask is that its precise bearing on the controversy shall be kept in view.

We complained of the spirit in which he approached the subject; and he now explicitly repeats that, rather late in life, he was led to the uncongenial study of the Baconian philosophy by finding 'a kind of demon,' 'his worst enemy,' concealed in it: in other words, by finding that inductive reasoning and experiment were fatal to his theories. We brought grave charges, confirmed by numerous instances, against him of misquoting and misrepresenting Bacon; and these charges he neither denies, explains, or palliates. We showed that Bacon's reputation, instead of being owing or confined to English dilettanti or French encyclopædists (as asserted by the Baron and his translator), has been world-wide for more than two centuries, and, so far as literary or scientific authority is concerned, rests on that of Galileo, Descartes, Gassendi, Leibnitz, Puffendorff, Boyle, Boerhaave, Bailly, Laplace, Voltaire, D'Alembert, Herschel, Hallam, Macaulay, Playfair, Brewster, Whewell, Murchison, &c. &c. The only witnesses whom the Baron calls on the other side are a writer in *Herrig's Magazine*, Dr. Bamberger of Würzburg, and Professor Lasson of Berlin, whose names are unfortunately unknown in this country. The additional comments we deem necessary will be found in notes between brackets.]

SEVERAL years since, I began to occupy myself with the study of philosophical works, and among others, also with those of Francis Bacon, a kind of study which, up to that time, was rather out of my province. A quite peculiar circumstance gave rise to it.

About eighteen years ago, my mind was absorbed by certain ideas or problems, the realisation of which seemed—at least such was my fancy—to be intimately connected with the destinies of the European states. I imagined further, the solution of these problems was likely to be accomplished only in England, and hence the absolute necessity to make the English acquainted with the doctrine which had given birth to my problems, and to win their approbation of my views.

I believed that without England's assistance my goal would not be reached, such a task requiring a power of practical activity, and a disposition in favour of gigantic enterprises, which no other people possesses in the same degree as the English; and finally, an amount of pecuniary resources superior to those of any other nation. As far as I myself was concerned, it was not a question either of honour or glory, nor could it bring me any personal benefit whatever.

Nevertheless, during many years the most serious impediments baffled my exertions in England; incontrovertible facts and logical reasoning, which seemed to me clear as daylight, had no effect—at least such was my impression—on English minds; and it was under these circumstances that I was led to a discovery liable to dampall my courage, and to cause me utter disappointment.

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I found that there existed in England a class of literary men perfectly unknown in France and Germany; a class formed by gentlemen of education, who, on the whole, are not addicted to professional studies, and who are generally devoid of profound knowledge either in philosophy or natural science, but who take part in, and frequently lead public opinion on, the most difficult and complicated scientific questions, as, for instance, on the value of Darwin's theory; on the cause of fertility of the soil; on the Atlantic cable, on utilisation of sewage, &c. Frequently these gentlemen are members of Parliament, and also have often a certain influence on the press; and thus, as in an instance I could mention, do their best to prevent such views as clash with their preconceived opinions from being made known. Moreover, as their contributions are almost always anonymous, it becomes difficult—sometimes impossible—to show their want of right to meddle with such questions.

I found that the judgment of these gentlemen was determined by peculiar rules or canons; that they possessed a logic of their own; and that with them 'experiment' meant something quite different from what we, or at least men who have every day to deal with it, are accustomed to attribute to this word.[1]

I discovered, further, that there was a kind of demon, who was my worst enemy, concealed under the words *induction*, *principles*, and *axioms* of Bacon.

I had studied attentively my 'Whewell,' and my 'Mill,' and had learned from them that by the word 'induction' is to be understood the logic of facts, so that, in order to know the signification of Bacon's induction, nothing remained to me but to study Bacon's works. My little book on Bacon contains all I was able to gather in this behalf.

Reading lately in the third of the admirable lectures delivered by Professor Huxley, at the Museum of Practical Geology, 'I do protest that of the vast number of cants in this world, there are none to my mind so contemptible as the pseudo-scientific cant which is talked about the Baconian philosophy,' I was ready to burst into sympathetic laughter, at finding that the eminent naturalist also had stumbled upon my demon.[2]

But I was less prudent than Huxley, for I ought to have avoided the struggle with that class of society whose judgment is determined by Bacon's axioms, whereas, now I am stigmatised as a malicious foe of England and Englishmen, who dips his pen in mud and poison to attack the man whom his countrymen so deeply revere and respect.

However indifferent I may be to

[1] [Any of Baron Liebig's English friends would assure him that there is no such literary class in this country, and that the notion of such a class leading public opinion on scientific questions is preposterous. No man had ever less reason to complain of England. He had a most flattering reception and a perfectly fair hearing. He has himself to thank if he failed to convince either the scientific world or the practical agriculturists; and he will not mend the matter by misrepresenting his antagonists, or by attributing his discomfiture to the ingrained and enduring influence of a philosophy which he elsewhere declares to have exercised no influence at all. The demon, of which he goes on to speak, is simply one of those Idols or delusions which a careful study of the *Novum Organum* would have dispersed.]

[2] [The pseudo-scientific cant about a thing is no proof of its unsoundness; and Professor Huxley directly goes on to say: 'You will understand, I hope, that I have not the slightest desire to join in the outcry against either the morals, the intellect, or the great genius of Lord Chancellor Bacon. He was undoubtedly a very great man, let people say what they will of him.' The eminent naturalist, therefore, must be added to the long list of distinguished men who are diametrically opposed to the Baron on the main question.]

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other imputations, I am not at all willing to accept patiently the undeserved reproach of being hostile to England.

It is true, I was many years ago full of bitterness, and I may say full of hatred, against the above-mentioned class of scientific dilettanti; but I confess my wrong, for I love England; I love the land and the English. During my travels in England and in Scotland I learned much, and spent with my friends there the happiest days of my life. I dare say, there is no man on the Continent who admires and esteems Englishmen more than I do. My friends in Germany and France even reproach me, that in this respect I go rather too far; and the fact is, that my criticisms against England, attentively examined, will be found to be those of over-regard; *such reproof as a passionate but disappointed lover addresses to his mistress.* What I might quote in favour of this statement is, doubtless, of no great weight, and I am almost ashamed to be obliged to allude to it; but at all events, slight proofs founded on facts are better than strong protestations in words. I am a friend of English literature, and I read almost more English than German works; twenty-two years ago, I caused Darwin's excellent *Journal of the Voyage of the Beagle* to be translated into German, by my friend Dieffenbach; and later I induced the publisher of my *Letters on Chemistry* (Winter in Leipzig), and of my *Agricultural Chemistry* (Vieweg in Brunswick), to publish in German the work of Thomas Buckle (*History of Civilisation*), and the works of J. Stuart Mill. The success of these works was such (several editions having appeared) that *since that time*, any English author, belonging to whatever scientific order, has been sure to be known in Germany, and translated into German.[1]

I mention further, that three years ago, when the discussion on the utilisation of the London sewage began in Parliament, I took the liveliest interest in those transactions, addressing three letters to the Lord Mayor of London, and devoting to this question several months of my time and labour—a question which did not in the least concern me personally, but which interested me because I considered the utilisation of the London sewage as indispensable, and the waste of it so prejudicial to the welfare of England and English agriculture, that I exerted my utmost powers in favour of this undertaking.

Parliament preferred another scheme, which did not seem to me to offer sufficient pledges of success, but the chief point has been carried: the London sewage is no longer to be lost, and I now entertain no stronger wish than that the scheme of Messrs. Napier and Hope may find the most effectual support in England. Things of this kind are not done by a man who is a foe of England or Englishmen.

Still, in my appreciation of the spirit of the English people, I experienced a deception which I will candidly confess. I was not aware then, as I am now, that in the English nation there is an inner development going on, the progress of which does not manifest itself by exterior signs to the perception of a foreigner, so that his judgment with regard to this movement may be thoroughly erroneous.

In this respect I have witnessed things which I would not have considered possible in England.

Two instances will be sufficient to render what I mean intelligible.

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[1] [Only since that time! Does Baron Liebig really mean to say that the works of English writers far inferior to Buckle and Mill, have not been translated into German, as a matter of course, for the last fifty years at least?]

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Thirty years ago an influential member of Parliament declared that he was unable to give his support to the question of the utilisation of sewage because it was *impossible* to speak 'about those things' included in the word sewage in the House of Parliament. Twenty-seven years after it became perfectly proper to talk of 'those things' as well in Parliament as in every public paper.

The thing is, the word 'sewage,' which made it possible to speak of 'those things' with propriety, had not yet been invented.[1]

The second instance is connected with my agricultural doctrines.

I thought it *impossible* to render these doctrines acceptable in England. During eighteen years I had a controversy on certain agricultural questions with *a manufacturer of manure*, with a man whom the late Philip Pusey, then President of the Royal Agricultural Society, considered the first authority in agricultural matters in England. This contest has now come to an end in consequence of a note which I sent two years ago to a friend of mine in England (Mr. Alderman Mechi) and from which I will quote two passages.

The first is:

> There is, from a scientific point of view, something so degrading at the bottom of this controversy, that those who have taken part against the only scientific theory which agriculture possesses will look back on it with shame when a few years have elapsed.

In the second I said:

> Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert's conclusions belong to that class which goes under the name of *fallacies of confusion* in J. Stuart Mill's system of logic, and which comprehends, among others, all those who have their source in language, whether arising from the vagueness of our terms or from casual associations with them, and in which no other cause can be assigned for the mistake committed than neglect or inability to state the question properly, and to appreciate the evidence with definiteness and precision.

This note has been published *without any co-operation* on my part in the same journal (*Roy. Agric. Society*, part ii. 1864), in which all the attacks of my adversaries had appeared.

Here is another proof of that inner development unobviously going on of which I have spoken before; and such a proceeding is certainly calculated to inspire profound respect for English impartiality even in England's worst enemy.[2]

These are things which I did not foresee, but for an attack on my remarks on Bacon, I was, I confess, perfectly prepared. However, before trying to justify my judgment on Bacon, I will say a few words on my position with regard to the author of the article in this Magazine. It is evident that he, being anonymous, has an advantage over me, whose works and deeds are known to him; but this I know for certain, that if ever I knew him as the author of a book, I should not be at all disposed to depreciate it, as he has done in regard to my *Agricultural Chemistry*, but would

[1] [How can the friend and admirer of England believe that her legislation depends upon such 'things' as this? The story of the influential member is absurd. *Soil* and *nightsoil*, at all events, are words of long standing; and Professor Liebig, who professes to be familiar with Sir H. Davy's *Agricultural Lectures* delivered between 1802 and 1812 might have remembered the passage beginning: 'Nightsoil, it is well known, is a very powerful manure, and very liable to decompose.']

[2] [Then why does he dispute the verdict, or persevere in imputing it to national wrongheadedness and Baconian influences? His tone is that of the juryman who complained that he had been shut up with eleven obstinate fellows whom it was impossible to bring to reason. The allusion to Mr. Lawes as 'a manufacturer of manure' comes with a singularly ill grace from one who is angry because his own patented manure was driven out of the market by Mr. Lawes. What he calls a note is a reply filling seven pages published in the Journal.]

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content myself with recalling to my memory the remarkable observation of a man of the press who lived many years in London, and is now editing a highly esteemed journal in Liverpool: he said to me once, 'Professor, I will tell you something which I have learned in London, and I assure you it is worth knowing. It is this, that the whole press, with all its power, is utterly incapable of killing a good book.'[1]

Since this time I pity bad books, which nothing can save from their natural death.

My adversary pretends that 'I am prone to intemperate assertions;' and further, 'that I am chargeable with many an inroad into scientific domains, with which I am imperfectly acquainted;' he assures me that he has found both statements in the *Conversations-Lexicon*.[2] Now in spite of a careful search I have not been able to find in the *Conversations-Lexicon* the first statement, which after all may be the personal opinion of my critic; as for the second one, I have heard it frequently, and *every time when I attempted to apply chemistry and chemical laws to other branches of science*, I found myself in respect of physiologists, medical men, and agriculturists precisely in the same position in which I once was with regard to a cook, whom I asked to explain me the difference between *boiled* and *roasted*, or between *well-done* and *under-done* meat, and who answered me, that like the shoemaker, I should do better to stick to my last, as such matters were beyond my comprehension. Nevertheless, *if now-a-days the same question is addressed to a cook*, he will quote the *Letters on Chemistry* of Liebig, and the author as the man who during many months racked his brains, and boiled and roasted some half thousand pounds of meat, in order to find out the difference between boiled and roasted, and between well-done and under-done meat.[3]

As to my book, my adversary informs me that 'many years before his (Liebig's) first work on agricultural chemistry, the use of chemical analysis in the selection of manures was familiar to British agriculturists, and an English work (*A New Theory of Agriculture*, by W. Grisenthwaite, 2nd edition, 1830), deprives M. de Liebig's system or method of all pretension to originality,' and he adds in a note, 'the theory (substantially the same as M. de Liebig's) is that manure should contain the elements which are shown by analysis to be component parts of the root, grass, or grain to be produced. M. de Liebig's first

[1] [This is a poor paraphrase of Bentley's saying, that no man was ever written down except by himself. The readers of our article are well aware that we did not depreciate any scientific work of Baron Liebig, and spoke in the highest terms of his scientific attainments.]

[2] [We cannot so much as guess what Baron Liebig means by '*he* assures *me* that he has found both statements in the *Conversations-Lexicon*.' We simply stated in the article that we collected as much from a laudatory notice in the tenth edition of that work. The paragraph begins thus: 'If herewithal many an individual interest is disregarded, many a personality sensibly wounded, many an inroad made into a scientific domain with which he is imperfectly acquainted, and many views and consequences by his own avowal, require to be modified, still,' &c. &c.]

[3] [And by a parity of reasoning, we suppose, all the physiologists, medical men and agriculturists, who have presumed to differ from the Baron, will be found emulously announcing his infallibility, and we ourselves shall come round in time to own the justice of his sentence on Bacon. This may be; but before admitting the parallel, we should like to see proved by the inductive method that cooks to whom the same question is addressed, do invariably quote the *Letters on Chemistry* and the author who racked his brains, and boiled and roasted some half thousand pounds of meat, to find out a difference, which would have gladdened the heart of M. Jourdain almost as much as his own discovery that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it.]

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work on the subject, edited by Dr. Lyon Playfair in 1842, was published in Germany in 1840.' This last statement is decidedly erroneous, for my book appeared at the same time in England and Germany, and the preface to the second edition, from the pen of my friend Playfair, bears the date of 1841.[1]

That my book has no right to pretensions of originality, and further, that the new things it contains were not true, and the valuable ones not new, or had been stolen from my predecessors—all that has been said twenty-five years ago by Sprengel, Gruber, and Hlubeck.

There is one thing I know most positively, and that is, that my theft cost me ten years of labour, and, numberless troublesome analyses, which but for the co-operation of many excellent pupils, who afterwards became distinguished teachers (some of them in England), could never have been carried out.

I always believed that the whole amount of knowledge that British agriculturists possessed in the year 1830, with regard to analysis of soils, plants and manure, and of sound theories of agriculture, was included in the work of their great chemist Sir Humphry Davy, a work the fourth edition of which, in the year 1827, was published by himself.

The fact is, that in the year 1840, neither the agriculturists nor the phyto-physiologists of Germany and France were aware that ammonia is the source which furnishes plants with the required amount of nitrogen; and it is equally a fact that phosphoric acid, potash, lime, magnesia, &c., were to them perfectly unknown as aliments of the vegetable kingdom. But I am going perhaps too far in regard to England, and it is possible that Mr. Grisenthwaite was not ignorant of all these things belonging to my theory, and it is not impossible that in 1830 even the superphosphate of lime was recommended by him. What I know for certain is that in the fifth edition of Sir Humphry Davy's *Lectures on Agriculture*, edited by John Davy (1839), and in the sixth edition, by Dr. Schier (1844) no mention occurs of the name of Grisenthwaite or of such discoveries.[2]

The theory according to which it is indispensable, in order to keep up the fertility of the soil, to restore to it the elements which have been taken away from it in the crops, dates from the oldest times, but the only thing was, people did not *know how it was to be done.*

I will now attempt to justify my assertions about Bacon, and as, in my present position, I am hardly allowed to refer to my own studies of his works, nothing remains to me but to appeal to the judgment of perfectly impartial men, who by previous deep and serious studies were well prepared to investigate Bacon's works, to appreciate his principles, and to judge of his influence on his own and on our times.

Thus by distributing the weight of the reproaches addressed to me

[1] [The statement is not erroneous. The first German edition of the work in question was published at Brunswick, in 1840, and the first complete English edition in 1842. The Baron's preface is dated Sept. 1, 1840, and Dr. Playfair's Nov. 22, 1841. But the precise dates are immaterial, as Mr. Grisenthwaite's work went through two editions in 1830. No charge of plagiarism was brought or insinuated by us.]

[2] [Wonderful to relate, no mention occurs of Baron Liebig either in Dr. John Davy's rare and brief notes to the *Agricultural Lectures*, nor indeed of any other writer; the editor's sole object being the correct reproduction of the text. We are not acquainted with Dr. Schier's edition; but it is hard that an English author should be deemed non-existent because a German editor has not gone out of his way to mention him. When, in the next sentence, the Baron, admitting the antiquity of the theory, adds that 'the only thing was, people did not know how it was to be done,' the obvious answer is that this is just what he has failed to teach them.]

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among many, the portion devoted to my own shoulders will be all the lighter.

Everybody must easily perceive that, with regard to Bacon, there is not much to be proved by means of quotations, because Bacon is just like an eel, always slipping out of the hands which strive to take hold of him; so, for instance, many passages in his works may be found which attest very serious Christian opinions, nevertheless, I could easily pick out many others able to prove his having been a deist.[1]

As for the position and influence which generally is assigned to Bacon in Germany, the [anonymous] author of a valuable article entitled 'On Montaigne and Bacon' (in *Herrig's Magazine*, vol. xxxi. p. 259. Brunswick) expresses himself as follows:

> A peculiar reason has induced me to trace a parallel. Bacon presents himself in a society to which he does not belong. Such an undue association is, of course, prejudicial to his reputation. Even a man of importance must appear small when the standard which is chosen to measure him is too large. Take the fitting scale and the true significance of the individual will immediately be displayed. Englishmen consider Bacon almost as the ideal of reasoning powers, superior to any that ancient or modern times have produced. Now, Bacon's mind is anything but a speculative one; he is not a great thinker. Placed beside Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Spinoza, and even near his countrymen, Hobbes and Locke, he cannot but appear dwarfish. But you must not consider him as the English Descartes, but as the English Montaigne, and in doing so you will see that he cuts quite a different figure. . . . The sixteenth century is the time of the first attempt to create a prose founded on principles of art, and capable of expressing the noblest thoughts for which formerly the Latin language was considered as the only possible interpreter. . . . Montaigne and Bacon succeeded in such attempts, and both became in this way the fathers of French and English prose. Still, with regard to the essays of Montaigne and of Bacon, one should take care not to qualify similar writings as philosophical. Bacon's essays are calculated to speak to the head, not to the heart, and their nature is better expressed by the second title, 'Counsels.' They are advice for practical, particularly for political, life; but there is in them no question of any philosophical appreciation of the world or human life; neither can you expect to find in them any original observations. Bacon is perfectly qualified to give you an ample enumeration of all things conducive to 'glory,' but he cares very little for the fame of authorship, of poets, of artists. . . . Whenever he ventures beyond the limits of his own province, as he did in his *Novum Organum*, he displays evident weakness.

The same man whose writings of the year 1597 did not contain (according to the author of the abovementioned article) any sign which could lead to the supposition, that he had acquired knowledge in philosophy or the natural sciences, published at the age of forty-five years, two after the accession of James I., his two books *On the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human*. It is here of some importance to ascertain the aim which Bacon had in view by this work. Was it a scientific or a worldly goal?

One of his biographers says on that point (*Works of Lord Bacon*. London: Henry Bohn, 1846, p. li.) 'great have been his anxieties, travails, and straits; but as the new reign opened upon his assiduous anticipation, the prize of civil and the guerdon of literary honour glittered within his reach. James was more a scholar than a king, and this "conjunction" determined his choice.'

Bacon himself does not leave any doubt about the intended scope of his book, for he says, 'and therefore he sends his treatise tending to that end.'

What was then that end? The

[1] [What Baron Liebig can do in the way of picking out passages apart from the context and suppressing others, may be collected from the specimens given in our article. If the character and tendency of a man's works cannot be proved by quotation, how can they be proved?]

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following lines give a positive answer, for he says: 'That property inherent, and individual attribute in your Majesty, deserveth to be expressed not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, but also in some solid work, fixed memorial, and immortal monument, bearing a character or signature both of the power of the king and the difference and perfection of such a king.'

Now, who was that king to whom Bacon intended erecting a monument in his book?

The English historians tell us that in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the English people was weary of the reign of women, and that it hailed with joy the sovereign flourishing in the ripe age of manhood; but that James's despotic principles and the weakness of his character dispelled in a very short time all the hopes of patriots; that he was an enemy of freedom and of all liberal ideas; but that he was initiated by his teacher Buchanan in the theological literature of his time, had read a number of books and acquired a large amount of erudition.

But erudition was not in great favour among the practical English people; moreover, the countenance of the king, his gait, his Scotch dialect, his apprehension of all kind of arms, his pedantry and vanity, were not fitted to gain him the respect of his subjects.

The union of all these circumstances renders the intended aim of Bacon perfectly evident. In his book, he informs the English people, who found their king ridiculous and even disliked and despised him, that the apparent deficiencies were only a cloak covering a marvel of God: 'I shall say,' so speaks Bacon, 'as a positive and measured truth that there had not been since Christ's time, any king or temporal monarch which has been so learned in all literature, divine and human, so initiated in that triplicity, the power and fortune of a king, the knowledge and illumination of a priest, and the learning and universality of a philosopher—and to have such a fountain of learning in himself, in a king, in a king born, is almost a miracle.'

We know that Bacon got what he was evidently striving for. Now as to the book.

When we consider attentively the aim which Bacon kept in view in composing his book, we must admire the skilfulness with which he avoided the known prejudices of the king and supported the royal opinions.

I have no intention of saying anything myself about the contents of this book, but will let Professor Lasson, of Berlin, one of the most distinguished scientific men, speak instead of me. He published a work, *On Bacon of Verulam and his Scientific Principles* (Berlin, 1860), in the beginning of which he says:

> The Baconian way of reasoning has been, during the last few years, more than once the object of scientific investigation. We shall not say anything about Macaulay's essay on Bacon (1837), in order not to render ourselves liable to uncourteous expressions against the celebrated author. The philosophers Feuerbach, Ritter, and Schaller, have examined Bacon in their works upon the history of philosophy. Kuno Fischer has devoted to him a book in which, considering him from all points of view, either possible or impossible, he assigns him a great significance. . . . In order to judge Bacon [continues Lasson] it is necessary to become previously acquainted with his ideas in behalf of sciences and their highest problems.

The question whether Bacon possessed a true enthusiasm for science, M. Lasson answers with the words of Ritter, who says, that—

> Bacon had fashioned and cut out science in such a way, that he had no necessity to sacrifice to it the least interest of his ambition. . . . If we ask Bacon about the aim of science, we receive the following reply: Those who are of opinion that all science must be referred to utility and practical application, are in the right. The idea of usefulness pervades all his reason-

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ing: the value of science is determined by the nature of its fruits. No one of the previous philosophical systems was able to cure human miseries. They must be therefore rejected. Under 'fruits,' Bacon does not mean the intellectual fruits of cognisance, but only for the necessities and turmoil of life it was that science was to provide; the interests of truth are of no value to him whenever they clash with considerations of usefulness. . . . What is the most useful in application, that is the most true in knowledge. . . . In opposition to such statements, a great number of passages may be quoted in Bacon's works which show a sympathy with the so much abused idealism of the Greek philosophers. For instance: 'Truth is the stamp of moral virtue.' 'A man is worth only what he knows,' &c. &c. In this way, contradiction with himself is added to error; for his opposition to the former doctrines is only to be explained by his requirement with regard to invention and practical progress. As for the previous philosophical systems, which he rejects, he had never attempted to penetrate into their depths, with the exception of Telesius, the essence of whose teaching he happens to misunderstand.

The object of his work *De Dignitate* is to determine the position and the aim of every single science; the degree of their usefulness determines the rank they have to occupy. So, for instance, the opinion of Bacon is that *mathematics have been overrated in reference to their usefulness*, and *also in astronomy, useless calculations are to be put aside.*

Science, 'Scientia,' is divided into theology and philosophy. But theology is no science. The heavenly mysteries of religion must be absolutely excluded from our speculations. Only the doctrine of angels and spirits may be treated of from a natural point of view.

There is no scientific cognisance of the God-inspired immortal mind; hence the animal soul remains, at all events, in the sphere of natural existence, and consequently its investigation belongs to natural science.

And such [says Lasson] is Bacon's systematic division of the sciences. If there is no knowledge of God and the human mind, there can be only one science, 'the Science of Nature.'

If one reads the whole of Lasson's extracts, one fancies that it is James I. who is speaking, a monarch who in many respects resembled that despotic emperor Francis I. of Austria; he also heartily detested idealism, and was the same enemy of freedom and liberal ideas, and of all sciences, the development of which is founded on the free exercise of the mental faculties, and who cared only for what he called 'practical utility.' Bacon's ideas about science and its aim are as evident as those of Prince Metternich. Neither wanted what we call 'philosophers' or 'philosophy.'[1]

What Bacon calls 'truth,' was something quite different from what Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, were seeking; and what he calls 'causes' or 'principles' is very far from what we understand by these words. He said: 'the evil consists precisely in the tendency to go back everywhere to the *highest principles*, whereas all *usefulness* lies in the ideas of the *middle and mean rank*' (Lasson).

The mother of each single science is the *Philosophia prima*. It gives first the axioms and examines then the *conditiones adventitiæ entium*, the much, the little, the possible, the impossible; for instance—*why* there is so little *gold* and so much *iron*; *why* so few *roses* and so much *grass*; why there are *bats* among *birds* and *mammalia*. And such questions, by which children put us sometimes at our wits' end to answer, ought to be, according to Bacon, objects of fundamental philosophy!

If we attempt to follow Bacon in his investigation of 'the good,' we are sent back to natural theology, of which he previously told us that it is only a spark of science; which means, it is no science at all, useful only to refute atheism.

Another time Bacon promises us to treat ethics from the natural point of view; but here again moral topics belong to the domain of faith, and ethics form part of positive theology, which, according to Bacon, is no science. Thus [adds Lasson] let him who can get out of this confusion.

[1] [Instead of repeating in the shape of extracts his own groundless assertions, Baron Liebig should have fairly grappled with those passages in the *Novum Organum* to which we called his attention as proving that he had misunderstood Bacon to an utterly inexcusable and almost unaccountable extent. See, in particular, *Aphorisms* 70, 124 and 129.]

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About Bacon's logic, Lasson says:

How inadequate and paltry are his principles on this subject. Bacon's intention is not to discover the nature of human understanding and its mental processes, but only to construct a mechanical instrument, destined to manage better the intellectual business, so that by means of this method a poor intelligence may advance as far as the richest one. His logic is the art to invent sciences and theories; a kind of technology of thinking, just like the technical art of the tanner or of the beer-brewer.

The investigation of nature is founded on sensual perceptions, but the senses are not sufficient to reach axioms; the help of the understanding is required.

To begin with, the thrashing-floor of intelligence must be cleaned, and when this business is done, Bacon sends us back to the senses!

This shows [says Lasson] a deficiency of reasoning power and a slackness of intellect which form as striking a contrast with the brilliant phraseology as with his haughty pretensions to raise himself above the highest.

With regard to 'experience,' Bacon informs us that it is founded on observations and experiments; both must aid one another. The experiment is an artificial proceeding, and the best means to disclose the secrets of nature. When an able hand irritates nature, she betrays herself.

To experiments he attaches greater value than to the instruments which tend to sharpen the senses, because they reach further than the senses; as if it were the experiment [says Lasson] which made the observations.

To Bacon, perceptions of sense and memory are sufficient; the task of reason begins only when the experiment is performed.[1]

With regard to the application of Bacon's inductive method to the investigation of heat Lasson says:

This definition (of the nature of heat) claims to include a law of nature. Two things permit us to recognise the existence of such a law—1. that it contains a general and necessary condition; 2. that this condition is liable to be *mathematically* determined.

Now, his definition contains no real cause of heat, but only a verbal one. But if these be the essence of the 'forma,' how can it be reckoned among the 'causes?'

Bacon promises to show us in his 'induction' the peculiar unerring secret of his proceeding, destined to open a new world of happiness; and when the solemn moment approaches at which the golden fruits are to be plucked, he wipes away from his forehead the perspiration of anguish, and in order to settle matters, he sends us back to 'Auxilia Mentis'—a treatise promised but never given by him.

At least, Bacon is forced to confess that his own great method of induction is deficient. However, he consoles us with considering that, at all events, his method is fit to determine the *different degrees of certainty*; and why? Because it allows to the reason to put forth an axiom; and when it turns out to be false, we may satisfy ourselves with *the hope that truth emerges more easily from error than from confusion*; and this is qualified by 'permissio intellectus, sive vindemiatio prima.' Instead of 'bread,' he gives us a word.

Bacon's performances in *descriptive natural history* belongs more to the eleventh than to the seventeenth century; so that his system and the development of it bears not the remotest likeness to that which sound naturalists before and after him comprehended under the denomination 'natural history.'

His *Metaphysics*, in regard to its aims, is empty and barren. *Mechanics* to him is a mere name; whereas he shows some fondness for 'magic,' so favourable to worn-out opinions. Bacon takes no interest in the splendid phenomena of his age, in the great discoveries of *astronomy*, and he is not aware of the impulse which is imparted by it to his century. He is perfectly ignorant of *mathematics*, as well as of those *principles of mechanics* which, through Galileo and Stevinus, became the starting-point of a new era of natural philosophy. Finally, he has not the slightest idea of the march of science.

In Bacon's time, the break between the past and the present, which gave rise to the renovation of science, was already accomplished, or at least on the eve of being so; therefore it was perfectly false to speak of a stationary state of knowledge. Is it, then, possible to believe that the man who could support such an assertion was really engaged in the immense progressive movement of his time? *There is no exaggeration in saying that Bacon remained intellectually a stranger to the best part of the tendencies of his age, whereas the worst ones were supported by his authority; so that,*

[1] [This is in flat contradiction to what Bacon really maintains. *Aph.* 82 and 95.]

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had we to depend on him, on his principles and his method, no natural science, or even the slightest branch of it, could ever have been advanced.

The influence of Bacon on the development of philosophical ideas has been of no importance. *Hobbes*, who was engaged in frequent intercourse with Bacon, and certainly was an intellect of a much higher standard, applied, as well as Locke, to quite other sources for inspiration.

I terminate with this my extracts from Lasson's examination of Bacon.

Dr. Sigwart, professor of philosophy in Tubingen, who had begun a controversy with me about Bacon, —which, I venture to say, has rectified his errors about the position of Bacon and his influence on natural science—entertained himself not the slightest doubt as to the value and the significance of Bacon's philosophy and philosophical principles, and agrees in that point perfectly with Professor Lasson. The best proofs of it are Professor Sigwart's own words.[1]

Two years ago Dr. Bamberger, professor of medicine in Würzburg, published a paper on Bacon in his relation to medicine (Fried. Thein, Würzburg, 1865), in which he examined Bacon in reference to medical science. He says, p. 16:

Nobody will believe now-a-days that the progress of the natural sciences was dependent on the inductive method of Bacon. When Liebig pronounces the severe sentence[2] that the Baconian inductive process consisted merely in shovelling up promiscuous heaps of vague sensual perceptions, and that the result to which his method conducted must invariably be a zero, it is impossible not to recognise the justice of such a sentence, in spite of all the appreciation of Bacon's intellectual greatness.

The opinions of Lasson, Sigwart, and Bamberger respecting Bacon's scientific principles, of his philosophy, and of his influence on natural science—opinions of men whose competence and impartiality cannot be denied—justify, I believe, completely those of M. de Tchihatchef and my own. No doubt it cannot be the effect of mere chance when two men (Lasson in Berlin and I) who, in their studies of Bacon's works proceeded from quite different starting points, come to conclusions as perfectly identical as if the one had literally transcribed them from the other. The fact is that, had I been aware of M. Lasson's paper, I would certainly not have written mine, for Lasson's work appeared 1860, several years before mine, in the shape of a school programme, which did not come into the hands of booksellers, so that I became acquainted with it only at the moment when the author, with whom I was not in personal connection, had the kindness to send me a copy of it.

I have never pretended that Bacon had no influence on his or on our time; on the contrary, I have granted him a considerable significance. (See *Macmillan's Magazine*, August 1863, pp. 266, 267.) All I have asserted is, that Bacon had no influence whatever on the reform and progress of natural science, and on the methods of investigation of nature.

We conceive easily that a man may be an excellent pianist, and altogether a very bad violinist, but

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[1] See *Lord Bacon*, par J. de Liebig, traduit par M. P. de Tchihatchef, pp. 135. 172. 173. [Baron Liebig must be hard pressed for support when he refers to Professor Sigwart, his most zealous adversary on this question, and a warm admirer of Bacon. One of the passages to which we are referred runs thus: 'L'impulsion, l'encouragement et les promesses donnés par Bacon, sa critique acérée du passé, son appel plein d'espérance à une carrière nouvelle, infinie, brillante, voilà les moyens par lesquels il a agi puissamment sur ses contemporains, ainsi que sur les époques subséquentes.' The man who writes thus is represented as agreeing with those who assert that Bacon was an impostor! It is only by a rare accident that the Baron's statements are supported by his references.]

[2] [It would be more exact to say 'When Liebig hazards the gross misstatement.' See *Nov. Org. Aph.* 82 and 95.]

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both make music and observe the same rules and laws of composition, therefore, a violinist may very well teach these to the player of the pianoforte; but if any man pretends to give us new principles of music, he must before all be acquainted, at least, with one instrument and with the principles previously acquired in music; whoever is ignorant of both, cannot be a teacher of musicians, or of music. The same holds good with regard to natural sciences: an astronomer can be the teacher of a natural philosopher and of a chemist, as far as the rules and principles of sciences of observation are concerned, because those rules and principles are equally applicable to all natural sciences.

But the most sagacious metaphysician is at a loss to invent, through the exclusive operation of reason, the rules of investigating nature; he must needs borrow them from practice. You may take only in your hands the works of J. S. Mill, and you will immediately perceive to what stupendous studies this philosopher has given himself up in mechanics, astronomy, and natural sciences, in order to deduce from the investigations of physicists, astronomers, chemists, &c., the logical laws which they follow.

Nevertheless, neither Mill nor any other philosopher can teach us a *better* method of investigating nature. The only man capable of doing that is the man engaged in the practice of science, who knows their exigencies, and who himself is an accomplished practician.

This makes the false position of Bacon with regard to natural philosophy understood at once. Bacon was a lawyer and a literary man, but until the age of forty-five, we do not discover in his writings any sign of his having occupied himself seriously with the study of natural science, or of any branch of it; on the contrary, we find in his works written by him in his sixtieth year, that he did not know at that age what he had not learnt before his forty-fifth year, and that all the great discoveries made during the whole century previous to the publication of his works in botany, zoology, anatomy, physiology, physic, chemistry, mechanics, were either perfectly unknown to him, or he did not understand them; that, moreover, he was not acquainted with the remarkable discoveries performed by men who lived, like Harvey and Lobel, with him at the court of the king.[1]

I venture to say that the unprejudiced appreciation of such a position is quite sufficient to refute the opinions of those who believe that Bacon was the reformer and renovator of natural science, the inventor of a new process of thinking.

Those who put forward and defend such an opinion, are really Bacon's true followers; they are obliged, in order to support it, to deny, just as Bacon did, all the discoveries made as well previously to him as during his lifetime, and to commit the grossest insult against the history of science.

There are many others whom I have sometimes heard say that, if even all the defects were allowed with which Bacon is reproached, still his influence on his time and ours may be exemplified by the bold flight which natural science dis-

[1] [In our December article we called Baron Liebig's attention to the fact that Harvey's discoveries were not completed and made known till after Bacon's death. Yet he coolly reasserts the charge, and a little further on we find him saying that he is ready to yield to arguments founded on facts, as if no facts adverse to his statements or conclusions had been adduced. We fully disproved by facts the preposterous statement that all the great discoveries &c., were perfectly unknown or unintelligible to Bacon, as well as the equally preposterous one, that his claims were only recognised by unqualified persons amongst his own countrymen.]

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played since the publication of his *Novum Organum*.

One thing only is true in this assertion, viz.: that the publication of this work took place precisely in a time characterised by the soar of the natural sciences; but an influence on such a movement cannot be admitted without certain conditions, for which we seek vainly in Bacon's work.

It is evident that the effect or influence which one man exercises upon another can only be ascertained by the fact that the second does what the first wishes him to do, that the thoughts and actions of the second are similar to those of the first.

We say that a teacher has an influence upon his pupils whenever they conform themselves to his instruction and are proficient in it: that parents, whose child prefers falsehood to truth, in opposition to their admonitions, have no influence upon their child. Just by the same kind of reasoning we are forced to admit that if Bacon had any influence on natural science, similar signs of it must be recognisable.

Now, it is easy to point out in Bacon's works the influence which Aristotle, the Scholastics, and Montaigne had on Bacon as author, and which Machiavelli (with whose writings Bacon is quite familiar) had on him as a statesman. And so it has been pretended that Prince Charles was influenced by Bacon, and that if in his quality of judge and statesman Bacon had been another man than he was, perhaps King Charles would not have died on the scaffold. But one may vainly seek for a similar effect produced by Bacon on a natural philosopher of the seventeenth century up to our time.

We find that Newton *did not* occupy himself with the invention of a new gunpowder, or the improving of a weaving loom or mills, but that just in opposition to Bacon's precepts, he gave himself thoroughly to mathematical subtleties, and even created a new method of dealing with such subtleties in his infinitesimal calculus.[1]

We find the same in the works of Harvey, Lobel, Boyle, Hales, Blake, up to Priestley and Cavendish and the later natural philosophers; that is, there is absolutely nothing reminding us of Bacon's teachings. We find that the greatness of Newton and the value of the labours of the other philosophers consist precisely in having followed a path directly opposite to that of Bacon, and which he pretended was the true way of progress.

Faraday became the creator of galvanography and galvanoplastics precisely because in his studies of electricity and magnetism he was not preoccupied with the idea of inventing them; and I entertain some doubt whether the great inventors Arkwright, Stephenson,

[1] [This is another 'inroad made into a scientific domain, with which he (Baron Liebig) is imperfectly acquainted;' or rather into a domain with which he is utterly unacquainted. If he had been even imperfectly acquainted with the life and works of Newton, he would have known that Newton never gave himself thoroughly to mathematical 'subtleties:' that at one time (in his thirty-fifth year) 'he had begun to think mathematical studies at least dry if not somewhat barren;' that he was 'intent on chemical studies and practices;' and that 'during the four years from 1683 to 1687, the period in which the *Principia* was composed, he never abandoned his chemical experiments.' Brewster's *Life of Newton*, vol. i. p. 112, vol. ii. p. 288. In this admirable and complete biography an entire chapter is devoted to Newton's chemical and alchemical pursuits. At one time we find him planting orchards; at another corresponding with Locke on Boyle's process for 'multiplying gold.' Every one who knows anything of him knows how largely he indulged in theological speculation and biblical criticism. In fact, he resembled Bacon in the multiplicity and (what Baron Liebig would deem) the trifling character of his pursuits. There is something laughable in the attempt to estimate Bacon's influence on Newton made by a philosopher who knows nothing of the one and next to nothing of the other.]

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Cooke, Wheatstone, Talbot, or Sir W. Armstrong, have followed the Baconian inductive process when inventing the mechanical loom, the locomotive, the electric telegraph, photography on paper, and the breech-loader guns.

I am occupied with a sketch of a *History of the Development of the Ideas of Invention*, and I think I am able to show that the source of such ideas is not to be sought for in Bacon's works.

If my adversary is able to prove, with arguments founded on facts, that my, or Lasson's, or Sigwart's views on Bacon are false, I am ready to submit to any penalty in order to win back the lost regard of my English friends.

I wish my adversaries may consider that I did not content myself with mere negations, but that I have striven in my paper *On Induction and Deduction*, and in my other *On the Development of Science among Nations* as much as my powers allowed, to replace Bacon's ideas by better ones. I cannot help confessing that the slurs cast upon my name was the cause that I had the greatest difficulty to render the first of these writings acceptable in England. The second is about to be published by Edmonstone and Douglas, Edinburgh. In spite of his exertions, my friend, J. Walton (the publisher of my works in London), did not succeed in getting my paper on *Induction and Deduction* admitted into *Macmillan's Magazine*, which had once given a place to my studies on Bacon, so that it was a proof of courage on the part of the more independent editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* when he consented to accept it. I have since been told that the readers of that magazine have been rather grateful to him for this favour.[1]

Now, were I asked whether my ideas about Bacon are likely or not to produce any effect in England, I should say that the English are a singular people; all I know of them is that they are friends of light and pure air, but that no foreigner is able to prophesy what Englishmen may think about a certain matter six months or six years hence.

[1] [We should be sorry to disturb further the self-complacency of Baron Liebig, but a sense of justice leads us to remark that there was no necessity for attributing the rejection of his paper by the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* to an unworthy compliance with national prejudice; for it really contains very little but what is familiar to cultivated men, who have carefully read the *Novum Organum* or are moderately versed in the recent history of invention. The 'better ones' by which Bacon's ideas are to be replaced have been unconsciously borrowed at second or third hand from Bacon himself.]

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THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

TRANSLATED BY THEODORE MARTIN.

TELL me, Mæcenas, if you can,
How comes it, that no mortal man
Is with his lot in life content,
Whether he owes it to the bent
Of his free choice, or fortune's whim
And why is there such charm for him
In the pursuit his neighbour plies?
'Oh happy, happy merchants!' cries
The soldier crippled with the banes
Of age, and many hard campaigns.
'A soldier's is the life for me!'
The merchant shouts, whilst on the sea
His argosies are tossing far;
'For, mark ye, comes the tug of war,
Host grapples host, and in a breath
'Tis glorious victory or death!'
The lawyer deems the farmer blest,
When roused at cock-crow from his rest
By clients—those prodigious bores—
Thundering *réveillé* on his doors;
Whilst he, by business dragged to town
From farmy field and breezy down,
Vows happiness is only theirs,
Who dwell in crowded streets and squares.
The cases of this kind we see,
So multitudinous they be,
Would tire e'en Fabius' self, that fount
Of endless babble, to recount.
But to my point at once I'll come,
Lest you should think me wearisome.
Suppose some god to say, 'For you
What you're so eager for I'll do.
Be you a merchant, man of war!
You, farmer, get ye to the bar!
Change places! To your clients you,
You to your fields! What's here to do?
Not stir? 'Tis yours, and yet you scorn
The bliss you pined for night and morn.'
Heavens! Were it not most fitting, now,
That Jove at this should fume, and vow,
He never, never would again
Give credence to the prayers of men?
But to proceed, and not to seem
To skim the surface of my theme,
Like one who has no higher views
Than with quaint fancies to amuse:—
Yet why should truth not be impress'd
Beneath the cover of a jest,

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As teachers, gentlest of their tribe,
Their pupils now and then will bribe
With cakes and sugar-plums to look
With favour on their spelling-book?
Still, be this as it may, let us
Treat a grave subject gravely—thus:
The man who turns from day to day
With weary plough the stubborn clay,
Yon vintner—an exceeding knave,
The soldier, sailors rashly brave,
Who sweep the seas from pole to pole,
All, to a man, protest their sole
Incentive thus to toil and sweat
Is a bare competence to get,
On which to some calm nook they may
Retire, and dream their age away.
Just as the tiny ant—for this
Their favourite illustration is—
Whate'er it can away will sweep,
And add to its still growing heap,
Sagacious duly to foresee,
And cater for the time to be.
True sage, for when Aquarius drear
Enshrouds in gloom the inverted year,
She keeps her nest, and on the hoard
Subsists, her prudent care has stored;
Whilst you nor summer's fervent heat
From the pursuit of wealth can beat,
Nor winter, fire, nor sword, nor wrack—
Nothing can daunt, or hold you back,
As long as lives the creature, who
Can brag he's wealthier than you.
Where is the pleasure, pray unfold,
Of burying your heaps of gold
And silver in some darkling hole,
With trepidation in your soul?
Diminish them, you say, and down
They'll dwindle to a paltry crown.
But say you don't, what beauty lies
In heaps, however huge their size?
Suppose your granaries contain
Measures ten thousandfold of grain,
Your stomach will not, when you dine,
Hold one iota more than mine.
Like the poor slave, that bears the sack
Of loaves upon his aching back,
You'll get no more, no, not one jot,
Than does his mate, who carries nought.
Or say, what boots it to the man,
Who lives within boon Nature's plan,
Whether he drive his ploughshare o'er
A thousand acres or five score?
But then, you urge, the joy is deep
Of taking from a bulky heap.

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Still, if we're free to pick out all
Our needs require from one that's small,
What better with your barns are you,
Than we with our poor sack or two?
Let us imagine, you desire
Some water, and no more require
Than might be in a jar ta'en up,
Or even, shall we say, a cup;
'I will not touch this trickling spring,
But from yon rolling river bring
What store I want,' you proudly cry.
Well, be it so! But by and by
Those who still strive and strain, like you,
For something more than is their due,
By surly Aufidus will be
Swept with its banks into the sea;
Whilst he, who of no plenty thinks,
Than for his wants suffices, drinks
His water undefiled with mud,
Nor sinks unpitied in the flood.
But most men, blinded and controlled
By the delusive lust of gold,
Say that they never can obtain
Enough; because a man, they're fain
To think, is prized, and prized alone
For just so much as he may own.
What's to be done with fools like these?
Let them be wretched, if they please!
They have their comforts, it appears,
Like that rich knave, who met the jeers
Of the Athenian mob with this:
'The people hoot at me, and hiss,
But I at home applaud myself,
When in my chest I view my pelf.'
See Tantalus, parch'd sinner, gasp
To catch the stream that slips his grasp!
Nay, smile not! change the name, of you
The story will be quite as true.
With panting breath and sleepless eye,
Upon your hoarded bags you lie,
And can no more their stores abridge,
Than if to touch were sacrilege,
But gaze and gloat on them, as though
They were mere pictures. Would you know,
What money can avail, and what
The uses may from it be got?
Buy bread, some herbs, a flask of wine,
To these add whatsoe'er, in fine,
Our human nature, if denied,
Feels pinch'd for and unsatisfied.
That's common sense. But, day and night,
To watch and ward, half dead with fright,
To live in dread of thieves and fire,
Nay, let your very servants tire

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Your soul with panic, lest they strip
Your house, and give yourself the slip,
If these the joys that riches give,
Heaven keep me beggar'd while I live!
But if, you say, you catch a cold,
Or any other illness hold
You fast in bed, you can provide
Some one to sit by your bedside,
To nurse and tend you, and beseech
The doctor with caressing speech,
To cure your ailments, and restore you
To kith and kindred, that adore you.
'Tis all delusion! Neither wife
Nor son pray heaven to spare your life:
Neighbours, acquaintance, boy and girl,
All, all detest you for a churl.
And can you wonder, you who deem
Mere wealth above all things supreme,
If none vouchsafe that loving thought,
For which your life has never wrought?
No! In the chariot-race to train
A jackass to obey the rein
Were just as hopeless, as to win
Or keep the fond regards of kin,
Though linked by nature's ties, or friend,
Without some labour to that end.
Then let this lust of hoarding cease;
And, if your riches shall increase,
Stand less in dread of being poor,
And, having managed to secure
All that was once your aim, begin
To round your term of toiling in;
Nor act like that Umidius, who
(Brief is the tale) was such a screw,
Although so rich, he did not count
His wealth, but measured its amount,
That any slave went better dress'd,
And to the last he was possess'd
By dread that he should die of sheer
Starvation. Well, the sequel hear!
His housekeeper, tried past all bearing,
With more than Clytemnestra's daring
Resolved to cure him of his pain,
So cleft him with an axe in twain.
'What is the counsel, then, you give?
That I like Mænius should live,
Or Nomentanus?' Are you mad?
Extremes in either way are bad.
When I dissuade you from the vice
Of grasping, sordid avarice,
I do not counsel you to be
A spendthrift and a debauchee.
A line there is, not hard to draw,
'Twixt Tanaïs and the sire-in-law

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Of young Visellius. Yes, there is
A mean in all such things as this;
Certain fix'd bounds, which either way
O'erstep, and you must go astray.
And so this brings me round again
To what I started from, that men
Are like the miser all in this:
They ever think their state amiss,
And only those men happy, who
A different career pursue;
Pine, if their neighbour's she-goat bears
An ampler store of milk than theirs;
Ne'er think how many myriads are
Still poorer than themselves by far,
And with unceasing effort labour
To get a point beyond their neighbour.
So does some wight, more rich than they,
For ever bar their onward way;
Just as, when launch'd in full career,
On, onwards strains the charioteer
To outstrip the steeds that head the pace,
And scorns the laggards in the race.
And thus it happens, that we can
So rarely light upon a man,
Who may, with perfect truth confess,
His life was one of happiness;
And, when its destined term is spent,
Can from its way retire content,
And like a well replenish'd guest.
But now I've prosed enough; and lest
You think I have purloined the olio,
That crams Crispinus's portfolio,
That pink of pedants most absurd,
I will not add one other word.



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THE NEW CONFESSIONAL.

THE boldness with which the entire system of the Confessional has been reintroduced into the English Church, and the apathy with which its members have looked on while this once dreaded image has been, so to speak, unveiled by its chief votary, are assuredly among the most suggestive and remarkable of those religious phenomena which the historian of a future age will have to solve. Scarcely two centuries have passed away since an eminent divine (then Archdeacon of Middlesex) contributed to that great collection of controversial tracts which ushered in the Revolution of 1688, and to which Macaulay assigns so high a rank in the literature of the age, a masterly refutation of auricular confession as practised in the Church of Rome. Contrasting her course with that of the Church of England at this point, he observes:

> As for the Church of England in particular, though she hath no fondness for mountebank medicines, as observing them to be seldom successful, yet she is not wanting in her care and compassion to the souls of those under her guidance. . . . Indeed she hath not set up a confessor's chair in every parish, nor much less placed the priest in the seat of God Almighty, as thinking it safer, at least in ordinary cases, to remit men to the text of the written word of God and to the public ministry thereof, for a resolution of conscience, than to the secret oracle of a priest in a corner, and advises them rather to observe what God himself declares of the nature and guilt of sin, the aggravations or abatements of it, and the terms and conditions of pardon, than what a priest pronounces.[1]

How long it will be permitted us to draw this contrast, unless the great body of the laity assist us to preserve it, appears at the present moment a very doubtful question. While, however, the modern fusionists and adiaphorists are engaged in 'calculating an Interim for the meridian of England,' it seems not inopportune to say a few words on a subject whose manifold and complex elements bring it into the region of 'social science' as well as of religious controversy.

No question, it may be affirmed, is more truly a subject of general interest; none is more penetrating in its influence on the entire social system than that of the confessional —that 'carnificina conscientiarum,' as our ancestors were not afraid to call it—with all its terrible forms of interrogatory for probing and rankling wounds which it not unfrequently reopens and even inflicts, and the no less perilous remedies with which it 'heals them lightly'—some of the great Roman doctors even declaring that 'the priest ought to absolve a man upon his saying that he detests his sin, though at the same time the confessor doth not believe that he doth so.'[2] We shall not therefore trespass upon the domain of divinity (even in literature a 'peculiar jurisdiction') if we endeavour to put the reader in possession of a few facts which will enable him to form a more accurate judgment on the extravagant claims which are now forced upon his attention. Fortunately there is something in the English mind which naturally and almost necessarily revolts against all exaggerated pretensions of this kind. When such claims are urged upon us we are apt to 'reduce them to their simplest terms,' in the manner in which that 'ingenious gentleman, Mr. Andrew Marvel' brought down to a practical issue the claims of the Nicene fathers to a direct inspiration: 'If so many of them,

[1] Archdeacon Goodman, *Of Auricular Confession* (1684), p. 4.
[2] Bauny, *Escobar and Suarez*, ap. Goodman, p. 43.

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when they got together, acted like rational men, 'twas enough in all reason, and as much as could be expected.'[1] Let us then first glance at the history and claims of auricular confession, and then at the nature of the object it proposes to us—a sacerdotal absolution. Upon the scriptural claims of the confessional we need dwell but for a moment. The famous passage of St. James has been absolutely invalidated for such a purpose by almost every interpreter of learning, and by none more completely than by the great Cardinal Cajetan, who here at least fraternises with his adversary Luther. The confession here spoken of is, as he affirms, merely mutual and general with a view to mutual prayer and intercession, and not priestly or sacramental. In like manner, the charge 'Go show yourselves to the priests,' has been restrained to our Lord himself, as the only antitype of the Levitical priesthood, by every honest interpreter from the days of St. Ambrose to those of Bede. Of the commission given by our Lord to the apostles after the resurrection we shall have occasion to speak hereafter. What, then, is the proper origin of auricular or private confession which, though comparatively unknown in the Eastern Church, developed itself so early and vigorously in the west? The good and learned Beatus Rhenanus, who forms one of the most interesting links between ante-Tridentine Romanism and early Protestantism, tells us that the question greatly puzzled him until he found a gleam of light in the works of Theodulfus, Bishop of Orleans, who flourished in the time of Charlemagne. 'In the first place,' writes that eminent ritualist, 'we ought to confess to God and then to the priest; because the confession which is made to the priest gives us this kind of assistance that by means of his godly counsel we may remove the stain of our sins by the salutary observations of repentance or by mutual prayer.'—In agreement with which are the well known words of our own Archbishop Theodore: 'The confession which is made to God alone purges sins, while that to the priest tells us how they may be purged.'

Now here we have the confessional in its simplest and most innocent form—a mere consultative tribunal, if it can be even called as much. The object it proposes seems rather to obtain the advice and direction of the only guides who were then enabled to give them than to procure an absolution on such terms as the power of the priesthood might be able to exact. It was a voluntary act, engaged in not periodically or perfunctorily, but as occasion rendered it desirable. This stage is the more interesting to us of the Church of England inasmuch as it exactly represents the state to which our reformers brought back the practice, viz., a simple consultation with a godly man (either *lay* or cleric, for our Homily on Repentance distinctly includes the former) in order to our direction and improvement under special circumstances and in special difficulties.[2] But the consultative office was too likely, in days when personal rights were undefined and a shadowy theocracy overhung every civil power, to pass into an authoritative one; and whatever acquires a positive authority soon assumes a judicial form.

This, as the great Bishop Ricci shows us, was the course of the Roman See in its appellate jurisdic-

[1] *Short Historical Essay on Creeds, &c.*

[2] Beatus Rhenanus indicates the *ignorance* of the laity as the only ground of their incompetence in this matter, in the words, 'Vides igitur necessarium fuisse sacerdotis uti consilio quatenus institutis pœnitentiæ legibus fieret satis, *quæ laicis non perinde cognita erant.*'—*In Tertull. de Pœnit.*

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tion. From being a mere consultative tribunal, to which recourse was had, 'perchè la chiesa di quella città era incontrastabilmente la più rispettabile,' it became at last a court of appellate jurisdiction; a laudable deference became the foundation of an established right, and the spiritual claim passed imperceptibly into the temporal. In the case of the confessional, this was greatly assisted by the numberless penitential canons, which formed a regular code of moral and criminal law, and which were drawn up at a period when public penances were still the practice of the Church; and when the civil and religious authorities carried on a kind of mixed jurisdiction. What could be easier or more natural than to transfer this ready-made code from the public tribunals of the Church to this private court, keeping for the Papal chair itself that goodly catalogue of 'reserved cases,' which, even to the most skilful confessor, are forbidden ground? But as a necessary consequence, with the judicial decrees the judicial process must be introduced also. How can the confessor prescribe the remedy unless he knows the disease? How can the patient be expected to tell him the symptoms unless he have the power of interrogating him, or know the depth and direction of the wound unless he carefully probe it? By means of this false analogy between bodily and mental disease, which is drawn out by the Roman divines in all its minutest features, the most terrible of the engines of the confessional—the right of interrogation—was introduced so stealthily and so triumphantly, that we almost wonder to hear that as late as the time of St. Raymund de Pennaforti, the great introducer of the Inquisition (1200), there were those who affirmed that 'the priest ought not to interrogate the penitent.[1] The dangers of this interrogatory were, however, even then so apparent that St. Raymund himself observes:—'I advise that in interrogations you should not descend to special sins or special circumstances; since many perchance, after many such interrogations, have fallen who would not have thought of such things otherwise.'[2]

When the danger was more fully developed, after the Reformation, we find that the Council of Trent itself and St. Charles Borromeo anxiously caution the confessors of their Church against the danger of suggesting to their penitents the very sins they are eager to guard them against. Of the state of the confessional in its full development, Beatus Rhenanus gives us a most interesting account in his admirable commentary on Tertullian. He was able in this instance to recall the experience of a still more remarkable forerunner of the Reformation, John Geiler of Keysersburg, who from the Carthusians and Franciscans he was constantly visiting, had heard more of the terrors of the system than most others in that earlier day. Among the acquaintances he thus formed was that of a pious Carthusian, who, through the inevitable imperfections which he discovered in the most elaborate and exquisite methods by which this mental torture could be applied, began to despair of the salvation of any one, and meditated suicide by starvation—'apocarteresin cogitabat'—the only method, it may be presumed, consistent with monastic discipline. No wonder that the good Geiler wrote a book upon what he, not inappropriately, calls the '*Beichtweh*'—the *morbus confessionis*, as Rhenanus phrases it.[3] Yet this

[1] Raymondi de Pennaforti, *Summa*, l. iii. tit. xxiv.
[2] Id. ibid.
[3] B. Rhen. *In Tertull. de Pœnit.* Ed. Erasmi, 1550, p. 471.

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is the system which, in all its most recent improvements, with all the accessions it has received since we parted with it at the Reformation, is now being introduced again among us; this is the 'domestic institution' which is now being brought into our Church with all its most revolting features in front, and, strange to say, we look on with indifference, and almost complacency, as if we were merely surveying a mediæval curiosity. Yet it cannot be denied that our forefathers were as anxious to guard us against this danger as they were to protect us against any of the corruptions of the Roman system. The Homily on Repentance, which receives a solemn ratification in our very Articles, declares that 'auricular confession hath not his warrant of God's word.' And the mind of our Church appears no less clearly in the Commination Service, where she expresses a wish that public penances for notorious sins could be reintroduced; 'instead whereof' (she adds) 'it is thought good'—not to remit you to the confession of them to your proper priests, but 'to read to you the general sentences of God's cursing against impenitent sinners.' Here is a distinct proof that she considered auricular confession to be entirely abrogated, and had nothing to offer in lieu of it but a general penitential office, which, where the confessional is established, would be altogether a superfluity. 'The primitive Christians,' as Archbishop Wake assures us, 'practised no other penance than that of public discipline. For private faults,' he adds, 'they exhorted their penitents to confess them to God, and unless some particular circumstances required the communication of them to the priest, plainly signified that that confession was not only in itself sufficient, but in effect was more agreeable to Holy Scripture than any other.'[1]

We would ask the reader to conceive some great public tribunal suddenly converted into a private and secret one—the entire penitential code of the Church entrusted to private and irresponsible hands—a power of examination by interrogatory, which not even the public tribunals of the Church exercised in its penitential process, assigned to the caprice of an individual—and he will be able better to estimate the dangers which threaten us again from that mysterious tribunal which is all but inaugurated in the very midst of us. There are many circumstances both in its history and practice which might be dwelt upon with some advantage, but there is one which has been so prominently brought forward by the advocates of the system that it is an imperative duty to confront them at this point. This relates to those sins against the purity of the Christian life and conversation of which the teaching of the Church was and ought ever to be, 'But fornication and all uncleanness: *let it not once be named among you.*' (Eph. v. 3.) The practice and very principle of the confessional is on the other hand to bring such sins into the highest relief. Now the ancient fathers, and more especially the early ascetics, who had more deeply than any penetrated into the recesses of the human heart and unravelled its many entanglements, arrived at the just conclusion (which St. Paul seems to imply wherever he imposes this sacred silence) that in certain cases the very thought and recollection of sin might become anew a *fomes peccati*, and that the mere giving to the wandering and evanescent thought of sin 'a local habitation and a name' might turn it into the fuel of sin, and give solidity and

[1] *Exposition of the Doctrine of the Church of England* (against Bossuet), p. 41.

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consistency to what else might pass away like any other morbid symptom, leaving no trace of its existence behind. When the famous John Cassian, the pupil and friend of St. Chrysostom, visited the monasteries and cells of Egypt, he gathered this good counsel from one of the greatest of the abbots of that day, whose simple and sensible doctrine on repentance presents the most singular contrast to the scholastic puzzle, which the sacrament of penance was reduced to in the Council of Trent. Germanus (who accompanied Cassian) having asked the abbot 'whether the remembrance of past sins ought not to be diligently retraced,' he replied—

This ought not to be done; nay even if it should violently intrude itself it ought to be instantly expelled. . . . . For when you recall those things which you have committed according to the Prince of this world, whether through ignorance or lust—even though I grant you that in this recollection no satisfaction (*oblectatio*) might insinuate itself—assuredly even the mere contagion of the old impurity must tend to corrupt the mind by its rankness and to exclude the spiritual odour of virtues, that is to say the sweet savour of good. When, therefore, the recollection of former vices strikes the sense, we ought to start away from it as an honest and grave man would shrink from an immodest woman's presence and conversation. . . . . For it often happens that when any one of the inexperienced retraces in his memory his own falls and those of others with a sentiment of compunction, he is himself smitten by a pleasurable assent to this most subtle temptation, and a beginning entered upon with an appearance of piety, closes with an impure and injurious end. 'For there are ways which appear right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' Wherefore we ought rather to endeavour to provoke ourselves to a laudable compunction by the appetite for virtue and the desire of the kingdom of heaven, than by the odious recollections of vice.

Thus far this good Abbot of Panephysis, who, agreeably with the doctrine, advises those who—blush to confess their sins before men, to confess them with earnest supplication to God, in order that by that good confession, 'My sin is ever before me, and mine iniquity have I not hid,' they may be able to add, 'And thou hast put away the iniquity of my sin.' For He 'absque ullius verecundiæ publicatione curare et sine improperio peccata donare consuevit.'[1]

We now come to consider the end for which the new confessional system is proposed to us—the absolution which closes this melancholy task of wandering through paths of sinful thought which, in order to be enabled to forsake, we ought at least to be permitted, if not even enjoined to forget. The figures of 'binding and loosing,' 'remitting and retaining,' seem ever to the Church to have involved the same meaning. 'Remissio peccatorum solutio est' writes St. Augustine, who continually illustrates the work of Christ in forgiving sin, and of the Church in relieving the penitent from the temporal consequences of sin, by the case of Lazarus—called to life by Christ—summoned by him to come forth from the grave—yet having one single impediment left, which those who caused it were commanded to remove.

Some will say [he asks on one occasion], what profits the Church if he thus comes forth raised to life by the Lord's voice? What benefit doth the Church give to the confessor—that Church to which the Lord said, 'Whatever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven?' Consider the case of Lazarus. *Already he lived by his confession,* but he did not walk free, impeded as he was with bonds. What then doth the Church to whom it was said, 'Whomsoever ye loose shall be loosed,' unless it be that the Lord said at once to his disciples, 'Loose him and let him go?'[2]

Elsewhere he applies the same doctrine to every Christian, showing how we may all be said to bind and loose our brethren.

You have begun [he writes] to account your

[1] *Cassiani Collationes*, pp. coll. xx. cc. 8, 9.
[2] Augustin. *De Verbis Evang.* Matt. xi. Serm. 66.

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brother a publican and a sinner. *You have bound him on earth.* See that you bind him justly, for justice breaks through unjust bonds. But when you have reproved and become reconciled with your brother *you have loosed him upon earth*; and when you have loosed him upon earth, he shall be loosed in heaven.[1]

And the old and simple doctrine of absolution could not be better shadowed forth. Christ calls to life, frees, absolves—but the single impediment which the Church is permitted to interpose to the perfect communion and enjoyment of all her privileges, the Church herself is commanded to remove, 'Loose him and let him go.'—Hence Lord Bacon takes exception against our general form of absolution, 'because it hath neither penance nor excommunication precedent. *For the Church never looseth but where the Church hath bound.*[2] King James, whose flatterers at the Hampton Court Conference (as Bishop Barlow tells us) 'were fully persuaded that his Majesty spoke by the instinct of the Spirit of God'—and they were mostly themselves bishops—was of the same view. For he said, 'Where there precedes not either excommunication or penance, there needs no absolution.[3]

To suppose then that the church by absolving her members freed them from their sins would carry with it the supposition that she had bound them with them; while the view that she merely relieves of them of the temporal penalty is in perfect agreement with the admitted truth that this is all that she is able to bind upon them. Accordingly, absolution in the ancient Church was simply the reconciliation of the penitent by laying on of hands after the completion of his penance. The Roman and Anglo-Roman usage inverts this primitive order, for here we find remission of sins given after confession, and before their proper satisfaction. In order to gain the admission of its higher pretensions, the Roman Church complacently adapted itself to the relaxed usages of modern society. A very curious relic of the more ancient theory of absolution survived even in that Church in the absolution of a dead body for the purpose of admitting it to Christian burial, of which Würdtwein gives us an instance in the solemn absolution of the corpse of a canon of Cologne by Bernardus de Berne, an official of the Archbishop. Another more conspicuous case was the absolution of the dead body of the Emperor Henry by a brief of Pope Urban V. If these were any more than removals of some temporal impediment, they would involve an invasion by the 'forum militantis ecclesiæ' as Cajetan calls it, of the 'forum Jesu Christi regnantis in cœlo.' But it will be said, the charge 'whosesoever sins,' &c. is so introduced into the Ordination Services of our Church as to indicate the collation with those words of some great spiritual power. Let us examine this question more closely.

In determining the true meaning to be attached to the words, 'Whosesoever sins,' &c., addressed to the recipient of priest's orders in the Church of England, we ought first to determine the meaning of the words as originally employed by our Lord; and, secondly, the qualifications which they must receive in their later application, when, the extraordinary powers of the apostolic order having passed away, the authority of the Church entered into ordinary and regular channels.[4]

If the words of Christ are ex-

[1] Serm. 82, in verba, 'Si peccaverit in te frater tuus.'
[2] *Seasonable Considerations*, p. 15, ed. 1689. [3] *Summe of the Conference* (1604), p. 8.
[4] Quemadmodum Christus potestatem habuit superiorem Apostolicâ, ita nec Apostolis

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amined critically, and in connection with the co-ordinate commission to bind and loose which is given to St. Peter (Matt. xvi. 19), we must assign to them the meaning which would have been undoubtedly given them by their Jewish hearers—these forms of speech occurring nowhere in Scripture but in these places, and in the Talmudical and rabbinical writings, in which we find instances of them, and which give us the only key to their interpretation. The 'binding' and 'loosing' would mean, according to the Jewish usage, the declaring what is lawful or unlawful under the law—the application of 'the key of knowledge' to the written law of God—the declaration of the extent and the limits of precept and rite under the Mosaic code. And this, as conferred upon the apostles, gave them the function of authoritatively determining all those intricate questions whicharose out of the relations between the old and new dispensations, whose solution fills so large a space in the apostolic epistles. In this sense, the authority to bind or to loose might, as has been observed by a learned writer already referred to, be paraphrased thus—'Ab ore vestro, authoritate, et definitionibus, pendebit regula licitorum et illicitorum.'

In the second passage, while the same figure is preserved, and the words 'binding' and 'loosing' give place to the kindred terms, 'retaining' and 'remitting,' several points of important distinction present themselves in the context, and in the circumstances under which the privilege is renewed. First, it succeeds that insufflation by which the Holy Ghost was directly conveyed to the first followers of our Lord, and stands in the closest possible combination with that power of immediately conferring the Holy Spirit which was afterwards exercised by the apostles, and with those miraculous gifts which 'confirmed the word with signs following;' and were the appointed token of this immediate possession of the Spirit of God. There can therefore be no question that these words (whatever ordinary powers or privileges they transmit to the Church in later ages) conveyed also to those who were immediately addressed in them certain extraordinary and special powers which have the character of a personal privilege, of which the canon law affirms, 'privilegium personale personam sequitur, et extinguitur cum personâ.' That portion of the privilege which depended on conditions which cannot be perpetuated cannot revive, detached as it is from its results, 'suis indicibus authoritate et effectu viduata;' as has been the case in extreme unction, where the miraculous result having ceased, the Reformed Churches, with one consent, disused the rite itself. What then remains, and what does our Church assume to remain, of this privilege when she adopts these words in the ordination of priests, and in the form of absolution in the Visitation Service?

First, let us examine the circumstances under which the words are introduced in the former case. And here three important historical facts occur to us which lead on to a very obvious conclusion.

1. The ancient ritual books of the Roman and Western Churches, with scarcely a single exception, omit the sentence, 'Whosesoever sins,' &c., altogether. A few service books direct the singing of the antiphony, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost,' by the clergy assisting; while a very few indeed, and those of a later

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æquantur eorum successores; neque pari vi defluxêre ad posteros primorum jura et privilegia. Gradatim descenditur ad statum fixum, in quo tandem requiescere oportet, nisi forsan reviviscant miracula.—Burnet, *De Fide et Officiis Christianorum* (1728), p. 193.

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date, insert the additional words as we have them. This is largely shown by Martene.[1]

2. Although these words are found so seldom, and so late, they gave occasion to some of the schoolmen to allege their necessity to the perfection of the office; and although all the Western Ritualists and the great Roman divines have ever strenuously denied this necessity, our Church, from the fear of mutilating an office upon whose integrity so much depended, retained them in this place.

3. But in order to show what meaning she assigned to them, and that they did not convey (as had been asserted) an authority to confer a sacramental absolution whose foundation she had absolutely destroyed (Art. xxv.), she added these words—'And be thou a faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of His holy Sacraments'—words not to be found in the Roman order, nor, as far as our knowledge goes, in any pre-Reformation office of the kind whatever.

The conclusion, then, seems inevitable that our Church designed to use these words wholly in a different sense from that in which the Roman Church uses them in connection with her sacrament of penance. And this, if it is not sufficiently cleared up in the Invitation in our Communion Service to those troubled in conscience, is abundantly cleared up in the Homily on Repentance, which forms a paraphrase upon it. The passage in the former case stands thus:

> Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned minister of God's Word, and open his grief, that by the ministry of God's Holy Word, he may receive the benefit of Absolution, &c.

Now, first, we will compare these words with the corresponding invitation of the communion office of 1547, and then with the words of the Homily on Repentance. The former runs thus:

> Let him come to me, or to some other discreet and learned priest, taught in the law of God, and confess and open his sin and grief secretly, that he may receive such ghostly counsel, &c., that his conscience may be relieved, and that *of us as a minister of God and of the Church*, he may receive comfort and absolution, &c.

We note, first, that the words 'minister of God's word' are substituted for 'priest taught in the law of God'—a change which is not without significance, inasmuch as the one implies rather the application of what the homily calls 'the comfortable salve of God's word,' while the other refers to the old laws which regulated the confessional in the day when it was still in use. In the next place, the invitation in the former passage extends from the ordinary and appointed minister to any other minister of God's word, who, inasmuch as he could have no authority to absolve (on the ground of his having no jurisdiction), could only be able to apply the consolations of the gospel in a general sense, and not as a penitential priest. At this point, there is a singular contrast in the words of the earlier invitation; for while the latter one reserves 'for *us* as a minister of God' the absolution promised in this case, the other assigns to any godly minister the work of absolution, which becomes in this case a new function, bearing no resemblance to that which the laws of the whole Church had restricted to the parish priest alone. When we proceed to compare both these documents with the subsequent teaching of the Homily on Repentance (representing respectively the years 1547, 1552, and 1562), we find a still more remarkable change. For this document, which the articles of 1562 expressly authorise as a good and

[1] *De Antiquis Eccl. Ritibus*, vol. ii. p. 316. Ed. Rotomag. 1700.

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wholesome doctrine, says of persons troubled in conscience that 'they may repair to their learned curate or pastor, *or to some other godly, learned man*,' that they 'may receive at their hand the comfortable salve of God's word,' denouncing in the very same passage the 'numbering of sins' in confession, and the whole system of auricular confession, as 'having not the warrant of God's word.' Now, here we have not only the clergy, but the laity brought into the ministry, for the 'other godly and learned man' can only point to some discreet and judicious layman, unless we suppose either that the jurisdiction of a parish priest is entirely set aside, or (which is still more incredible) that two priests answering this description and with co-ordinate jurisdiction, existed at this time in every parish in England.

Nor were the authors of the Homily altogether destitute of authorities in this instance, for not only had the Master of the Sentences, Albertus Magnus, Alexander ab Ales, St. Bonaventura, St. Thomas Aquinas, and others of great name, assigned the power of hearing confessions even to laymen, but our own Lanfranc had laid down the general rule, 'Sin nec in ordinibus ecclesiasticis cui confitearis invenis; vir mundus ubicunque sit requiratur.' Martene gives numerous and ancient instances of the exercise of this right: one, a very remarkable case, in which a layman confessing to a layman received absolution 'juxta potestatem suam.'[1] But, however this may be, it must be apparent that the form 'that by the ministry of God's word he may receive absolution,' is not one which can possibly be brought into agreement with the doctrine of the Church of Rome, now reintroduced into our own—for the absolution would rather in this case be from the authority and office of the priest than by the ministry of God's Word.[2] In conformity with her altered views on the sacrament of penance, our Church excluded from her services those forms of private confession and absolution by which the officiating priests prepared themselves for their public function; and in place of them, inserted those general forms of confession and absolution which form so distinctive a feature in our daily services and in the office of communion. The structure of these prayers is in exact conformity to the doctrine expressed in the Homily, and represents the idea of absolution in a totally different aspect from that under which it is presented in the Church of Rome, exhibiting the remission of sins as effected by the application of God's word to the conscience, and by the acquisition of His Spirit in the heart: not through the restoration, in any form, of the tribunal of the confessional, or the sacramental power of absolution. The prayer in the Communion Service, though it passes from the declaratory form (which may be said, inasmuch as it is altogether a new form, to represent the Reformed doctrine and usages) into the more ancient deprecatory form, in no degree obscures the view of absolution presented in our daily services; for the deprecatory form carries us back more than any other to the duty, and establishes the efficacy of, that mutual intercession enjoined by St. James, where, as Cajetan observes, there is no allusion to sacramental confession, but only to that mutual confession of sin by which we

[1] The Würtemberg Confession makes the 'hearing of the gospel' equivalent to 'absolution,' and recommends confession as a means of 'enabling men to hear the gospel of Christ concerning the remission of sins.' Is not this the true meaning of our own phrase, that 'by the ministry of God's word he may receive absolution?'

[2] Martene, tom. ii. p. 38.

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may be led to pray for one another. But from this form, which every Christian might use of another, and every Christian ought to use in some manner in behalf of all men, we pass on to that single instance of the use of the Roman and direct form of absolution appointed, or rather permitted, in the visitation of the sick. Here a very singular preliminary feature appears in the rubric which introduces it. It is only authorised in cases where the penitent shall 'humbly and heartily desire it,' which clearly indicates it to be a concession to those who had joined the Church of England, and yet still clung to the popular form of absolution; while, in order to remove the errors which were connected with the usage, and to bring back the mind of the penitent to the only really absolving power, the form in question, which properly ought to have closed the whole office, is supplemented by a collect, which asks absolution for the sinner from God, and entreats Him to 'impute not unto him his former sins'—words which would have no meaning if the absolution just before pronounced had the signification which is now assigned it, and which show that this direct and personal form is only a special application of the general forms in the services of the Church, made in a case in which the conditions of a true repentance had been fulfilled as far as possible. The words of St. Ambrose exhibit the true sense of the Church in regard to this doctrine:—'The word of God remits sins: the priest is the judge. The priest, indeed, sets forth his office, but exercises none of the rights of power.'[1] The same view is more largely developed by the Master of the Sentences, who concludes:

> We may say and believe this: that God alone remits and retains sins; and yet hath conferred upon the Church the power of binding and loosing, but, in another sense from that, in which He binds and looses: for He by Himself alone remits sin; for He cleanses the soul from the inward stain, and frees it from the debt of eternal death. But this He hath not conceded to the priests, to whom, nevertheless, He has granted the power of binding and loosing, that is, of showing men to be bound or loosed. Whence the Lord first, by Himself, restored the leper to health, and then sent him to the priests, by whose judgment he would be declared cleansed.[2]

There is no question that the old deprecatory form then in use was more in conformity with this doctrine than the newer form, which belongs to the thirteenth century. For, as Radulphus Ardens, who flourished in the previous century, writes, 'We do not say, "I remit you your sins," but we say as a prayer, "May God Almighty have mercy on you."' And in like manner William of Paris: 'The Confessor does not, in the manner of secular judges, pronounce, "We absolve thee—we do not condemn thee," but prays over him that God might grant him absolution and remission, and the grace of sanctification.' The ancient form fell into disuse about the middle of the thirteenth century, and the English Church, which had, earlier than any other, adopted the direct form, enjoined it as the only and proper one in the Council of London held in 1268. While, therefore, the removal of this form would rather be a work of restoration than of innovation, it is clear that it may be so interpreted as to fall into agreement with the general doctrine of our Church, and with the other forms of absolution she has enjoined; while the meaning that is affixed to it by an extreme party in our Church, cannot in any way be reconciled with her other teaching, and would in effect restore the distinctive fea-

[1] Ambrose, *De Cain et Abel.*
[2] Sent. civ. dist. 18.

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tures of the Sacrament of Penance, which our Article has so entirely abrogated.

Still more fatally would it affect the Homily on Repentance, which makes no mention whatever of absolution, and adds, after quoting St. Ambrose's gloss on the words, 'Go, show thyself to the priest,' 'Who is the true Priest but He, which is the Priest for ever after the order of Melchizedek?' affirming that we ought to 'acknowledge none other Priest for deliverances from our sins, but our Saviour Jesus Christ; who, being Sovereign Bishop, doth with the sacrifice of His body and blood, most effectually cleanse the spiritual leprosy, and wash away the sins of all those, that with true confession of the same do flee unto Him!' But some light is thrown upon this subject by the treatment of it in the Hampton Court Conference, which is thus described by Bishop Barlow:

> Next in order was the point of Absolution, which the Lord Archbishop cleared from all abuse or superstition, as it is used in our Church of England, reading unto his Majesty both the Confession in the beginning of the Communion Book, and the Absolution following it, wherein (saith he) 'the Minister doth nothing else but pronounce an absolution in general.' His Highness perused them both in the book itself, liking and approving them, finding it to be very true, which my Lord Archbishop said: but the Bishop of London, stepping forward, added, 'It becometh us to deal plainly with your Majesty: There is also in the Communion Book another more particular and personal form of Absolution prescribed to be used in the Order for the Visitation of the Sick:' this the King desired to see, and whilst Master Dean of the Chapel was turning to it, the said Bishop alleged that not only the confessions of Augusta, Bohemia, Saxon, which he there cited, do retain and allow it, but that Master Calvin did also approve such a general kind of confession and absolution as the Church of England useth—and withal, did very well like of those which are *private*, for so he terms them. The said particular Absolution in the Common Prayer Book being read, his Majesty exceedingly well approved it, adding that it was Apostolical, and a very good ordinance, in that it was given in the name of Christ to one that desired it, and upon the clearing of his conscience.'

It is plain from this description, that this private form of absolution was not regarded at the period of the Conference in the same light in which it is regarded now—that on the one hand the Puritans, who would have most strenuously opposed it, had it really conveyed what it is now alleged to convey, offered no resistance at this point, while the bishops gave it that moderate explanation, which it is now supposed to be incapable of bearing. The king moreover appears to have attached considerable weight to the rubric, which gives it so unusual a character, and to recognise it as an exceptional form, though one which, as the Bishop of London alleged, was common to other Protestant rituals. In any case it is obvious that a special formula of this kind must be explained according to the general doctrine and forms of the Church, and that to use it as a foundation upon which the sacrament of penance, or at least a system of penitential discipline may be rebuilt, is to violate the plainest rules of interpretation, and to unsettle the whole doctrine of repentance as it was restored at the period of the Reformation.



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AMERICAN DAIRIES.

'WHOM the Gods love, die young.' This saying may serve to console the people of New York just now in connection with some startling information recently received from America. It appears that the number of infants who die in that city is far beyond all *our* experience, and that, as regards those at a somewhat more advanced age, the proportion is so unnatural that the results must be considered quite abnormal. The early death of children is too prevalent among us at home, but our condition in this respect is not nearly so sad as that of the New Yorkers. They do not complain that any one class in society is more visited than another, but the mortality is general, and their conclusion is that the grim messenger is at work secretly and in some special and peculiar manner. This subject is no new one in American experience. The same complaint has often been made, and various reasons have been suggested for the apparent fatality which reigns, and many schemes have been proposed with a view to a more hopeful state of things. But there is a cause for these numerous untimely deaths which does not appear to have attracted the attention it deserves. That cause, and we believe the principal cause, it is the object of this paper to explain; and it is believed that a perusal of the following remarks will show that there is too much truth in the statement.

We believe that the great enemy which is engaged in this work of destruction is the milk with which the little ones are fed. It must form a principal article of diet with infants and children generally, and where it contains any hurtful properties, it must exert a most baleful influence. There is always a difficulty in procuring good milk in large cities, and under the most favourable circumstances it cannot be expected that the best quality can be obtained. How do we stand in this respect ourselves? The complaint that it is impossible to procure a supply of pure milk in London, for instance, is as old as the hills; and the grievance is so universally notorious that no one but a country cousin of the most verdant complexion would dream of asking for the real unadulterated article with any hope of success. The residents in the metropolis have long been resigned to the necessity of accepting this situation of affairs with submission if not satisfaction; and they only discuss the subject in a spirit of inquiry as far as relates to the component ingredients of their 'qualifying' beverage. For it is popularly believed that there are many different modes of manufacturing milk in London, and that different 'lactifacturers' use a variety of materials in its preparation. The object is, of course, to increase the quality of the product without utterly destroying all appearance of the original fluid. People persuade themselves that they swallow a number of exceedingly nasty preparations, which have been added to disguise the weakness induced by the inundation of the real milk with water, and some think that what they drink is almost entirely composed of solids and fluids which are perfectly innocent of any connection with the cow. At the best, and without the least doubt, they partake of as much water as milk on any occasion of imbibing this luxury: and those who feel that they have no more to complain of than this consider themselves within one degree of perfection. Were this one ingredient only removed, they would have attained

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it. When they hear of other cities revelling in the enjoyment of real milk, milk as it comes from the cow, they can but sigh and wish they were as well off. We except those persons who live in the outskirts of the metropolis, and allude to the 'intramural' inhabitants who drink the water in *their* milk at first hand.[1] Such persons will hear with feelings of surprise, and we fear of jealousy also, that in New York the citizens partake of milk which undergoes no process either of dilution or adulteration. Their reflections probably will be, 'How honest the good milkmen and dairy-keepers must be. What a contrast do they afford to our griping dealers in the chalky creamless compound they compel us to purchase. But surely they must charge a much higher price than we have to pay; or perhaps water is scarce and chalk and anatto difficult to procure.' But no; the milk in New York is sold at 3*d.* per quart, and water is abundant and easy of access. The common saying that many persons don't know when they are well off, applies to these individuals whom we are supposing to be jealous of their American cousins across the ocean. They may find it difficult to believe this after what we have said about the New York milk, viz. that it is not diluted or adulterated, as a general rule. We will explain the enigma and unravel the apparent mystery; a mystery none the less, because Yankee 'cuteness could not have overlooked so easy a plan for doubling an income from the sale of milk as that for which London is so gloriously famous. We will describe the whole system, and give an account of the way in which the liberal, honest and conscientious dairykeepers and their milkmaids carry on their business in New York, and make large fortunes by selling milk that is delivered as it comes from the cow. Those who are curious on the matter may rely on receiving an accurate description, personal experience and observation enabling us to narrate the exact truth, and the details will be found sufficiently interesting to stand well on their own merits without being in any way coloured or exaggerated.

There are in the city of New York and its suburbs several dairies, some of which do a very extensive business. But no one thinks of setting up a dairy by itself. There is, of course, no grazing to be had, and hay or roots for the cows would be very expensive if imported from the country. Besides which they would not serve sufficiently well as a milk-producing aliment. The practice therefore is to establish the dairy in connection with some business which shall furnish an artificial mode of supplying food for the animals in an inexpensive manner. This is admirably managed, and in such a way as to make the two undertakings mutually beneficial. The idea might reasonably occur to one uninformed on the subject that the dairy would be attached to some factory for the production of artificial food, such as oilcake, for instance. But the ingenious man who first undertook this line of business would have scorned such a commonplace notion. The milk-producing department must have a suitable parent establishment prepared for it, and this was no other than a whiskey distillery. It is probable that the idea of the dairy was not the original

[1] This expression refers to the fact, that in the outskirts of London cows are sometimes driven round from door to door, and milked to order; the purchasers rejoicing in the idea of buying their milk fresh from the cow. The practice is for the milkmen to take the animal, every now and then, and drench her with warm water at the neighbouring mews, after which they recommence their tour. The water thus comes to the consumer at *second hand.*

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intention of the inventor, but resulted as an after-thought. He, most likely, was in the first instance the proprietor of a distillery, and being gifted with a brighter genius than had fallen to the share of other distillers, saw a first-rate opportunity of diminishing the normal expenses of the established business, and of combining with it an entirely new commercial undertaking. He possibly, also, had an eye to the prevalent taste on the part of spirit drinkers for mixing milk with the spirit; a combination of whiskey and milk being a very favourite drink with many persons. It may be that he foresaw how convenient it would be, if he maintained a retail branch of the business on the premises, to have a tap laid on for milk as well as for spirits. But these were minor points.

The first and principal benefit was obtained as follows:

In all distilleries there is, of course, a large quantity of waste liquor which results from the evaporation of the pure spirit after passing through the condenser. This liquor, which is called 'swill,' had generally been considered of no value, and merely an incumbrance. But our speculator determined to utilise it, and with that view resolved to extend his business by the addition of a new one which should afford the desired opportunity. This new undertaking was that of a dairy. It was known that the 'swill' was a powerful stimulant or agent in the production of milk in the vaccine economy, and further that the animals were very far from showing any dislike to the flavour. In this respect the quadrupeds were only imitating the human beings whose tastes they naturally respected, and were willing to follow at a humble distance by partaking of the weaker and less fiery 'residuum' which their masters rejected. The difference in quality between the spirit and the 'swill' typified the space which lay between the qualities and gifts of the human being and the beast. This accommodating behaviour of the cow was really the origin of the whole undertaking, and we are glad to give our testimony in favour of this useful creature: but good intentions often fail of good results, and the sequel illustrates the fact in relation to the animals in question. So much for the far-seeing individual who first thought of applying to a useful purpose a propensity which had always been productive of evil results. We are unacquainted with his name, but he is no worse off in this respect than many a fellow-genius. We will now describe the way in which the business is carried on, as improved and increased by several years of experience since the day when the idea first commenced to bear fruit.

We will suppose that in some quarter of the city there stands an extensive distillery. The first thing that is required is a piece of ground of sufficient extent to admit of the erection of sheds for the cows. The number to be provided for will be in proportion to the quantity of 'swill' produced in the establishment. If the desired space cannot be obtained, such as is available is devoted to the purpose, and excavations are made underneath the premises of such extent as may be needful. The stables must be close to the distillery to be at all serviceable and economical, the furthest distance allowable being the width of the street. In a well managed undertaking they are never removed further than the exactly opposite part of the roadway. As some of the distilleries do a very extensive business, and as land is very high-priced in New York, the number of cows requiring accommodation is sometimes excessively great. In one of the largest dairies in that city 3,000 animals are stabled above and underground

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in what appears an incredibly small space; but we shall see by and by that the cow is treated precisely in the same manner as any part of the distilling apparatus (except in one respect) and is considered solely as a machine for converting 'swill' into milk. They are, therefore, stowed as closely together as the utmost ingenuity of a stevedore could accomplish, if he tried.

The majority of them are kept in the stables underground, and thus where there is but little land available, a great advantage is gained as far as accommodation and space is concerned.

The animals are placed in long rows, and at the two opposite sides of the stable long troughs are fitted running the whole length of the wall. The cows thus stand in two files, the hind quarters facing inwards. At the head of each trough is the mouth of a pipe communicating with the distillery, and by this means the 'swill' is made to flow directly from the still to the stable. This method of supplying stalled animals with their food is certainly the most convenient ever practised. Wherever the stable may be situated, it is *so* easy to lay a pipe in connection with it, and immense labour is thereby saved. The quantity of 'swill' that will be consumed is easily calculated, and as there is seldom accommodation for a sufficient number of animals to exhaust the entire supply produced in the distillery, a large quantity is still left available. We shall account for this residue further on. Proper means are taken to regulate the supply of 'swill,' and occasionally it is varied in strength according to the necessities of the case. The underground stables are, of course, low, dark wretched looking dens, and worse, if possible, than some of the London subterranean cow-houses. Those above ground are by no means pleasant places, but they are ten times better than those below.

We now come to the cows themselves. These unfortunate animals are in the most pitiable situation which it is possible for any creature to be placed in. There are no animals anywhere that undergo a quarter of the misery and pain which they pass through. The horses in France which are so barbarously vivisected do certainly endure more acute physical suffering for a time, but death is not so long delayed as in the case of the poor cows in the 'whiskey' dairy. For five years, in some cases, do they endure the extreme of pain and ill treatment, and are not even allowed to expire in peace. They are, as we stated above, packed together in rows so tightly that when, as sometimes happens, one of them has lost the power of standing on its feet, it does not fall down at once, being too tightly wedged in between the others. The first thing that is done to them when they enter the stable is to make an incision in the tail, and inoculate them for the 'swill' disease. The result is that the whole of the tail shortly afterwards rots off and leaves nothing but a stump. The attendants say that it is a very fortunate thing to get these tails out of the way, and that to be troubled with the whisking of 3,000 cows' tails in the stables would be such a nuisance that they could not put up with it. As every animal is minus this appendage, a most extraordinary sight is afforded to a visitor standing at the end of the shed or vault and looking along the rows. He will see two long rows of angular, bony, tailless creatures wedged and jammed together, with short and prominent stumps protruding from the hind quarters, and looking like a succession of pegs for hanging bridles on. It is, in fact, a horrid unnatural spectacle. The inoculation results in the 'swill' disease, a kind of cow-pox in a mild form as to its immediate effect, and which

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would otherwise have speedily killed them. But from the moment they enter the stable they are doomed, and the inoculation only delays the approach of death, for nothing can afterwards save them entirely. The next event to be noticed as following the destruction of the tail is the loss of the teeth. It is true they do not feel the loss of these so much, because they have no use for them. But it is believed with good reason that they suffer very great pain whilst the decay continues. The only kind of food supplied to the poor creatures is the swill which is always pouring down the troughs, and which they swallow in immense quantities. As we noticed above, they like the taste of it, and do not refuse to drink, but they must crave for more solid food at times. They no doubt do so at first, but after a time they become as unable to partake of anything more substantial, as a confirmed drunkard who cannot eat, though he is always longing for drink. They become, in short, in a constant state of stupid intoxication, and go on drinking in the deadly poison which is to produce nourishment for thousands of infants and older persons till they are completely worn out. If they do not then die, they are sold for what they will fetch.

The longest time during which a cow can endure this kind of existence is five years, but most of them die very much sooner, and examination after death has shown that it is surprising they are able to last out a twelvemonth. The lungs are totally destroyed by ulceration, the vitals generally are decayed and wasted away. The whole of the interior of the body, in fact, is ruined by the same cause. This is not confined to the interior only; the udder is attacked at an early period of the life in the stables, and becomes as badly ulcerated as any other part. These horrible effects are produced by the want of proper food, the constant consumption of hot smoking 'swill,' by the inoculation and the unnatural position which they are compelled to maintain, as they can never lie down. They are also affected by the shocking impurity of the atmosphere, where so many poisonous breaths are mingled together and can find no free ventilation, and by the fearfully dirty state of the floor, which is neglected for an unlimited length of time. The Augean stable was no worse than this at certain periods. Hercules would have had his hands full here. The ill-fated prisoners commence losing flesh shortly after entering these abodes of wretchedness, and continue to do so till they are nothing but skin and bone. They are milked with constant regularity, and the milkmaids are so energetically industrious that the approach of death makes no difference to them. If a cow should through weakness be unable to stand, and *should* slip down between the two on either side, she is taken out and slung up by a stout band to a hook or beam overhead, and in this position the milk is taken from her. There have been instances where death has actually occurred before the milking was quite finished, and the wretched carcase has been lowered down immediately after for conveyance to the knacker's yard. Those cows which cease to yield milk and are thus useless, are purchased by butchers, and are by them fed as well as they can manage to make them eat, till they are enabled to furnish forth some slight show of meat, when they are slaughtered and positively sold for food! To see *one* of these poor tortured and mutilated creatures with no tail, and the appearance of no animal that was ever created by the Almighty, is a shocking sight; but to behold hundreds of the same kind imprisoned, starved, ill-used and stupefied with an unnatural fluid, and to know

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that a fearful disease is raging within every one of them, preying on their vitals and killing them by inches, is a spectacle which makes the blood boil in one's veins. The Creator made this animal perfect in its adaptation to our proper wants, fitting it to live in the open country, enjoying the fresh air and the sweet refreshing grass, and man has abused and ruined the useful and docile creature for the use of present gain, which he acquires at the cost of the life that was given for so different a purpose.

After what we have said about the cows, the milk that is taken from them will not appear a very desirable beverage; yet it is disposed of as fast as it can be supplied. It is not thought worth while to water it, even if it would bear dilution, and it reaches the consumer in the same state in which it left the cow. It appears at first much like any other milk, but by keeping it a short time a remarkable effect is produced. The cream which rises to the top has a thick unwholesome look, and has not the consistency of the real genuine article. Traces of its vile origin soon become apparent. In the first place it is utterly impossible that it can be clean, and the microscope would reveal a multitude of horrors which would cause any beholder to forswear the use of milk for ever after. This 'cream' turns putrid in a few hours, and emits at an early period a most unpleasant odour. The whole of the milk together must be nothing less than a slow poison. The effect which is produced by its use is undoubtedly most injurious. Before we had heard anything about the 'swill' dairies we easily traced to its use some very distressing symptoms, and even actual choleraic effects, and we thenceforth avoided it; a resolution on which we heartily congratulated onrselves when we learned the facts narrated above. Its action, after drinking it, is far from uncertain or feeble; it is positive and most active, and those who become accustomed to its use must be gradually undermining their own constitutions. Thousands of persons *do* become habituated to it, and it is quite certain that it is dispensed in enormous quantities. But a delicate stomach would infallibly turn from it with loathing; and how any person could continue to use it after having been informed on the subject of its production is to us a mystery. Its effects on young children, and especially on infants, must be much more powerful than in the case of their elders, and it is not astonishing that the mortality among them should be so great. The only wonder is that any of them survive it; and perhaps if the truth were known scarcely one infant in fifty is thus fortunate. The housekeepers of New York cannot be sure of the source whence their milk is derived, and it is quite likely that in many cases they purchase the 'swill' milk when under the impression that it is from grass-fed cows.

There is another thing worthy of notice in connection with the quality of this milk, and that is the utterly disgusting and filthy state of the pails and cans used at the dairy. We are quite certain they are never cleaned, i.e. properly scalded out, and their appearance at any time is more that of a dirty stable bucket than a milk pail. The effect of constantly using them in such a dark and filthy place, and for holding such a fluid, necessitates a great deal more labour in cleaning than the attendants have any idea of devoting. If they see that they need scouring they do not appreciate the necessity, and so far they are perfectly consistent with their general way of thinking. A little more or less dirt makes no difference to them. We have not yet described these attendants, and as they are not

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exactly according to English notions of a dairymaid, they are worthy of a few lines.

The dairymaids then, or milkmaids, are in the first place not maidens but men. *Our* idea of these useful attendants is usually that of a blooming country girl, blithe and fresh-looking, and we are reminded that poetry is not silent on the charms of a milkmaid. But if poetry could make anything suitable out of a 'swill' milkmaid, its representative has yet to be born capable of employing such a means of description. The 'poetical' milkmaid is of the country, of the open green fields and the fresh air; we should not therefore expect to find quite the same state of things in an underground stable. But imagine something as unlike the popular idea as is at all possible, and you will not arrive at a conception of what the attendants in these places are like. They are all or nearly all Irishmen of the very lowest type, and have all the worst features of the most degraded of their countrymen, coloured and intensified by the most repulsive aspect of the New York rowdy. Dirty, brutal, uncivilised and inhuman, they seem just fit to live underground, and if they never came up from the vaults below the street, society would be much benefited. They are deformed, dwarfed, distorted, and partially crippled, one leg being often drawn up and twisted. Low-browed, and with hair like a dirty door mat, they are the incarnation of all that is repulsive and loathsome. They well represent the demon of the spirit cask, and are not unlike the evil genius in the picture of the Drunkard's Dream. It is natural to suppose that they are not behind more civilised people in their taste for liquor. They are as constantly engaged in imbibing the real spirit as the unfortunate cows are in swallowing the 'swill;' and though they are not limited, like their victims, to this sole article of food *and* drink, they remind one of the gentleman in one of Dickens's works, who said that spirits were meat and drink to him. It is also added to this remark that it might well have been said to serve for washing too. In this respect the milkmaids are in the same condition, and are possessed with a violent hydrophobia. They look just as if their clothing had grown to them, being grafted as tightly as the roots of a tree to the soil. The occupation in which they are engaged, so far from humanising them, makes them more hardened and brutal. Their cruelty and outrageous barbarity would be incredible if the facts were not well substantiated. They are more degraded by far than the cattle which they attend to, and they have so long looked on the wretched creatures as having no claims to decent treatment, that they use them infinitely worse than they do the inanimate utensils of the dairy. Not that they exercise any tender care in relation to these things; as we stated above, they neglect them; but if they only left the cows alone as they do with the pails and cans they would be doing them a service. The tempers of these subterranean dairymaids are none of the sweetest. They quarrel on the slightest provocation, and the knife is ever ready to be drawn, and is not sheathed until life has been lost or seriously endangered. They are intensely conservative where their business is concerned, and an unauthorised visitor to their dark abodes would meet with a very unpleasant reception. They are principally engaged in milking the cows, and as they sit drawing the milk from an animal hastening to decay, diseased beyond all remedy; their hands dirty, their pails rusty and foul, they remind one of some evil demon brewing a poisonous potion and rejoicing over the universal destruc-

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tion it is destined to effect. It is quite certain that the proprietors would avoid the expense of having any person to milk the animals if human ingenuity could arrive at a method of effecting the simultaneous extraction of milk from numbers of cows. But they have not yet achieved this. If any torture or painful operation would avail to compel the victims to give up the milk of themselves they would doubtless adopt the plan. But, though they have invented a milking machine, it is only serviceable in saving the trouble of the operator; but little time is gained, and the machine must be applied separately in each case. It is also expensive, and is not, strictly speaking, a labour-saving invention.

We remarked above that there was a large quantity of 'swill' left after the cows were all supplied, and we have not accounted for it. It is disposed of as follows:—The smaller cowkeepers in the neighbourhood, whose dairies are dependent on the more pretentious establishment, without which they could not exist, are constantly sending carts to fetch away the supply which their cows require. The carts are, in fact, water carts, and might be mistaken for them if it were not for the steam which pours out from the open mouth and the smell of spirits which spreads around as they move on. Country cowkeepers and farmers also carry away very large quantities of this poisonous stuff, and employ it in ruining their cattle, and extending the fatal disease which ever accompanies its use. Many also apply it to the purposes of feeding pigs and even horses. For miles around the city this practice prevails, and will prevail as long as money can be made by it. The streets near the distillery are crowded at regular hours of the day by the swill carts, and the quantity taken away and spread abroad in the country is literally enormous.

From this brief account of the great dairies of New York we see how easy it is to account for the mortality among the children. The cow is first infected with a fatal disease, is confined and crowded up in a dark, low, and unventilated stable; is compelled to poison itself from morning to night; is ill-treated, starved, rendered constantly intoxicated; and then the milk is drawn from a diseased source into a filthy pail by filthy ruffians, and sometimes leaves the animal only a few seconds before it expires. What *must* result from feeding children with such nourishment? It is most surprising to our minds that any resident of New York could bring himself to taste a drop of milk from unknown sources. The publication of the first discovery of the horrors of the stables created great sensation; and the majority of the persons who believed the worst that was told changed their milkman if they thought he delivered swill milk. But it was extremely difficult to escape the baleful influence of the fatal poison. There was certainly a large importation from the country of milk which came by railway. But unfortunately the cowkeepers everywhere were acquainted with the fact that they could increase their business profits by 'swilling' their cows. Added to which, the consignees of the milk in the city used to mix it with a certain quantity of the poisonous milk which was cheaper. The only possible means of procuring real and wholesome milk was to keep a cow, and make sure that the food was of a proper kind. Very few people could do this, as land for grazing was terribly scarce, and there was not a single dairy, great or small, far or near, that could be trusted. Thus the only alternative was to forego the use of milk

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entirely, or to shut the eyes altogether as to the source of it, and ask no questions, which was in fact what nine tenths of the citizens did. The milkmen who carried round this *necessary* loudly denied that their milk was 'swill' milk. The hotels and restaurants put up bills stating that they scorned the imputation. The objectionable beverage was unanimously put out of sight and repudiated, as if it could not exist, whilst all the time it flourished and spread, but secretly and unacknowledged. Everybody knew that it *must* be in existence if they exercised their reason; but as no one acknowledged any connection with it, people chose to fancy they knew nothing about it, and so everybody drank it with the exception of some wise persons who preferred going without. It seems that the discovery of the peculiar mode of providing the city with milk, and of all the dreadful things connected with it, is chronic in New York. A great excitement is made and every one protests against the system, but after a short time, the matter dies out and is left to flourish underground for another period. We suppose any extraneous circumstance is sufficient to serve for a motive to bring to light these 'deeds of darkness;' and we say extraneous because what we should think ought to be the real cause of investigation is certainly not the true means of discovery. We can illustrate this by showing what led to a revelation of all the facts detailed in this paper, and what resulted from it.

A certain illustrated newspaper was in want of some novelty to give it increased circulation, and extend its reputation among a people who are as easily excited by anything out of the common course as children with a new toy. On looking round for something likely to create a sensation, the editor, or one of the reporters, lighted on the distillery dairies. Perhaps he was passing through the street where the 'swill' carts were thronged together, or perhaps — which we would much rather suppose—he felt that he might use his influence to procure a change in what he knew to be a great public evil. However, a reporter paid a visit to the proper neighbourhood, and took a general survey. A general and preliminary account was next given in the paper, and a few sketches appeared in its pages, sufficient to attract considerable notice to the subject. The reporter, being a good artist, had faithfully represented some of the remarkable features of the establishment chosen to commence upon, and amongst other matters, had given a very fair idea of the appearance of the gentle milkmaids. These fair creatures were made acquainted with the publication of their likeness, and were up in arms immediately. They determined to be on the look out for the daring intruder on their mysteries, and accordingly watched for his coming, and encountered him not far from their establishment. He was driving in a dog-cart, and had one friend only with him. The milkmaids stopped him, and handled him pretty roughly, destroying his sketching apparatus and papers, and afterwards smashed up the carriage, and threw it into a dyke—only refraining from further violence to the artist through fear of a pistol which he carried, fortunately. The result of this was that a fine picture appeared in the next number of the illustrated paper, and a more extended sensation was excited among the citizens—so much so, indeed, that the proprietors of the distillery were obliged to allow of a detailed investigation of their system, and detectives were employed to assist and protect the various artists and reporters who visited the premises. The stables were arranged, as much as it was possible, with a view to

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conceal the worst features of the concern, but nothing could remove the loathsome aspect which repelled all observers. The unfortunate cows could not have their tails restored to them, nor their skeleton forms filled out; and the views which were given in the paper were sufficiently exciting to produce a great effect. The subject of the 'swill' stables was discussed in all quarters; people were horrified to find how poisonous a fluid they had been drinking; every fresh item of intelligence was greedily seized upon, and a thoroughly characteristic sensation was excited. One would naturally have supposed that the evils had suddenly been made public for the first time in the history of the country; great indignation was aroused, and a feeling of extreme sympathy for the cows apparently pervaded all branches of society. Great things were to be done to reform the disgraceful abuses; they must not be permitted to continue. Public meetings were held; committees formed to investigate and report; and scientific opinions were collected regarding every detail of a sanitary nature. The city authorities were appealed to for assistance in blotting out a great public evil, and a very strong *foundation* was laid for effecting an object so desirable to the citizens generally. If the proprietors had not been well acquainted with their fellow-countrymen, they would, doubtless, have trembled in their shoes; but these gentlemen cared very little for all these defiant preparations. They had no objection to publicity, when it could not be avoided; and they knew perfectly well that the only result would be to extend their business, if they acted carefully. The result justified their expectations. The excitement continued only as long as public curiosity remained unsatisfied; after which, some other novelty occupied the general attention of the citizens. As for the authorities, they in no way differed from the rest; and it appeared that not a few of them were interested in a pecuniary sense in the objectionable distilleries. Many, also, who had been prominent in the apparent attempts at reform were in the same case as these gentlemen. Thus, in a short time, the swill milk found advocates in the council, who spoke diffidently at first, but afterwards boldly and resolutely. More than one member declared openly that he much preferred the 'swill' milk to any other kind, and ridiculed the idea of being disturbed by such a cause. They affirmed that this stuff was more wholesome than grass-fed milk, and pooh-poohed the charge of cruelty to the poor cows. Other persons followed this example, and before long there was a strong party in favour of the continuance of the iniquitous system. It would not have been, by any means, an easy matter to have overthrown it; for those who were interested in its welfare were immensely wealthy, and the capital invested would have been entirely lost at one stroke if the cows were to be allowed their freedom in regard to being compelled to drink the 'swill.' The business had so many ramifications in the city and in the country, and was thus so firmly rooted, that it would have required powerful and long-continued efforts, and a large expenditure of money, to destroy it. No one would have been willing to provide the funds, even if anybody had been sufficiently interested in the matter to undertake it seriously. But, as we have stated already, when once public curiosity was appeased, the subject gradually died out. It resulted in effecting an enormous increase in the sale of the illustrated paper, and, so far, it answered the expectations of the person who originally exposed the iniquities that were practised. But

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excepting in this way, no great benefit was produced. The excitement had its day, and then died a natural death. It is to be hoped, however, that some few persons took warning in time, and abstained from feeding their children with such a fatal agent of destruction.

In this brief account of the source of the principal supply of a great necessary to the people of New York, we have not given more than a general statement of the evils and their effects. We have not attempted to go into many of the details, or to give statistics which would fully bear out any remarks we may have made. Sufficient has been said to give a correct idea of the subject, and it cannot be denied that the narrative contains as much of the sensational and horrible as any taste can desire. But we have not aimed at ministering to such tastes: we desire only to set the truth fairly before the reader, and, if possible, to enable him to draw some useful conclusions. Whatever events happen in foreign countries are interesting to us in the light of example or warning; and the terrible effects of the 'swill' milk in New York City are not without a voice which ought to be permitted to exert an influence even at such a distance. It is not likely that such scenes as are common in the 'swill' dairies would be able to exist among us at home. But it is worth while to know of the terrible power which they possess for evil results abroad.

In connection with this subject, it may not be out of place to advert to the scourge which has fortunately almost taken leave of us, but which is so very dangerous an enemy if at all lightly considered. We mean, of course, the cattle plague. It is not intended to convey the idea that this malady is produced by the means which we have been discussing; but the fact that a fatal and most infectious disease is caused in another country by such means is well worthy of our attention in connection with this scourge. It is too probable that the effect of the 'swill' is not unknown to milk producers in England, and it is well that it should be publicly noticed how fearful a consequence results from any approach to the state of affairs which acts so destructively and with such universally fatal effect in New York and other parts of the United States.

New York is not so far distant that the influence of the deadly 'swill' cannot be felt here at home. Cows are carried by ships both on outward and homeward voyages, and it is not beyond the bounds of possibility that this liquor *may* find its way to the stable of the animal on board one vessel or another, when in port, across the Atlantic. If a cow should die on the voyage out it is quite probable she would be replaced in the city for which the ship was bound. It would be impossible, under such circumstances, to be assured that the animal had *never* been fed with 'swill.' These suggestions show that the idea of the importation of an important source of disease from the scene of its unlimited power is not wholly improbable. The immense competition which prevails in every kind of business at the present day, renders it expedient to reject no information on any subject bearing on the adulteration of the necessaries and luxuries of daily life. And the consumption of milk is so universal, that any tampering with the proper food of the useful animal which produces it is the cause of evils which must have a most widespread influence. A very small beginning in this direction may lead to consequences, the importance of which may be quite incalculable. STEPHEN BUCKLAND.

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ON POETRY.

THE spirit of Poetry in man is that force which everywhere and through various means is urging him to the production of something beautiful—to the production of Beauty. Through Metrical Speech it finds one channel to express itself. Through this, it expresses itself on the whole more completely than in any other way. And, therefore, Metrical Speech, in its best examples, is called 'Poetry:' this manifestation of the Poetic Spirit is called 'Poetry'—*par excellence*.

But the word 'Poetry' is used sometimes in *this* sense, sometimes in the wider and more general sense; and thus is produced, perhaps, some haziness in our minds. The words Poetry, Poet, Poetical, are often applied in a loose, indefinite manner. A beautiful place or prospect is called poetical; a starry night perhaps; a romantic incident; a noble action; a fair face or form. A picture, a piece of music, is said to be poetical, or 'full of poetry.' Dancing has been called 'the Poetry of Motion;' Sculpture, 'silent Poetry;' Beethoven is sometimes styled a 'tone-poet;' Turner, a 'poet in colours.'

In these cases, perhaps we mean, 'Here is a manifestation of the Spirit of Poetry;' or, perhaps, 'Here is something that impresses us like Metrical Poetry—puts us into a similar mood.' We may, consciously or unconsciously, refer either to the ideal source of all kinds of Poetry, or else to the flower and finest embodiment of the Spirit of Poetry which exists in metrical language; we may be using the words Poet and Poetry in a direct sense, or an indirect, or partly in the one and partly the other. Hence, some indistinctness and confusion of thought; greatest, when we come to compare one form of words with another form of words, and to call Prose 'poetical,' or even to call Prose 'Poetry,' as is done every day. What more common than to praise some rich and sonorous bit of prose-writing, or some flight of oratory, as 'highly poetical?' and now and again we go farther and declare it to be 'true poetry.'

Let us examine this a little. Richly coloured and melodious sentences there are in the writings of several of our high prose-writers. Many parts of our English Bible have a powerful poetic impressiveness. If you call these 'poetry,' do I dissent? No. Substantially we agree. The question that remains is one of words, of definition of words.

Here is a passage you say, which embodies the spirit of poetry in a powerfully impressive form. As to this, we are of one mind. Also it has a very discernible rhythm and modulation of sound—a greater degree of this than ordinary prose. Thus it has not only the high spiritual qualities of Metrical Poetry, but a noticeable degree also of the peculiar quality of *metre*. This does not amount to a regular metre, or the composition would *be* Metrical Poetry. It approaches, but is not, Metrical Poetry: it is something else. Might we not call it Rhythmic Prose? Then 'Rhythmic Prose' (you remark) may be, and is as high, perhaps a higher thing than regular Poetry. Not so either.

In certain grand and rare examples of Rhythmic Prose, the matter, the substance, is transcendently impressive, and the total effect upon the mind more powerfully poetic than the effect of any lower matter in a regular metrical form. Still, as a general rule, and other qualities being equal, and the matter

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expressed being suitable for rhythmic treatment, a composition in regular metrical form is more impressive than one which is not in regular metrical form. Nay, must not the Psalms be finer still in their original form than in any translation? and that original form is metrical, after the Hebrew manner. Isaiah and Ezekiel, too, and the author of 'Job,' recognised Metrical Poetry as a thing different from Prose, and rose into it when they felt need of their highest means of expression.

'Poetry'—*Poiesis*—Making—in the widest sense (as applied to man) I take to mean the mental Creative Energy, and its products—the whole group of the inventing, systematising, and ordering faculties; that energy which is the earthly well-head (but drawn from a higher invisible source) of morals, laws, arts, society.

Long usage has applied the word more distinctively to the Fine Arts—those arts which spring from, and appeal to, our sense of Beauty: and, in its *strictest* application, we confine the word Poetry to one particular Fine Art—that which expresses beauty through metrical speech. When any one speaks simply and without qualification of Poetry, he is understood to mean *Metrical* Poetry, and nothing else. And it is in this sense that I desire to use the word.

Now, Poetry is a different thing from Prose. Prose is sometimes very like Poetry; but speaking broadly, Prose and Poetry are two distinct things, and ought, I submit, to have two distinct names. You might ask me to call the latter Verse; but I don't see that we need give up the old and honoured name, by which metrical Poetry is marked as Poetry *par excellence*.

Poetry includes every highest quality of Prose, and includes them in a definitely metrical and musical form, peculiar to itself: but observe, this form is not a mere grace and decoration; it is found by experience to give to words their greatest attainable force and beauty, and as a rule to convey the highest thoughts incomparably better than Prose. Poetry is metrical, Prose is non-metrical: they are thus at first definable by their forms: but the distinction is found to permeate their substance and spirit.

No doubt (though each has its proper realm, its own authority and laws) there is a kind of borderland where they sometimes mix. Prose is never without some share of rhythm and modulation, because these are inherent qualities in human speech; and in the best rhythmical prose this rises into a near approximation to the effect of metre. There are many gradations of rhythm from the merest Prose—say of an Act of Parliament, rising through that of a statement in the Nisi Prius Court, of a familiar letter, of a conversational narrative, of a newspaper leading-article, of an eloquent novel, of an impassioned oration, up to the rich, emphatic and almost lyrical modulation of our intensest prose-writers.

So, in the Pictorial Art, you may pass from a design in simple outline, to one in outline shaded, to a woodcut, an etching, an engraving, a tinted sketch, a sketch in colours; and upwards, by gradations, till you arrive at the finished water-colour or oil picture.

Now an etching, or even a design in outline, may exhibit the highest qualities of the Pictorial Art in larger measure than many a painting. You might properly prefer one of Rembrandt's etchings, or one of Dürer's woodcuts, to a large and careful picture by Benjamin West, although President of the Royal Academy, and admired by George the Third. Yet, in the

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finished picture only, the Pictorial Power uses all its means. And it is in organised metrical poetry that human speech attains its most perfect and impressive form.

But let us rather consider Prose in its usual and average condition, when it is most in its own character, and less emulous of those qualities which are the especial property of Poetry. Taking the simple and usual point of view, Prose is obviously one thing, and Poetry another.

It is in the very nature of Prose to be *non-metrical*; and it is artificially put together with that very intention. Prose is a later, less natural, more conventionalised and artificial form of composition than Poetry. The metrical qualities of language are by effort and practice subdued, reduced to a minimum, kept out of observation. Prose is the expression of the scientific and analytical intellect, striving to take things separately, to examine them narrowly, little by little, continually guarding and limiting itself in its progress. Prose is careful, cautious, judicial; its business-like eyes fixed upon some attainable object, towards which it moves step by step, whether slowly or swiftly, lifting right foot after left in due succession. Vehement, high-coloured and notably rhythmic Prose, even when successful, is felt to be on the confines, if not over the boundary, of its proper dominion; it is only allowable in exceptional cases; if much used, it becomes disagreeable. In good Prose, as a rule, metrical forms are avoided. Metrical forms are felt to belong to a *mood* different from that to which Prose, as Prose, addresses itself; they belong to the *poetic mood*, in short, wherein imagination rather than intellect is paramount; a mood of delight, not of investigation, when the soul is lifted from the ground and moves on pulsing wings in a new and freer element.

Prose Composition, then (we say) is a form of language growing out of scientific limitations and the spirit of analysis, and is only perfectly attained through the culture of ages. In early times, everything was chanted. The chief works in Sanskrit upon grammar, law, history, medicine, mathematics, geography, metaphysics, are in verse; verse being more natural, and more memorable. Science in those days was far from being so strict, scholastic, pedantic, as in ours (but there are changes gathering in the atmosphere of Science), for imagination came largely into all processes of thought; the feeling of the unity of the world, and of the general mystery of things, showed itself in every department of study; the universal was felt in the particular. Mean associations of ideas and words (always caused by separation from the universal) were fewer than they now are. With the progress of culture came necessarily division of studies, definitions, exclusions, application to particulars, and the growth of Prose as a distinct vehicle of thought.

Poetry, by this (you may say), would appear to belong to a barbarous condition of humanity. Say, rather, to a simple and primeval condition. After science and analysis have done their best, there is still need for us nineteenth-century people to make a synthesis, and a larger synthesis than ever: to rise from anatomic studies to the contemplation and enjoyment of Life —from particulars to the universal. The Man of Science, the Man of Business, break up the whole into little bits, for analysis, for calculation, for sale; the Poet reconstructs the shattered world, and shows it still complete and beautiful.

Poetry proper (the Poetry of which I speak) is metrical, by the nature of it. Metre is *sine quâ non*; and though you may compare *this*

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given specimen of Prose with *that* given specimen of Poetry, and prefer the former, and even rightly prefer it, and prove that it possesses a larger share of poetic qualities than the latter, yet the one remains a different quality of thing from the other. And however high the degree of poetic expression that has, in exceptional instances (fewer, perhaps, than we vaguely fancy), been attained in Prose, Metrical Poetry remains the best medium of poetic expression. The works of the Poets—of the high men who wrote in metre, are, as matter of fact, the real treasury of poetic language. The Sense of Beauty, seeking expression in words, finds in Metrical Poetry its most fitting embodiment.

Metre, I repeat (for there is much misconception as to this), is the natural form of Poetry; and it brings about certain important results, for thereby is Poetry constituted as one of the Arts—an Art which is perhaps the earliest, as it is the most famous of them all.

Art comes to man before Science; also, it comes after Science, and includes it.

'But what is your boasted Art, after all, but a toy—a knack of rhymes and metres?'

Yes!—and what in fact, too, are bits of cobalt and vermillion, when you come to consider them dispassionately? What is Raffael's brush? a tag of bristles (you may count them, if you like)—what is Mozart's harpsichord? a frame of chips and wire. And what are you yourself, my friend?—what am I?—but a bundle of rods, and strings, and pipes? Only, somehow, there is a something slipt in, which we call *Life*—nay, *Soul*,—and which makes a difference. We don't know what it is: we see it in its effects.

Poetry has a good deal of life in it. What is old Homer himself, this very long time, but a name, a dream, a question? But the Homeric Poems are alive at this day over the face of the earth, springing up fresh and fresh like grass, new to every new generation. They have outlived dynasties, and nations, and creeds. Two hundred and fifty years ago, William Shakespeare's body (eyes and hands, tongue and brain) was hidden in the ground beside a little river in Warwickshire; but his Book is not buried in this world yet,—it is running about, lively enough. He put himself, partly, into words—into words of poetry.

Why do we love and reverence Art? Because it gives a natural scope, and lasting expression, to *Genius*.

Why is 'Painting' a grand word? Because the Art of Painting has embodied for us the genius of such men as Van Eyck and John Bellini, Raffael and Titian, Holbein and Hogarth and Turner.

What is glorious in music? That it keeps for us, safer than wine in its flask, the fine inspirations that come (we know not how, they knew not how) to a Bach, a Glück, a Handel, a Mozart, a Purcell, a Beethoven, a Rossini; and to those nameless men who made the delicious old melodies of Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales.

And even so, by the Art of Poetry has embodied itself the power and beauty and wisdom and versatility of the minds of the Greek, Latin, Oriental, Italian, Spanish, German, English, Poets,—a noble crowd. The work of these men cannot be held as toyish and trifling. Their place in human history is honourable, and most honourable. The Art through which they reach us, through which they belong to us, certainly is wonderful, and to be reverenced.

I had intended to submit in this

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place some thoughts on Painting, Sculpture and Musical Composition, distinguishing these, along with Poetry, as *Creative Arts*,—of course using the word 'creative' in no absolute sense; and also on Acting, on Musical Performance, and on Oratory, describing these as *Arts of Personal Communication*; as well as on the semi-fine-arts (is there no good phrase for them?) which ally beauty with usefulness. Architecture I reckon one of these: also Prose-Writing, which is perhaps to Poetry what Architecture is to Sculpture and Painting; mere Prose being mere building, like Baker Street, or Pimlico, or a brick wall; good Prose rising and rising, till it meets, competes, almost blends with Poetry. But it seems better to refrain for the present than to deal with these matters too cursorily: and I leave untouched the question as to Landscape-Gardening's place among the arts.

Metre is the bodily form of Poetry: and now on metre let us say a few words. Metre, a stimulant and a delight, acts through the ear. A man deaf from his birth, could not taste the true enjoyment of Poetry: though he might have some pleasure, through the eye, from those verses arranged in the visible forms of eggs, altars, turbots, lozenges, which you see in old-fashioned books.

Metrical movement in words,—swing, emphasis and cadence, melodious and varied tones, rhythm and rhyme, have (as matter of fact) certain peculiar effects upon us. Some people are more moved than others, more vibrant, but all (unless notably defective) are thus moved in some degree.

We do not examine or estimate the Art of Painting or the Art of Music, according to the impressions of those who have least natural sensibility to those arts; nor need we stop to consider degrees of sensibility to Poetry, or to argue with those who care little or nothing for Poetry, or complain of them, or lament over them. Innumerable people know from experience, that metrical movement tends to draw the mind into, and keep it in a particular mood—a mood peculiarly favourable to certain impressions. Partly the mind is drawn, partly it yields. Its own feeling coincides with the known intention of the writer, or speaker. It receives, and it prepares itself for delight. It is at once soothed and stimulated. It desires and expects warmth of feeling, beauty of imagery, subtlety and rapidity of thought, refined, rich, and expressive forms of words, in the best possible order.

And all these are given to it by good Poetry. In its melodious movement it raises a succession of pleasurable expectations, and in due succession fulfils them; shows at once a constant obedience to law, and a joyful boldness and mastery; with free yet symmetrical swing and cadence, with regulated exuberance (like that of nature in all her best forms) a beautiful proportionality develops itself as by spontaneous movement, giving to each part its utmost effect, while each remains in due subordination to the whole.

Thus far, the effect closely resembles that of Music; but during the working of Poetry's enchantment, the intellectual powers also are in a peculiar condition of pleasurable excitement and clairvoyance. Beautiful Proportionality permeates the thought and the spirit of the thought which the well-proportioned words convey. Plan, ideas, images, style, words, are all modulated to one harmonious result. All, together, moves and floats, and orbs itself. A rapid-glancing and airy logic (but strong and genuine) makes itself felt

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throughout; the highest and sweetest gifts of memory, of fancy, of imagination, are now fittest to the soul's mood; the synthetic, comparing, harmonising, unifying power is in the ascendant. The soul rises above trivial cares and hindrances, moving rapidly, breathing in all its body like a bird, rejoicing in every cadence of its beating wings; all its powers at command, all of them acting in due subordination; it is become more refined, clairvoyant, harmonious; organised form and regulated movement are combined with a mystical and supersensuous beauty. Beautiful Proportionality, manifest yet mysterious, that all-pervading quality of Nature's work,—here it is also, developed in the world of man's mind, in the microcosm of human thought.

This is the work of man's joyful sense of beauty (of the beauty which is in all things, rightly seen) expressing itself in choicest rhythmic words; and this is the most complete manner of human expression. Every man, when he speaks his best, would utter Poetry, if he could.

Shall we then call *any* composition of metrical words a poem?—and leave no distinction at all between Poetry and Verse? This would not do. Without metre, no Poetry; but, given a metrical form of words, have we necessarily Poetry? Not so. What is thus expressed, must be something *naturally fit to be so expressed.*

For expression by the Pictorial, or by the Musical Art, certain things are fit, other unfit, and the limits of these Arts are well marked. The Art of Poetry is of wider scope, less definite boundary; hence the innumerable mistakes of critics, and of poets too. But on the whole it is recognised that Poetry is doing its right and peculiar office when it expresses imaginative truth, in forms of beauty, or of sublimity, imbued with tenderness, awe, aspiration, exultation, every mood of noble emotion; and the general result is harmonious thought and feeling in harmonious words.

The Poet does not think in prose, and turn his thought into poetry, by measurement and arrangement and decoration. His thought is poetic. The beauties of a true Poem are not excrescences—they are part of the life and nature of the work. When a true poetic impulse, seeking verbal expression, clothes itself successfully in rhythmic speech, the rhythm will have a natural suitableness to the thought: its words will be the fittest and choicest words; its arrangement of them, the best possible arrangement. In good Poetry, the Metre is not a limitation, but a power; it gives not shackles, but wings.

Good Poetry is in every way the choicest arrangement of words: it demands, therefore, and rewards, the nicest *elocution.* And here let us glance at the benefits which Poetry confers on Language. Poetry preserves, upholds, and improves Language. It chooses the most clear, vivid, and exact forms of speech; and supports the purest methods of pronunciation. Poetry is the chief storehouse of authority on these matters. Changes must gradually come into every Language: but Poetry opposes itself to carelessness, conventionality, vulgarism, corruption of whatever kind,—all those deteriorations to which ordinary speaking and writing are so subject. And remember that when language decays, not merely good taste, but thought and reason also decay. One cannot rate highly the *jus et norma loquendi* of our own day, but doubtless it would be many degrees worse but for the Poets. The diction of social life is at present for the most part vague, unpoetic

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and corrupt; so also is the general run of our public writing and public oratory, — both of which indeed being addressed to the hour, use naturally the phraseology of the hour; but it is proper for men of literature, and it is their duty, to uphold our noble tongue out of these debasements. This, though a subordinate, is an important function of literature, and especially of the flower of literature, Poetry,—namely, to preserve and if possible enhance Language (which is Thought's body) in health and beauty. Many words and phrases now in common use are less than half alive; blood from the intelligent vital source hardly enters their cold lumpish substance. Human speech of this kind resembles the Horny Woman whose skin was hard warts all over,—smiles, blushes, every sympathetic change, being hopelessly and hideously encrusted. The Poets by their genius, their sensibility and culture, are led to use those forms of their native tongue which are essentially best. And the general characteristic of their forms, where differing from those in ordinary use, is by no means additional pomp, elaboration, inflation, but on the contrary greater simplicity, naïvety, directness, nature, truth; and thus they are at once more picturesque and more exact. Which do you suppose, is the Great Newspaper or the Great Poet the more simple and more exact in the use of words? Good poetic language fits as close as possible to its thoughts; while ordinary language too often hangs loosely sagging and bagging, here gathered into a shapeless hump, there trailing on the ground, disguising and disgracing the thought of which it is the slovenly garment.

The Spirit of Poetry itself it was, which, at an earlier stage of language, fitted words to things, and ever it requires the word and phrase not merely to approach but to get as near as possible to the thought. Many or most of the finest forms of language we owe, as we shall find if we trace them up, to the Poets. The chief wealth of Prose is borrowed or adapted from the treasure-house of Poetry. Poetry has not only originated the best words and applications of words, but has taught Prose the general power of language, and given it the hint of invention. They who, loving high prose, disparage Poetry, are, if they knew it, a little ungrateful. I know a very great Prose-writer of our time, who is not always respectful to Poetry in the abstract, yet whose pages are bejewelled with costly phrases and sentences from the Poets.

The youth enjoying his beloved poem, perusing and reperusing till every line becomes familiar as his own name, is unawares storing his memory with better forms of language than he could elsewhere find. Considered merely as a literary composition, a good Poem is incomparably the most perfect of such things,—although Prose has a wider and more varied service.

Dealing oftener with high and abstruse matters, good Poetry is always as clear as the nature of the subject, and the nature of human speech will allow. If not, it so far falls short of what it might be, and of what Poetry is, at its best. At the same time let me remark, that good Poetry is not to be read lazily and loungingly, but with both eyes open, and all one's wits about one.

Now think of the diffusion of the English language over the face of the globe, and of the still mightier future that lies before it among the unborn millions of Australia and of the American Continent, and it will appear no light thing to uphold the purity and strength of the great

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English Tongue and to confirm it by examples and models. When a language becomes corrupt, so also do thought and reason; the form of civilisation which it contains and expresses must deteriorate along with it.

Even in this lively literary weather, so to speak, of our own day, when it snows novels, and hails essays, and blows newspaper-articles from all points of the compass at once, a good Poem still finds its readers, is oftener read, and better remembered than the other things.

Repeat to me a sentence or two of that leader which you were so much pleased with, eighteen months ago, or say the day before yesterday. You can't. It was not meant, you will say, to be remembered verbatim—it did its part, gave its message, had its influence. But (allowing this its value, even allowing the influence of the clever swiftly read newspaper article to have been always a good influence, never a bad, which would be allowing a great deal)—do you think it would be well that all writing should be of this hasty and ephemeral character?—nothing written with care, and with the highest care? nothing that will be worth reading next month, or next year?

Can we not guess some of the probable effects on taste, and on judgment too?

To its Poets, the world on the whole is not unappreciating or ungrateful. The greatest names in Literature, among the greatest in all History, are the names of Poets. Over millions and generations of men they have an influence, not confined to one people or tongue. The higher the Poet's genius, the more it belongs to all mankind; and its effect is to unite them all in the feeling of a common humanity. Poetry, in its actual examples, is differently conditioned and modified in different languages. The Poet is limited by his instrument, and some languages give more freedom and power in poetic expression than others: but we must not deviate into these tempting byways.

Poetry, as we believe, preserves and purifies language, cultivates good taste, helps memory, fills the mind with fair images and high unselfish thoughts, wondrously increases our perception and enjoyment of natural beauty, relieves the pain of our usual lack or poverty of expression, shaping and bringing within compass multifarious thoughts and feelings, otherwise inexpressible. But the boon of boons, including all the rest, is the general enlargement, elevation, emancipation of the soul. Poetry universalises. In its last result it is never despondent, but inspired with the loftiest joy and courage. It begins in the glad sense of Universal Beauty, and when it bestows the same glad sense upon its hearers, its result is accomplished. Here and there you find a short poem, exceptional, expressing a despondent mood, but the best Poetry in its total effect is cheerful and encouraging. Even when it treats of sorrow, of pain, of death, it is sympathetic but not despondent and gloomy. The very production of the exceptional sad poem, indicates a degree of victory over the sadness. The Iliad, treating much of war, wounds, and violent death, is animated and exhilarating throughout: of Dante's great poem the first part is most redd, for its fierce picturesqueness and dreadful fascination, but the second is an ascending symphony of hope and faith, and the third part a hymn of heavenly rapture. Chaucer is cheerful as the green landscape after a spring shower; Spenser full of rich vivacity and bold adventure; Shakespeare's book a multifarious

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world of movement and interest; nothing did Goethe so much abhor, in life and in literature, as despondency, discouragement.

The Poet, when he is most himself, rises to a high and serene view. He will not exhibit grief, misery, horror, in isolated sharpness and for the mere sensational effect; these must lose their harsh and painful prominence, and fall into place in a large and noble circle of ideas. The merely painful always marks as inferior the work in which it is found. Didactic poetry, and doctrinal poetry, are also inferior, so far as they are narrowed not merely by human but by particular limitations, concerned too much with certain people, opinions, circumstances, with the temporary and accidental. In the pure mountain air which blows over the realm of true Poetry no mental epidemic can exist, or if it rises thither it melts away; fever of partisanship, itch of personality, ophthalmia of dogmatism, lie below with fog upon the marsh-lands.

Yet the Poet escapes not the influence of his time, usually it affects him far too much. He is sensitive, sympathetic, enters easily into the feelings and opinions of others, but does not so easily escape again. He is apt to fall into sudden timidity in the midst of his boldest enterprises, apt to yield to the pressure of the hour. Also his delicate senses persuade him to luxury and sloth. His experience of the stupidity and the selfishness which have possession of so many human beings goads him sometimes into one or another form of cynicism. He may sometimes write below his own dignity, and that of his Art. But, remember, if he puts any evil (here is not meant by evil, what this person or that person may object to, but contradiction of his own better self, treason to humanity)—if he puts any wickedness into his poetry, it is so much the less Poetry. So far it suffers loss of value and of rank. The external facts, too, and incidents connected with composition and publication, are often ugly, nauseous and warping.

The ideal, the typical Poet has all but superhuman power of vision and of speech. But in the actual, every Poet is very limited and imperfect. Even the greatest Poets are faulty, full of faults and shortcomings. Each, limited already in his genius, is also limited from without, and does not do even as well as he might. On every side a dull and perverse world of persons and circumstances presses in upon his work.

The fair Poem, a gift to many,—to the Poet himself is often but a poor shadow, a faint reminiscence of some glorious message.

'Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That, with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard, should see them there;
And all would cry 'Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread;
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.'

Never yet has a Great Poem been really written—only hints and fragments. No one as yet has delivered his message even as well as he might have done. The masterpieces of all Poetry are only such by comparison.

I think—hope—might almost say believe, that the best poets are yet to come. Do we not hope for a better earth than has yet been? And we all hope for a better life elsewhere. Shall not *that* have its Poetry, think you, inexpressibly greater and finer than anything we can now conceive or dream of?—

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and when Man is more in unison with Heaven (be it here or elsewhere) a fairer, fuller Poetry will surely arise: yet, with all its imperfections, that which we already possess is a great gift.

Of Poetry as written, Poetry as we have it, there are many degrees and varieties.

Every poem need not be great—but it must be genuine in its own kind.

Every poem is the result of two co-operating forces: one, impulse, emotion, inspiration; the other, will, intention, conscious effort. Of true Poems, some have more of the one, and some of the other; and so also of different parts of a Poem, one part is done chiefly from will, another part from impulse. The Poets, exceedingly various as they are, seem to me to be divisible mainly into two great classes, those whose work springs chiefly from the pure poetic impulse, and those whose work is chiefly produced by will and intention.

Those whom I would place in the second named and lower class (let us call it class P.W., from *poetic will*) are able men who have been turned, by circumstances and choice, in proportions varying in the various instances, to express themselves through the medium of verse, and who on the whole successfully accomplish their aim. Other men, of equal or greater total capacity, are quite ungifted for singing their thoughts; but these of whom we speak have more or less a share of the necessary gift; some true musical impulse moves in the midst of their general intellectual power; each, along with his other qualities, has enough of the metrical, the musical, the poetic, to urge him or at least to enable him to write in verse, and this gives him his claim to be called a Poet; though still, one will prove much more of a Poet than another. Some poets there are who, in the economy of things, appear to be made for the *unpoetic* listener,—since metrical language works more or less upon all men. In the Poets whom I would reckon in the other class (let us call it class P.I., from *poetic impulse*), the purely poetic impulse is the master quality, irrepressible and all-pervading; even as the born Painter has a constant delight in colour for its own sake.

One might, I think, arrange the names of all Poets known to him (though in certain cases there might be question and difficulty) broadly into these two large classes. This done, it probably strikes us, that such a one standing in the P.W. class is on the whole greater than such another in the P.I.: but we also find that *all the greatest* Poets in the total list stand in the class marked P.I.; and that the precious qualities *peculiar to Metrical Poetry* come to us most abundantly from natures wherein also dwell the highest sensibility to beauty, the swiftest movement of thought, the most penetrative intellect. The imagery of these men is usually that of the true Imagination, intuitive, dealing with essential relations of things; the imagery of those who would come into our second class is collected chiefly by the Fancy, in her sport, or for parade.

If we divide and classify further we arrange Poets into certain schools,—but at last we shall find, if we go on, that every considerable Poet is to be taken singly; and the greater the Poet, the more distinctly individual he is. He views the world in his own way, and reports his experience in his own way; his sincerity is his power. If he 'carries a mirror' it is not a common mirror, but a magic mirror, made out of his individual quality. Yet, a high Poet is also a chief repre-

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sentative of the human race; his work, while peculiar, is at the same time thoroughly sympathetic. The particulars which he conveys so strikingly are not mere particulars, they are also typical, and have a general application. May not the singularity of each Poet be taken as an indication of the importance, the kingship of every single Human Being? Each has a whole world of his own, besides the world that is his in common with mankind. The Poet is peculiar, because largely receptive of life and nature at first hand, and bold and skilful enough to sing his own proper experiences; he is universal by virtue of that unity which underlies all appearance, and which is everywhere reached by the penetrative mind. The peculiarity will be modified by circumstance and accident; the insight, the piercing veracity, is the gift given to all true Poets, and the secret of their strength.

Let us glance back at the ground we have passed over. Poetry is the Art of Verbal Metrical Expression. It is the most comprehensive of the Arts. It furnishes the most adequate means of expressing certain thoughts and moods. The thought, the mood, must itself be emotional and creative—must be such as moves all the powers of expression to harmonious result. It is first the movement of the Poet's *mind* that is musical: not saying 'musical' in any technical sense, but that his mind is moved and modulated into a beautiful orderliness: his emotions, his conceptions, when they seek and find the most fitting expression, flow into harmonious speech. There is always some resistance in the medium; his song is not so free and perfect as he desires. He must often compromise, supply missing links, as best he can, by more conscious exertion; he stumbles, makes mistakes, falls short in many ways; but if his work on the whole is a genuine Poem, a boon to mankind, an addition to the world, the music of it first vibrated spiritually through the Poet's being.

Where lies the source of this influence? It lies deep. In approaching this part of my subject, I would avoid anything like a rhetorical or rhapsodical tone. The idea to be conveyed is, I believe, not fanciful or fantastic, but of the deepest truth;—so deep is it, and draws us into such awful precincts, that Poetry itself could alone furnish words in the least degree adequate, words at once clear and subtle; and even these at their best would fail and fall short.

To those varied and wonderful manifestations of the Divinity, in the midst whereof we find ourselves placed, and of which we form a part, and a most important part, we give collectively, in default of a better term, the name of 'Nature.' And all Nature is poetic—a countless multitude of poems, which Man translates as best he may into his own language. It is too great for any of us; we can but report a line here and a verse there. The Man of Science is the critic and grammarian of Nature's Poems; the Poet the translator and interpreter. Neither is let into the secret. The absolute essence remains inconceivable. Yet most astounding it is that little Man should possess the faculties of intellectual investigation and the powers of spiritual vision which are his; powers correlative to all that is external to him—other forms of One Eternal Truth.

Nature is poetic: Nature (as we have ventured to express it) is a Poem, and every part of Nature. Art is not the same as Nature, has something less and something more, is an externised beauty imbued

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with human elements, and is *not* the result of mere imitation of Nature: but that life, that Spirit, which shows itself through Nature, and which shows itself through Art, is one and the same. That which is the life of our pictures, our music, our verse-poetry,—there it is also in Nature. Beauty is everywhere, unnecessary, useless beauty, throughout earth, water, air, and the infinite of space; and everywhere developed in metre, in balance, in rhythm, in symmetry; the grand original *Poiesis*. Consider merely the growth of a plant: what the Indian conjuror pretends to do in five minutes is no less wonderful in the slower natural movement continued throughout weeks and months. The little seed sends up its stem like a slender fountain, shaking out the delicate foliage on every side, unfolding bud and flower, leaf for leaf, petal for petal, in due order and proportion, with symmetry and freedom gracefully reconciled; beauty is not alone of lily, rose, and palm-tree; every wayside weed is a green poem. More wonderful still the multiform animal creation: Lion and Horse, Bird, Serpent, Fish, Butterfly, Earthworm, Animalcule, each of these, and every living thing, harmoniously organised, and fitted to its place; and above these again our own orderly and rhythmic frame, with its powers and energies.

Then consider in this light the steps and incidents and progression of a human life, from appearance to evanishment. Every chief incident, every group of incidents, seen in the true connection and from the proper point of view, with right insight and right feeling, is poetic. I do not speak of the life of a hero, but of an average common-place human being. Birth, Childhood, Youth, Maturity, Old Age, Death;—a day, a month, a year, a life from cradle to grave,—all together rounds itself, when seen from a little way off, into a consistent and symmetric form, which as a whole is permeated with beauty,—rounds itself into a Poem.

Again, looking off from ourselves, we see every day, not unrelated to us, the landscape with all its variety combined and rounded and poetised within its horizon-circle. This we see with the natural eyes. And with the larger and no less truthful eyes of the imagination, we can see (standing upon the vantage-ground won by Science, and looking beyond and above Science) this Earth-Globe of ours, clad with the seasons, painted with day and night and many-coloured clouds, softly spinning round its regulated course. Who doubts of this, more than of the apple which he holds in his hand? What man has ever seen this? It is a Poem, seen only by the eyes of the imagination, but known also to be a scientific fact. Is there any External Universe (the old question)? We answer, Yes. How can we know anything of it? In the last step, only by the Poetic Imagination.

Looking higher still and farther, aided thereby, what find we? On every side, — boundless, inconceivable, yet true and sure, as mere matter of fact as our own five fingers when we hold out our hand,—a Universe crowded with Earths and Suns. They move and mingle unceasingly, in a mighty dance, 'Cycle on epicycle, orb on orb.' Our utmost imagination, though entirely believing, throws hitherward a most faint and ineffectual glance. This great Universe is the Poem of Poems. The Maker of it is the Primal Poet.

And higher still we may rise above this sphere, into the awful perception of Absolute Truth, when in the soul Religion and Poetry are one, and we recognise Con-

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science and its laws as a beautiful reality and wonder excelling the Starry Heaven itself.

The Plant, the Animal, the World,—poems, miracles, are these; Man the greatest. He only, of all known Created Beings, has the gift of articulate speech, and of conscious communion with the Divine Source,—this faculty, this communion, cognate powers. So does he share in little the Creative Energy. He orbs his intelligent life into economic, into moral, into social, into religious order. His delight in the universal Beauty he projects into ordonnance of forms and colours and sounds; and for all the faculties of his mind, in due subordination and perfect proportionality, he finds an expression, and the best expression, in the wider, freer, and more various element of Language, and so orbs that also into Poetry—what we agree to call 'Poetry' *par excellence*. Divine is the impulse, nor are the means unworthy, since Language also (however we may trace its progress) originates from a spiritual, a celestial source. In Language, the Poetic Spirit seeks, finds and uses its own, that which it gave long before, and ever it strives after what is truest and most essential in Language. Rightly is Poetry esteemed miraculous, a gift from above. The impulse comes to all men, but only a few are so open and sensitive by genius, so unspoilt by circumstance, so unclogged with trifles, unshackled by daily needs, as to vibrate with free and full responsive tone, and convey to others any hint of the heavenly message. Here and there by the bounty of Heaven, some true messenger, among many pretended messengers and many self-deceiving, speaks a word not inadequately. In those good and happy moments of enlargement and power, when memory, hope, experience, faith, imagination, all the faculties, rise together into an emotional mood of love and joy, new, delicious, and creative,—a gifted Human Soul, recognising the presence of eternal beauty, and impelled to communicate its delight, projects itself into the world of language, and there creates beautiful things.

Happy I call him, whatsoever his visible fortune, to whom above the petty and distracting din of the passing day, it is given to hear the far-off movement of an Eternal Harmony. For one Poem that he writes, ten thousand unwritten poems are his. And if he have the gift and courage to report well some snatch or fragment, happy also are they whose ear and soul are open to his message.

In youth, when the senses are fresh and the spirit is open, it is well to drink of this ambrosia. As people grow older, they are apt to grow more shrewd and decorous, not always more reverent, not in every way wiser. I can imagine that an Old Man may gladly find floating on winged words into his memory some early dream, some ideal hope or joy, some high thought, a Poet's gift, and find it truer after all, more deep founded, than much that he deemed reality in life, but which was only fleeting appearance. Perhaps, though long latent, it has not been without its influence.

But whether this or that individual, young or old, reads or never reads, remembers or does not remember any Poetry in a given form of words, the Poets have not the less influenced and modified the world of men into which he and we have been born, the language that we speak, the society in which we live.

If A. or B. cares nothing, has never cared anything for Poetry, 'tis his loss and his defect—the greater, the less he is conscious of

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it; let him at least avoid any bragging as to his apathy. He might as reasonably be proud of deafness or blindness.

Poetry, like Humanity itself, appears poor and absurd, or rich and profound, partly according to the mood in which we regard it, but mainly according to the wisdom we bring to its estimation.

The Spirit of Poetry is assuredly a divine presence and power. This particular manifestation of it, this Art of Metrical Language, is a fact and a force in the world; its effects delightful, elevating, and enduring; its source hiding beyond investigation, — in the Infinite Deep of Things. W. A.

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FRANCE UNDER RICHELIEU AND COLBERT.[1]

WHATEVER may be the ultimate judgment formed of Comte's Philosophy, no one can doubt that it is destined to engage the best attention of several generations of thinkers. On this point at least friends and foes are pretty certain to be agreed. It is a vast structure right in the path of human progress, and whether it shall prove, as its friends assert, a magnificent causeway along which future generations of mankind may safely travel to yet unknown regions of truth and beauty; or, as its foes think, a huge obstruction which must laboriously be removed out of the way; both equally must admit that, in either case, it will occupy the energies of the best minds for a good while to come. Whatever is to be done with it, it can no longer be ignored. It is not only here in our midst, but, from the nature of the case, it is everywhere; along every line in which human thought can move, speculators, if they advance far enough, are sure to meet with it, and must either come to terms with it or overthrow it. For it is not a theory or generalisation in some outlying province of investigation, but a philosophy which embraces all provinces. Now philosophies may be superseded. They are seldom or never refuted; in other words, they may be overturned by adherents from within; they do not capitulate to adversaries from without. A philosopher should look upon his ardent disciples, if they are able as well as ardent, as probably his worst foes. Who most successfully opposed Plato? Aristotle, 'the mind of his school.' Who gave the severest blow to Cartesianism? Spinoza, the most illustrious of Cartesians. Who brought Kant into disrepute? His disciple Fichte. When, at long intervals in the history of the world, minds of sufficient force and compass arise which are capable of taking stock of the philosophic ideas of their epoch, of projecting a vast synthesis which approximately covers the whole visible area of human thought, the intellectual dynasty thus established has generally an easy victory over the partial, antiquated systems which it supplants. It is when its authority is wide and supreme, when it undertakes to legislate *en maître* for the infinitely complex phenomena which go to form human nature, that its danger and insecurity really begin. Then it is that in some far distant and hitherto submissive satrapy a little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, sooner or later, is sure to gather, to grow larger and blacker with bodeful constancy, till it has at last overshadowed the heavens. And when the storm is over the old empire has passed away. So it will be, as we are led to think, with the philosophy of Comte. The world will have to submit to it before it can discard it; to pass through it before it can effectively reject it.

It is well known that in none of his speculations did Comte show the splendour of his genius so magnificently as in his conceptions of history. What Lavoisier was to chemistry, what Newton was to astronomy, that Comte was to the philosophy of history. Whatever modifications or additions may in the course of time be made with regard to his views, from them will always be traced the first luminous ray which lighted up the darkness and confusion of the past. The

[1] *France under Richelieu and Colbert.* By J. H. Bridges, M.B. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

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philosophy of history, as the term was understood in the last generation, had fallen into deserved disrepute by reason of its pretentious shallowness, and hopeless instability of conception and principle. It generally amounted to little more than going through the records of the past with a perpetual sneer on the lips, and a ceaseless self-congratulation on the wisdom of 'our enlightened age,' as compared with the besotted ignorance of our wretched ancestors. This sort of thing passed away when the philosophy of the eighteenth century itself became discredited, and then the dramatic and pictorial historians—the Thierrys and Macaulays—came upon the scene. These quite rightly laid it down that it was desirable to understand the past before reasoning about it; that we had better see it clearly before explaining it philosophically; that the great points were accuracy of detail and truth of colouring, and that if these were duly attended to, the philosophy of the subject might with some safety be left to take care of itself. That the dramatic historians did great service in their day, cannot be doubted. Their mistake lay in supposing that theory could be so early discarded that they themselves among others, were not replete with theory, such as it was. The two illustrious writers just named showed this in the most striking light. One wrote a history full of ethnological theory, the other wrote one full of politico-Whig theory, and both are slowly passing away, in consequence, to the limbo of brilliant but untruthful pictures. Besides, it was felt that the dramatic historians were overdoing, and giving a little too much of a good thing. Life was too short to read the libraries of antique gossip, scandal, and intrigue which they offered for our perusal. And this local and historical colouring, and this masquerade of history, what did it all lead to? It was doubtless pleasant enough, in the hands of a clever writer, to have vivid scenes reproduced for one in which men in short cloaks, slouched hats, doublet and hose, were the picturesque actors; but it was clear that if these more or less elaborate studies in costume were all that history had to give us, many of the worst reproaches cast at it by its professed enemies were not unfounded. And amid all this sentimental partiality for the mere pageantry of the past, it would still recur to many minds to ask what was the meaning of it all? Whence arose the principles of change in the ever varied and marvellous scene disclosed to us looking down the vista of centuries? There we could see, not only men, but opinions and systems contending and prevailing. Why? The change was incessant; growth here, decay there. To what end? Over all these questions, over all this confusion and uncertainty, Comte's luminous conception of the three periods arose like the sun in his splendour, and the whole aspect of history is changed. The past lies behind us as a visibly connected organic whole, a vast drama of endless variety and numberless scenes, under all of which lies an essential unity of action and development. One of the most striking and important of these scenes Dr. Bridges has made the subject of the remarkable volume now before us—namely, the political and philosophic part played by France in the seventeenth century.

The two great figures which occupy by far the greater portion of the author's picture are, as the title implies, Richelieu and Colbert. But, although the work is a model of fulness and compactness, and the policy of these statesmen is illustrated with a rare grasp both of detail and general principle, Dr. Bridges has no scruple in casting free

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glances, not only over contemporary history in other countries, but backwards and forwards also up to the Roman Empire in one direction, and down to the French Revolution in the other—tossing groups of nations and periods about in a way which will be utterly bewildering to the whole race of Dryasdusts, but which we hold to be perfectly legitimate, and full of sobriety as well as truth. He throughout proceeds upon two assumptions. The first, that European history between the fifth and the eighteenth centuries is essentially one history, which will not bear division, either chronological or geographical, if we would study it with profit. The second is that, between the limits just mentioned, a religion and a polity, both with accidental modifications common to all Western and Southern Europe, arose, culminated, and gradually fell; that the combined result of Christianity, Roman traditions and barbarian invasions, which we know by the names of Feudalism and Catholicism, had a period of growth and noble expansion, say up to the twelfth or thirteenth century, and that since that period they have had a lingering but inevitable decay; that this decay, equally with the previous growth, lay in the nature of things, and, while it might be varied, and here and there postponed, was not finally to be avoided. Thus the history of Europe, contemplated by the light of these two principles, especially of the last, in spite of its multiform complexity and change, is at once shot through with a thread of unity and intelligible sequence. A clear idea is afforded, not only of the starting-point left behind, but of the goal as well to which human affairs are, and have been, constantly tending. We learn to perceive that the changes and revolutions in Church and State have not been solely or chiefly the work of malignant rebels bent on destroying public order for their own selfish purposes, but the result of immense forces having their seat in the profoundest depths of human nature itself. We thus get a criterion by which the actions of men and the working of institutions may be judged with some degree of equity and reason. The sectarians who have hitherto for the most part monopolised history deal out their praise and blame either at random, as the fit takes them, or else on the easy assumption that their own party or clique, whatever it may be, was always in the right, and its adversaries always wrong. And thus the great men of the past are alternately fiends or angels, according to the politics or church of the writer who paints them. History so written becomes a mere vehicle for vituperation and party spleen. But what is it we mean when we assert, for instance, that Philip II., on the one hand, was a reactionary king, and Henry IV. was a progressive one on the other? It is clearly not a mere expression of personal predilection, but manifestly a fact, about which the partisans of neither can have any doubt. It is a fact that Philip did his utmost to stop the course which human affairs had taken in his time, and have continued to take ever since. It is a fact, on the contrary, that Henry did precisely the reverse, and presciently prepared to welcome and assist the advent of the new order of things which he saw the future had surely in store. And so, without a tinge of partisanship, we may estimate the value and characters of the two men. The one was for the modern era, the other against it; the one worked, as Mr. Carlyle would say, in accordance with veracity and fact, as the issue sufficiently proves; the other devoted himself to a phantom of the past, which he vainly, fatuously, and cruelly strove to realise in the present. May we not, after such a

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probation, call the one great and the other little; the one good and admirable, the other hateful and contemptible? In a word, have not we here got a very fair working criterion by which to estimate the characters of history?

Dr. Bridges has contented himself with indicating, in bare yet bold outline, the progress of the great social forces which, starting from the thirteenth century, gradually undermined both Feudalism and Catholicism. Up to the date just named, both Feudalism and Catholicism had grown and expanded with unabated vigour and life. The spiritual supremacy of the Popes waxed ever stronger and stronger. Good men and clear-headed men alike felt that the Papal power was salutary, elevating—was friendly to their best and deepest interests—to be supported, and even fought for, if need were. Then slowly came a great change. In the Universities of England, France, and Italy, men of leisure and meditation were reflecting and comparing. The Church frowned. She was ceasing to be a mother, and preparing for her future character of harsh step-dame. Whereupon men thought and compared only the more. The Church, it now appeared, was willing to be your friend only on conditions—harsh, tyrannical conditions; among others, that you ceased thinking, that you ceased caring for truth, unless it were her truth. She was your friend, not solely or chiefly because you were pure, devout, and aspiring; unless, besides all this, you were prepared to take her word and authority for everything, and suppress and eradicate your love of truth as an evil passion, as a lust of the flesh which would imperil your soul. That love of truth was clearly likely to imperil her supremacy became more and more evident; that it was devilish and damnable, less and less so. Side by side with this spiritual revolution an analogous one was taking place in the secular world of feudalism. Feudalism, of which so much evil is often inconsiderately spoken, was once a very noble and beautiful thing, infinitely superior to the hard, glittering, social systems of Greece and Rome. The ideal of the knightly character—an ideal more than once approximately reached, as in the exquisitely lovely nature of St. Louis of France, or in the less known instance of Count Theobald of Champagne, the friend of St. Bernard—was an ideal far beyond the conception of the haughty oligarchs and aristocrats of the ancient world, and to this day retains a perfume of grace and comeliness. But feudalism also was degenerating—was not only degenerating, but was being gradually superseded. The growth and wealth of the communes or free towns in France, but more especially in rich and thriving Flanders, was showing men that there was something better for them in the world to do than slaving and fighting for a feudal suzerain. At the battle of Courtrai, the sturdy burghers of Bruges and Ghent made it clear to the prancing nobles of France that townsmen and artisans could not only work better, but also fight better, than their aristocratic oppressors. And this silent but ceaseless revolution in things secular and spiritual has been going on without interruption. The fragments of Catholicism, the fragments of feudalism which still exist here and there, are seen, by all who have eyes, to be gradually melting away with the progress of science and of industry. Whatever may be in store for us in the illimitable future, the abolition of aristocratic privilege and dogmatic orthodoxy is clearly the immediate goal to which we are tending.

But assuming now as sufficiently proved that the advent of the mo-

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dern era—the principles of '89, as Dr. Bridges, following French writers, is pleased to call it—was certain and inevitable, it is still manifest that the outward form and circumstance of that advent was to some extent a matter of choice and forethought, a matter in which large and noble statesmanship might take a single part. The principles of '89 were sooner or later certain to triumph, they were in the past as the oak is in the acorn; if the world went on, they were inevitable. But the mode of their triumph was evitable, was controllable. At the opening of the seventeenth century this point was undecided, lay in the remote future. Would the incipient decay of Catholicism and feudalism then in progress be wisely assisted, wisely directed, by statesmanship competent to the task, or would it be vainly yet disastrously delayed and impeded? Would the successive steps leading to the destined end be taken slowly and deliberately one by one, or would they all be deferred to be taken at one terrific leap? Would the change be gradual, peaceable? would the excision of the old be slow yet constant, each month and year bringing its small instalment of substituted new, or would it all be reserved for one universal crash amid the shaking of nations? In a word, was the Revolution to come as we know it, or in a more mild and benignant form? These questions summon Richelieu, Mazarin, Colbert, and Louis XIV., the four chief characters in Dr. Bridges's book, on the historic scene. And if we apply the principles above enunciated to the public policy of these prominent actors in European history, we arrive at this result—namely, that Richelieu was a true precursor of the Revolution, of the peaceful Revolution, of the Revolution as we do not know it, in that he aimed at and did much to advance (1) religious toleration; (2) abolition of aristocratic power and privilege; (3) peaceful industry; (4) the unity and consolidation of France as a nation. That Mazarin continued his foreign, and Colbert his domestic, policy while Louis XIV., in the larger portion of his reign, succeeded in undoing the work of all three, and thus stands before history as the remote but indubitable author of the Revolution as we do know it—the Revolution of September massacres, noyades, and guillotine.

Into the very able and luminous dissertation in which Dr. Bridges propounds and illustrates his views, we have no intention to enter. It is too terse for compression, too round and harmonious to be exhibited by extract. We will content ourselves with remarking that he appears, in our humble opinion, to be very largely endowed with the best and rarest qualities of a great historian. The exceptional elevation of his point of view; the sweep and comprehensiveness of his historical survey; the breadth and calmness, not only of his style and language, but of his entire conception and treatment; and, with one or two exceptions to be presently noticed, the magnanimous candour and impartiality of his judgments, cannot fail to win for him a high place in the opinions of those who love and reverence genuine history. He unites two very uncommon and opposite gifts—namely, great command of cold philosophical deduction and unimpassioned application of principles, with a keen interest in human character and emotion, and a most sensitive spontaneous sympathy with the good and the heroic wherever displayed. The reminiscence of a great name or of a noble action at once flushes his style with a deep glow of fervour and admiration; grandeur and devotion of mind kindle instantly in him a responsive and appreciative enthusiasm. He has a genius for history.

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And now we feel it incumbent on us to confess that there are certain portions of Dr. Bridges's work which are pretty certain to excite opposition, not only from the uncandid adversaries of his master's philosophy, but also from many who are anxious to do that philosophy, and Dr. Bridges also, all the justice they can. We take exception, in the first place, to his inordinate estimate of the greatness and originality of Richelieu's genius. In his third lecture he says:—'Richelieu's grasp of the situation was indeed far larger, if not more noble, than that of the Swedish hero. Gustavus was inspired, as Cromwell after him, by something of the enthusiasm of the Protestant crusader. Richelieu, Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, was devoted to the interest of neither sect. His policy was simply occidental. I use the word in its double sense of contrast. His policy was occidental as opposed on the one hand to a policy purely national, and as opposed also to a policy exclusively Catholic or Protestant.' In this remark a cosmopolitan turn of mind is ascribed to Richelieu, which he was very far from possessing. No French statesman ever lived who cared more for French glory, French interests, French prestige and importance. He said that the reverses of France 'killed' him, while her successes gave him life. Provided an officer or a subordinate of his were a 'bon Français,' a phrase the Cardinal often used, he cared but little what else he was. That his national pride and ambition were very far-sighted, and had nothing vulgar or Napoleonic about them, we readily acknowledge. But this, we take it, is not what Dr. Bridges means by occidental statesmanship. Again, his Protestant alliances, and the European equilibrium which he laboured to bring about, are adduced as proofs of a wonderful sagacity and political foresight. That Richelieu was sagacious no one will question, but where is the marvel that a great secular statesman should be chiefly actuated by secular motives in the choice of his alliances? Richelieu had powerful adversaries in Spain and Austria, and felt that without Protestant aid he had but an indifferent prospect of getting the better of them. He accordingly co-operated with Gustavus and other Protestants. Dr. Bridges thinks this conduct shows a singular emancipation from the prevalent religious narrowness of the age. But even such a poor creature as Francis I., a century previously, had been equal to a similar reach of liberal statesmanship. He promised to assist the Protestant princes who formed the league of Smalkalde, that he would do his best to 'les secourir à son pouvoir sans rien épargner.' And further, as regards the balance of power, which Richelieu beyond all question did much to promote, it is clear that the treaties and alliances which were so often made and broken between Charles V., Francis I., and Henry VIII. proceeded upon a crude and rudimentary conception of such an equilibrium which could not fail to be expanded and completed as time wore on. The whole pith of the matter amounts to nothing more profound than this, that it is salutary and politic for the smaller and weaker members of the European system to unite against any one overgrown Power which might be ready to play the tyrant over the rest. It proceeds on a supposition, in fact, which is not altogether ignored or neglected in the relations and the playgrounds of ingenuous youth.

But this point of difference with Dr. Bridges is quite of trivial importance compared with those which follow. We refer to his treatment and estimate of Constitutional Government, and the view he takes of

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the historical position justly occupied by Protestantism in the development of modern Europe. Against the former Dr. Bridges brings no regular charge, he does not state at any length the objections to which he considers it open; but he emits a succession of sneers surprising to no one who is acquainted with his master's writings, but which we venture to think out of harmony with the tone of candour and dignity which distinguishes the rest of his book:

> The practical Government of France [he says] has been a strong centralised monarchy, administered by middle-class officials. The practical Government of England has been an equally strong local aristocracy, administered by aristocratic officials. Popular consent to taxation during the last three centuries has been the rule in neither, as in England assuredly it is not the rule now. And whether the Government be a united monarchy or a commercio-feudal aristocracy, whether the millions be governed by the thousands or be governed by one, would seem to be to the millions, however it may seem to the thousands, a matter of but secondary importance.

It is painful to find a writer of such rare elevation and moderation as Dr. Bridges condescending to so captious and prejudiced a style as this. That many points in French life and national organisation contrast favourably with their analogues in England, no well informed person will hesitate for a moment to admit. But that, of all things, French bureaucracy and fiscal arrangements should be selected as topics on which to establish a comparison very slightly, if at all, to our advantage, is what could hardly have been expected. Does Dr. Bridges really think that the chief difference between English and French officials is, that in the one country they are taken from the middle class—in the other, from the upper class? Does he really think an army of functionaries—reckoned by some to number upwards of 800,000 paid agents of the Government—does not constitute a heavy incubus on the country which supports it? That country is France. Does Dr. Bridges really think that, whatever may have been our financial improvidence and shortcoming, we have had no more effective control over our Budgets than the French have had over theirs? Does he think that we should endure a growing deficit in time of peace with the equanimity which they at this moment display? Again, our author tells us that Richelieu did not summon the States-General, and hints pretty broadly that, like a sensible man, he did not trouble himself to adopt any 'form whatever of elective representation.' It is easier to say that Richelieu did not do so than to show that it would not have been fortunate for him and for France had he been able or willing to adopt some form or other of elective representation. On this point not only the facts, but the whole moral, of Dr. Bridges's book may be adduced against him. What is his main thesis? Why this, that a peaceful revolution, a peaceful introduction into the modern era was possible for France had the wise policy of Richelieu, Mazarin, and Colbert been persisted in. But it appears that Louis XIV. was 'fatally inferior' to Richelieu, and that everything went wrong in consequence. Fatal inferiority in your despot, when you most of all need superiority, is just one of those fatal weaknesses to which absolute monarchy is peculiarly liable. But it is odd to see a thinker like Dr. Bridges sighing over 'might have beens.' However, it is competent to us to point to what has been and is, and to remark that, with all her aristocracy and landlordism, England just precisely succeeded in doing what France failed to do—to introduce the modern era peacefully, without the universal holocaust of her traditions and political continuity to which

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the country of Richelieu was ultimately driven.

With regard to Protestantism and its historical position, we venture to think that Dr. Bridges is still more unjust. Both he and Comte seem to be deserted of their usual candour and impartiality when they speak of the Reformation and its results. Comte was fond of congratulating himself and France on her 'having escaped the delusive and treacherous stage of Protestantism.' Into the general question we cannot enter on this occasion. The pith of Dr. Bridges's reasoning is that Protestantism stood in the way, not only of Richelieu and his schemes of centralisation, but also interfered with the political and spiritual emancipation of the French nation. The refractory and unpatriotic nobles were its great patrons, and it could only have prevailed in France at the cost of 'a new impulse which would be given to feudalism.' Now even Mr. Buckle, whom Dr. Bridges rather tamely follows in much that he says of the Reform movement, might have taught him better than this. It lies on the face of the history of those times that the nobles were deserting the Protestant cause with undisguised alacrity throughout the first period of Louis XIII.'s reign. The numerous conversions to the dominant religion sufficiently prove this. The Great Assembly which gathered at Rochelle, and which eventually gave Richelieu a useful pretext for demolishing that stronghold of Calvinism, was openly denounced and neglected by the aristocratic members of the party. And when later, in 1632, Henry of Montmorency raised his revolt in Languedoc, he found favour and support among Roman Catholic bishops, none among the Protestant clergy and laymen. Mazarin, who was in a good position to know, declared that he had no fault to find with the *petit troupeau*, the little flock of Protestants. It is clear that, to whatever dangers of a feudal reaction France might have been exposed in the beginning of the seventeenth century, Protestantism contributed but little to them. Again, if it be true, as asserted by Dr. Bridges, that by the triumph of Protestantism in France 'the progress of French thought would have been hampered, and the great philosophic movement of the last century, culminating in the French Revolution, would have been seriously retarded'—if the Reformed faith was really such an impediment in the pathway of all progress, political and intellectual—how comes it to have been so wise in Richelieu to lend it the helping hand he so often did? Dr. Bridges holds it as one of its titles to admiration that politically he held the balance so evenly between the two faiths. But this was in effect to 'hamper the progress of French thought,' to 'retard the great philosophic movement of the last century.' One thing is clear, that if the reactionary powers of Spain and Austria wanted opposing—and no one is more convinced than Dr. Bridges that they did—then the historical value of Protestantism is amply vindicated, for without it most certainly they could not have been opposed.



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THE LIFE OF ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.[1]

MISS WHATELY has presented us with a memoir of her father, prepared with affectionate care. She does not, however, seek to hide from us all those peculiarities of temper which, besides the independence of his opinions, and the keenness with which he smote his opponents, helped, during at least a great portion of his life, to make the famous Archbishop of Dublin unpopular. He had neither the royal gift of personal minute observation and remembrance, nor the courtier's tact of concealing the impressions he received. He says of himself:

> I have no relish for ordinary chat, nor, consequently, for the company of a great part of the world, who have little to say that has anything but novelty to recommend it. It gives me no pleasure to be told who is dead and who married, and what wages my neighbour gives his servants. Then I am ignorant of the streets, and shops, and neighbouring villages of the town where I live. I very often know a man without being able to tell any more about his country, family, &c., than if he had dropped from the skies. . . . If I had had no uncle or aunt, I should probably have been ignorant of my mother's maiden name.

No wonder that a man thus curiously devoid of the instinct which is the oil of society, placed among men sensitive of small offence, and yet standing in a relation to them which is expected to be marked by a spirit of courteous perception and considerateness, should acquire a character for rudeness and strong disdain. Many men could not see his great honest heart for the roughness of the rind under which it lay; yet no one was more acutely observant, even in small things, than Richard Whately, when he was interested. He knew about spiders, birds, dogs. He was an advanced and skilful gardener. He was loved by dumb animals: the cows in his paddock followed him to feed out of his hand. He was deeply affectionate and tender-hearted, while he was counted as harsh. He was minutely accurate and scrupulous, while he was charged with being rash and overbearing. His mind was bent on the large practical questions of his day, while petty observers judged him by their own quart measure. Had he possessed more small change of social converse to give them, they would probably have bowed under his graciousness, though incapable of apprehending his power.

As it was, Whately, being really at variance with many of the prominent theologians of his time, added to all his minor offences in the eyes of minor men the suspicion of being intolerant and unsafe. They could not reach his point of view, and so came to their decision from the fact that he stood almost alone.

Richard Whately was the late sprout of a thriving house, being born when the family had long been supposed complete, and the 'nursery' had ceased to exist. He was a weird and sickly child, with no appetite, except for arithmetic, and no care for the society of other children. In this last point the child was the father of the man, for though Whately had large views, he could hardly go out of himself towards men. The feeble health of his earliest years, however, passed away. He said of himself that the sensation of hunger came upon him as something new and strange when he was a boy of eleven or twelve; but once come, it does not seem to have left him. He grew up into a tall, strong man, with a store of energy and freshness, which was

[1] *The Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, D.D., late Archbishop of Dublin.* By E. Jane Whately. Two volumes. London: Longmans, 1866.

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often exhibited in the 'divine' and 'bishop' with results which many thought hardly consistent with the dignity of his office.

While an infant, he displayed a remarkable power in arithmetic. This showed itself first when he was between five and six, and lasted for about three years. He says:

> One of the earliest things I can remember is the discovery of the difference between even and odd numbers, whose names I was highly delighted to be told. I soon got to do the most difficult sums, always in my head, for I knew nothing of figures beyond numeration, nor had I any names for the different processes I employed. . . . I did these sums much quicker than any one could upon paper, and I never remember committing the smallest error.

This power left him when he was about nine years old, and though in later years the clearness of his explanations of the *processes* of arithmetic was always remarkable, he never distinguished himself as a mathematician.

We have, in Miss Whately's memoir, several pictures of her father's habits and appearance at various times in his life. The two volumes are headed with engravings, of which the second will be accepted at once as at the same time the most faithful and characteristic. The first is taken from a portrait in which the artist evidently endeavoured to give such an ideal of a high church dignitary as was anyhow consistent with Archbishop Whately's appearance. In the second portrait, apparently taken from a photograph, we see the grim strength of the man, with a touch of his dry humour, but no longer trimmed and toned down to suit the robes of office.

That these often sat upon him uneasily we have many hints:

> The Order of St. Patrick, when he was obliged to wear it, hung round his neck as a thing that was in his way, and which he would gladly, if he could, have taken into a corner. On his first visit to London, he presented himself at William IV.'s levée without it—not designedly, but simply because he had never thought of it.

When he became Archbishop, he found the fussy routine of semi-official duties so oppressive, that he took a house at Redesdale, about five miles from Dublin, to which he always returned from the town 'with a holiday feeling, whatever work he might have to do there in thinking or writing.'

The eccentricity in dress and manner which gained him at Oxford the nickname of the 'White Bear,' from his wearing a rough white coat, was necessarily tamed somewhat down in later life. But he was obliged to escape from the staid atmosphere around an Archbishop of the Establishment by rough work of some kind. 'He took delight,' says Miss Whately, 'in performing the ordinary garden operations with his own hands, sometimes working hard at digging, lopping boughs, or felling trees.' His gentler recreations, too, shewed some of this effort to get out of a rut. 'He delighted in experiments on the culture of plants and trees . . . and his combinations of one plant with another on the same stem, by "approach grafting," made his grounds at Redesdale a very chaos of whimsical curiosities.'

He loved the country, and, in the earlier part of his life at least, seldom kept to the footpath when he went out for a walk. From morning to night, at work or at play (if we may venture to use the word in speaking of an Archbishop), he left an impression on all who had to do, or who had not to do with him, that he was unlike his peers.

We will not say that honesty, which was the conspicuous feature of his character, was not shared by many from whom he differed, and who took a leading part in his generation; but in Whately we have the example of a man vividly

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original, scrupulously honest, of strong will, and excursive genius, who yet, with all his strength and keen sense, never had, and we will venture to say never could have, any permanent following as the founder of a school of thought. His genius was incisive rather than seminal; e.g., it is said of him that 'he had a special aversion to any work which he could not look forward to *completing*; and often said, if he were forced to undertake a lifelong diary, he should wish his life over.'

But we will take some extracts from his memoirs which we think best illustrate his character. He was very self-conscious, and this produced one of the most prominent characteristics which struck us in reading the book which professes to display his life. This self-consciousness sometimes made him painfully condescending. Witness a letter to his curate at Halesworth, to whom he wrote about commencing some evening parochial lectures:

> Nor, under any circumstances, is it a sort of thing I should think of absolutely demanding, because it is what cannot be worth doing at all if not done with hearty good will. A man may be hired like a labourer, or driven like a schoolboy, to take a written sermon into a pulpit, and read it with an audible voice. . . . I am sorry you should take me for such an arrogant coxcomb as to enter the desk and deliver a lecture without any previous preparation. I never was guilty of that, though the preparation was not always (as it was in general) made just before the lecture was given. I could think over what I had to say, sometimes two or three days before—and that often while I was digging or out shooting.

What a queer mixture of lofty principle and common-place illustration, what a donnish and yet undignified style is this! It is like a shy elephant explaining himself to an inferior animal. The same action of opposite feelings is shown repeatedly in his letters. Take one to his intimate friend Mrs. Hill, about his sending her copies of his works:

> The cost to me of such a gift to any one not likely to be a purchaser is next to nothing; and, accordingly, Dr. West is allowed to give them away to such persons at his discretion, as from himself. But I do not, ordinarily, give copies as 'from the author,' for fear of giving offence to those omitted. The line that I draw is to give to those that have in some way assisted; and your pretty book of selections brings you within the category of having done something.

This is terribly kind. We have noticed several indications of the same ponderous condescension, in which shyness or self-consciousness becomes so prominent as to give pain, at least to the reader if not to the recipient of the Archbishop's generosity, whose estimate of him might be drawn, not from his manner on that particular occasion, but from experience of his genuine kindness. In referring to the book for traits of Whately's character, and thus exhibiting what the book contributes towards a just estimation of it, we prefer to take these uncomfortable examples first. Thus we bear witness to its honesty, and clear the way for an estimate of his principles, opinions, wisdom, and influence, which we shall try to consider in turn.

To no one was the Archbishop more desirous to be considerate than to Mr. Blanco White, who left his confidential post in the family on becoming a Socinian. But there is much which jars with a delicate sense of kind feeling in several of the Archbishop's long letters to this gentleman, e.g.:

> I am sure you have no need to be reminded how long we laboured to promote your ease and happiness—not so successfully, indeed, as we could have wished, but as sedulously as if that had been the main object of our lives; and this not merely when we were repaid by the benefit and pleasure of your conversation, but with even redoubled diligence when your health and spirits were prostrated by illness. I am sure you can never deliberately suspect such

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friends of any but the best and kindest intentions, whether the steps taken appear to you judicious or not.

Perhaps a most characteristic illustration of Whately's want of that delicacy of feeling which spoiled many of his acts and sayings may be found in one of his letters to Nassau Senior on secondary punishments. He writes:

Pray suggest, in your report on paupers that any female receiving relief should have her hair cut off. It may seem trifling, but, *hæ nugæ*, &c. First, a good head of hair will fetch from 5*s.* to 10*s.*, which would perhaps be a fortnight's maintenance. Secondly, indirectly the number who would exert themselves to save their hair is beyond belief.

We do not wonder that many sensitive spirits shrunk from one who could deliberately advise this treatment of paupers.

Whately had not the least feeling for æsthetics:

For the treasures of art, antiquity, curious old cities, and fine buildings, he had little or no taste. . . . . When on the Continent, he turned with indifference, and almost distaste, from the masterpieces of Raphael, Correggio, and other old masters. . . . . Architecture was a dead letter to him.

His energy was great:

Though naturally one who shook off sleep with difficulty, it was his college habit to arouse himself by the help of an alarum in his room, at five o'clock, summer and winter, light his own fire, and study for two hours or more; then sally forth for an early walk, from which he returned in time to meet the band of late risers hurrying from their beds to the eight o'clock chapel.

And this energy clung to him through life, though in the matter of early rising he changed his habits, and sat up late to work.

No wonder the language of such a man was often imperious:

His talk was rather didactic than controversial, which naturally rendered his company unpopular with some, while it gave him the mastery over other spirits of a different mould.

An instance of this appears in his controversy with his dog 'Bishop.' Whately was then a college don, and was spending his Christmas holidays in the country:

Out of doors he always carried his gun, and occasionally brought down a bird. His chief sport was among the crows. . . . . One morning he shot an usually plump one. 'This,' said he, 'will make a capital supper for Bishop.' But when it was dressed, Bishop refused to touch it. Whately endeavoured to coax him into an appetite for it, and from coaxing changed his tone to that of remonstrance and rebuke. All to no purpose. It now became a contest between the will of the master and that of the animal. Whately resolved to carry his point.

But it took him till the third day, when he won, and the dog ate the crow.

The eccentricity of Whately was so notorious that many things were fathered upon him which he did not deserve as they were not *characteristically* odd. We have, however, several genuine records of his oddness in the book before us. He had a remarkable propensity to leave the path when he took a walk; but this was not enough—he compelled his friends to follow him. On one occasion, when he was walking with some undergraduates, his pupils, in the country near Oxford, he, a college don, dragged one of them, a notorious fop, through a stream, by main force, because he had heedlessly said he would go where his tutor went. 'You said you would follow me, and follow me you shall,' said Whately, laying hands on the youth. Thus he gave a *reason* for his freak.

Nor was his defiance of academical propriety exhibited in country walks alone. One of his friends writes:

I left Oxford in 1819, and we rarely met till he returned there as Principal of St. Alban's Hall. There, from time to time, I used to visit him; and during those visits had frequently cause to regret how very much the influence he might have exercised in the government of the University was lessened by his utter disregard of the customs and regulations of the place.

On many a summer's evening did I walk with him in 'beaver,' as it was called, in Christchurch meadows, where every one

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was expected to appear in cap and gown, and where, to the horror of the 'dons,' a crowd would be collected round him, to witness the exploits of his dog 'Sailor,' a large spaniel whom he had taught to climb the high trees hanging over the Cherwell, from which he would often drop into the river below; and this curious exploit of his dog he continued to exhibit, in the face of sundry grave remonstrances.

The dog referred to in this letter was the cause of one of those curiously apt coincidences of speech which have probably gained for some the credit of supernatural sagacity. On the morning in which Whately—then staying with Arnold at Rugby—had received the offer of the Archbishopric of Dublin, he took a visitor in the house to see 'Sailor' climb. When the dog had got up the tree, he began to yell. 'What do you think of that?' said Whately. *Visitor*: 'I think that some, besides the dog, when they find themselves at the top of the tree, would give the world if they could get down again.' *Whately*: 'Arnold has told you!' *Visitor*: 'Has told me what?' *Whately*: 'That I have been offered the Archbishopric of Dublin.' But this was the first the visitor heard of the appointment.

The principles of Whately were, we think, mistaken by many in his own day. His love of truth displayed itself more in a desire to express his opinions fairly, and get immediately to the facts upon which a statement was based, than to welcome any fresh light which time might shed upon a question. He was intolerant of the supposition that he could not exhaust an inquiry. He loved to *settle* everything. The thought of incompleteness was eminently repugnant to his mind. The estimate of his character given in a speech by the Bishop of Exeter in the House of Lords appears to us inconsistent with his real principles. 'I never,' said the Bishop, 'knew a man more strenuous in the pursuit of truth—more fearless to whatever that pursuit might lead him.' In fact, however, Whately's opinions (which must be a fair test of the principles upon which he reached them), early thought out for himself, underwent little change or modification in any direction. When once he had got what he believed to be a commonsense view of a fact, he had small regard for any others. He refused to examine them. When large questions were brought before him in the course of his life, he was accustomed to remark, 'I went through that when I was twelve; such a system I thought out when I was thirteen or fourteen;' and so on.

This is not the way of a man who is radically interested in the pursuit of truth. A writer in the *British Critic*, 1842, judged him far more accurately than the Bishop of Exeter. He asks:

> Since his change to his present position, eleven years have passed over our heads—the most momentous, perhaps, in English history since the Reformation; what effect have the wants of these years had on this writer? How far have they enlarged the sphere of his mental vision? He has sent forth from Dublin the very same sentiments, the same arguments, nay, the same quotations, whether from heathen authors or his friends' writings, which had been heard from the University pulpit.

Whately's special principle was to be true in all that he did rather than to do anything in the pursuit of truth. When a statement, theory, or doctrine came under his eye, he brought down his logical cleaver upon it, but a succession of these operations never taught him to concern himself about any possible further handling of the matter. His main object was to decide and define. The gradual progress towards a fuller though future sight of a fact did not trouble him. While he forgot the things which were behind in pinning down and dissecting a fact before him, he did not press forward unto those things which were before. He was true, true as

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steel, but it was in doing the work and completing the process of thought immediately under his eye. He was not a man of progress so much as of positive sentence. He hated party feeling because it led to illogical one-sided views. But he was impatient of any delay in the process of arriving at a conclusion. He would have some conclusion of the whole matter.

Again, as an indication of the principles which he used in forming a judgment in religious questions, he was content to abide by the literal interpretation of Scripture. That was his touchstone. 'I am,' he says in a letter to Pusey, 'ready to stand corrected, I trust, when any of my views can be proved unscriptural.' So far from ever venturing to question the Scriptures as, in themselves, final gauges of truth, his real anxiety was to learn what they said. It does not appear to have presented itself to his mind to apply any test to the truth of any statement of Scripture. When he was once satisfied that an opinion was scriptural he was satisfied as to its truth. He shut his eyes, or we should rather say, did not see any horizon beyond the authority of the Bible. As long as it was Bible he was content. He had, moreover, small aptitude for or suspicion of any figurative parabolic meaning in Scripture, but stuck doggedly to what he believed to be its letter. We will make an extract from the book before us to exemplify what we mean. He is speaking of the falsehood of commonly received maxims (vol. ii. p. 400):

> Another common error [he continued] is to suppose the sinfulness of man was occasioned by our first parents eating the apple. The apple may have increased that sinfulness, it may have awakened passions unknown to them before; but the sin was committed as soon as they had resolved to eat the apple, and a sinful diathesis, a tendency to sin, must have existed in them, or they would not have listened to the tempter.
>
> The nature of the tree of life, too, has not been well explained. I suspect that the use of its fruit completely repaired the waste of the body, and that it imparted to the constitutions of our first parents a vigour which gradually wore out. The earlier generation of mankind inherited a life eleven or twelve times as long as ours. After the deluge, life gradually shortened, from 600 years, the time of Shem, to 438 years, that of his son Arphaxad; 239 years, that of Arphaxad's great grandson, Peleg; 138 years, that of Peleg's great grandson Nahor; and 175 years, that of Nahor's grandson, Abraham. . . . . Now, this is what might be expected to be the effect of a food that, as long as it was habitually eaten, gave immortality, and when it was discontinued, slowly lost its effect.

Now we must not be led away by a consciousness of Whately's high principle, keen logic, and firm honesty, to lose sight of the radical narrowness of the ground upon which he based his views. His was wholly foreign, nay, alien, to the character of modern biblical criticism. And yet as his great aim in all his teaching was to make people think for themselves, we must not wonder at his chickens when hatched taking to a new element, and leaving him mourning over or wondering at their rashness. Newman, his friend, and sometime subordinate, left him and sailed away to Rome; Blanco White, impregnated with his daily talk, became a Socinian: this, however, was not because Whately was Romanist or Socinian, but because he held that liberty of judgment and freedom of expression were essential to the formation of a Christian character. Meanwhile he himself never dreamed of applying this liberty otherwise than to the elucidation of Scripture. Logic was his life, but he did not, so it seems to us, appreciate the facility which logic gives in escaping from the infallibility of the letter of Scripture either towards Rome or towards Rationalism. Whately used the Bible as the immovable basis of the operations by which he arrived logi-

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cally at his religious conclusions, and while it is true that he protested vehemently against arguing from a text, and took rather what he believed to be the collated testimony of Holy Writ as his final appeal, yet when once he believed that a doctrine or fact was scriptural he was satisfied.

It may easily be seen, therefore, that he had no sympathy with that school of critics which applies the touchstone of science to many of the statements contained in the Scriptures. In radical principle he did not differ from the large bulk of the Low Church clergy who were among his bitterest opponents. And, moreover, in regard to the 'High Church,' especially the 'Tractites,' as Whately calls them, he exercised his logical faculties in clearing the ground upon which they raised the theory of development. He made his own use of that ground, but they grew from the same soil, they built their fabric on the literal interpretation of Scripture. The claim of sacerdotal power in the ministry, and the mystical efficacy in the Holy Communion, are rested originally upon the literal interpretation of many chief sentences in the Bible.

When, therefore, we examine the book before us for Whately's principles, and perhaps they are indicated more surely in free correspondence than in writings more cautiously composed, we seem to see a paradox running throughout his whole life and conversation. In theory, he advocated free exercise of judgment and full expression of opinion. He taught men to think and speak. But while his influence tended to set his disciples upon their own legs, which they used at their discretion, his were firmly planted on the broad letter of Scripture. Logic was his process, but words were his tools. To him, 'idea' was the feminine of 'idiot.' He had small patience with those whose wits he had sharpened, and in whose minds a logical action had been set up, when they made their bow to him and went on cutting their own way with the weapons with which he had supplied them.

His principles, it may be plainly seen, might lead to that which is called infidelity. His use of them kept him on the ground from which both Romanist and Rationalist started. We believe that this is one of the reasons why many people were puzzled to know what Whately would be at. Their consciousness of his notorious advocacy of the rights of private judgment was often not corrected by the observation that he scrupulously exercised this right in forming religious conclusions on scriptural bases alone. Thus he was at the same time 'dangerous' in theory, but orthodox in practice; and to this may be attributed the belief in his theological eccentricity. He was not really eccentric in his views, but, rather, more devoted to the central stores of scriptural statement than the friends who left, and the enemies who abhorred him.

He was a great man in his way, strong, patient, and true; he shed light upon whatever he touched, and gave sound reasons for whatever he did, but there were whole clusters of thoughts which he either did not or would not touch, and which many much smaller men than himself are earnestly concerned in.

We will now pass on to look at some of the opinions delivered by Whately on the questions of his day, some of which press importunately on all thinking men. The 'Irish difficulties' are supposed to be chronic; at least they are not cured. We may be sure that the keen eye of Whately fixed itself upon them, and it is far more than a matter of mere curiosity to know what the shrewdest practical thinker of his day determined upon as the only remedy for the chief grievances

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which distracted, and still distract, the land of his official life.

Whately wrote terrible long letters about the Irish Church, and such a system of education as would satisfy men whose religious opinions are antagonistic. But we have here and there throughout his correspondence many short summaries of the policy which he approved of. Take the case of the Irish Church first. He felt that it represented a feeling and force which many thoughtful men would be sorry to see disturbed. But he felt at the same time that the contrast between the position of the clergy of the Establishment and of the Romish Church was intolerable. We will quote a few of his decisions.

'In fact,' he says (vol. i. 347), 'I have no hope whatever of permanent peace till the Irish clergy are maintained by Government.' And by the 'Irish clergy' he means—with an indirect admission that they represent the form of Christianity adopted by and suited to the Ireland of to-day—the Romish priests. Again (vol. ii. 107), in accepting as a truism that Ireland had the same right to good government as England, he says, 'Till the priests are paid, it cannot be said to be fully carried out.' Again, in writing to Mr. Senior during the distress of 1847, he exclaims, 'What an admirable opportunity the present distress affords of paying the Irish priests!' And yet he did not propose to effect this by transferring the payment from the Protestant clergy to them, for he adds:

'But I suppose —— and —— would do their best to prevent such a measure, except in the way of taking the funds from the Protestant establishment—a plan than which Satan himself could not devise a more effectual way of keeping up and exasperating religious animosities in this truly wretched country. Each successive Government seems ambitious to outstrip its predecessor in the career of folly.

One of Whately's strongest testimonies on this point was given in his old age, when seventy-five. Mr. Senior, from whose journal this witness is quoted, is recommending the endowment of the priests, in a conversation among the Archbishop, Dr. De Ricci, and himself. Says Dr. De Ricci, 'But they have refused an endowment.'

'It was never offered to them,' said the Archbishop.

'They were asked,' says Dr. De Ricci, 'if they would take one, and they said no.'

'Of course they did,' said the Archbishop. 'If I were to go into a ball-room and say, "Let every young lady who wishes for a husband hold up her hand," how many hands would be held up? Give them endowment; vest in commissioners a portion of the national debt, to be apportioned among the parish priests; let each priest know the dividend to which he is entitled, and how he is to draw for it; and protect him in its enjoyment from the arbitrary tyranny of his bishop, and you will find him no more bound by his former refusal, than any one of the young ladies would feel that not holding up her hand had bound her to celibacy. To do this,' he continued, 'would be not merely an act of policy, but of bare justice. It would be paying Roman Catholic priests with Roman Catholic money. The taxes are a portion of each man's income, which the State takes from him in order to render to him certain services, which it can perform for him better than he can do for himself. Among these, one of the most important is the maintenance of religion and of religious education. This service the State does not render to the Roman Catholics, and so far it defrauds them.'

Another great Irish offence was, in Whately's eyes, the Lord Lieutenancy. He long thought that it ought to be abolished. He said (vol. ii. 237):

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I feel it more strongly every day. No friend to the Union, no friend to good government, can wish to retain that office. Those who hear that the Lord-Lieutenant is kept at work all day, and perhaps half the night [there were no developed Fenians then], infer that he must have much to do. I have served the office for months at a time. . . . The Lords Justices in the absence of the Lord Lieutenant perform all the duties. They are not employed for three hours in a week. The Lord-Lieutenant's days and nights are wasted on intrigue and party squabbles. . . . . The abolition of this phantom of independence is the first step towards the consolidation of the two countries.

Again (vol. ii. 363):

Here, in Ireland, with every change of ministry, we have a change of sovereign; and the party opposed to the ministry for the time being is opposed to the Lord Lieutenant. . . . . I have known several Lord Lieutenants who worked hard, but they made almost all the business that they did. They were squirrels working in a cage. There is no use in sweeping a room if all the dust comes out of the broom.

Whately had no faith in the pacification of Ireland by means of either of the parties which rend it. He says:

The English apply all they hear of the Irish national character to the Roman Catholics, and imagine that Protestants—men of their own church—are much such men as themselves; whereas, a Roman Catholic and an Orangeman (with, of course, individual exceptions) are much more like each other than either of them is to an Englishman. The chief difference in respect of the present point, is implacability. The English are turbulent, violent, and unjust, when their passions are roused; but they would not go on, year after year, and generation after generation, trampling on, insulting, and tormenting a fallen foe. Here *parcere subjectis* is unknown.

Thus he mistrusts the Orangeman, politically, as much as the Romanist. He continues:

I say again that the permanent pacification of Ireland through the predominance of Orange spirit, must be by the *entire* extermination of at least all the adult males of the Roman Catholics.

Adding—

Take care this letter does not set your house on fire, as it would mine, if found in it.

Whately's remedy for Ireland was, in few words, fair play to both sides, involving the payment of the priests, mixed secular education, and a strong executive directed from England, the phantom of power in the Lord Lieutenant and his surroundings being swept away altogether.

A word about his opinions on a few other points. He is supposed by many to be an Erastian, but this is what he says of Church and State (vol. i. 191):

I mean the two kingdoms—one of the world, the other not of this world. I mean two societies, all the members of each of which may happen to be the very same, man for man, but which are not the less two societies, distinct in their respective objects, and distinct in their means of attaining them.

He distinguishes between the endowment of the Church and a State religion, inclining towards the former, and apparently objecting to the scheme of our Reformers:

A national religion, in the sense of a State religion, is very intelligible and very easily realised; but it is quite inconsistent with liberty of conscience. . . . . And such a religion our Reformers designed to maintain. But then they never dreamed of liberty of conscience, of not enforcing that which is part of the law of the land. But into this inconsistency their successors have fallen, by blending the two incompatible ideas of national religion and toleration.

Then he quaintly adds:

We are like the physician who first prescribed ice, and then directed that it should be warmed.

Whately himself, whatever his abstract admiration of liberty of conscience, was by no means one who warmed his ice; witness his authoritative monition to the Irish clergy not to join the Evangelical Alliance.

In this view of Whately's opinions we see the same contrast between what might have been expected from his principles, and his practice, as we noticed in looking at his professed desire for truth, and then finding ourselves pulled

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up by the fact that he never ventured to question the accuracy of any statement which could be proved to be scriptural. Throughout the book before us, we are continually forced to the conclusion that he strove more to be true in what he did than to do anything in the pursuit of truth. He shrank from speculation; e.g. of the distinctions in the Divine essence, he says this speculative doctrine 'is better not to be dwelt on lest we be bewildered and misled.' To him the doctrine of the Trinity was a practical one, i.e. it concerned only the *manifestations* of God to man. The speculative doctrine he speaks of as 'wholly incomprehensible,' and such as had better be 'kept in the background.' He drew back from any attempt to pursue and apprehend it. He did not court a fuller understanding of the matter. He let it be. He stuck to plain commands. 'St. John,' he says, 'is both the most instructive, and *therefore* the most *dangerous* of the sacred writers.' Here is Whately the theologian all over. He did *not* like the pursuit of speculative truth, and, therefore, strove to mould his and other people's Christianity into a simple intelligible system, rejecting the consideration of everything which would not admit a logical common-sense explanation. We must not wonder that his tools and the materials upon which he used them were sometimes shrewdly strained. Thus, his manipulation of the faith was gratifying to sharp minds, but when he applied his system to great men, and had set up an action in them, Whately had the mortification of seeing that they would not stop where he thought they ought. Whately's force was really centrifugal, and while the lesser particles were retained, the largest were thrown off.

We must refer our readers to the book itself for many expressions of Whately's opinions on questions of permanent interest, and give a specimen or two of that style which is most characteristic of himself. He loved apophthegms, and they are scattered through the volume. They precisely suited that kind of genius which would bring a truth into a focus, rather than expand a rule into a principle. This way is, however, more entertaining than seminally instructive. It gives a choppy taste to much of Whately's teaching, and seems to us sometimes to sacrifice truth to neatness. E.g. (vol. i. p. 71), he is speaking of extempore preaching, and says:

> Why, if a mechanic were thinking (as we are too apt to do) of the opinion his apprentices would form of him as a speaker, he also would, I dare say, begin to feel nervous and modest, and would be content to read them a written discourse on shoemaking, and the shoes would never be made.

Now this is not fair. If a mechanic were obliged weekly to give a lecture on the principles and practice of shoemaking, and the making of the shoes depended on *that*, they would frequently be unmade or ill-made. The shoemaker's talk to his apprentices corresponds to the minister's personal intercourse with his people, not to his address from the pulpit.

Again, Whately is occasionally inconsistent with himself. He is indignant (vol. i. p. 91) with those who desire a vote for their own benefit, and asks:

> Will any one have the effrontery to reply, 'Yes, but we do reap advantage from having votes, because we get attention paid to our own peculiar interests?' This is pleading your own wrong. A man might as well petition against the erection of a lighthouse, on the ground that he made a profit of plundering wrecks.

This is neat, but it does not fit in with what he says in the next page:

> I think that the property of the Church should be more effectually represented by members from each diocese in the House of Commons, elected by all holders and tenants

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of glebe lands or other ecclesiastical property.

The reader of the book will, however, find and enjoy many bits of wisdom, though there may lurk behind some of them a sense of one-sidedness. Whately greatly objected to teaching children to learn by rote what they did not understand. He said it was to make them 'swallow their food first and chew it afterwards.'

Here is another show of good sense:

However reluctant we may be to take any decided step, we should remember that in such times as these to sit still is, in fact, to take one of the most decided steps of all: it is to put ourselves at the absolute disposal of those who are resolved *not* to sit still.

Again, on the freedom of a dissenting minister:

Instead of thirty-nine articles he has to subscribe to the judgment of perhaps ten times thirty-nine hearers, who are competent, not only to agree together to discard him, but each one of them to withhold, or diminish, or augment, his contribution, according as he thinks of the preacher.

On a man bringing himself by the exercise of his private judgment to submit to a Church which denies it, he says it is to 'take a voyage in search of a compass, because he cannot sail without one.'

On the credit which a very silent man gets for wisdom:

If you were to hear an ox utter a sensible remark, your astonishment would set it off, and it would seem not only prodigious, but prodigiously wise; and, moreover, you would not know what he might say next, if the humour took him; you might guess that he knew all things, and if he would but speak more, might instruct the world.

About legislative prohibition:

That there ought to be a law to make men do this, and to prevent their doing that, is just what occurs to an intelligent and well disposed child of twelve years old.

About influence:

If there could be a book (on moral or religious subjects) which every one thought very convincing, this would be a sign that it had convinced nobody. . . . . The cheers come from those who were already convinced.

On revivals:

To me it appears that Christianity is a very quiet and deliberate religion. It keeps the steam acting on the wheels, instead of noisily whizzing out at the safety valve.

But surely a machine without a safety valve would be an imperfect one. In most—at least, in very many—of Whately's apophthegms and wise sentences, there is some such escape as this. We are caught by its sharp sense, and then see a way by which to slip aside.

We regret that there are not more examples of Whately's genuine wit in the memoir before us. He was a prime humourist, and no fair estimate can be formed of him without a prominent supply of his peculiar humour. There is not much of this in Miss Whately's book. We will not anticipate the entertainment of the reader by picking out such scattered plums as there are. Yet, with all his keen sense of satire, it is curious to notice that Whately did not appreciate Thackeray in the least, and was, of course, too honest not to say so:

If you were to serve up a dinner with top dish a roasted fox, stuffed with tobacco and basted with train oil, and at bottom an old ram goat, dressed with the hair on, and seasoned with assafœtida, the side dishes being plain boiled rice, this would give an idea of what his fictions are to my taste.

Every now and then the boisterous humour and strong language of Whately shows through a crevice, but it is immediately covered up. He hated decorum, and yet he is presented to us with the dress of his order arranged upon him as decorously as possible. Perhaps we could not expect, or indeed desire, otherwise from a daughter; but then, we do not see Whately. His books are before the world; his work—incessant, laborious, honest—was done in the full daylight. What we wanted in this memoir was an unsparing selection of cha-

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racteristic anecdotes, and that free picture of a man's mind which appears in familiar correspondence. But the materials at the author's disposal have, we think, been too carefully used. It could not, we suppose, have been helped. Miss Whately has been very painstaking, but, if we may venture to say so, no child — certainly no daughter — could, without stepping out of the closely loving circle of her life, have drawn Whately as he would have appeared in a picture from the hand of a large-hearted, genial friend, who was not a relative of the Archbishop's, and yet loved the roughness of the giant.

For he was a giant in a silk apron. He swam lustily against the stream, and made way. He walked up a sandy hill, and rose. He met with many failures, as all great men must; and it is very touching to read of his withdrawal from the Education Board, and to know that his strenuous efforts to promote a secular education which should yet contain an element of true Catholic religious teaching, have comparatively failed. But he has left us lines on which to work in this matter.

His influence in his own day was the less appreciated because he founded no school; but it was a genuine influence. He was a grindstone of the purest grit. He ground up every mind he came across, flinging aside, it may have been with a contemptuous gesture, any which proved incapable of taking an edge. The sparks which flew from his wheel attracted more attention than the effect he produced upon the material in his hand; for the men he worked upon not unfrequently seemed to separate themselves wholly from him after a while. Yet they owed much of the force and edge of their power to the great man who had taught them to think for themselves. And though his daughter could hardly, in the nature of things, exhibit her father's character and conversation with that masculine appreciation of its strength which it deserved, yet we have to thank Miss Whately for a memoir which no one can read without much fresh interest in the man who is its subject, and a tribute of regard to her whose words show the tenderness of affection which he showed and called forth in those who knew him in the closest relationships of life.



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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1867.

ON THE DEFENCE OF INDIA.

By Lieut.-Col. A. Fraser, R.E., C.B.

INDIA may, I believe, be held by an army of 40,000 Europeans, more effectively than it is now by a force of 70,000. This seems rather a startling problem, but I think it is capable of solution.

The following points seem to be admitted on all hands:

(1.) That the casualty rate in India is more than double, perhaps more than treble, that in England.

(2.) That frequent relief is necessary; and that the difficulty of that relief, great as it is at present, increases yearly.

(3.) That Europeans enjoy better health in the hills than in the plains of India.

(4th.) That we can only hold India with the sea as our base, and while we are masters of the sea.

(5.) That had the mutiny taken place during the Crimean war, our position in India would have been more doubtful than it was; and that should another outbreak—not at all impossible with our still enormous native army—occur during a European war, it would still become very precarious.

No one seems to have grappled with the subject of the strategic disposition of our troops, taken as a whole, with a view to the least expense to India, and to the least strain upon Great Britain, consistently with efficiency; and if I do so, it is merely in the hope that I may turn the attention of abler heads than my own to such an important subject, especially at a time when the great Indian railway system initiated by Lord Dalhousie is approaching completion, and vast sums are about to be expended in giving barrack accommodation on a grand scale to so large a force of Europeans.

I believe it is also contemplated to fortify railway stations. Now, I have no objection to place an important terminus under the guns of a fort; but in India the railway station cannot be made to answer both a military and a civil object. It is not too much to affirm that a sentry cannot say, with any effect, 'Who comes there?' to a locomotive; and unless a sentry can give effect to such words, the place he pretends to guard is worse than useless; for it becomes, in a military point of view, a weakness. So of all other arrangements for fortresses, forts, or places of refuge, which are not entirely under military control, and absolutely occupied and guarded by a military force.

At the same time, had there been, during the mutiny, any fortified positions properly disposed, as I now propose to place them, many of the tragedies which were then enacted—that of Cawnpoor among

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the number — could hardly have taken place, except through the grossest carelessness of the first duties of soldiers. No doubt, had there been such points, they could have been safely held till reinforcements came up.

These general remarks bring me to the points which I propose to discuss in considering the subject of this memorandum. They are as follows:

We require absolute safety for the debarkation of troops at certain points of our general base—the sea; and these points I take to be—

1. Rangoon
2. Calcutta
3. Madras
4. Bombay
5. Kurrachee

Of which, strategically speaking, Nos. 2 and 4 are the most important.

We require continuous and absolutely safe means of communication from these points to the extreme points of probable operations. To have *safe* communication, we must have metalled roads alongside, or going in the same direction as the railways.

We require certain fortified positions so disposed that they should act in two ways: 1st. As points d'appui for the forces hereafter mentioned, upon, and from which those forces may act. 2nd. As great centres of refuge for the non-military class. These fortified positions should be generally at or near to the great termini or junctions of the railways, and probably overawing great and neighbouring cities. Where should we have been during the mutiny had we not had Fort William to cover the disembarkation of our troops at Calcutta; or if, without such a fort, the then weak regiment (the 53rd, I think) had been cantoned in the manner usual in the rest of India, in the neighbourhood of the four native regiments at Barrackpore? There must be much greater chance of success for a conspiracy to destroy such a regiment so cantoned, than for one to take a fort properly guarded.

We require to have minor forts, or fortified barracks, between the points mentioned above, to protect communication and to form minor centres of refuge.

We require to plant generally on the hills, comparatively concentrated movable columns (of Europeans only), ready in all respects, and with all arms, to move immediately on what I have called the points d'appui, these forming the immediate bases of operations for any particular column.

Admitting that there must be always some native troops, at all events at the frontiers, we should reduce the native army to the lowest limit, and substitute a police without firearms; while those native corps which remain should be placed where they could do us the least harm.

Bombay is only a month from England; Kurrachee, Madras, Calcutta and Rangoon, but six weeks. Suppose that 10,000 men of all arms are necessary for a relief annually to the 40,000 men forming the permanent force of India. Let this force (of 10,000) form India's reserve, made available simply by stopping, in case of necessity, the home-going regiments. Let India pay for this extra force of 10,000 men, forming a portion of the standing army of Great Britain, on the condition of its being available in case of need, and of England's reorganising (if necessary) the regiments returned home. In ordinary times the reserve would be the relief; and in cases of need might be directed to the point of the base nearest the threatened point. The movable columns would be in themselves sufficient for the ordinary duties of the country, and able to nip in the bud any minor

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rising; while an almost immediate reserve can be formed (with a transport service such as is now about to be organised) of 10,000 men. In case, again, of any great emergency or interruption of our Suez line of communication, our fortified positions would enable us to wait, with our people in safety, till we can strike a blow effectively.

Sir Charles Napier was loud in his condemnation of our straggling cantonments and heavy baggage trains; and I think that everybody can understand that both these points must be lamentable sources of weakness. But the mischief of the cantonment system is much enhanced by their having been generally planted, without any protection, near large cities; so that it is impossible to make any military movement without leaving a point of great weakness and danger behind.

I now apply these views; and, according to my light, attempt to point out the means whereby we may reduce our army as I have thought it may be reduced. I shall be forgiven if I deal loosely with Bombay and Madras (the countries about which I do not personally know), and make my suggestions from a not very perfect map. Perhaps as I have been a comrade with the Bombay and Madras armies, in some successful campaigns, their officers will help me out of any errors into which I may happen to fall. I will begin, as the most eastward, with British Burma.

Fortify Rangoon, i.e., let a proper fortification be placed there, clear of the town and of all obstructions to a free play of its guns, with accommodation for 2,000 men of all arms. Let this force detach a quarter (or 500 men) to fortified barracks at Tongoo, and a quarter (or 500 men) to a similar position at Thyetmyo. As there are no roads to speak of in British Burma, keep the communication open by a small-draft gunboat, with a turret and heavyish gun and rifles. Rangoon would form the point d'appui and great centre of refuge, while the forts at Thyetmyo and Tongoo would be the minor forts and centres of refuge for British Burma. Tongoo should be very strong on account of the extreme difficulty of communication with it.

Next, as to Calcutta. Fort William, though perhaps too large, is a sufficient fort (if kept in repair, which has not always been the case) to secure the absolutely safe disembarkation of troops. No encroachments should, however, be allowed on the plain in front of it. Place 2,000 men here; and detach 500 men to fortified barracks at the head of the Eastern Bengal Railway at Kooshtea, or at Rajmehal on the E. I. Railway; and 500 men to fortified barracks at or near to Patna.

Let the fort at Allahabad be formed into one capable of accommodating 2,000 men, affording protection to the terminus of the railway and road from Bombay, and detach 500 men to fortified barracks at Cawnpoor, and similarly 500 men to Jubbulpore.

Then make a fort in the neighbourhood of Delhi, answering similar conditions; with similar detachments at Agra and Umballah.

Do the same at Lahore, at Mooltan, and say Phillom, or Jhelum, if a fort at Umballah can be dispensed with,[1] or at the place where the railway will cross the Sutlej, covering the bridge, with detachments of 500 men each.

Let there be a fortress at Peshawur for 2,000 men, detaching, perhaps, to Attock, 500 men.

[1] I think perhaps Umballah might be done away with, and a minor fort placed at Jhelum, or the garrison of the Lahore fort increased to 1,500 men.

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Thus, supposing the Grand Trunk road complete to Peshawur, we have an absolutely certain communication from Calcutta to Peshawur, protected at, for India, sufficiently close intervals. Thus:

Great Centres of Refuge and Points d'Appui.

Fort William
Allahabad
Delhi
Lahore
Peshawur

Minor Centres and Protecting Forts.

Kooshtea (or Rajmehal)
Patna
Jubbulpoor
Cawnpoor
Agra
Umballah
Mooltan
Phillom
Attock

The first set of forts, without being costly like Fort William, should have masonry accommodation for troops, stores, provisions, and magazines, with masonry revetments. The second set might be also masonry, except as regards revetments. In each set there should be additional accommodation for the reception (temporarily) of a relief, or of outside refugees. It will be observed that I obtain this extra accommodation in the larger forts (which would be modified according to circumstances) by the detachment generally of half the garrison. It must be understood that should it ever happen that these forts have to be defended, it will equally happen that the neighbouring European, or half-European, population would have to be protected; and as almost all Europeans in India are capable of using firearms with effect, they would form the necessary addition for the perfect defence of the fort. At the same time it would be highly desirable that, in all cases of proposals to form volunteer forces, they should be encouraged to be *artillery*, so that these trained bands would form a body for working the guns, while those untrained could line the parapets with rifles, and both probably allow the greater part of the regular garrison to take the field. I would suggest, however, that the accommodation necessary in all the forts should be obtained rather in *height* of buildings than in *surface*, thus securing the space required without an undesirable length of parapet to be defended. This arrangement, though offensive to the ideas of an engineer who builds on the European pattern, will not be so to those who know that the pluck (if I may so call it) of the natives is not sufficient to make an attempt upon what is known to be strong enough to resist a rush. Neither is it in the nature of the natives, nor have they the means to attempt it; nor is it necessary that the forts should be strong enough to resist a long siege with heavy guns. The movable columns are intended to prevent any massing of native inimical forces, while the forts are intended to form positions of support, or to enable, if necessary, the movable columns (resting on strong bases) to await reinforcements before striking the blow required. Looking at the past history of the last twenty years, I can point to two occasions, irrespective of the mutiny, on which we nearly lost India. The first was during the Sutlej campaign of 1845-6. See how the troops were hurried up without proper commissariat arrangements; winning, as it was said, after the doubtful battle of Moodkee, the battle of Ferozshah by an accident. If we had lost it, where should we have been, with no place to retire upon to collect our scattered forces? How different would it have been with the small fort at Umballah, and the point d'appui at Delhi, with all necessary means of recruiting at least the material of our

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army. How much more easy would it have been to have, perhaps, finished the Sutlej campaign at Moodkee, had our forces been prepared, as I now propose they should be. Again, in 1848–9, came Chillianwallah. After that doubtful and bloody battle, how easily the Sikhs slipped through our fingers. They were probably in full march upon Lahore; and would possibly have reached it, had it not fortunately happened that General Whish's force, having settled matters with Mootraj not a day too soon, was able by forced marches of twenty miles a day for eleven days with siege guns, to bring up Shere Singh's troops at the Chenäb, and join in the decisive battle of Googerat. What would have been the effect of Shere Singh's appearance at Lahore with fifty or sixty thousand men? The answer to me is obvious.

What, again, would have been the effect during the mutiny had England, in consequence of a European war, not been able to make the strenuous exertions she did in our favour? With the army disposed as I propose, it would hardly have been possible to have been placed in the position we were; or if we had been, we should have had the means of holding out, or have been able to retreat upon another fortified position without leaving such monuments of our strategic incapacity as the memorial well at Cawnpore. It is true we have not now the same enemies as the Sikhs: but we have fierce foes on the north-west frontier; and a lost battle would affect the whole country, and perhaps again turn against us the wavering faith of our still numerous native army. At least, let us take to heart the lessons of experience, dearly bought as they have been; and the lessons show to my mind that India, if skilfully arranged in a military point of view, might be made safer than it now is with even half the number of troops.

I will now turn to Madras; and starting with Fort St. George as sufficient to cover the disembarkation of troops, place there 2,000 men; detaching 500 men to fortified barracks at Bangalore, and another detachment of similar strength to the junction of the Bellany branch with the main line to Bombay.

At Bombay itself I should have a fortress for 2,000 men; detaching 500 men to fortified barracks at the junction of the road or rail to Hyderabad (at Sholapore or Ferozabad), and 500 men above the Thull Ghat.

Another fortress of 2,000 men at the junction of the Nagpore branch with the line to Jubbulpore, detaching 500 men (if necessary) to Nagpore, and 500 men (if necessary) to Indore, in each case in fortified barracks.

Then, in Scinde, I should have 2,000 men fortified at Kurrachee, with detachments at Hyderabad and Sukkur.

Thus the arrangements I have sketched above seem generally to meet the conditions I laid down for

1. Safe debarkation of troops.
2. Safe means of communication.
3. Fortified centres.
4. Minor intermediate forts.

Now for the movable columns which I propose:

Place at or about Darjeeling a force of 3,000 men of all arms with, for British Burma, its point d'appui at Rangoon; and, for Bengal proper, its base extending from Fort William to Allahabad. The force might act on this base either in a northerly or southerly direction.

Mass a force of 2,000 men at Lucknow in open cantonments (but officers in barracks), with its base of operations extending from Allahabad to Delhi.

Mass 2,000 men at Kossoulu and Dugshai, with the base of this force from Delhi to Lahore.

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Mass a force of 5,000 men in the hills north of Lahore, with its base from that place to Peshawur.

Mass 3,000 men at the Neilgherries, to act within this presidency; or in conjunction with Bombay, on the Nizam, or to the north.

Mass 4,000 men in healthy situations in the Bombay Presidency; giving a relief of 1,000 men to Aden; or have separate columns probably at Poona and Belgaum, of 2,000 men each, but concentrated as much as possible, and not in the neighbourhood of cities. These would act as required in conjunction with Madras towards Hyderabad or Indore, Ajmere, &c., or would reinforce Kurrachee and act up the Indus towards Mooltan and Peshawur.

Thus we have forces really holding the country, protecting our communications, and ready to move on any given point properly supported as follows:

British Burma	2,000	men
Bengal	10,000	,,
Madras	2,000	,,
Bombay	4,000	,,
Scinde	2,000	,,
Total	20,000	,,

And *movable columns*, as repressive forces:

Bengal and British Burma	3,000	men
Oude	2,000	,,
North-western Provinces	2,000	,,
Punjaub	5,000	,,
Madras	3,000	,,
Bombay, Scinde, and Aden	5,000	,,
Total	20,000	,,
Grand Total	40,000	,,

The composition of this force of 40,000 men would be:

Forty regiments European Infantry, at 800	32,000	men
Artillery and Engineers	8,000	,,
Total	40,000	,,

With these arrangements I humbly think that it would be easier to bring a properly equipped force of from 15,000 to 18,000 men (Europeans), if it were necessary, to any given point in India with proper bases of operations, and consequently leaving no weak places in our rear, than it has ever hitherto been to bring half the number into the field, or than it is now with a much larger force of men. We should never risk all our chances in a single battle; and if any reverse took place, we should have a series of places to retire upon where we might pick up our strength, while fresh blood was being poured into the country by the communications which we have made safe; and in going to the field we should be conscious that all those dear to us, and left behind, were at least as safe as possible.

I will now turn and consider—1st. The reduction of the native armies; 2nd. Their location.

I should say preliminarily, that although I do not think that the soldiers of the Madras army are physically the best soldiers, yet I do think that past experience shows us they have invariably been faithful; while their discipline—and I have served with all three armies in the field—has always been in that high condition for which I think we ought to be grateful to the Madras officers. All their departments also are, or have been, thoroughly organised. But, admitting that our main strength must be to the north of India, Madras is of little strategic value to the *general* safety of the country. All our supports for the north-west, or central India, would have to start from our main base at Calcutta or Bombay, and chiefly from the latter, as being the nearer point. Bombay and Bengal, therefore, should be as free as possible from native troops; while we can hold a fund open upon which to draw in case of necessity in the Madras Presidency. I have with this view limited the number of European troops in Madras to 5,000, while I have given Bombay 9,000. I would also here enunciate the

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principles upon which reduction should proceed, and a proper location be arrived at.

The reduction should take place gradually, so that a large body of idle but trained men should not be thrown on the country at once. Reduce, say, 100 men annually in every regiment, till the standard I shall presently advert to is reached.

Take of the men so reduced as many as may be required for the police, or as may be willing to serve in it.

As the army is reduced, so raise what may be considered necessary for police.

Allow only one native officer to each company.

Let no artillery be in the hands of natives. There should be no native sappers, or miners, or rifles.

Keep, as far as possible, native regiments away from the main lines of communication between the several points d'appui, and on the opposite side, generally, of the rivers along which such main lines run.

Mass them together only when required to accompany a movable column of Europeans to the field; at other times, keep only one regiment in an open cantonment; and if more than one be together, canton them under the guns of a fort.

Keep all spare ammunition in the forts.

Native officers and men should live in barracks, all of a temporary character, with no defences of any kind around them.

All recruits should be enlisted for general service; and care must be taken that in each regiment where caste prevails no predominance be allowed to any particular caste; and that Mussulmans and Hindoos (taking all the Hindoo castes together) about balance each other.

No native sentries or guards should be in any fort during the night.

I now proceed to give illustrations of my plan.

Beginning, as before, with British Burma—I believe the Chief Commissioner could dispense with all the native troops in his province, except one regiment for Moulmein, detaching two companies to Shwaygzeen; provided he be allowed the gunboat mentioned for the Irrawaddy.

I put two companies at Shwaygzeen, because, as I said before, the communication with Tongoo is so difficult that there should be an intermediate point between it and Rangoon. This arrangement is only apparently against the principle enunciated above, as these natives of India would be foreigners in Burma.

Fort William is so large that natives are necessary to take the ordinary guards. Let there be a regiment at Allipore, another at Barrackpore, to perform these, and the other duties at the capital. Inmalpore, Dinagepore, Dacca, might each have a regiment; so also Cuttack, Sumbulpore; and Dorumbah. Then go on to Oude, and canton on the north side of the Ganges, at a greater distance from it than Lucknow is from Cawnpore, four native regiments of infantry and two of irregular cavalry. Then two regiments in the Delhi district and two of irregular cavalry. Put four regiments of infantry and two of irregular cavalry south and west of the Jumna, disposed between Bandah and Googam or Sinsa in the intermediate stations. Then one regiment at Ferozepore, one at Hoshierpore, and one at Noorpoor. The fort at Ferozepore, as well as all other forts not occupied by Europeans, should be destroyed.

Then distribute twelve regiments of native infantry and four regiments of irregular cavalry in the Punjaub, in the triangle formed by the Grand Trunk road to the north, and the Ranee and Indus on the

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other sides, but all clear of the communication between Lahore and Peshawur on the one hand, and Lahore and Mooltan on the other.

Mass four regiments of infantry and two of cavalry near to the fort at Peshawur; so that, for the Bengal Presidency, we have a total nominal strength of 34,200 men.

Madras has to supply British Burma and the Straits with troops, for which she would require, say eight regiments. She might, nominally, keep up her present strength in natives, or say a nominal strength of 40,000 men.

Bombay should be as clear of native troops as possible. She has to supply Aden with, I suppose, four regiments of infantry; give her six for this duty and the duties of Bombay itself; six for Scinde, including two regiments of irregular cavalry; six for the north and north-east of Bombay, and six for the east and south-east, or say a total of both arms, infantry and cavalry, of 20,000 men, nominal strength. I doubt if she would require so much.

We thus arrive at a total nominal strength of natives for India as follows:

Bengal, say . . .	35,000 men
Madras ,, . . .	40,000 ,,
Bombay ,, . . .	20,000 ,,
Grand Total .	95,000 ,,

Gradually get rid of all levies, and all locals; and rigorously adhere to a regular army of a nominal strength of, say 100,000 men. Then go further, when the country has been regularly laid out as I propose, and the police organised; and reduce all regular regiments south and east of the Sutlej to one half their nominal strength, by ceasing to recruit. Keep up the *cádre* of each regiment as regards officers—in fact, keep up the *cádre* of each company. Let the passing in the course of relief to the southward of the Sutlej be, for a Bengal regiment, the time for ceasing to recruit; let the passing to the northward be the time for beginning to bring the regiment up again to its full strength—so long, at least, as the frontier is uneasy. In Madras, cease to recruit at once, till every regiment not on foreign service is down to half its nominal strength. Let the fact of a regiment returning from foreign service constitute the time for ceasing to recruit; while during the previous year the next regiment on the roster will have been brought to its full strength. Treat the Bombay army in the same way, Scinde and Aden being considered foreign service for Bombay, as British Burma and the Straits settlements are for Madras. Work the native army in this way, expansively (as in the case of a steam-engine), and we shall save fuel (money) for the time of need.

It is admitted, I believe, that there should be no native artillery; it is equally necessary, under my system, that there should be no native sappers and miners. Each movable column should have a proportionate detail of Royal Engineers, with three or four officers to each company. These would easily expand in India into a sufficient body of men for any special service, by attaching natives (bildars) to them. All engineer officers should be gradually withdrawn from the Public Works Department, and allowed only to do their own military duty, of which there would be plenty. Civil engineers should be employed on public works other than those of a purely military character.

The retention of all the European officers and native officers, and most of the non-commissioned officers, with only half the number (of full strength) of private soldiers, impairs no organisation, nor does it deprive of the means of existence those whose services and devotion India has had the opportunity of appreciating. It

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compromises, moreover, no future, and secures the interests of all. The reduction hereafter of the *cádres* of the regiments, if necessary, will be a matter of future arrangement when time has shown that it can be done with safety to the State, and without disadvantage to its servants.

I have now a few words to say regarding the 'relief' or 'reserve' in England, and its transport. It is probably high time that some measures should be taken to relieve the strain upon England; and this measure would mutually benefit the two countries.

A regiment should be relieved every five years: this would give the men (looking to the proportion I have given of troops in the plains to those on the hills) nearly half their tour of duty in India in a healthy climate. This would have a great effect in doing away with the distaste that seems to be felt to the present inevitable tour of Indian duty, while, by the large reduction in the numbers of the troops, the tour itself becomes less frequent.

Every officer, under whatever conditions of service, should be allowed a turn at home every five years, for one year, if he desires it; with a free passage out and home; so that all may be on the same footing, and no other leave (except sick leave) should be allowed beyond three months in India. This would also go a great way towards satisfying the officers of the old Company's service, who, whether rightly or wrongly, both feel and say they have been illiberally treated.

With these arrangements eight regiments would have to be relieved annually; and it seems best that three should be relieved from Calcutta, one from Madras, and four from Bombay. All European regiments should be put on exactly the same footing in each presidency, —in fact, the completion of the railway communication will render that a necessity,—and the whole should be placed really under one chief. The Commanders-in-chief at Bombay and Madras will be no longer necessary, or even desirable; the senior divisional commander could exercise their duties (with an extra allowance of 100*l.* a month), subordinate to the Commander-in-Chief in India, whose head-quarters might be Simla. In fact, the completion of the railway communication as now proposed, will, it appears to me, render it necessary to transfer the head-quarters of the supreme Government to Bombay, and to make Bengal, in reference to its government, occupy the present position of Bombay. But to return to the relief. It would require three large transports (one being spare at Suez), on the other side Suez, and two on this side. This is the arrangement, I believe, now being made. There should in addition be two smaller transports at Calcutta for the relief of troops between Bengal, Madras, British Burma, and the Straits settlements, and two at Bombay for the relief of troops at Aden and Kurrachee.

India, while offering a fine practice ground for England's army, would thus become a relief to, instead of a strain upon her, while the saving of life would be enormous.

For the relief, in case there should arise the necessity of its acting as a reserve, I would suggest the retention, in full repair, of at least ten sets of barracks, though ordinarily empty: these might be—

(1.) Dum Dum.
(2, 3.) Two at Meerut.
(4.) Umballah.
(5.) Meean Meer
(6.) Sealkote.
(7.) Jhelum.
(8, 9.) Two in the Bombay Presidency.
(10.) One in the Madras Presidency.

As to the question of open canton-

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ments for European troops, and the amount of baggage necessary for an army taking the field; I will leave the subject of the straggling cantonment system without further expression of opinion than that of Sir Charles Napier. His opinion was also very strong on the subject of baggage; and I am sure he set the example, when he was Commander-in-Chief, of reducing his own baggage and that of his staff and escort when he was on the march; for I saw his camp when pitched at Loodianah. The quantity of baggage carried in India is ruinous to the efficiency of an army. The movable columns of Europeans (picking up a portion of the native troops) should assemble periodically at one of the points d'appui, or at separate ones, and be exercised in marching and military manœuvres; demonstrations which will have the best effect upon the neighbourhood. Opportunities would then be taken of correcting the crying evil of carrying such a vast amount of baggage with an army in the field as is now the custom.

Her Majesty's navy should take part in these arrangements. I venture to think that in addition to the vessels generally assembled at Bombay, there should be always a large vessel of war with her headquarters in the Hooghly, and one of a smaller description at Rangoon; and the navy should also provide the gunboats spoken of for the Irrawaddy, and probably for the Ganges and Indus.

The following should, I think, be held as the necessary extension of the road and railway system for the purpose of the proper military occupation of the country under this memorandum:

(1.) A line of railway in continuation of the Eastern Bengal line from Kooshtea to the foot of the hills, where a column would be placed, and probably a metalled road back again to meet the East India Railway about Rajmehal.

(2.) A road (metalled) and railway from Cawnpoor to Lucknow, where a column will be disposed, with the fort (Cawnpoor) covering the bridge across the Ganges.

(3.) Another metalled road and railway from Umballah to Kulka, at the foot of the hills, where a column would be disposed; a fort, if necessary, covering the junction.

(4.) A metalled road, or roads, from the main line of Grand Trunk road between Lahore and Peshawur, to the points where a column would be placed.

(5.) Another railroad from Bombay, starting at the place where I have proposed that a fortress should be placed, and thence through Indore, Ajmere, &c., forming a junction at Delhi with the East Indian Railway; or, perhaps, in order to get a more independent route, the junction of Delhi with Ahmedabad and Banda *viâ* Ajmere, would be better.

(6.) The connection by railway of Hyderabad (Scinde) with Mooltan. If the steam communication be certain, a metalled road might not be necessary.

(7.) Roads (metalled) from the points in the Bombay Presidency where columns may be placed, to the nearest points of the main lines of railway.

With regard to expense, the cost of the barracks and forts would not probably equal the sums about to be expended on barrack accommodation alone for the larger force. The saving in the reduction of European troops would be over a million sterling per annum, and of the native army (besides providing for a proper police), over half a million.

The completion of the roads and railroads will be, with the exception of those, perhaps, to the hills where the movable columns are disposed,

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as valuable in a civil as in a military point of view, and tend to increase revenue. The saving indirectly in life, and directly in transports will be enormous.

A fort, being a comparatively small place kept rigidly clean, would be probably quite as healthy, if not more so, than our straggling cantonments covering square miles of ground. There would be much less exposure to the sun; and the duty would bear much less heavily, in consequence of the barracks being in storeys, and the guards fewer and sentries nearer together.

I will now conclude with some general remarks. I have had three chief objects in view in the above memorandum.

i. To hold the country by means of forts held by Europeans only, which shall form points d'appui for our forces to act upon, which shall prevent any possibility of our forces being overwhelmed in detail, and which shall protect our communications and give places of refuge, should it be necessary, to our European countrymen and women.

ii. To have considerable forces of Europeans, not encumbered with natives unless required, movable at the shortest notice on any given point, and placed so that they may most easily give support to each other.

iii. To reduce the native army to the lowest limit necessary, and then to dispose its great strength in the extreme point of our dominions, where they are most useful if faithful, and where, if otherwise, they can do us least harm.

For Bengal Proper and British Burma, I have proposed eventually forces of:—Europeans, 7,000 men of all arms except cavalry; natives, 3,200 infantry.

For the North-west Provinces from Allahabad to the Sutlej:—Europeans, 8,000 men of all arms except cavalry; natives, 6,000 infantry, 2,400 cavalry.

For the Punjaub, from the Sutlej to Peshawur:—Europeans, 9,000 men of all arms except cavalry; natives, 12,000 infantry, 3,000 cavalry.

For Madras:—Europeans, 5,000 men of all arms except cavalry; natives, 20,000 infantry and cavalry.

For Bombay, Scinde, and Aden:—Europeans, 11,000 men of all arms except cavalry; natives, 15,000 infantry and cavalry.

I have not proposed any European cavalry for India. Heavy cavalry (and all European cavalry is heavy for India) is unsuited generally to that country; but in the event of its being considered necessary to have one regiment in each presidency, the horses alone might be kept up in India, the men in England. They would only be required in case of the defection of the irregular cavalry, which, if faithful, is the best kind of cavalry for India. Or we may allow one regiment of 600 men for Oude, two for the Punjaub, and one for Bombay, and keep up depôts of horses for the regiment at Calcutta; one at Madras, two at Bombay, and one at Kurrachee, the men being in England of five regiments, and of four only in India; and in consideration of its being necessary to quarter cavalry in the plains, we may relieve the regiments after three years' service in India.

It will be observed that I have allowed much disproportion between Europeans and natives in Bengal Proper and in Madras. In the first case, the European element outnumbers the native; in the other, the natives are largely in excess of the Europeans. It will be understood from what I have said regarding the lesser strategic value of Madras, and the necessity of keeping our bases clear of the native army, that this is a part of my general plan. Madras has, moreover, to supply British Burma and the Straits settlements. Moreover,

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in case of emergency, it would be easy for Madras to draw upon Bengal or Bombay for Europeans; while Bengal or Bombay could draw on Madras for natives.

When the communications are completed, any movable column could move to the support of any other one, we still retaining our hold on the country by means of our fortified positions. I will give here one illustration.

Take the Punjaub frontier as the threatened point. We have already there, under the arrangements proposed in this memorandum, a force of 5,000 Europeans as a movable column, and of, say 10,000 natives, which might be made a movable column. Support this force with 2,000 Europeans from Umballah, and 3,000 natives from the Delhi and Sutlej districts, and again with 2,000 Europeans and some 2,000 natives from the Oude district, and we forthwith bring an army of 9,000 Europeans and 15,000 natives into the field; very nearly as large an army as we had at Googerat against 50,000 or 60,000 Sikhs.

The Umballah and Oude forces could be replaced at leisure (the forts holding the country safely in the meanwhile) from Bombay and Bengal Proper; and further support could be had from the same sources by simply stopping the home-going regiments. No further illustration seems necessary, as it will be evident that a large force could be brought to bear on any point of Central India still more quickly; while British Burma could be sufficiently well dealt with by the forces I have provided (with the means of transport noted, supplemented by the mercantile marine) in Bengal Proper and Madras.

It is not likely that any great outside war will be undertaken again except with the consent of the Home Government; and in that case the latter should provide the extra means which might be necessary to carry it out. But the country in India we now hold is, to my mind, manifestly capable of being held and ruled in a much more efficient manner with forts and movable columns and light artillery than in any other way, and at a much smaller expense.

I could prolong my memorandum by giving my ideas of the nature of the forts I propose, and of their general armament: but there would be no advantage in clogging the general principles I contend for with details which would be all more or less modified according to circumstances.

Royal Commissions are not always successful, but never was there a more important duty confided to one than would be the consideration of the best strategic disposition of our troops in India, so important to the welfare both of India and of England. There are so many clashing interests, that only such a commission could rightly undertake the task: and when I see such officials as those mentioned underneath, who might compose it, and smooth away by co-operation the difficulties which surround each *single* Government, I cannot but think that something might be done, and that such a commission might strike out a course of proceeding, which, with the final opinion of the Governor-General, would be satisfactory to both countries: — Take the Commander-in-Chief of India; the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal; the Chief Commissioner of British Burma; the Governor of Madras; the Commander-in-Chief of Madras; the Governor of Bombay; the Commander-in-Chief of Bombay; the Commissioner of Scinde; the Resident of Hyderabad; the Chief Commissioner of Mysore; the Chief Commissioner of Central India; the Lieut.-Governor of the Punjaub; the

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Chief Commissioner of Oude; add to the above a general officer or colonel of artillery, a general officer or colonel of engineers, and a general officer of infantry, all from England: and they, with four secretaries,—an artillery officer from Bengal; a surgeon, ditto; an engineer officer from Bombay; an infantry officer from Madras, all of the rank of field officers,—would, under the presidentship of the Commander-in-Chief in India, form the working portion of the commission for drawing up a report, after visiting each Government, to be submitted to the Governor-General.

If I am right in thinking that something ought to be done, I believe I am also right in saying that the above is the manner of getting it done. I only hope I have succeeded in making clear what I have written. I believe that the time has come for some change, whatever it may be, in present arrangements.

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JOURNAL OF AN OFFICER OF THE SWISS GUARDS OF LOUIS XVI.

Bearing upon the Events of August 10, 1792.

This paper is an exact translation of a MS. in the French language, bearing unmistakable signs of being not far from contemporary with the events narrated, and of which its present possessor can say thus much: That it was given by a M. Deville, towards the beginning of the century, to an Italian gentleman, Signor Deagostini, long settled in London, who died at a great age in 1835; that Signor Deagostini gave it to his friend Gaetano Polidori, also an Italian long settled in London, and author of many books, including a translation of Milton; and that at his death, in 1853, it came into the hands of its actual owner, the representative of the deceased. The members of the Polidori family have always understood the MS. to be a perfectly genuine account of facts at first hand, and as yet not published in any language or form; and they have no reason to doubt—though they cannot vouch for this—that the M. Deville above mentioned was the author of the narrative, and the person whose adventures are there authentically described. He was known or understood to have been an officer in the Swiss guards. Though his recognised name in England was 'M. Deville,' there is some ground for inferring that his real name was Deville O'Keeffe, indicating an Irish origin. A passage towards the close of this narrative shows that the writer could at that time speak English.

ON the 9th of August 1792, we came to relieve guard, and I was in command of the corps de réserve, which was composed of sixty men of my company. We were in the barracks, situate beyond the Cour des Suisses, and the Cour Royale. We had during the night several calls to arms. At six in the morning of the following day, the king came down to review the troops. Those in the Cour des Princes, the Cour Royale, the Cour des Suisses, and the Cour de Marsan, passed before him in succession. Afterwards, he reviewed a national battalion, which was drawn out upon the terrace before the Château.[1] His majesty then returned to his apartments. During the passage of his majesty from the Cour des Suisses to the terrace, two battalions had entered the Château by the Port Royale, on the pretext of defending it. They were preceded by two pieces of cannon; and having among them many sans-culottes armed with pikes, they repaired to the terrace to be reviewed, frequently uttering the cry of 'Vive la nation!' Afterwards they crossed the courts and the Carrousel to rejoin the Marseillois and the people who were on the march.

At half-past eight the heads of the Marseillois and of the people arrived at the Place du Carrousel by the quays, the Rue de Chartres, and all the neighbouring streets. They ranged themselves in a semicircle before the Château, bordering the Hôtel de Longueville and the other houses, and extending towards the Hôtel de Brione and the quays. They had in the centre five pieces of cannon, amongst which there were a twenty-four-pounder and a twelve-pounder which were pointed before the gate of the Cour des Suisses.

The arrangements for the defence of the Château, the courts and the

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[1] The Tuileries.

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garden of the Tuileries, were, so far as I can recollect, the following:—there were in the Cour Royale three pieces of cannon, six-pounders, ranged in a semicircle in front of the Carrousel, the national guards being at the right, and sixty Swiss guards, commanded by M. de Castelberg, at the left; and to the left of these were the gendarmerie on foot, commanded by M. de Kartes, who was their lieutenant-colonel. The arrangements at the Cour Royale had been made by Captain Durker.

Of the arrangements of the Cour des Princes, I cannot give any account.

In the Cour des Suisses there were thirty Swiss guards, and a dozen of national guards, without cannon. At the gate of the Cour du Manège on the terrace of the Château, one piece of cannon, thirty Swiss guards, and some national guards. In the Cour de Marsan, a piece of cannon, fifteen or twenty Swiss guards, and as many of the national guards.

At the gate of the Pont Royale, thirty Swiss guards and a piece of cannon.

At the grating which from the Château commands the terrace, two pieces of cannon, and a detachment of the Swiss.

At the drawbridge, two pieces of cannon and a detachment of the Swiss.

At the chapel gate, fifteen men.

I am not aware how the troops for the inside of the building had been distributed.

At eight in the morning, the troops resumed their arms by order of M. Rœderer, member for the department of Paris, who passed them in review. He enjoined them to repel force by force. The deputy afterwards repaired to the Château, and threw himself at the feet of his majesty, entreating him to present himself at the Assembly to avoid the effusion of blood, which he assured the king would be inevitable if his majesty should remain at the Château.

At nine o'clock, the adjutant, M. Wilde (who was afterwards massacred at the Abbaye) ordered me to station my corps de réserve under the great vestibule, opposite to the staircase, and to remain there till further orders.

Between a quarter after nine and half past the king came down, dressed in grey without any decoration. He was sad and pale. The queen accompanied him, red and weeping. They were followed by Mme. Elizabeth, the Dauphin, Mme. Royale, the Princesse de Lamballe, and Mme. de Tourzelle. They were preceded by many noblemen.

A company of grenadiers then joined my detachment, and the whole was commanded by M. d'Erlach.

We crossed the garden at the left of their majesties, and the national guards of the Filles St. Thomas at their right. The sun was so powerful that Mme. de Tourzelle held a white pocket handkerchief over the head of the dauphin.

The march, till we got opposite to the Assembly, lasted half an hour. When we had reached the front of the hall, the head of the national guard demanded of the people, who were in crowds on the Terrace des Feuillans,—and who were vociferating horrors about their majesties,—whether the king and queen could proceed in safety to the Assembly. A multitude of voices cried out, 'Yes, on our honour.' Their majesties then mounted to the hall.

We remained nearly an hour in the same order in which we had accompanied the royal family. During this time three heads, fixed on pikes, were borne along by the people. The mob passed down the Terrace des Feuillans, and the Cul de sac de l'Orangerie. The heads were those of persons several

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of whom had been arrested the preceding evening on the pretext that they were a sham patrol.

Meanwhile, there was a great disturbance in the Assembly and we could hear the bell of the president repeatedly calling to order.

Towards the close of the hour three cannon shots were fired. These discharges were followed by many others directed against us, from a piece of cannon, which was placed at the gate of the Manège to defend the entrance to it. Thereupon the Swiss soldiers posted there fired upon the gunners, and succeeded in obliging them to betake themselves to the Rue St. Honoré. Although supported by the fire of a battalion, the Swiss guard lost in this discharge, which lasted about ten minutes, nearly all its men.

During this time our brave Swiss cried out that they were betrayed by the national guards. They were boiling with rage, and only awaited an order to charge. We put ourselves into fighting order on the terrace, and the people, believing that we were about to fire upon them, retreated with all speed up the Cul de sac de l'Orangerie. Whilst we were drawn up opposite to the Manège, generals Maillardor and Bachman were passing along our front. They then rejoined their majesties.

I now pointed out to the adjutant, De Salis, that our position was very bad, and that it would have been better had we had our backs to the Manège, and thus been enabled the better to see anybody advancing from the direction of the Tuileries. We were proceeding to make this change, when a grenadier of the Filles St. Thomas cried out, 'Let us go to the Assembly and defend our king.' The cry electrified our officers and soldiers, who repeated it aloud; this very act prevented the execution of the suggestion. We were marched forward by our right flank, the grenadiers of the Filles St. Thomas at our head, and we went up to the Terrace des Feuillans. Scarcely had we reached it, when we saw a crowd of armed people coming towards us. I noticed one who took aim at me. Then, my comrades and I delivered a rolling fire, which lasted for three discharges only. We thereupon passed along the terrace with fixed bayonets to enter the Assembly. The grenadiers of the Filles St. Thomas, who were at our head, broke down two of the doors and entered. Many of the members of the Assembly, as soon as they perceived them, made off by another door.

The king who had heard the desire we had manifested of going to his relief, the unfortunate sovereign, who sacrificed his life to his horror of shedding his subjects' blood, sent us, by one of his chief officers, and a member of the Assembly, an order to quit the building, and to lay down our arms. We complied, and would to God that we had not done so! We should perhaps have saved our unfortunate master, or, if not, we should have perished gloriously in his defence. We obeyed then and retired beneath the Porte des Feuillans, looking upon the little court which leads to the terrace. They had pointed against us a six-pounder; and, at the instant we received the order of the king to retire, many national guards and sans-culottes came from the lower part of the terrace, and fired upon the rear of our detachment. We replied vigorously. We, however, thought it necessary to retire; notwithstanding which, our number was found much lessened, as three or four squads of our soldiers entered the district of the Feuillans to join its guard, which they believed had the same views as themselves; but, whether from fear or because they had been gained over, they remained neuter. We lost in this attack two men, who were killed at my side.

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We easily succeeded in dispersing the marksmen; and, as we were engaged in re-forming the ranks of the few whom we had been able to rally, we perceived approaching us a troop whose uniform we could not distinguish, so covered with dust and smoke were the men. We made ready to fire upon them, when we discovered that they were our brave comrades who were returning from the Château. They, like ourselves, had received an order from the king to retire, and to lay down their arms. They had done so, and this is what destroyed us all. They came to us, and we aided them to scale the walls of the terrace. They were very few in number, the greater part having been slain either in the inner courts of the château or in their retreat.

Whilst we were taking them into our ranks, a body of the national guards approached from the gate of the Manège and fired upon us. We replied to them, and, having killed some of their number, the rest took to flight. We lost one man.

We reached the terrace of the Cul de sac de l'Orangerie. Many of our soldiers quitted the ranks, and repaired to the Place Louis Quinze, which example was soon followed by the remainder of the detachment. I went up to our commander, Capt. d'Erlach, and called his attention to the advantages of our position upon the terrace, and to its enabling us to make a protracted resistance. Whilst we were speaking, I perceived that the remaining portion of the detachment was filing off by the gate of the cul de sac. I named this to M. d'Erlach, and begged him to give orders that it should be stopped. 'Orders? What orders?' answered he, with some show of temper, 'when I receive none myself.' However, he went down into the Cul de sac de l'Orangerie, and was followed by the rest of the troop. When we had debouched on the Place Louis-Quinze, I cried out, with all the energy that I could command, to the soldiers who were already there, 'How is it possible that Switzers should so disband themselves without orders?' but, alas! they were too far away to hear me. I ran to stop the head of the grenadiers, who were already entering the Champs Elysées. Upon overtaking them, I pointed out that there were many troops in the alleys; I saw cavalry and two pieces of cannon masked. M. d'Erlach rejoined me, and started off, sword in hand, to stop the front ranks of the grenadiers. I also set out in pursuit of some of our men who were threading the Rue Royale to gain the Rue St. Honoré. On coming up to them a crowd of sans-culottes fired upon us. We returned the charge. The greater number of our soldiers were killed there, either by the musketry, or by a piece of cannon which was fixed in the stonework of the Pont Louis Seize. Retracing my steps, I met with a number of noblemen and general officers, who wandered about at hap-hazard. I was desirous to rejoin M. d'Erlach, but could see no trace of him. I have learned since that having been unsuccessful in rallying more than a part of his men he led them to the Champs Elysées, where they were attacked and annihilated by the two pieces of cannon posted at the draw-bridge; that they there slew 52 horses, 47 cavalry, and many infantry, but that the whole of this gallant troop had been destroyed. I have been assured that their brave captain found the means of escape.

On my attempting to enter the Champs Elysées, I was fired upon. I thereupon determined to return to the Terrace des Feuillans with M. Zimmermann, senior, first lieutenant of grenadiers, who had rejoined us (he was massacred on the 2nd Sep-

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tember at the Abbaye). We judged that here was our fitting post, as we had been unable to rejoin our troops. The fire from the cannon on the Pont Louis Seize continuing with but little intermission, my comrade and I proceeded along the Cul de sac de l'Orangerie, talking over the disasters of this unfortunate day. As we were about to go down the passage which leads from the Feuillans to the terrace, a crowd of national guards and others who were issuing from the lobbies of the Assembly advanced to lay hands on us. Many took aim at us, and several guns were discharged. I said in a low tone of voice to my comrade, 'Let us put ourselves on the defensive, and sell our lives dearly.' At the instant several persons threw themselves upon my companion, and snatched his sabre. My colours, which I held in one hand, so embarrassed me that I could not use the sword which I held in the other. It was snatched from me; in vain would I have defended myself with my colours. They seized them, and succeeded in wrenching them from me. During this struggle the mob cried out, 'Surrender, and no harm shall be done to you.' They in fact kept their word for the moment. I recollect that before the colours had been taken from me, a colossus of a sapper, who had false moustaches, proposed to his comrades to knock me on the head. This very uncivil proposal made me turn my head round in a trice towards that side; and I confess that seeing his hatchet raised above my head I was under a strong temptation to plunge the lance of my colours into his breast, but he retired.

M. Zimmermann and I judged that the better course for us to take would be to rejoin our generals at the Assembly rather than to pass along the courts of the Château, where we should be cut to pieces. I took a civilian by the arm, saying, 'Come, sir, come with us to the Assembly.' On reaching it, we were refused admittance, being told that our generals were at the Feuillans. We set off thither, Zimmermann, the civilian, and I. There we saw one La Corbière, who for the last three days had entered as a volunteer in the corps. Four of the national guards were endeavouring to drag him away by force. I called out to him to march, when, as he continued his resistance, a national guard gave him a cut on the head with his sabre, which floored him. We reached the arcade which faces the Terrace des Feuillans, where we found a piece of cannon. My sans-culotte guide asked of a captain of artillery, who was in command, permission for us to enter. He replied, 'With pleasure; these gentlemen do us much honour to come amongst us.' We found in the court the battalion of the Feuillans ranged in column, and facing the Place Vendôme, and in the centre of the battalion Messrs. Bachman and Maillardor. M. Wilde, the adjutant (who perished on the 2nd of September at the Abbaye), shook hands with us, and thanked our sans-culotte for having brought us. M. Zimmermann rejoined our two generals.

Several of the national guards said to us, 'Well, and after all, messieurs, why did you fire upon the people, and why are you against us?' I answered that we had followed our orders, and consequently done our duty. They allowed that we were in the right. At that moment they brought in one of our brave Swiss, who was severely wounded. I left these gentlemen, thanked my guide very cordially, and repaired to the wounded man, whom I bore, assisted by a national guard, to a room on the third floor, which had been set aside as an infirmary. I undressed him, and laid him on a bed. There was in this same room a personage in a bonnet-rouge, who appeared to me a decided democrat. I went to seek for a sur-

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geon to dress the wounds of the wounded man, and I warmly recommended the latter to his care. There were some other Swiss also to whom I supplied what was needful. They spoke German only, and could not make themselves understood: the poor fellows wrung my hand in demonstrative gratitude for my acting as their interpreter. When I had done all that I could for them, I endeavoured to go down into the court to rejoin our general officers. Those about me, however, opposed my so doing, saying that the people were in crowds at the gates, and demanded our heads. I visited the other rooms of the infirmary, where I witnessed a spectacle as frightful as it was moving. Our Swiss lay there in heaps, some of them mortally wounded, and others drawing their last breath. There was, amongst others, a young man, a soldier of the lieutenant-colorelcy, aged nineteen. He had nine wounds, one of them from a ball which had entered his neck. He was nearly dead. I aided the surgeon in stanching the blood, and in bathing his wounds. I saw in succession all the wounded, and had their hurts looked to. This duty, which I fulfilled with much pleasure, notwithstanding the harrowing reflections which it suggested to my mind, lasted an hour and a half. I then re-entered the room where our bonnet-rouge was, when I again petitioned to go down, but was met with the like objection as before. In a conversation I had with our Swiss, they told me that at the moment the king sent them the order before-mentioned they had by their firing swept the courts and the Carrousel, possessed themselves of six pieces of cannon of the Marseillois and national battalions, and formed at each gate a battalion in square. Anxious as to what might be passing out of doors, I made a further attempt to go abroad. I went down to the first floor, when I perceived through a window the heads of a number of soldiers. I drew near, and asked them why they were there. They answered that they were imprisoned, and were of the two divisions which (as above-said) had passed from the Assembly to the Feuillans. They added that after all the firing which had taken place, as well at the Château as elsewhere, they had been summoned to lay down their arms. I reflected that as I could not go down without being cut to pieces by the people, it would be more prudent to remain with our soldiers; because, if any hope of escape remained, it was rather for them than for the officers. Thereupon I entered the room in which the soldiers were. It was very large, and upheld by six pillars at each end; destitute of furniture, it looked upon the monks' garden. I found there about sixty men. They had all divested themselves of their upper clothes, that they might be less easily recognised, and had lain down upon them. They were smoking their pipes, and were all surprisingly at their ease. I had been talking with them for half an hour, when some sergeants and soldiers observed to me, 'Mon officier, you should lay aside your uniform; if any one should come, you would be forced to go into the room where our general officers and others are confined.' I followed their advice, stripped myself of my coat, and hid it under the soldiers' clothes. At the end of half an hour a national guard entered, and told us not to appear at the windows, or talk, and even to remain lying down, as the people were in the courts, and were demanding the heads of our officers. We heard, in fact, cries and a frightful tumult, and the sound of several persons mounting towards our room. The national guards in the meantime succeeded in appeasing the people by telling them that the officers

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would be tried. I addressed myself to the officer of this guard, and begged him to procure us a pitcher of water to quench the burning thirst which was devouring us. He went out, and after the lapse of half an hour the water, so much coveted, arrived. We greedily snatched at the vessel. Renewed cries and uproar were heard. The soldiers were for running to the windows, but to that I objected, and I made them continue lying down. During this time the cannon rumbled. We learned afterwards that it was the people, who were amusing themselves by firing upon the Château, so as to do it as much damage as they could.

After an hour or thereabouts, a man with a pike in his hand entered our room. Our first impulse was to spring upon and strangle him, as we had decided to sell our lives dearly. Our idea was that he was the head of a mob coming to massacre us; but happily for him and for us, a jug of wine which he held in his hand banished alike our suspicions and our resentment. Our soldiers, in compliment to me, presented me the jug first. I drank half a glass, and then passed it to the sergeants and soldiers, taking care to make an equal division amongst all my mess-room comrades. We cordially thanked our kind national guard, and I inquired of him whether he foresaw what our lot would be? 'Alas!' said he, lowering his head and raising his shoulders, 'as for yourselves, my friends, they will do like this'—and he then placed his five fingers open upon his face; 'but as to your officers, in a short time not one will remain.' One can easily imagine all that passed through my mind on hearing this. If this narrative should ever have a reader, he will supply what I do not express. We very affectionately thanked our sans-culotte, who then left us.

We again laid ourselves down on our clothes. At about two o'clock the tumult was renewed in the courts. Shortly after, the captain of artillery whom I had seen with a piece of cannon at the gate of the Terrace des Feuillans entered our room. He recommended us to observe the strictest silence, told us that the people had come again to demand the heads of the officers, and added that the district would do its utmost to prevent their being delivered to them. Seeing us lying on the floor, he offered to get us straw, and went away to procure it. Towards three o'clock, the clamour in the courts was renewed, and voices were heard crying out, 'We will have his head; it must be given us. He is at the committee of the district.' A short time afterwards we heard five gunshots. Between half past four and five, a young man dressed as a national guard, and who had the left sleeve of his coat torn and tied up with ribands, came, with a boy of the quarter, and brought us straw. He distributed to each half a truss. We asked what were the guns we had heard? He replied that M. de Karles had been taken to the committee; that the people having learned that he was there, repaired thither in crowds to seize upon and massacre him; that the authorities dared not resist, lest the people, forcing the passage leading to the committee, might mount to the rooms in which we were; that they had preferred to deliver up M. de Karles with the view to save our lives; and that the five gun-shots we had heard had terminated his existence. (This M. de Karles had originally been a jeweller in the Place Dauphine: he then became commandant of the Pont Neuf battalion, and finally lieutenant-colonel of the Gendarmerie à Pied.) The good-natured young man then drew from his pocket an inkstand and some pens and paper, and laid them

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on a large table in the middle of the room; and addressing all of us, 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'those who have acquaintances in Paris can write to them for civilians' dresses, and in the dusk we will favour your escape; but, above all things, you must observe the strictest secresy. I myself will see to all your letters reaching their addresses by a trusty messenger.' He left us after these consoling words.

The soldiers snatched up the pens to write to their friends, relatives, or sweethearts. I patiently awaited my turn. I wrote to an amiable family, who I knew were uneasy at my painful position: and describing the circumstances in which I found myself, I asked them for an old overcoat, a waistcoat, and a hat. I told them that, provided with those articles, I might entertain hopes of escaping; and signed my letter 'your son's old schoolfellow, the Swiss Guard.'

At half past six, the same young man returned for the soldiers' letters, which he gave to a messenger, who started off immediately. I went up to the latter with as pleasant a countenance as I could command, and presented my letter to him, which was addressed to M. ——, Cassier des États de Languedoc, and I begged him to be very careful that it should reach its destination. He looked at me fixedly, and said, with a very expressive air, 'Sir, I will carry it myself, and I will bring you back the answer.' I perceived that he recognised me from having seen me in my officer's uniform at the infirmary. I thanked him very pathetically, and conjured him not to forget me.

I again lay down upon the straw, very anxious as to the fate of my letter. I saw that my life was in the hands of the young man, whose views in my regard I knew not; however, I resigned myself and my lot to the will of God. I imparted my trouble to one of our sergeants named Martin, who did his best to raise my spirits. At length I fell into a profound sleep which lasted two good hours, and greatly benefited me. On awaking, Martin told me that the captain of artillery had brought us bread and sausages. We passed into an adjoining room, where I found some soldiers and four sergeants of my company, the names of three of whom were Künner, Hauser, and Dozet. They had got some wine. I ate with the appetite of a man who had been fasting from three o'clock of the previous day. Sergeant Dozet, after our repast, went up to the room where our general officers and others, to the number of ten or twelve, were confined. These were MM. de Bachman, Maillardor, the Aide-Major de Salis, De Wilde, First Lieutenant Zimmermann, Adjutants Aliman and Cholet, and Captain Reding. On his return, the sergeant told me that they were very much out of spirits; and added that he had not been allowed to remain longer in their apartment, and that there were two sentinels at the door.

Our captain of artillery re-entered a moment after, to learn whether we were content with our meal. We again questioned him as to our lot, and that of our officers. 'The soldiers will assuredly receive their pardon,' said he, 'provided they engage to march off to the frontiers; but, as to the officers, the feeling against them is exceedingly strong, and they will certainly be decimated.' Some one from the committee came for the captain, and he left us.

I got together the sergeants who were with me in prison, and thus addressed them: 'You have just heard what the captain has said. I think it my duty to rejoin my comrades. If they should decimate them, I, by counting along with them and dying, may perhaps save the life of one of the brave fellows.' I was about to quit, but the sergeants placed them-

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selves in front of me, saying, 'No, mon officier, you shall not leave; your generous effort would be of no use. Our brave officers will perish; they will be delivered up to the fury of the people, and you, like them, would be massacred, without your death being in any way useful to them. All that has passed to-day is not war but massacre and abominable brigandage. Honour consists in saving one's life from the hands of villains.' I asked them to allow me to go and bid adieu to my comrades. 'You would be recognised by the sentinels who are at the door,' said they; 'remain with us. We positively will not allow you to go out.' On this I sorrowfully replaced myself on the straw, and gave myself up to the gloomy reflections which the circumstances suggested. I thought on the dreadful uneasiness to which my loving mother would be a prey, who could not yet have received any tidings of me.

Towards half past eight in the evening, a mounted gendarme entered our chamber and threw himself on the neck of his son, who was a soldier in the colonel company. This good father was ill of fever and in his bed when he received his son's letter, which the kind-hearted national guard had punctually consigned to him. He was dressed in an overcoat and a national hat over his regimentals: these he gave to his son, who at once put them on. After the gendarme had bestowed some curses upon the corps in which he served, and upon all the street doings, he and his son quitted us. A minute afterwards two pretty little girls, the elder fifteen and the other twelve years old, entered the room. They were workers in lace at Madame Hauser's, and brought to her husband, who was sergeant-major of my company, a coat, waistcoat, trousers, stockings, and a hat. The good girls had concealed all these things under their petticoats. They came from the Rue Grange Battellière, where our barrack was. Whilst M. Hauser was dressing, I begged the elder of the two girls to go round to my mother's, and give her news of me. She faithfully executed my commission, reaching the house at ten in the evening. I then embraced the sergeant-major, and he left. My fortune as compared with his appeared to me very doleful, as I had received no answer to the letter which I had entrusted to the young national guard.

At about nine o'clock clothes were brought for M. Dozet, sergeant in my company, for a sergeant from the Rouelle barracks, a sergeant of grenadiers, and some soldiers. They all quitted, which led us to judge that exit was free. Sergeant Künner, who also had got clothes, having attempted to leave, came back and told me that the gates had just been closed, and that a great noise was heard in the street. Then I lost all hope of the national guard's bringing me clothes. I prevailed upon Künner to make a second attempt. Apparently it succeeded, as I saw no more of him. There now remained with me M. Martin and some soldiers only, of whom several afterwards found the means of escape.

It was now half past ten. I could see the apartment of the district committee: it was lighted up and its inmates were making a horrible clatter. I went often from my straw to the window to see whether, by the light of the committee-room, I could descry my national guard, but I could not perceive aught of him. The time passed heavily till eleven. We had set ajar the door of entrance to a balcony which looked in on our windows. Some one from the outside threw into our room an overcoat, wrapped in which was a hat. The soldiers at once snatched at the bundle and each strove to possess himself of it. I said to them, 'Comrades, the man

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who threw us the coat will certainly come up and tell us for whom it is.' I had scarcely finished speaking when my national guard entered and decided the question by telling us that the coat was for me;—he added that he had thrown it from within the court on account of two sentinels who were but a dozen paces from him. The good young man added that he had carried my letter at once upon his receiving it, but that fearing to be discovered he had returned at ten o'clock to get the clothes which he had brought me. 'Make haste,' said he to me, 'I will wait for you in the court to see you out of the Feuillans.' I speedily put on the clothes with which he had furnished me. I put in my pocket my stock, my badge, &c.; and, embracing Martin, promised to send him clothes as soon as I should be free. I bade adieu to my poor soldiers. On reaching the staircase I found two sentinels who, on perceiving me, crossed their muskets, saying 'Comrade, no passage here.' The fear of being observed prevented me from persisting in my attempt to get away. I sorrowfully returned to the chamber where I found the soldiers engaged in untrimming their clothes and hats prior to attempting an escape. As the door was open I saw the captain of artillery coming. I went up to him and said, 'Sir, I am an officer, and I trust to your integrity and your kindness.' 'Diable, my good officer,' he replied, 'I cannot save you, or at least it will be very difficult. However,' he added, in a whisper, 'go up the stairs to your left near the sentinels; I will make a show of blackguarding you, and even knocking you about.' I mounted the stairs and my captain followed venting abuse, and pushing me rudely. 'Why have you not been, you scamp,' said he to me, 'to take my measure for the trousers and coat?' In the meantime we reached the door of M. Duzo. He was the same bonnet-rouge in whose room I had in the morning had the wounded men looked to. The captain then addressing a little maid-servant who was there, 'Put this gentleman with the others,' said he, and he departed. I inquired of the woman what was the meaning of putting me with the others. She replied that it meant I should occupy a bed with the wounded sans-culottes, as, she added, the people coming to massacre the Swiss would not, assuredly, do any harm to the nationals. This expedient appeared to me very good; however I should have preferred to be out of doors. As I was talking to M. Duzo, his surgeon entered to see whether the patient needed his services. The surgeon was getting ready to leave, when I asked him frankly whether he could aid me to get away. 'Yes, with all my heart,' he answered. 'In that case lend me a lancet case and a bandage.' He did so, recommending only that if they would not allow me to pass I should not stop him, which I promised. We then took leave of the patient, and I followed the doctor keeping some paces in his rear. The two sentinels on the staircase wished him good night. When I presented myself there was the like refusal on their part as before. I was silent till I had lost sight of the surgeon, when I set up an outcry complaining aloud that they prevented a surgical student from following his master on a day when so many citizens needed succour. I demanded to speak to the officer, who fortunately for me was not to be met with. I then went up again to the apartment of M. Duzo, to whom I recounted my unfortunate adventure, when my young national guard entered and told me that he had already waited an hour for me in the court, and that the people were at the gate of the Feuillans on the side of the Place Vendôme, and were demanding the heads of the Swiss

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officers. 'Get away,' added he, 'for assuredly they will be slaughtered to-night.' I recounted to him the attempts I had made and the obstacles I had encountered, and inquired whether it would be long before the two sentinels on the staircase would be relieved. He said it would be in a quarter of an hour. I begged M. Duzo to lend me a coat, and he furnished me with a green camlet one with white facings and national buttons. As security, I left with him my stock and badge in my old great-coat. I then observed to my honest national that I had all that was suitable for a surgeon; and we agreed that I should play the part of one. M. Duzo had previously told me that his complaint was a fistula, and that they made him drink linseed oil. The little maid was to light me on the staircase as far as the sentinels, and I was to speak of the medicines which were to be supplied to the patient and of the bleeding which I had just given him. We were to fall in with the national guardsman at the door of the committee-room, which was some steps lower down than the sentinels. He was to spring to my neck as soon as he should perceive me, and embrace me, inquiring at the same time after M. Duzo, and complaining that I did not visit him more frequently; and was to invite me to breakfast with him the following day. After having well concerted our plans, my young man went below to see whether they had relieved the sentinels. He returned and told me that in five minutes I could go down. One may easily imagine whether or not I found these five minutes long, and all that passed in my head in that interval.

I set forth on my way, preceded by the little maid who lighted me, and descended the staircase, rolling the bandage and conversing with her on the state of the patient, on what he should have to drink, and upon the bleeding which he was to undergo, probably the next day, when I would not fail to be with him early. All this was said within the hearing of the sentinels, who stood aside to let me pass and gave me the salute. The girl, on leaving me, begged that I would not fail to return on the following day. I found at the appointed spot my national guard, who, springing forward to embrace me, asked me news of M. Duzo, and other matters of the sort. I replied in monosyllables. During this time we had gained the court of the Feuillans. It was full of national guards who were walking to and fro. On reaching the gate which looks upon the Place Vendôme, and which they opened for us, we found about 150 persons armed with pikes and muskets. They were those who were demanding our heads. We passed through them boldly, conversing aloud in the most patriotic terms. Thus we reached the entrance to the Place Vendôme. As we passed along we saw nine dead bodies, amongst which was that of M. de Kartes.

At length I reached the door of M. de ——, Caissier des États de Languedoc. I wished to place in the hands of my faithful guide 400 francs in assignats, but however much I urged his acceptance of the money, he would not have it. I embraced and thanked him with a burst of emotion and all possible gratitude, and promised never to be unmindful of the signal service he had rendered me. It was not without being much affected that I saw him depart.

I entered the house. M. —— ran to meet me, accompanied by his son and two of his friends. After they had questioned me on the means I had employed to effect my escape, we went up stairs together to his amiable wife, whom I tenderly embraced. We then sat down to table, and I related to them all the events of the day of which I

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had been an eye-witness, and often did our tears flow whilst we retraced the misfortunes of the royal family and those of the victims sacrificed by atrocious cannibals. Alas! we could already foresee the crimes which would be the consequence of that lamentable day.

There was one thing I had much at heart—to go and reassure my tender-hearted mother, and put an end to her disquiet on my account. Changing then my clothes for some which were lent me, I quitted my friend's house, accompanied by a quartermaster of the royal household. I bade adieu to this amiable family, and went by the Rues des Petits Champs and du Mail to the Rue de Montmartre, where my mother lived. The houses were illuminated, and we met strong patrols of forty or fifty men, and many drunken people staggering along the paths. At length I reached the neighbourhood of my mother's house. It was two in the morning. I looked about cautiously to ascertain whether there were any of the mob or of the neighbours who might perceive me. Not seeing any one, I thanked the quartermaster, who then left me. I knocked gently at our door, which was at once opened. My two bull-dogs gave me so warm a welcome that one would have imagined the poor animals knew the danger from which I had just escaped. I was surrounded by the inmates of the house, who, shedding tears, inquired eagerly whether I was wounded, and how I had escaped from my prison. Escorted by the whole troop, the dogs included, which hung on to my skirts, I went up to my mother, who was in bed. I threw myself into her arms, and we wept in concert. I recounted to her in detail all that had happened to me on that fatal day.

I afterwards went to bed, where I remained till six o'clock in the morning, when a number of my friends called upon me. I despatched in the course of the forenoon several servants, in succession, to the Palais Royal and into the streets, to bring me news of what was passing there; and I retired to a chamber at the rear of the house to avoid being seen, and to reassure my mother, who was in mortal dread and imagined at every sound she heard that they were making search for me to slaughter me. I perceived through the window some neighbours who were speaking in a low tone. To provide for my safety, as far as might be, I had started a report of my death. However one of my friends, M. N., being with us at dinner, observed that there would assuredly be some domiciliary visits, and that I was not by any means safe. He added, that he knew of a house where they would gladly shelter me, and he went away to make the necessary arrangements for my being taken in there. In the afternoon several others of my acquaintances came in, who manifested by their words and behaviour so much alarm on my account, that they would have deprived my mother of her wits had she not been reassured by my tranquillity and sang froid. They declared that the people were searching in every direction for the Swiss officers, to sacrifice them to their fury.

Towards seven in the evening my friend, M. N., returned and brought word that my room was ready, and that they expected me to occupy it that very night. I took a servant's hat and great-coat, and kissed my poor mother, who melted into tears, saying that it was perhaps the last time she would see me—and so in fact it was. This was a Saturday night.

We went out, my friend and I, without being perceived by any of the neighbours, although the streets were illuminated. We reached the little Rue St. Pierre and the Rue

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Neuve des Petits Champs, and shortly afterwards the Licée, where the refuge was provided for me. I passed briskly by the house-porter to avoid his noticing me, and mounted to the third floor where M. de la B. had rooms. His family consisted of himself, his wife and son, and a very trusty female servant. This amiable and generous family received me with open arms. I was shown into a very nice room, and after having conversed some time with my hosts, I took possession of a very good bed, where I slept deliciously and peacefully till the next day.

My friend came many times in the day to see us, and gave us an account of all that passed in Paris; and besides this my host's son brought us, on his return from the Bureau de Liquidation, where he was employed, the *Journal du Soir*, edited by Audouin. I always searched it for the decree of the Assembly already announced, which was to permit a free pass beyond the barriers.

One of the windows of M. de la B.'s drawing-room looked upon the Rue St. Honoré, and another on the Place du Palais Royal. This was commonly the gathering-place for the scenes of slaughter which occurred in Paris, and for the unhappy people, fanatical and inured to crime, to collect after their bloody expeditions. They came there to dance the Carmagnole and to howl out 'Vive la nation!'

On Sunday the 19th a funeral feast was given in honour of the patriots slain on the 10th of August, and about 60,000 national guards defiled under our windows.

About three weeks passed in hoping for the decree which was to allow me to quit Paris. I could not make up my mind to spend four hours in the ante-chamber of the district office in applying for a passport. Besides I feared being recognised and being obliged to go to the maison de ville to obtain the signature of some municipal officers. During all this time they had kept me in ignorance of the massacre of my comrades at the Abbaye.

One afternoon Madame de la B. had just gone out, and I was asleep, when frantic cries of 'Vive la nation' awoke me. I looked out and saw an immense crowd issue from the gates of the Palais Royal, and in the midst the head of a woman with beautiful fair hair borne on a pike. It was that of the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe. I recoiled and shuddered with horror. Afterwards many battalions, which had come from the Assembly, and were on their way to the frontier, defiled within sight of the house.

Madame de la B. on her return announced that they were about to pay domiciliary visits to all the houses, and that they would begin at eleven at night. Accordingly we heard them knocking at our door at midnight. Madame de la B. came at once to tell me to get into her son's bed, he being then in his father's room, and she made him lie down upon two mattresses on the ground. Meanwhile the revolutionary gentlemen became impatient and redoubled their knocks with the butt ends of their muskets. Madame de la B. opened, and we all kept our beds. Amongst the commissaries who made this search were the hosier whose place of business was at the corner of the Rue St. Honoré, and some national guards. Madame de la B. was prostrated by fear. I conjured her to collect herself, telling her that if she hesitated in her replies we should all be lost. She was pale as death. 'Don't be afraid, madame,' said the gentlemen on entering, 'we do not intend you any harm; we simply wish to know what arms you have in the house, and who lodge here.'

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One of the commissaries went through several rooms, but found nothing suspicious. He then inquired of M. de la B. what arms he had in his house. M. de la B., without quitting his bed, replied, 'A musket, two pistols, and a good sabre.' 'You must,' said the commissary, 'hand them over to us.' 'But, monsieur,' answered M. de la B., 'I am bound to mount guard as well as my son.' 'All right,' rejoined the other, 'you will apply for their return at the office tomorrow, and they will be given you.' 'And what persons have you in your house?' said he, addressing himself to Madame de la B. The husband, to conceal the agitation of his wife, replied promptly, 'My wife, my son, and my nephew.' 'And who is that young man in the bed?' M. de la B. feigning impatience at these questions, 'Eh! f——! I tell you it is my nephew,' said he. The commissaries approaching my bed exclaimed, 'He sleeps infernally sound; one might beat a drum in the room and not wake him. What is his age?' 'Nineteen.' 'Diable, he is just the thing for the army.' During this time the house-porter had come near my bed, and looked at me fixedly, notwithstanding all the good servant maid did to distract his attention. My slumber was not so sound but that I grew extremely sick of the visit and the conversation, and I wished the whole set were in the bottomless pit. One of the party called upon the servant to accompany him to the cellar, whence he returned quite satisfied. He then asked for a glass of water, in lieu of which they gave him a bottle of Burgundy, which the gentlemen speedily despatched. They then bid us good night, and thus ended this unpleasant visitation. I returned to my bed without however being able to sleep on account of the noise made in the street by the national guard.

Some days afterwards under a decree of the Assembly I found myself at liberty to quit Paris and go as far as ten leagues within the frontiers without a passport. As further domiciliary visits were still in question, I determined on leaving Paris. We therefore decided upon repairing to Pontgoin, six leagues from Chartres, to the house of Madame de la B.'s mother. M. de la B. accordingly hired a carriage next morning to take us to Versailles, and thither we went to dine. The inn at which we stopped was about one hundred steps only from the place where they had massacred two days previously the fifty prisoners from Orleans. Their heads and lacerated limbs had been thrown into a timber yard opposite our windows. Our coachman seeing that we were going beyond Versailles offered to take us on. As he appeared a very quiet man and had good horses, we bargained with him to take us in two days to Pontgoin. When we were at Maintenon the decree had not arrived, and our passports were demanded. We produced Audouin's paper (a very patriotic sheet) which gave the decree at length. Thereupon we were allowed to pass on. We reached Pontgoin the same evening, when we were received with much kindness by the mother of Madame de la B. The amiable Lai—— family was staying with her. I there passed three weeks. There were in the house two sisters, one of whom played well on the harpsichord. I accompanied her on the violin. This agreeable society alleviated the sufferings which terrible reminiscences often occasioned me.

I resolved to go over to England. I wrote to a friend in Paris to procure me a passport to return to Switzerland, in virtue of the decree

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of 22nd August, which disbanded the Swiss guards. He obtained the passport and brought it me three days afterwards. At the same time he urged me to take my departure at once, as it was asserted in Paris that in a short time all passports would be stopped, and no new ones would be granted. I reflected, however, that it would be very dangerous for me to traverse the whole kingdom to return to Switzerland with a passport which named my calling, and I considered that it was a thousand to one I should be massacred on the road. Further it occurred to me that I could without much difficulty reach Dieppe, which was distant about forty leagues from us, and that to go thither I might obtain a passport from the municipality of a small neighbouring town. I imparted my idea to M. de la B., who approved of it. We repaired therefore to the little town in question, where, by coaxing a tradesman who was of the municipality, and by buying drugs of him, I got a passport for my supposititious uncle and myself. I bought a shabby little chaise, and the tradesman, who had taken a fancy to me, having told me that the road to Dieppe passed through the town where he resided, and having further invited us to sup and sleep at his house, I quitted with emotion the amiable family which had with so much goodness given me refuge. M. de la B. and I entered the chaise, and at night we slept at the house of our municipal, who received us very hospitably. Two days afterwards we reached Dieppe. They stopped us at the gate of the town, and made us enter a guard-house, in which there were five or six lubbers. I put on a very simple air, and appeared occupied solely with the sight of the ocean. They asked for our passports, which they scrutinised attentively. My so-called uncle signed all the papers they presented to him, and said to the national guards, 'This is my nephew; he tormented me to bring him to see the sea, and there was nothing for it but to satisfy him.' They were content with all our replies and permitted us to go to the inn. As we got out of the chaise many persons gathered round. I looked fixedly at the host who came out to receive us; he understood me, and had us shown into a private room. He came in half an hour afterwards. I inquired of him, in English, whether it was easy to obtain a passage to England. In replying, he did not disguise the difficulty of so doing, but said that he could command the master of a packet boat. He at once left to ascertain the day at which the boat would sail. On his return he told me that it would be the following morning, and that the captain was willing to give me a passage for forty louis. Notwithstanding its exorbitancy, the demand did not appear to me too much to insure my getting away from this cursed land. In the afternoon we went down to the port with our host to get a sight of the boat. At six the next morning the innkeeper awoke me, and in M. de la B.'s company I repaired to the vessel. I carried in my hand a basket of provisions. I passed by a clerk dressed as a national guard, who took me to be English, as I spoke to the sailors in that language. I went down with all speed into the captain's cabin, where they made me enter through a very deep hole into the bottom of the hold and they stopped it up over me. I was flat on my stomach, having scarcely any air, and the extreme reverse of comfortable. I heard the municipal officers, who came to examine every corner of the boat, say, just over the spot where I was, 'No

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room there for a man to hide.' I heard them leave, and I perceived by the motion of the vessel that they were weighing anchor and hoisting sail. It was one of the greatest pleasures I ever felt in my life. At length a sailor came to restore us to the light of day. I say 'us,' because in descending to my nook I had all but crushed a gentleman who was there before me, and who had paid one hundred louis for his passage. We mounted on deck and congratulated each other on having got clear, safe and sound, of the miserable country in which so many frightful crimes were afterwards committed. We reached England at eight o'clock on the following morning, and I at once took the coach for London, where I arrived at eight o'clock in the evening.

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RECENT LECTURES AND WRITINGS OF EMERSON.

IN the School of Arts at Newcastle-upon-Tyne there is a picture, painted by the late David Scott, representing Ralph Waldo Emerson in the attitude of lecturing. It was painted, I believe, when Emerson visited that city nearly twenty years ago, and is a very successful rendering of the peculiarities of his look and manner, which are physiognomically significant of his thought and spirit. The slight depression at the corners of the mouth, with a touch of sternness, the one arm extended from his side farther and farther as he becomes more animated by his theme, the two or three fingers of the other hand pressed to the palm as if holding tightly some reservation, all these, and other indefinable characteristics that are photographed on the mind of one who has attentively listened to Emerson, are admirably reproduced in this picture by one of his admirers and friends. But there are some traits of him which are but faintly if at all suggested in the picture referred to, that have been developed in the years that have intervened, or which perhaps could not have been even hinted on canvas. In his more recent life Emerson's American hearers have recognised a less literary style and tone, and a stronger desire to have his views adopted. His paradoxes are stated with more determination. He oftener turns aside from the constructive and affirmative method natural to him to strike some false or sordid standard raised on his path; and one now sometimes sees his lip quiver, his eye flash, and even a certain wrath expressed in the dilation of his nostril—where Winkelmann saw expressed the anger of Apollo of the Vatican toward the slain Python. An eminent lawyer of Boston, Rufus Choate, in defending Slavery, once spoke of the Declaration of Independence, popularly held to be inconsistent with that institution, as a series of 'glittering generalities.' In a lecture given afterward, Emerson quoted some of the phrases —as those declaring 'all men are born equal' and are endowed with 'inalienable rights'—and said, 'These have been called glittering generalities: they are blazing ubiquities.' And as he spoke his whole frame trembled, and the intensity of his voice kindled his audience far more than the mere words could have done. The impression has been gaining among his countrymen that Emerson has been receiving something from the larger crowds that have been listening to him in the last years whilst he has been communicating his thoughts to them. He has caught, as it were, some clear eyes in the companies before him which he had not suspected were there, and speaks more as if he felt that something can be practically accomplished in the present, and less as if he were depositing the ova of thoughts for another generation to quicken. In a word he has become more visibly in earnest, and consequently more eloquent, whilst never for a moment lowering his standard of thought. He may be regarded as the founder of the American 'Lyceum,' and in the last twenty years it has been a medium of perpetual communication between him and the people throughout the Northern States. Much of his *English Traits*, and all of his *Conduct of Life*, has been given in the lyceums not only of the cultivated Eastern States, but of the rough backwood settlements in the West. In none of these regions have there been any complaints of not understanding him, such as

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were frequent in Boston and in England when he first appeared as a lecturer. This is not alone due to the greater degree in which the people have approached his standard; he also has doubtless been somewhat educated by a greater familiarity with his countrymen. Nor have the great events that have occurred in America in the latter years passed over without leaving important traces upon him. In his time he has seen the people of America steadily advancing the cause of justice, not only without great leaders but over the fallen forms of their strongest but faithless captains, and a confidence in them rarely expressed in his earlier, is a main feature of his later works. His catholic intelligence has assimilated the genuine peculiarities of his country, and he has found in it and its people a quarry from which he can derive the material for the statues and pillars he would raise. His method too has become somewhat more practical; and indeed it might be expected that any philosophic mind would after a full theoretical utterance gradually incline to criticism and the application of abstract principles to men and institutions. This has given his later style a more popular and, so to speak, iconographic character; and it has also developed his humour—witty he always was. I find in my note-book some sentences taken down, as nearly as possible with exactness as to phraseology, from his recent and unpublished lectures, which may illustrate the criticisms I have been making:

The finest inspiration of the poet is in the most exact harmony with perfect laws. The vine which intoxicates the world is the most mathematical of plants.

The poetic insight is more general among the people than we imagine. They may not like this or the other favourite of the critics; but they like Æsop.

There is no great man who has not left his testimony for liberty and justice.

A right and true man would be felt to the centre of the solar system.

Our steamships like enormous shuttles are weaving continents into the woof of Humanity.

If mere power of work or endurance were enough, how will a man compare with the mule?

Serena is asked by her teacher whether Fabius was victorious or defeated in a certain battle. She replies that he was defeated. Fabius was victorious; but of what importance is his victory compared with Serena's feelings? Fabius, if he had a particle of the gentleman about him, would consent to be defeated a hundred times rather than have Serena's feelings hurt.

What complaint is this that we have not time for this or that thing? When some one complained in the presence of an Indian that he had so little time, the Indian said, 'You have all there is.' Life is unnecessarily long.

What is a day? To a stone so much chemistry; to a wise man a day is a splendour of opportunity.

Nothing is more painful than to see parent, preacher, teacher, each trying as swiftly as possible to inoculate the child with their own mediocrity. Get off that child, you vampyre; you are trying to make that man another *you*—one is enough!

To hew and hack, slay and eat,—this is the sum of many an individual relation to Nature. Humboldt asked an Indian chief if he had known anything of a certain officer who had died in the war of 1816. 'I ate a piece of him,' was the reply.

Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, now sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not. The small despot asks so little that all nature and reason are on his side. His ignorance is more charming than all knowledge, and his little sins more bewitching than any virtue. All day, between his three or four sleeps, he coos like a pigeon-house, sputters and spurns, and puts on his faces of importance; and when he fasts, the little Pharisee fails not to sound his trumpet before him. Out of blocks, thread-spools, cards, and chequers, he will build his pyramid with the gravity of Palladio. With an acoustic apparatus of whistle and rattle he explores the laws of sound. But chiefly, like his senior countrymen, the young American studies new and speedier modes of transportation. Mistrusting the cunning of his small legs, he wishes to ride on the necks and shoulders of all flesh. The small enchanter nothing

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can withstand,—no seniority of age, no gravity of character; uncles, aunts, cousins, grandsires, grandames,—all fall an easy prey: he conforms to nobody, all conform to him; all caper and make mouths, and babble and chirrup to him. On the strongest shoulders he rides, and pulls the hair of laurelled heads.

Does the consecration of Sunday confess the desecration of the entire week? Does the consecration of the Church confess the profanation of the house? Let us read the incantation backward. Let the man stand on his feet. Let religion cease to be occasional. And the pulses of thought that go to the borders of the universe, let them proceed from the bosom of the Household.

I warn you that no dream of the future is so fair as the scenes and skies, weaving their unheeded enchantment about you today, shall appear when you shall look back upon them.

In the new rat-hole revelation, received by people fumbling about tables, it is to be observed that whatever spirit is called up Swedenborg always answers. All the milk comes from that cow.

Minds are of two kinds—oviparous and viviparous.

In a remarkably brilliant lecture on the French, whose character he had the opportunity of studying in Paris, during the events of 1848, it was wonderful to observe how completely Emerson fell into the crisp, clear, incisive style of the best French writers on this particular occasion. There was in this lecture a sharp contrast drawn between the French and the English,—the former he held to be more generally agreeable because their life could be drawn into something like harmony with aims not too high; they had not the haunting, harrying interior ideal of the Anglo-Saxon with its attendant diseases. This at least is the impression left upon my mind by the lecture. In it occurred some characteristic stories and epigrammatic felicities.

An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in the dark. The Englishman not wishing to harm his antagonist crept around until he found the fireplace; he fired his pistol up the chimney and—brought down the Frenchman. . . . The Frenchman invented the dickey: the Englishman added the shirt. . . . The French would have things theatrical; God will have things real. . . . The strength of the camel is said to reside in its many stomachs. In our World-Behemoth each nation is a stomach, and each holds an additional strength for man. A human society were impossible without the French element, and it is not without a purpose that Nature seems, wherever one goes, to insist on Frenchmen.

Emerson has always been too steadfast and loyal to his own task to devote himself to any particular reform or 'cause,' although to him, with Wendell Phillips, it is to a great extent to be ascribed that all educated men in the United States gave their adhesion to the anti-slavery movement which originated with earnest but ignorant men. To the machinery of that movement in its earlier days the philosopher could and did give freely of his money but not of his time. He had a great respect, almost a reverence, for Theodore Parker, who, with all the tastes of a scholar, threw his heart so fully into the costly task of liberating the slave which New England was reluctantly recognising as her own. None of the vast throng that attended the obsequies of that representative New England preacher can ever forget the thrilling strain in which Emerson spoke extemporaneously of him. Standing in the hall where Parker had so long uttered his discourses, he said:

'Tis plain to me that he has achieved an historic immortality here; that he has so woven himself in these few years into the history of Boston, that he can never be left out of your annals. It will not be in the acts of City Councils; nor of obsequious Mayors; nor in the State House, the proclamations of Governors with their failing virtue—failing them at critical moments,—that the coming generations will study what really befell; but in the plain lessons of Theodore Parker in this Music Hall, in Faneuil Hall, or in Legislative Committee-rooms, the true temper and authentic record of these days will be read. The next generation will care little for the chances of election that govern governors now; it will care little for fine gentlemen who behaved shabbily, but it will read very intelligently in his rough story, fortified with

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exact anecdotes, precise with names and dates, what part was taken by each actor; who threw himself into the cause of Humanity and who came to the rescue of civilisation at a hard pinch, and who blocked its course. . . . Ah, my brave brother! it seems as if, in a frivolous age, our loss were immense, and your place cannot be supplied. But you will already be consoled in the transfer of your genius, knowing well that the nature of the world will affirm to all men, in all times that which for twenty-five years you valiantly spoke; that the winds of Italy murmur the same truth over your grave, the winds of America over these bereaved streets; that the sea which bore your mourners home affirms it, the stars in their courses, the inspirations of youth; whilst the polished and pleasant traitors to human rights, with perverted learning and disgraced graves, rot and are forgotten with their double tongue saying all that is sordid for the corruption of man.

When Theodore Parker died there sprang up on the spot where he had so long and nobly laboured something that seemed a legitimate sheaf from his sowing,—a pulpit to which every man with ability and a conviction was welcomed, whatever his creed. To this pulpit the puritan faith that nothing is secular in any sense that defines it from what is sacred, had survived in an ethical treatment of all living themes and interests; and so from Sunday to Sunday Emerson, Phillips, and others, taught and applied the lessons of religion and philosophy. This is, I believe, still the habit with the 'Parkerite Fraternity' of Boston, believed by many to be the representative Church of New England. Emerson often preached there, and with a warmth which had hardly been before associated with him. I should say that the most impressive utterance that I ever heard from him was a discourse delivered in that music hall about six years ago. There was not one but many themes and texts, but all related. He began by calling attention to the tendency to simplification. The inventor knows that a machine is new and improvable when it has a great many parts. The chemists already find the infinite variety of things contained in sixty-six elements, and physicists promise that this number shall be reduced to twenty, ten, five. Faraday declares his belief that all things will in the end be reduced to one element with two polarities. Religious progress has similarly been in the direction of simplification. Every great religion has in its ultimate development told its whole secret, concentrated its force, in some simple maxims. In our youth we talk of the various virtues, the many dangers and trials of life; as we get older we find ourselves returning to the proverbs of the nursery. In religion one old book serves many lands, ages, and varieties of character; nay, one or two golden rules out of the book are enough. The many teachers and scriptures are at last but various routes by which we always come to the simple law of obedience to the light in the soul. 'Seek nothing outside of thyself,' says one, 'Believe nothing against thy own spirit,' echoes another, part of the world. Jesus said, 'Be lowly; hunger and thirst after justice; of your own minds judge what is right.' Swedenborg teaches that Heaven and Hell are the loves of the soul. George Fox removes the bushel from the light within. The substance of all morals is that a man should adhere to the path which the inner light has marked before him. The great waste in the world comes of the misapplication of energy. The great tragedies of the soul are strung on those threads not spun out of our own hearts. One records of Michael Angelo that he found him working on his statue with a lamp stuck in his cap, and it might almost symbolise the holier light of patient devotion to his art. No matter what your work is, let it be yours; no matter if you are tinker or preacher, blacksmith or President, let what you are doing be organic, let it be in your bones, and

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you open the door by which the affluence of Heaven and Earth shall stream into you. You shall have the hidden joy: and shall carry success with you. Look to yourself rather than to materials: nothing is unmanageable to a good hand; no place slippery to a good foot; all things are clear to a good head. The sin of Dogmatism, of creeds and catechisms, is that they destroy mental character. The youth says that he believes when he is only browbeaten; he says he thinks so and so, when that so and so are the denial of any right to think. Simplicity and grandeur are thus lost; and with them the sentiment of obligation to a principle of life and honour. In the legends of the Round Table it is told, that a witch wishing to make her child supremely wise, prepared certain herbs and put them in a pot to boil, intending to bathe the child's eyes with the decoction. She set a shepherd boy to stir the pot whilst she went away. Whilst he stirred it a raven dropped a twig into the pot, which spattered three drops of the liquid into the shepherd's eyes. Immediately all the future became as if passing before his eyes; and seeing that when the witch returned she meant to kill him, he left the pot and fled to the woods. Now if three drops of that all-revealing decoction should suddenly get into the eyes of every human being crowding along Broadway some day, how many of them would still go on with the affair they are pursuing on the street? Probably they would nearly all come to a dead stand! But there would, let us hope, be here and there a happy child of the Most High, who had taken hold of her or his life's thread by sacred appointment. These would move on without even a pause: the unveiled future would show the futility of many schemes, the idleness of many labours; but every genuine aim would only be exalted, and shown in their eternal and necessary relations. Finally, Humility was, the speaker declared, the one element to which all virtues are reducible. 'It was revealed unto me,' said the old Quaker, 'that what other men trample on must be thy food.' It is the spirit that accepts our trust, and is thus the creator of character and the guide to power. In closing this discourse the speaker read at length the story of the proposed humiliation, and the victory through humility, of Fra Christophero, in Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*. I regret that I cannot give a report verbatim of this extraordinary discourse, which produced an effect, on those who heard it, beyond any that I have ever witnessed, many being moved at times to tears. I went with pencil and paper, intending to take down as much as I could, but at the end of the hour occupied by it, the paper remained blank, and the pencil had been forgotten. I can therefore only produce the record of my impressions of it, as they were written down the same day.

My conviction is, that to hear one of Emerson's religious discourses, as delivered by himself, would be more helpful to a young minister than a theological course in any university. Nothing can be more reverently thoughtful and grandly simple than his manner and tone. He quotes frequently from some Oriental Scripture, or great poet, and it is always done with the solemnity of an old Puritan taking his text. I remember well the lowering of his voice, as one might speak on his knees, as he recited the sublime paradoxes of Dante's Apostrophe to the Virgin:

> 'O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy son,
> Created beings all in lowliness
> Surpassing, as in height thou art
> Above them all.'

It is impossible to estimate the influence Emerson has had in chastening the style of writing and speaking in America. Were the

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Websters and Clays to return they would, I believe, find a generation yawning under their finest rhetoric. The spread-eagle's wings are visibly drooping on the stump and in Congress, and a calmer voice proceeds from the pulpit. The conditions under which this change has been wrought have been furnished by the diffusion of education through the free-school systems, but the most potent secondary cause has been this Sower, who, with the beginning of the generation now closing, went forth and scattered through the land pearl seed where rhetorical glass beads had hitherto been admired. And in all this time, so healthy and impersonal had been his influence, Emerson has never had an eminent imitator. His method has from the first been affirmative; and he has thus revolutionised the old habits of thought by building, without the sound of a hammer, the nobler temple. An eminent Comtist has lately expressed the opinion that Europe is far more than America emancipated from the creeds and forms of the past: but where the leading minds are devoting themselves to the creation of the new instead of the destruction of the old, their kingdom comes without observation. I cannot agree with the critic to whom I have referred, but find that much is still treated as religious radicalism in Europe, which in America has already become conservatism.

In one of his earlier works Emerson speaks of people going to Europe to become American. Perhaps he spoke from experience in this. He has three times, I believe, travelled in Europe, and since his last return his faith in American tendencies has almost amounted to an enthusiasm. In his early lectures and addresses he speaks of the society around him as hopeless; the only things worth praising were the communities of the Fourierites, the St. Simonians, the Peace Societies, and the like, which were springing up everywhere. He made addresses favourable to negro-emancipation, to the enfranchisement of women, against war, and evidently regarded these as the uncombined elements of a new state which was to supersede American politics, which were hereditary, imported, transient. One of the finest of his productions is one on war, which was published as one of Miss Peabody's collection of *Æsthetic Papers*, of which it may be well to give some account here. He sees that war has been historically essential. 'The microscope reveals miniature butchery in atomies and infinitely small biters, that swim and fight in an illuminated drop of water; and the little globe is but a too faithful miniature of the large.' This strife in the little and large worlds comes of the great and beneficent principle—self-help. In early days war forwarded the culture of man, as for example, the conquest of the East by Alexander. It also educates the senses, calls into action the will, and perfects the physical constitution. The sympathy with war is, however, a juvenile and temporary state. Trade, Art, Learning, Religion, have shown War to be fratricide. War and Peace have now been resolved into a mercury of the state of civilisation. A nation so developed as to be without armaments were a nation that none would attack. With regard to the extreme cases urged against the individual non-resistant, he says, 'A wise man will never impawn his future being and action, and decide beforehand what he shall do in a given extreme event. Nature and God will instruct him in that hour.' The fact that a band of people have made universal peace an aim worthy of concert and prayer is the signal fact. A thought raised the mighty war-establishments to keep the peace of the globe, and a higher

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thought shall melt them away. It is to be done by a heroism greater than the heroisms of war; by 'men who have, by their intellectual insight, or else by their moral elevation, attained such a perception of their own intrinsic worth, that they do not think property or their own body a sufficient good to be saved by such a dereliction of principle as treating a man like a sheep.' I quote the concluding paragraphs of this lecture:

> If the universal cry for reform of so many inveterate abuses, with which society rings,—if the desire of a large class of young men for a faith and hope, intellectual and religious, such as they have not yet found, be an omen to be trusted; if the disposition to rely more, in study and in action, on the unexplored riches of the human constitution,—if the search of the sublime laws of morals and the sources of hope and trust in man, and not in books,—in the present and not in the past,—proceed; if the rising generation can be provoked to think it unworthy to nestle into every abomination of the past, and shall feel the generous darings of austerity and virtue; then war has a short day, and human blood will cease to flow.
>
> It is of little consequence in what manner, through what organs, this purpose of mercy and holiness is affected. The proposition of the Congress of Nations is undoubtedly that at which the present fabric of our society and the present course of events do point. But the mind, once prepared for the reign of principles, will easily find modes of expressing its will. There is the highest fitness in the place and time in which this enterprise begun. Not in an obscure corner, not in a feudal Europe, not in an antiquated appanage where no onward step can be taken without rebellion, is the seed of benevolence laid in the furrow, with tears of hope; but in this broad America of God and man, where the forest is only now falling, or yet to fall, and the green earth open to the inundation of emigrant men from all quarters of oppression and guilt; here, where not a family, not a few men, but mankind, shall say what shall be; here we ask, shall it be War, or shall it be Peace?

With all the faith in America uttered in these words, there is an undertone of distrust in political and official America. But from it there is traceable a growing tendency to identify Utopia with the complete development of American institutions, and a willingness to work through them. In this, he does but represent the experience of all the idealistic movements in that country; they sprang up by hundreds, but the social atmosphere refused their isolation, and they have everywhere been diffused into and become the leaven of the general society; so that in America, with a very few unthrifty exceptions, the only separate communities existing are those of ignorant fanatics, far nearer to gross and despotic social forms than the general body of society. In the anti-slavery agitation, Emerson especially saw the advance of a transcendent idea in the public mind. As year after year the numbers of the votes cast for candidates nominated in the interest of emancipation increased, he seemed to have the sense of the Indian, and to hear in these softly falling ballots the tread of distant triumphant armies. His lectures dealt more and more with the condition of the nation, and finally, when the late civil war broke out, no one shared more profoundly the hope of a renovated and nobler America, which was the pillar of fire that led the best of his countrymen through those desolate four years of wandering and war. Of such national importance was his advice now considered, that he was invited by a number of politicians and statesmen to give a lecture, in the spring of 1862, in Washington. And many thought that Emerson lecturing at Washington and consulted by President Lincoln in those days, was a higher sign than the banner of stars and stripes. It meant infallibly a new order in America, and one already outgrowing all prophecies. I find much difficulty in giving any adequate report of this lecture, which was delivered before a large audience and in the presence of President Lincoln and his Cabinet,

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whom, however, he did not fail to censure for the hesitation—especially in dealing with slavery—which they had not yet thrown off. So completely did Emerson utilise this singular opportunity, so heavily did he load every sentence with meaning, that to report partially, as I must, seems like mutilating a living form. In this lecture, to which he gave the title 'American Civilisation,' Emerson began by tracing the progress of man from his rude condition; the wigwam transformed to a stone house; the savage trail graded and bridged into a road, uniting clans into a society; the hunter become agriculturist. He notes the chief metres of the present civility of the world—'the post-office, with its educating energy, augmented by cheapness, and guarded by a certain religious sentiment in mankind, shows the power of a wafer or a drop of wax or gluten to guard a letter, as it flies over sea, over land, and comes to its address as if a battalion of artillery brought it'—multitudes obeying law in opposition to their strongest passions—the higher influence of woman—the diffusion of knowledge so that the coarsest newspaper has scraps of science and poetry, which makes us hesitate to tear one before looking it through—the ship 'an abridgment and compound of a nation's arts—the skill that pervades complex details; the man that maintains himself; the chimney taught to burn its own smoke; the farm made to produce all that is consumed on it; the very prison compelled to maintain itself and yield a revenue, and better than that, made a reform school and a manufactory of honest men out of rogues. All these are examples of that tendency to combine antagonisms and utilise evil, which is the index of high civilisation.' He traced the influence of climate, of proximity to the sea, and other circumstances on civilisation, but found that everywhere it is dependent on a true, and not merely so-called morality. He said:

> Civilisation depends on morality. Everything good in man leans on what is higher. This rule holds in small as well as great. Thus, all our strength and success in the work of our hands depend on our borrowing the aid of the elements. You have seen a carpenter on a ladder with a broad axe chopping upward chips and slivers from a beam. How awkward; at what disadvantage he works. But see him on the ground, dressing his timber under him. Now, not his feeble muscles, but the force of gravity brings down the axe; that is to say, the planet itself splits his stick. The farmer had much ill-temper, laziness, and shirking to endure from his hand-sawyers, until one day he bethought him to put his saw-mill on the edge of a waterfall; and the river never tires of turning his wheel; the river is good-natured and never hints an objection. . . I admire still more the skill which, on the sea-shore, makes the tides drive the wheels and grind the corn, and which thus engages the assistance of the moon like a hired hand, to grind, and wind, and pump, and saw, and split stone, and roll iron. Now that is the wisdom of a man, in every instance of his labour, to hitch his waggon to a star, and see his chore done by the gods themselves. . . We cannot bring the heavenly powers to us, but, if we will only choose our jobs in directions in which they travel, they will undertake them with the greatest pleasure. It is a peremptory rule with them that *they never go out of their road*. We are dapper little busybodies, and run this way and that way superserviceably; but they swerve never from their foreordained paths, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor a bubble of air, nor a mote of dust. . . And as our handiworks borrow the elements, so all our social and political action leans on principles. To accomplish anything excellent the will must work for catholic and universal ends. A puny creature walled in on every side, as Donne wrote—
>
> 'unless above himself he can
> Erect himself, how poor a thing is man!'
>
> But when his will leans on a principle, when he is the vehicle of ideas, he borrows their omnipotence. Gibraltar may be strong, but ideas are impregnable, and bestow on the hero their invincibility. 'It was a great instruction,' said a saint in Cromwell's war, 'that the best courages are but beams of the Almighty.' Hitch your waggon to a star. . . In this national crisis, it is not argument that we want, but that rare courage which dares commit itself to a principle, believing that Nature is its ally, and

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will create the instruments it requires and more than make good any petty and injurious profit which it may disturb. There never was such a combination as this of ours, and the rules to meet it are not set down in any history. We want men of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality—namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race—can act in the interest of civilisation. Government must not be a parish clerk—a justice of the peace. It has of necessity, in any crisis of the State, the absolute powers of a dictator. The existing Administration is entitled to the utmost candour. It is to be thanked for its angelic virtue compared with any executive experiences with which we have been familiar. But the times will not allow us to indulge in compliment. I wish I saw in the people that inspiration which, if Government will not obey the same, it would leave the Government behind, and create on the moment the means and executors it wanted. Better the war should more dangerously threaten us,—should threaten fracture in what is still whole, and punish us with burned capitals and slaughtered regiments, and so exasperate the people to energy—exasperate our nationality. There are scriptures written invisibly on man's hearts, whose letters do not come out until they are enraged. They can be read by war-fires, and by eyes in the last peril. We cannot but remember that there have been days in American history when, if the Free States had done their duty, slavery had been blocked by an immovable barrier, and our recent calamities for ever precluded. The Free States yielded, and every compromise was surrender, and invited new demands. Here, again, is a new occasion which Heaven offers to sense and virtue. It looks as if we held the fate of the fairest possession of mankind in our hands, to be saved by our firmness, or to be lost by hesitation. . . The war is welcome to the Southerner: a chivalrous sport to him, like hunting, and suits his semi-civilised condition. On the climbing scale of progress he is just up to war, and has never appeared to such advantage as in the last twelvemonth. It does not suit us. We are advanced some ages on the war-state—to trade, art, and general cultivation. His labourer works for him at home, so that he loses no labour by the war. All our soldiers are labourers, so that the South, with its inferior numbers, is almost on a footing in effective war-population with the North. Again, so long as we fight without any affirmative step taken by the Government, any word intimating forfeiture in the rebel States of their old privileges under the law, they and we fight on the same side—for slavery. Again, if we conquer the enemy, what then? We shall still have to keep him under, and it will cost as much to keep him down, as it did to get him down. Then comes the summer, and the fever will drive our soldiers home. Next winter we must begin at the beginning and conquer him over again. What use, then, to take a fort, or privateer, or get possession of an inlet, or to capture a regiment of rebels? But one weapon we hold which is sure: Congress can, by edict, as a part of the military defence which it is the duty of Congress to provide, abolish slavery and pay for such slaves as we ought to pay for. Then the slaves near our armies will come to us; those in the interior will know in a week what their rights are, and will, where opportunity offers, prepare to take them. Instantly the armies that confront you must run home to protect their estates, and must stay there, and your enemies will disappear. . . . This is borrowing, as I said, the omnipotence of a principle. What is so foolish as the terror lest the blacks should be made furious by freedom and wages? It is denying these that is the outrage, and makes the danger from the blacks. I hope it is not a fatal objection to this policy that it is simple and beneficent thoroughly, which is the attribute of a moral action. . . It is the maxim of natural philosophers that the natural forces wear out in time all obstacles, and take place; and 'tis the maxim of history that victory always falls at last where it ought to fall; or, there is a perpetual march or progress to ideas. But, in either case, no link of the chain can drop out. Nature works through her appointed elements, and ideas must work through the brains and the arms of good and brave men, or they are no better than dreams.

There is no doubt that the President and the statesmen who surrounded him on that occasion were deeply impressed by this lecture, and Mr. Emerson was taken by Mr. Seward to see the President, with whom the matter was, I have heard, more fully discussed. Mr. Lincoln, however, still doubted whether he could rely upon the politicians and people of the North to stand by a measure which would so seriously affect the commercial conditions of the entire country, as the immediate abolition of slavery, in which Northern firms were almost equally interested partners with Southern plantations. Emerson maintained that a right idea did not disclose its

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whole commanding force until tried. Soon after the President began to move cautiously in the direction indicated, and proposed that Congress should offer to co-operate with any State that should enter upon the work of emancipation, and pay such State a large sum of money, and his proposition was at once adopted by Congress. The States, however, generally ridiculed the offer. A paragraph which Emerson wrote concerning this proposition shows how fine an impression President Lincoln had made upon him during their interview. 'More and better,' he wrote, 'than the President has spoken shall the effect of this message be; but, we are sure, not more or better than he hoped in his heart when, thoughtful of all the complexities of his position, he penned these cautious words.' The effect of that first plainly anti-slavery message that an American Congress had ever received, was indeed great. It proved to be a plain unanswerable admonition to the people, from one in whom they had confidence, that slavery stood in the path of the national union and had to be dealt with, and it made them ready for the next step. That step soon followed. The President admonished the insurgent States that on the following New Year's Day, to wit, that of 1863, he would proclaim slavery for ever abolished in every State that should be found in arms against the General Government.

It was known that the President had a way of sticking to his word, and this proclamation of September 22, 1862, was a signal for a general exasperation of all the pro-slavery elements of the country, and a general joy amongst those who felt that the afflictions through which the nation was passing, could be compensated only by the liberation of the nation from the great wrong which they knew would continue to harry the country whilst it lasted. Emerson was called to address the people of Boston on this occasion, and none who had the happiness to hear him then—as the writer of this did—can ever forget the enthusiasm with which he celebrated the act, and how the multitude vibrated under his electric words:

> We have recovered ourselves from our false position, and planted ourselves on a law of nature.
>
> 'If that fail,
> The pillared firmament is rottenness,
> And earth's base built on stubble.'
>
> The Government has assured itself of the best constituency in the world; every spark of intellect, every virtuous feeling, every religious heart, every man of honour, every poet, every philosopher, the generosity of the cities, the health of the country, the strong arms of the mechanics, the endurance of the farmers, the passionate conscience of women, the sympathy of distant nations—all rally to its support. . . . With this blot removed from its national honour, this heavy load lifted off the national heart, we shall not fear henceforward to show our faces among mankind. . . . It was well to delay the steamers at the wharves until this edict could be put on board. It will be an insurance to the ship as it goes plunging through the sea with glad tidings to all people. Happy are the young who find the pestilence cleansed out of the earth, leaving open to them an honest career. Happy the old, who see nature purified before they depart. Do not let the dying die; hold them back to this world until you have charged their ear and heart with this message to other spiritual societies, announcing the melioration of our planet.
>
> 'Incertainties now crown themselves assured,
> And Peace proclaims olives of endless age.'

(Those who in England shall read these radiant expressions—which did most truly utter the hope and joy of all honourable and earnest Americans—may, perhaps, judge how cold and cruel seemed the sneers which the ships that bore the glad tidings over the ocean brought back in response from so many of that 'constituency,' which Emerson had declared was thenceforth assured to America.)

When the proclamation of emancipation came on the 1st of January

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1863, the popular joy rose to its height. Men laughed and wept along the streets. 'When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing.' Bells were rung, cannon fired, the negroes passed the night in their chapels and greeted the day on their knees, and vast public meetings were held in the various cities to welcome and celebrate the event. At that held in the chief hall of Boston Emerson read a poem, which he called the 'Boston Hymn,' of which I give a few verses:

The word of the Lord by night
To the watching Pilgrims came,
As they sat by the sea-side,
And filled their hearts with flame.

God said, I am tired of kings,
I suffer them no more;
Up to my ear the morning brings
The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball
A field of havoc and war,
Where tyrants great and tyrants small
Might harry the weak and poor?

My angel, his name is Freedom,
Choose him to be your king;
He shall cut pathways east and west,
And fend you with his wing.

Lo! I uncover the land
Which I hid of old time in the west,
As the sculptor uncovers his statue
When he has wrought his best.

. . . .

Pay ransom to the owner
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags,
And honour, O South! for his shame;
Nevada, coin thy golden crags
With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race!
That sat in darkness long,
Be swift their feet as antelopes
And as Behemoth strong.

Come East, and West, and North,
By races as snow-flakes,
And carry my purpose forth,
Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be,
For, in daylight or in dark,
My thunderbolt has eyes to see
His way home to the mark.

Emerson's esteem for the President grew to be homage, and when Mr. Lincoln was assassinated he gave an address concerning him which more than any other touched the heart of the country. No other American has won so fair a wreath as that which Emerson laid on the grave of Lincoln.

Turning now from Emerson's political lectures, which it is to be hoped he may be induced to give to the public in a volume, we find a few papers contained in the pages of one or two different American magazines which are of great value. One of the most important of these is on 'Domestic Life.' It opens with exquisite pictures of the child, and the boy, and the enchantments which a few cheap things weave about them. The man he finds imprisoned in lucrative labours. For the demand is, *give us wealth and the home shall exist.* But wealth is a shift. The wise man angles with himself only, and with no meaner bait. We owe to man man, and to give money is only a come-off. Here is a fine passage, which must be quoted as it stands:

Let us understand that a house should bear witness in all its economy that human culture is the end to which it is built and garnished. It stands there under the sun and moon to ends analogous and not less noble than theirs. It is not for festivity, it is not for sleep: but the pine and the oak shall gladly descend from the mountains to uphold the roof of men as faithful and necessary as themselves; to be the shelter always open to the Good and the True, a hall which shines with sincerity, brows ever tranquil, and a demeanour impossible to disconcert; whose inmates know what they want; who do not ask your house how theirs should be kept. They have arms, they cannot pause for trifles. The diet of the house does not create its order, but knowledge, character, action, absorb so much life and yield so much entertainment, that the refectory has ceased to be so curiously studied. With a change of aim has followed a change of the whole scale by which men and things were wont to be measured. Wealth and poverty are seen for what they are. It begins to be seen that the poor are only they who feel poor, and poverty consists in feeling poor.

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Here also is a fine passage that cannot be condensed:

Every individual nature has its own beauty. One is struck in every company, at every fireside, with the riches of nature when he hears so many new tones, all musical; sees in each person original manners, which have a proper and peculiar charm, and reads new expressions of face. He perceives that nature has laid for each the foundations of a new building, if the soul will build thereon. There is no face, no form, which one cannot in fancy associate with great power of intellect, or with generosity of soul. In our experience, to be sure, beauty is not as it ought to be, the dower of man and woman as invariably as sensation. Beauty is, even in the beautiful, occasional; or, as one has said, culminating and perfect only a single moment, before which it is unripe, and after which it is on the wane. But beauty is never quite absent from our eyes. Every face, every figure, suggests its own right and sound estate. Our friends are not their own highest form. But let the hearts they have agitated witness what power has lurked in the traits of these structures of clay that pass and repass us. The secret power of form over the imagination and affections transcends all our philosophy. The first glance we meet may satisfy us that matter is the vehicle of higher powers than its own, and that no laws of line or surface can ever account for the inexhaustible expressiveness of form. We see heads that turn on the pivot of the spine, no more; and we see heads that seem to turn on a pivot as deep as the axle of the world, so slow, and lazily, and great, they move. We see on the lip of our companion the presence or absence of the great masters of thought and poetry to his mind. We read in his brow, on meeting him after many years, that he is where we left him, or that he has made great strides.

In the year 1861 the Hon. Josiah Quincy, the venerable ex-President of Harvard University, appeared for the last time at a college anniversary at Cambridge, and made an address, a kind of apology for old age, which led Emerson to write an essay. In it he enumerates four benefits of old age. The first is that at every stage we lose a foe.

The passions have answered their purpose: that slight, but dread overweight, with which, in each instance, Nature secures the execution of her aim, drops off. To keep man in the planet, she impresses the terror of death. To perfect the commissariat, she implants in each a little rapacity to get the supply, and a little over-supply of his wants. To insure the existence of the race, she reinforces the sexual instinct at the risk of disorder, grief, and pain. To secure strength, she plants cruel hunger and thirst, which so easily overlo their office and invite disease. But these temporary stays and shifts for the protection of the young animal are shed as fast as they can be replaced by nobler resources. We live in youth amidst this rabble of passions, quite too tender, quite too hungry and irritable. Later the interiors of mind and heart open and supply grander motives. We learn the fatal compensations that wait on every act. Then—one mischief at a time—this riotous time-destroying crew disappear.

A second advantage is that age has amassed a certain fund of merit, so that a success more or less signifies nothing.

When I chanced to meet the poet Wordsworth, then sixty-three years old, he told me 'that he had just had a fall and lost a tooth, and, when his companions were much concerned for the mischance, he had replied that he was glad it had not happened forty years before.' Well, nature takes care that we shall not lose our organs forty years too soon. A lawyer argued a cause yesterday in the Supreme Court, and I was struck with a certain air of levity and defiance which vastly became him. Thirty years ago it was a serious concern to him whether his pleading was good or effective.

A third felicity of old age is that it has found expression, whilst youth is yet tormented by a feeling of untried powers and unrealised pictures of a career. Every faculty new to each man goads him and drives him out into doleful deserts until it finds proper vents. One by one he learns to coin his wishes into facts, and at the end of fifty years his soul is appeased by seeing some sort of correspondence between his wish and his possession. This makes the value of age, the satisfaction it slowly offers to every craving. He is serene who does not feel himself pinched and wronged, but whose condition, in particular and in general, allows the utterance of his mind.

A fourth benefit is, that age sets

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its house in order and finishes its works—a supreme pleasure. The young man's year is a heap of beginnings, and no completed work to show for them at the end of a twelvemonth. The time is not lost however; they shall all be wanted at last. 'Bentley thought himself likely to live till fourscore,—long enough to read everything that was worth reading,—"Et tunc magna mei sub terris ibit imago." Much wider is spread the pleasure which the old men take in completing their secular affairs, the inventor his inventions, the agriculturist his experiments, and all old men in finishing their houses, rounding their estates, clearing their titles, reducing tangled interests to order, reconciling enmities, and leaving all in the best posture for the future. It must be believed that there is a proportion between the designs of a man and the length of his life; there is a calendar of his years, so of his performances.'

And in this idea Emerson finds a suggestion of the immortality of the soul,—a theme of which he is particularly fond, although his belief to some seems far from clear. He has indeed a fine sermon on immortality which he sometimes gives in places where his engagements cause him to remain on Sunday. It opens with a description of the various kinds of sepulture practised among different ages and races, and the ideas of the soul and its future represented by them. He finds intimations of immortality in the universal desire of mankind for it, but thinks that the doctrine must rest chiefly upon the feeling in the individual of designs for which this life is inadequate. He also sees that the training of minds so carefully for annihilation is inconsistent with the economy of nature in other things; it would be like first drilling a regiment for years and then shooting them down.

Of several other lectures and papers of recent date, I must content myself with noticing a brief one on 'Ease in Work,' in which much thought is condensed. For this he finds a text in Dryden's remark concerning Shakespeare, that 'all the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew from them, not laboriously but luckily.' We call thoughts and expressions of peculiar force and beauty, 'happy' and 'felicitous,' as if they were products of the writer's fortune rather than his toil. But as worm-eaten apples, no less than ripe, fall of themselves, so in ease of execution the falsest work may agree with the best.

But it is of prime importance to observe that the afore-mentioned mature fruit, which so falls at the tenderest touch into the hand, is no sudden, no idle product. It comes, on the contrary, of a depth of operation more profound, and testifies to a genius and sincerity in Nature more subtle and religious, than we can understand. This apple that in fancy we now pluck, and hardly need to pluck, from the burdened bough,—think what a pedigree it has, what æons of world-making and world-maturing must elapse, all the genius of God divinely assiduous, ere this could hang in ruddy and golden ripeness here! Think too what a concurrence and consent of elements, of sun and soil, of ocean-vapours and laden winds, of misty heats in the torrid zone and condensing blasts from the North, were required before a single apple could grow, before a single blossom could put forth its promise, tender and beautiful amidst the gladness of spring!—and, besides these consenting ministries of Nature, how the special genius of the tree must have wrought, making sacrifice of woody growth, and, by marvellous and ineffable alchemies, co-working with the earth beneath and the heaven above! Ah, not from any indifference, not from any haste or indolence in Nature, comes the fruits of her seasons and her centuries!

We should be unwise, he continues, to forget the antiquity of a pure original thought; it has a genesis equally ancient, earnest, and vital with any product of Nature, and relationships no less cosmical, implying the like industries, veritable and precious beyond all scope of affirmation.

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With the birth of the man himself was it first born, and to the time of its perfect growth and birth into speech the burden of it was borne by every ruddy drop of his heart's blood, by every vigour of his body, —nerve and artery, eye and ear, and all the admirable servitors of the soul, steadily bringing to that invisible matrix where it houses their costly nutriments, their sacred offices; while every part and act of experience, every gush of jubilance, every stifle of woe, all sweet pangs of love and pity, all high breathings of faith and resolve, contribute to the form and bloom it finally wears. Yet the more profound and necessary product of one's spirit is the more likely at last to fall softly from him,—so softly, perhaps, that he himself shall be half-unaware when the separation occurs.

Our author quotes again from Dryden, who, not having the fear of Locke before his eyes, says, 'Shakespeare was naturally learned,' and affirms that if a soul has not been to school before entering the body, it is late for it to qualify as a teacher of mankind. Then follows this fine thought, which must be expressed in his own words:

Perhaps it is common for one's happiest thoughts, in the moment of their apparition in words, to affect him with a gentle surprise and sense of newness; but soon afterwards they may come to touch him, on the contrary, with a vague sense of reminiscence, as if his mother had sung them by his cradle, or somewhere under the rosy east of life, he had heard them from others. A statement of our own which seems to us very new and striking, is probably partial—is in some degree foreign to our hearts; that which one, being the soul he is, could not do otherwise than say, is probably what he was created for the purpose of saying, and will be found the most significant and living word. . . . May not the above considerations go far to explain that indifference, otherwise so astonishing, with which Shakespeare cast his work from him? It was his heart that wrote; but does the heart look with wonder and admiration on the crimson of its own currents?

Within the last two or three years Emerson has seemed to turn his attention mainly to poetry. We are now looking for every month to bring us his next book, which it is understood is to be a volume of Poems, of which the chief piece is a 'Spring Song,'—a song of many variations, now evolved from the first breath of the willow on his farm, and now from the strain of an Æolian harp. There will, I doubt not, be included in it some lyrics, given from time to time to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which are in form improvements on the verses of his early volume of Poems. One of the best of these is 'The Titmouse.' The overbold poet, far away from home, his bones turning to marble under the arctic cold, the frost-king tying his feet, finds life hemmed in with narrowing fence:

Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep,
The punctual stars will vigil keep,
Embalmed by purifying cold.
The wings shall sing their dead-march old,
The snow is no ignoble shroud,
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.

Softly,—but this way fate was pointing,
'Twas coming fast to this anointing,
When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry:
'Chic-chic-a-dee-dee!' saucy note,
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, 'Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places,
Where January brings few men's faces.'

This poet, though he live apart,
Moved by a hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honours of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of the land;
Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand;
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress in the snow;
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.
Here was this atom, in full breath,
Hurling defiance at vast death.
This scrap of valour, just for play,
Fronts the north-wind, in waistcoat grey,
As if to shame my weak behaviour.
I greeted loud my little saviour:
'Thou pet! what dost here? and what for?
In these woods, thy small Labrador,
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
What fire burns in that little chest,
So frolic, stout, and self-possest?
Didst steal the glow that lights the West?
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine:
Ashes and black all hues outshine.
Why are not diamonds black and grey,
To ape thy dare-devil array?
And I affirm the spacious North
Exists to draw thy virtue forth.

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I think no virtue goes with size:
The reason of all cowardice
Is, that men are overgrown,
And, to be valiant, must come down
To the titmouse dimension.'

I close these extracts with some 'Quatrains,' printed in a monthly magazine at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1860:

Cras, heri, hodie.

Shines the last age, the next with hope is seen,
To-day slinks poorly off unmarked between;
Future or Past no richer secret folds,
O friendless Present! than thy bosom holds.

Climacteric.

I am not wiser for my age,
Nor skilful by my grief;
Life loiters at the book's first page—
Ah! could we turn the leaf!

Botanist.

Go then to thy learned task;
I stay with the flowers of Spring;
Do thou of the ages ask
What me the hours will bring.

Forester.

He took the colour of his vest
From rabbit's coat or grouse's breast,
For, as the wood kinds lurk and hide,
So walks the woodman unespied.

Gardener.

True Brahmin, in the morning meadows wet,
Expound the Vedas of the violet,
Or, hid in vines, peeping through many a loop
See the plum redden and the beurré stoop.

Northman.

The gale that wrecked you on the sand,
It helped my rowers to row;
The storm is my best galley hand,
And drives me where I go.

From Alcuin.

The sea is the road of the bold,
Frontier of the wheat-sown plains,
The pit wherein the streams are rolled,
And fountain of the rains.

Nature.

Boon Nature yields each day a brag which
we now first behold,
And trains us on to see the new, as if it
were the old;
But blest is he who, playing deep, yet
happy asks not why,
Too busy with the crowded hour to fear to
live or die.

Natura in minimis.

As sings the pine tree in the wind,
So sings in the wind a sprig of the pine;
Her life and soul has laughing France
Shed in each drop of wine.

Orator.

He who has no hands
Perforce must use his tongue:
Foxes are so cunning
Because they are not strong.

Artist.

Quit the hut, frequent the palace—
Reck not what the people say;
For still where'er the trees grow biggest
Huntsmen find the easiest way.

Poet.

To clothe the fiery thought
In simple word succeeds;
For still the craft of genius is
To mask a king in weeds.

At Paris, on the opening of the International Exposition, I found many Americans ashamed of the poor display made by their country. The department seemed a wilderness, broken only by a few tubes of petroleum, and some small unopened boxes that promised little. But I could not share their chagrin. Indeed, I was rather glad to have my countrymen taught, even at the cost of some humiliation to national conceit, that protectionists cannot change the order of the world, nor make America excel in works that can be done better and more cheaply elsewhere. Not for fine cloths and cutlery would I see the duplicates of Sheffield, of Manchester, and the Black Country, in America. Let the banner of stars float over empty spaces in the Exhibition, until it can wave over original products instead of needless fac-similes, which only divert hands that might be developing new resources. Let Europe make our knives and boots, and welcome. Yet America is not unrepresented at Paris. At the end of the section were Bierstadt's picture of the Rocky Mountains, Church's Niagara, and close to these a fine portrait of Emerson; and I felt that this group of physical grandeurs, and the best head to match them, constituted the fair symbol and true exposition of that splendid possibility which America is.

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THE MARSTONS.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE REASON WHY MR. THOMPSON PAID TWO MORNING VISITS.

IT was now the middle of April. About three weeks after the conversations detailed in the last chapter, Mr. Thompson paid a visit to the Temple one morning. The person he called upon received him with cordiality, but with some surprise.

'What an age it is since I have seen you, my dear fellow! Where have you been hiding? I went to look you up some months ago at the Athenæum; they said you were down in Berkshire, but I was *there* at Christmas, and heard you were always in London. I suppose there is a lady in the case, eh? A woman is always at the bottom of everything.'

'In my case, Heaven forbid! A burnt child dreads the fire. I've suffered enough from a woman. Art is my only mistress now, Hervey. I'm working very hard, and have rooms in a quiet part of the town. I see no one. Frankly, I shouldn't come and see you now, but that I want you to do something for me.'

'After that candid avowal, state your wishes. My time is yours—make your mind easy. This is not a *brief*—it is a French melodrama, in seven acts, I am translating, for want of better to do; so——'

'That is just it. I know your craze for everything connected with a theatre, of old. I believe you know the birth, parentage, and private history of every actor and actress in London, don't you?'

'Oh! you over-rate my acquirements. They are not so deep and varied as you think.'

'Do you know anything of a Mrs. Elliston—a little singer at concerts and suburban theatres?'

'Didn't I say a woman was at the bottom of it? Ha! ha! Mrs. Elliston? Let me see. A pretty little fair woman, isn't she? I have never seen her; but I hear fellows make parties to go off into the wilds and hear her, and come away very much smitten. No, I don't know much about her—but I can find out. What is it you want to know?'

'*Imprimis*, if there is, or ever was, an Elliston: secondly, whether she was divorced from her husband: thirdly, what sort of character she bears.'

'Tharpe—you know Tharpe, the man with the cottage near Westbridge?—is the person to answer your second inquiry at once. His chambers are just over the way—Paper Buildings. Divorces are his special line of country. He can tell you the particulars of every case during the last fifty years, I believe. As to the rest, I can easily find out all you want at the Garrick, this evening.'

'Thanks. As I am here, I'll step over, and see if Tharpe is in. I will call on you in a day or two again, and hear the result of your inquiries.'

'Very good. Don't come on Saturday. I shall be down at Westbridge. They are all very savage with you for never living at the old place, now that you are *free*. They've got all sorts of absurd shaves about you.'

'I dare say: but you know, Hervey, of old, that I never cared much what people thought or said about me. At present I feel I could not go back, and live at a place which has nothing but miserable associations for me. Some day or other, perhaps.—However, there is no use in talking of that. Tell me, if I find old Tharpe, how about that poor

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lad of his? He was a nice boy: I always pitied him most heartily. That queer fish, his father, used to bully him so, and I have a vague idea that I heard he had cast him off altogether?'

'No; he lives with him; but he treats him just better than a dog. Poor Algy never will set the Thames on fire, certainly; but he is not *quite* such a fool as his father thinks—and a better, kinder-hearted young fellow doesn't breathe.'

Mr. Thompson seemed to ruminate.

'I must renew my acquaintance with him, some day. We must try and see what can be done for him. Good bye, Hervey—don't come out. I can find my way.'

He descended the old worm-eaten stairs, and crossed to Paper Buildings.

Mr. Tharpe—of whom we shall have to speak more at length hereafter, and will not now stop to describe—was at home.

He, too, elevated his eyebrows in surprise, when Mr. Thompson walked in.

'I was not aware you were in England. It is some years since we met, sir. You have become half a foreigner, I believe, since—'

'I have travelled a good deal, if that is what you mean, since I last saw you, upon a disagreeable matter of business. It is not upon business that I am now come—but to gain a piece of information, if you can supply it.'

'Be good enough, then, sir, to put your question in as direct and close a form as you can. My time is valuable: and though I esteem the honour of a visit from you—that is *not* upon business—very highly, still, as these are my working hours, I am compelled to beg you to be succinct.'

Mr. Thompson smiled, ever so faintly.

'What I want to know is this. Has there been any divorce case in which the name of Elliston has figured during your recollection? That, at least, I suppose to have been the husband's name. The wife's maiden name was Raikes. The name of Elliston which she now bears may be only an assumed one.'

'Elliston? Let us see. I think about the year 1810—'

'That won't do. The woman isn't four and twenty yet.'

The barrister referred to some registers, and a volume of memoranda.

'Raikes—there was the great case of Sir Thomas—no, that won't do. Maiden name, Ellis. Ellison? Can that be it?—circumstantial evidence—twelve children—curious point about settlement—maiden name Smithers—no—Ellison—*in flagrante delicto*. Hm! Are you sure of the name? If so, there has been no such case this ten years back.'

'I am sure of the name of Raikes—of nothing more.'

The barrister looked up with shrewd scrutiny into the other's face.

'If the thing is—is—worth it, we can perhaps——'

'You mean, if I want to marry the lady? I have no such intention. Still I am willing to give something to learn what I require.'

'We entertain pretty much the same ideas upon matrimony, I suspect,' laughed Mr. Tharpe—and his laugh was not agreeable. '*You*, from experience, sir, "extra lutum pedes habes"—*I*, upon principle.'

'Or the want of it,' murmured his visitor. Then, aloud, 'Do not misapprehend me, Mr. Tharpe. I have no intrigue with the lady in question. I have reasons for wishing to learn whether she is an honest woman, as I have reasons, also, for doubting the same.'

'There are reasons for doubting every woman,' sneered the barrister; 'and for my part, I believe some of the most honest often figure

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in crim. con. cases. They have sacrificed everything probably to one man. They have had what our neighbours call "le courage de leurs opinions"—whereas half the wives go on deceiving their husbands to the end of the chapter.'

Mr. Thompson did not vouchsafe to say whether he agreed, or disagreed, with Mr. Tharpe. There was a slight shade of *hauteur* in his manner, as he said that if Mr. Tharpe could help him in the inquiry he was making, he should feel obliged; and then he asked after his son.

'My son? Oh! He eats about three pounds of meat a day, and drinks his bottle of wine. He is six feet high, and he has a famous digestion. He rides pretty fairly to hounds, and he speaks the truth. There—I don't know that I can tell you anything more to his advantage than that. He does great credit to the University of Oxford, certainly—his acquirements are so vast and varied. You have no children, I think? "Vanitas vanitatis." You are spared the humiliation to which we "proud parents" are subject.'

'You prize honesty and health—the two first blessings a man should desire for his son—more lightly than I do,' said his visitor. 'But I will detain you no longer, Mr. Tharpe. If you hear, as Mr. Joseph Adye would say, of anything to my advantage, you will let me know. Good morning.'

What was it caused Mr. Thompson to take the unusual step just recorded? *A dozen words—a mere broken sentence, overheard, under a lamp in the Strand.* No more.

It has been seen that Mr. Thompson, from the first moment he saw Mrs. Elliston, conceived a dislike to that little lady. Time had done nothing to change, or even mitigate, this dislike. He was intolerant of her vanity, of her egotistical garrulity, of her theatrical *poses*. He was even unjust—as we are prone to be in our aversions—for he did not believe in the sincerity of her declarations of affection for Olivia. He believed she was quite deceived by a woman, who under an innocent, child-like aspect, was anything but innocent or child-like at heart.

But what had Mr. Thompson to do with all this? it will be asked. What business was it of his, if Mrs. Elliston had her little private failings, like other women? Why need he take the ungenerous trouble of dragging them into the light of day? In short, how could it concern him if, in the friendship between two young women, one of them proved unworthy of the confidence placed in her?

This is why. The avowal is premature, inasmuch as he was ignorant of the simple truth himself, as yet. With all his mistrust of women, and his horror of matrimony, this recluse was falling in love. He struggled against it; he would not believe it; he laughed the idea to scorn whenever it crossed his mind. Was it possible, after all he had suffered at the hands of a woman, that he should again become subject to a passion which he believed to have burnt out of him years ago? Had he not done with all that, and for ever, when he awoke from that early dream? Had it not become an habitual condition of mind with him to rail against marriage? Why, he would be a fool indeed, now, in his middle age, to begin building up castles anew. Could such a queen among women as this young creature ever care for a worn, battered man, who had had his romance and paid dearly for it, who felt himself embittered and misanthropic, for whom the lees of life alone remained? The thing was impossible. The more he saw of her the more impossible it seemed. Where was all the young blood of England that it was not at her feet? Where had she lived

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all the twenty-two years of her life, that this rare treasure had not been found, to crown the home of some man worthy of her? Day by day, for many weeks now, had the painter watched her—watched her every look, her slightest word, with the keen scrutiny of a man whose faith in women has once been rudely shaken. And he saw, with ever increasing admiration, how, in spite of the little flaws to which all that is human is subject, this nature was pure and sound right through.

It was far too good and too precious a thing for such as he. Therefore he put away from him all idea of possession, all possibility of any immediate personal interest in this matter. It was as a friend, he said to himself—only in the light of a friend—that it was intolerable to him to see Olivia consorting with a creature so unworthy of her in all ways, as he believed Clara Elliston to be. The sight of this intimacy chafed him; he would give anything to be able to clear up his doubts concerning the lodger upon the third floor: and chance, at last, in the most unexpected manner, seemed likely to befriend him.

He had had business which took him into the Strand that evening. As he neared Exeter Hall a great tide of people came pouring out, having 'supped full of' the 'horrors' they had been hearing about convents from some spirited opponent of the 'Scarlet Lady of Babylon,' as the orator styled the Roman Church. Among those most excited to a virulent condition of uncharitableness was Mrs. Crosbie, who, with the aid of her umbrella, had got thus far, to indulge in one of the few mundane pleasures she thoroughly enjoyed. She had cajoled Clara to accompany her, promising her a treat of eloquence such as she had rarely heard; and that little lady being addicted to crowds (a churchfull was better than none), and having nothing to do that evening, had developed, for the nonce, a mild intolerance of all religious orders.

For two hours she had been listening to the orator's rabid denunciations against celibacy in general, and convents in particular; and, if the truth must be spoken, feeling extremely hot, and having no one at all amusing to look at, or be looked at by, in her vicinity, she was nodding with sleep, and uncommonly glad to get out. Some one in the crowd, however—impelled hither, like herself, by curiosity—had recognised her; and this person, by dint of pushing and manœuvring cleverly, managed to get close to Mrs. Elliston as she was coming out, and to separate her somewhat from her elderly companion. She started when he spoke to her—flushed, and then turned white as a sheet: it was clear that she did not recognise the speaker with any pleasure. Still he talked on: the crowd was a long while in getting itself out, and every moment she was separated further and further from Mrs. Crosbie by those whose elbows were more vigorous than that rheumatic lady's.

By one of those coincidences that appear improbable, and are not, perhaps, in reality, so very uncommon, just as the little widow and her companion reached the street, the person of all others in London most curious and interested in watching her movements, chanced to be passing, and was himself arrested by the crowd, pouring out in one dense stream.

Mr. Thompson caught sight of her pale excited face, upturned towards the tall good-looking man who bent over her. She was speaking with great volubility, but in so low a voice that though Thompson found himself pressed by the crowd close to her, he only heard the words, 'Death-bed — never after your—spared me the painful—cruel —*sacrificed all for you.*' There

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was a smile of something like derision upon her companion's face, and though what he said was inaudible, that it was in some sense an accusation might be inferred from Mrs. Elliston's impetuous exclamation, '*It is not true; it is not true!*' What followed, Thompson could not catch; he had pushed the wide-awake further over his brow, and his coat collar concealed the lower part of his face, but it would not have been difficult to recognise him, had the speaker only glanced round. She was too much absorbed in her vehement colloquy with the man beside her to notice any one; and her pretty blooming face was so transformed by passionate agitation that she seemed no longer to be the same woman. She looked once or twice anxiously towards the door for Mrs. Crosbie; and she kept her stand there on the pavement, the crowd drifting past her; Thompson, meantime, leaning with his back to the wall close by, where, if he could not hear what she said, he could at least watch her every movement. The gaunt scooped form of Mrs. Crosbie in her black flaccid robes at last appeared on the steps; in an instant, with a rapid word and gesture, Mrs. Elliston evidently bade her companion leave her, and turned her face from him towards her aunt. The man raised his eyebrows, smiled, hesitated for half a moment, and then moved on with the crowd. Thompson had never seen this person before; but his features were now firmly engraven on his mind. Wherever and whenever they might meet, he felt sure he should recognise him.

This is what gave him food for thought and speculation all that night; this is what led him to pay Messrs. Hervey and Tharpe visits the next day.

And with what result?

Two days later he received a note from Hervey to the following effect:

'I have made inquiries in various quarters about Mrs. E. You know how ready men are to invent, or *conclude* things about a woman in that position; but I can hear of nothing the least definite against this one. Her husband (for there *was* a bonâ-fide husband, and no divorce) died two or three years ago, and her name has never been coupled before, or since, with any other man's; though she seems to have a host of admirers, and not to *dis*courage them altogether. She is, in fact, I presume, a little woman fond of admiration, like most of her class—but no worse than this. Several fellows have been after her, I hear, and she condescends occasionally to receive their presents; but she is extremely wide awake, and never does anything to compromise herself. Is this satisfactory? Tell me if there is anything more you want to find out.'

It was by no means satisfactory to Mr. Thompson; and there was a great deal more he would have learned if he could; but with this information he was, perforce, obliged to be satisfied for the present.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEEPENING SHADOWS.

Mrs. Elliston's engagement at the theatre being at an end, and her endeavours to obtain another not yet having proved successful, she had much more time on her hands, and a great portion of this she liberally gave to Olivia Marston.

Not only were the Italian lessons more regular than heretofore; she was constantly running down with some piece of work for advice; some exercise to be corrected; some scrap of poetry or historical question, demanding an opinion or answer, for which Olivia's small store of books was called into requisition. Nor was this all: for she was ever ready to be useful; pleased to help

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Olivia in making clothes cut of sundry odds and ends for the poor children I have already named; happy to read to Mr. Marston, if at any moment his daughter was called away; and exerting herself as much to be bright and pleasant to that blind old man and his daughter, as if the room had been filled with the *jeunesse dorée* of London.

Her lessons to the alderman's daughters had led to others; and now most mornings she was away for an hour or two; but where, and to whom these lessons were given did not always very distinctly appear. There was a Mrs. Pierce whose name was always brought forward whenever Olivia inquired where her friend had been: but when questioned as to where this lady lived, Clara Elliston vaguely replied that it was in Pimlico; she could find her way to the house, but never remembered the name of the street. Somehow or other these lessons did not seem to replenish her purse very materially. Either she was a bad manager or her pupils were not punctual in their payments; she never had any money. But then, it is true, she had constantly new and very smart clothes. One day it was a bonnet; anon, a velvet mantle. When Olivia reproached her with her extravagance, Clara always assured her that these acquisitions were second-hand, that she had got them for a mere song of Mrs. Levi (who had them from a duchess's lady's-maid), and that she was in absolute and dire necessity for those articles, without which she could not possibly present herself at Mrs. Bloom's, and elsewhere.

In Olivia's visits to her poor neighbours, she was often accompanied by Clara. The latter would busy herself with the younger children, or talk to the sick mother, or make a cup of the tea she brought with her (stolen from Aunt Crossbie's canister), while Olivia gave her sewing or reading lesson. To see the way in which Clara threw herself, heart and soul, into this sort of work, to watch her bustling about the miserable room, to hear her merry laugh, to note the pains she was at to bring comfort and pleasure to these poor people, always dispelled any misgivings from Olivia's mind as to her friend. How could anything be really amiss in one who had such kind instincts? such a desire to win the love or gratitude of every human being she met, down to a bed-ridden woman, and her ragged children?

One day, on their way home from one of these visits, the two ladies went into the Lowther Arcade to buy something Olivia wanted. While making her purchase at the stall, she observed that Clara, who had moved on a few yards, was accosted by a shabby middle-aged woman. This person's manner seemed to Olivia to be so strange that she watched her with some curiosity. Her face, which was not a bad one, kindled up, and wore a half-piteous, half-angry expression; she spoke with volubility, and used a good deal of action with a pair of very dirty ungloved hands. Mrs. Elliston's back was towards Olivia when the woman addressed the former. She turned quickly round and caught Olivia's eye; her own looked startled, and she was very pale. She moved a pace or two further from Olivia; and the shabby woman, talking all the time, followed her. In the bustle and din of the crowded arcade, it was impossible Olivia could have heard a word of their conversation; but no doubt Mrs. Elliston was wise. She presently drew from her pocket something which she put into the woman's hand. It was received apparently under protest. There was now much gesticulation on both sides. The little pink bonnet was pressed closely, deprecatingly,

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under the shabby black one, which shook energetically over a very dissatisfied face. Then the pretty shoulders in the velvet mantle, which were still turned towards Olivia, performed that expressive pantomime which says, '*Que voulez vous*? I can do no more.' Finally the tightly gloved little hand pressed the grimy, gloveless one several times with effusion, and then Clara Elliston drew down her spotted veil and turned away.

The shabby woman looked after her, and sighed, and muttered something; and then she scanned Olivia with curiosity, as Mrs. Elliston joined her. And then, when they were out of sight, she counted the money—for it was money—in her hand.

'Who is that woman?' said Olivia, abruptly.

'Her name is——Boyce.'

'Has she anything to do with the theatre?'

'No—yes;—the fact is, dear, I owe her a little money. I've given her now what I could. I *can't* do more.'

'Ah, Clara! and how about that new gown? Is it honest to go on thus, when you already owe money? I suspected this, you know, before.'

'I must have clothes to my back, dear; and the gown was dirt cheap.'

'Nonsense! You provoke me. And that lace shawl, pray? Do you call *that* a necessity? The money it cost would probably have paid this poor woman what you owe her.'

'Shall I confess something to you, Olivia? That lace shawl—I didn't like to tell you at the time—was an anonymous cadeau. I haven't an idea who sent it; but it came with the sweetest lines addressed to "Our St. Vincent Nightingale."'

'Clara, are you telling me the strict truth?'

Olivia fixed her clear, unflinching eyes upon the little creature beside her.

'Yes, dear, indeed I am—I don't *know*; of course I may *guess* a dozen people; but I don't *know* the least who sent it.'

'And you take very good care not to find out.'

'Why, what would you have me do?'

'Tax the person you suspect. If you find you are mistaken, sell the shawl, and pay that woman what you owe her. Your anonymous friend is no *true* friend if he is not glad to help you to do what is honest.'

'But,' said Clara, astutely, 'if I sell the shawl, you see, I put it out of my power to *return* it, in case I discover the donor.'

Olivia walked on in silence. Her intelligence was too good to be blinded by this sophistry; or, indeed, not to see clearly that her companion had no wish or intention to return the gift, from whatever quarter it might have come. It was little things of this kind—this, and the bluntness of sense to the degradation of being indebted to a poor woman such as Mrs. Boyce, that made Olivia occasionally shrink from Clara Elliston, and feel uncomfortable in her society. It was impossible that Olivia and a woman who showed so little delicacy of feeling could have much in common. But then, after a while, came the reaction: some act of kindness to the old man, her child-like laugh and prattle, (who could listen to it, and not 'make allowances' for the pretty, foolish young creature?) her very helplessness, and the dangerous position in which Olivia saw that she was placed, were all so many arguments that pleaded for her. As regarded Clara, Olivia might be said to pass her life now in alternations of anger and commiseration, of hardening and softening, of tenderness and contempt. But her loyalty

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forbade her ever letting a word or hint of this escape her in her intercourse with Mr. Thompson. Knowing how much he disliked Clara, Olivia carefully abstained from all mention of her, when absent: when present, her object was to make Clara appear to him in the best light. Who does not know what a thankless task this is, between two friends with a mutual aversion? How every word that is dropped by the one, seems calculated to inflame the antipathy of the other! And how both show to the worst possible advantage!

Shortly after this, Mrs. Elliston got an engagement at the new Pimlico Theatre, three nights a week. She was paid every Saturday morning; and yet it seemed to Olivia that she never had sixpence in her pocket if she wanted it. You may be sure that Olivia did not rest contented with this: she questioned and cross-questioned her friend, urging her to pay any bills she owed, now she had the money, and before it all oozed away. This Clara, with her habitual promptitude, promised to do.

Little by little, Thompson had learnt all that there was to be told of the Marstons' history. Olivia often spoke enthusiastically of her brother, and said that their hopes now centred in him. She talked openly of their past life; of their long residence abroad, and then of the Cedars, which had been such a happy home to her. She told him of the comparative seclusion in which she had lived, and then of the Pomfrets. He listened with great interest.

'And you liked that sort of life, did you? Were not your neighbours, prying into all your concerns, a great bore to you, at first, after the freedom of the Continent? There, or in a great city like this, no one knows or cares what one does.'

'I should not have liked to remain at Fordingham when we became poor,' said Olivia, simply. 'I hope it isn't false pride. But when one is poor, it is so much more difficult to refuse kindness or civility from people one doesn't like.'

She had no fear of his misunderstanding her; although he had brought a case of rare old wine to her father the day before, saying that it had been sent him by a friend, and that he never touched wine himself.

'I wonder at *your* living in London,' she went on, presently; 'you, who are such a worshipper of Nature, and a painter, too! What attraction can you find in murky London?'

He might have replied, and truly, that he had found an attraction there, which was growing daily stronger and stronger for him. But he said, instead:

'I will not give you a reason which is quite good enough for the world in general—that I can't pursue my art as easily, can't have models, and so on. The *real* reason is, that my own home, my own country, is embittered to me by wretched associations. I cannot shake them off. When I return to the rooms where I passed so many miserable days, and weeks, and months, at a time, I suffer so acutely—I suffer *there* from a sense of degradation so much more than I can possibly do elsewhere, that I cannot face it. It is weak: no one knows that better than I do. In time, perhaps, I shall be stronger. The wound is still fresh. By and by, when it is healed, I shall go back, I suppose, like the wild beasts, to end my days in the solitary den.'

He had never said so much about himself before; and there was a sadness in the tone, no less than in the words themselves, which brought the tears into Olivia's eyes.

'You have never done anything, I am certain, for which you ought

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justly to feel shame,' she said, impulsively—'and oh! Mr. Thompson, if it is for the sins of others—others, who are gone, that you feel so acutely, leave them to God's mercy; don't trouble about man's judgment. Is it worth so much? I don't think so.'

'It is not man's judgment,' he replied. 'I am very indifferent to the country gossips pulling about the various skeletons in my cupboard. It is the shameful *thing*, and not the shame of its being talked about, that poisons a man's life—a man, whose pride is not pinchbeck. I should not mind telling you that miserable story, Miss Marston, but it would not be a pleasant one for you to hear—or a good one for me to tell, now that the wretched woman is gone. It would shock you to hear a bereaved husband speak as I *must* do, of the curse of my existence. Yet she was the most beautiful woman I have ever seen—far more so than your little actress, though in the same style, and looking quite as innocent and child-like.—Do you wonder that I hate fair women?'

One evening, at dusk, some days after this, Olivia was at her piano, playing, by heart, a bit of Mozart, which had been a favourite of her mother's. The music carried her far away, upon a train of sad thought: she did not hear a low knock at the door, nor see, in the gathering darkness, that some one entered the room. The fire-light fell on the silver hair, and pale shrunken features of the old man who slept in his arm-chair; it just trembled fitfully, no more, upon the profile of the girl at the piano. The painter stole up, and leaning both elbows on it, he stood there, with his head bent over towards the player, who, unconscious of his presence, kept dreamily repeating that old air.

Presently, the music, of a sudden, stopped: one hand hung listlessly on the keys; she bowed her head forward upon the music-desk, and a low sob broke from her.

She rarely gave way thus. Only sometimes, when alone, did a sudden terror master her, as she thought of her lonely future, if the one human being, who was dependent on her for love and care, were taken. When her narrow round of duty here had closed, what lay before her? Rupert had his own career. He would marry, and not want her. The Future—ah, the Future! A hand was laid gently upon the hand which had fallen on the keys: its touch thrilled her. A shiver—but not of fear (for she *felt* at once whose hand it was), ran through her. She raised her head—so quickly that the painter's beard, as he leant across the piano, brushed her forehead, before he had time to draw back.

'Forgive me, if I startled you,' he said gently. 'Are you in sorrow?—What is the matter?—I cannot bear to see you in distress. Will you treat me as a friend?—something more than a recent acquaintance, and let me know your trouble?'

'It is only a woman's weakness,' she said, hurriedly, as she brushed the tears away. 'I think I have been upset by a letter from my brother, to-day, in which he tells me there is no chance of his coming home yet awhile.'

'Do you think you know enough of me, now, to trust me, Miss Marston? Will you let me be to you in the light of a brother, during his absence? Never be afraid of troubling me—ask me to do anything for you, and let me help you, as best I can, whenever you are in any doubt or difficulty. Your father, I think, likes me; and I take a great pleasure in being with him—indeed, you can see that it is one of the very few interests I have in my solitary life.'

How inadequately he expressed

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himself! How cold the words fell upon his own ear! He, whose heart was speaking such impassioned language all the time, dared only utter this.

'You are very good to us; and I *do* trust you implicitly,' she faltered. 'I don't know what dear father would do without you now, Mr. Thompson, to cheer him occasionally. His few other friends are all away. I am afraid. Do you see much change in him? Does he seem to you weaker?'

'Who's there?' cries out Mr. Marston, suddenly waking up. 'I hear voices—but you keep the room so confoundedly dark, there's no seeing the way to one's mouth, Olivia.'

'It *is* very dark. I will ring for the lamp, darling. Mr. Thompson has just come in to see you.'

A week or two passed. It was May now, and had become, of a sudden, oppressively warm. To the suffering in body, and to the sad at heart, there is nothing so trying as such weather, at this season. The sunshine is intolerable: the rush of life through everything is a mockery, and a grievance to all who cannot go forth, and sing with the birds. The blind old gentleman in his arm-chair felt it, though unconsciously: the life-renewing season brought no increase of vigour to him; but the reverse. And his daughter felt it; but consciously. As she looked from her upper window, across the river, beyond the wharves and storehouses, beyond the old Palace of Lambeth—no chance of country, of green fields and pleasant places, that the April sunshine seemed to tell of—and then up at the troop of white fleecy clouds driven sea-ward, by the light west wind, she felt a weight at heart, which she had never known in the dark winter weather. She was a brave girl, who had fought her troubles nobly and quietly, without any heroic airs and graces. She had forced herself, for months past, to live in the actual present, seldom looking backward, or forward; but now the sweet glad season of hopes and promises was come, she could not shut her eyes to the truth. She would soon be left alone in the world. That dear father who had been her first thought and study since her mother's death, was fading slowly away: she knew it. A few months more, perhaps, and then the arm-chair below would be empty. For his sake, how could she wish it otherwise? but for her own—ah! what had the April sunshine, with its promises of summer, in store for her? When she thought of it, there was one face, and one alone, which always rose up before her eyes; but it did not smile upon her. It was a grave kindly face, as of a pitying and protecting friend: very far from that of an ardent lover. And then, even in her solitude, she coloured, and sighed, and tried to bend her thoughts some other way. She remembered the words in Rupert's letter. She remembered, with shame, how once (not yet six months ago) another face, younger and handsomer, yet not comparable to this one, had often been present with her, when she was alone: and how, foolish girl! she had, at one moment, gone nigh to believe herself in love with its owner. Was it possible that she could so soon fall again into a like pitiable error? Westbrook may have had his failings, but he was certainly, *more or less*, attached to her. Her pride could take refuge in the reflection that he had paid her very marked attention. With this man it was quite different. He was very kind, thoughtful and friendly, and indulgent; there never was anything like tenderness. She believed that his heart was shut against all woman's love: she had the evidence of his own lips that he loathed the very name of marriage. During all their intercourse, at

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first, she had been so perfectly unrestrained; and now, she felt herself so often shy with him. Her pride, poor child, her dread of appearing forward, made her seem cold at times, and she knew it. No wonder he misunderstood this: that he attributed it to her desire to check any admiration on his part, and show him the true nature of her feelings towards him. Could he have overheard part of a conversation, one day, between Miss Pringle and her niece, this impression would have been more than confirmed. That lady, in calling upon Mr. Marston, had met Mr. Thompson for the first time.

'A fine man, my dear,' she said, when he was gone; 'so very firmly *knit*—and a *je ne sais quoi* about him, which looks as if he must belong to the Thompsons of Yorkshire—eh? How did you make his acquaintance, my love?'

'He is an artist—and his studio is in this house.'

'An artist? Dear! dear! You don't say so. Well! I never should have thought it. It's rather dangerous, I must say—such a good-looking man, and coming in here at all hours! You must really be careful, Olivia, not to offer the man any encouragement, you know, for it would never do. An artist! And you might yourself be led——'

'Mr. Thompson and I perfectly understand each other,' interrupted her niece, loftily. 'You need be under no apprehension, Aunt Clo. He comes here solely out of compassion and friendliness to my dear father; and he knows quite well the nature of my sentiments towards him.'

'Well, my love, I am glad to hear it—only mistakes *will* arise in these cases, sometimes. I remember an apothecary, at Cheltenham—it was in the year 1811—the man attended me for a quinsy. I immediately saw how the wind lay; but it was impossible for me to speak, as my throat was closed, and tell him that his hopes were in vain; still I couldn't bear to see the poor wretch so self-deluded, and when I got better, I wrote to him. I believe it half crazed him, for he replied that he didn't know what I meant! *Therefore*, you see, my dear, how necessary it is to be *careful*, and not to foster intimacies with men in that sort of station—it may be misunderstood—and where the man has a fine figure, as in this case——'

'You make my blood boil. For heaven's sake, no more on this subject, aunt! Once for all, Mr. Thompson is a thorough gentleman. As to himself and his position, any woman, *who loved him*, might be proud to be his wife. But there is no thought or question of any such matter here. It is intolerable that, living in the same house, he cannot visit a blind old man without its giving rise to these absurd, groundless surmises! I must beg,' added the young lady, with great dignity, 'that you will never speak to me of Mr. Thompson again, in this way.'

By which it will be seen that, had he been eavesdropping, that gentleman would have heard nothing to unsettle the very erroneous faith that was in him. And now we come to an event which powerfully affected Olivia, and which, though apparently unconnected with herself, was destined to influence her conduct hereafter, in one of the most trying junctures of her life.

It was the middle of May; and the day had been one of frequent showers. Olivia had occasion to go up to Mrs. Elliston's room in the afternoon, and found her, as usual, engaged in trimming a dress. She was in high spirits, and in one of her mischievous moods, seeming to take delight in provoking Aunt Crosbie. Some lilies of the valley were in a jug beside her. Towards these unoffending flowers Mrs. Crosbie was directing her obser-

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vations, in no gentle tone, as Olivia entered.

'Goin' spending money upon that rubbish! you ought to be ashamed of yourself, Clara! when you haven't given a sixpence to the missionary-box, I don't know when! I should like to know what good a lot of flowers, that cost ever so much, will do your soul? And when you're going this evening into a society of awakened Christians, to be fallalling of your gown in that way, and dressing up with flowers for all the world like the sweeps on May-day. What's the use of it, I wonder?'

'I observe that your awakened Christians are very fond of smart clothes, Aunt Crosbie. The only time I ever went to a religious tea-party at Clapham, I was quite dazzled. And one lady told me they did it "on principle." Mayn't I wear my poor innocent lilies "on principle?"'

'Be still, Clara, will you! You pervert pious words with your levity; and except for *vanity's* sake, you're the idlest do-naught——'

'Like my lilies. "They toil not; neither do they spin." Ah, there you are, Olivia! I'm going to a party, dear, to-night—a very large religious rout at Clapham. A friend of Aunt Crosbie's calls for us, and being an off-night at the theatre, I can go. I intend to do a great deal of execution among the religious youth of Clapham.'

'Have done, Clara, will you?'

'And Aunt Crosbie is indignant with me for investing in a few lilies. You see I'm going in for innocence and simplicity—nothing but white. I was never but once before at anything of the sort—a much smaller affair—and then the *tea* was delicious. I say nothing about the prayers. But there was a very good-looking young man who——'

'Clara! *will* you ha' done? Miss Marston—ma'am—I'm——'

'Well, then, aunt, I won't say anything more about the good-looking young man. Olivia, how do those flowers look in my hair?'

'I think, with your aunt, that they are unsuited to the occasion,' she replied. But in her heart she could not but say that it was impossible for anything to be prettier than the fair young creature was, with those white flowers—those emblems of perfect purity—in her sunny hair. Clara smiled with a conscious triumph, as detecting what passed in her friend's thoughts, while Olivia stood there looking at her.

Little did Olivia dream it was the last time she would ever so look upon her—that when she next saw that face it would be distorted by agony and passion; and that never again until the sun of life had set, and the stains of sin and suffering were washed away, should she behold Clara Elliston with eyes such as she then bent down on her.

CHAPTER XXIII.

IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

It was a wet night. Mr. Marston dozed by the fire, as usual. The clock on the mantel-piece struck half-past eight. Olivia heard Mrs. Flaherty in the passage in conversation with another woman, whose voice sounded shrill and eager. But this was no unusual circumstance; Olivia went on with her book.

Presently there was a knock at the door.

'Come in,' said Olivia, and Mrs. Flaherty entered.

'Here's a famale, plase miss, who wants Mrs. Elliston very bad, and if I could tell her where she is. And I says, "maybe as Miss Marston can tell ye, which is her partic'lar friend;" for indeed she's in a fine taking, and says it's a matter o' life and death. So will you plase speak to her, miss?'

Olivia went into the passage.

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A middle-aged woman, shabbily dressed, stood there. She was evidently in great agitation. The tears stood in her eyes, and the somewhat dirty hands that held her shawl together, twitched incessantly, or pulled at the unravelled fringe, while she spoke. Olivia recognised the woman at once, as the person who had accosted Clara in the Lowther Arcade some weeks before. It was probable that Mrs. Boyce, on her side, also recognised Olivia. She eyed her very keenly, and her voice shook as she said,

'I ax your pardon, ma'am; but can you tell me where Mrs. Elliston is to be found?'

'Indeed, I cannot. She is gone with Mrs. Crosbie to a party at Clapham, and will not be home till late; that is all I know.'

'My God!' said the woman, yet more agitated, 'what is to be done? Is there *no* one who knows where she is?'

'Sure, if the young lady can't tell ye, there's nobody else can,' observed Mrs. Flaherty.

'You had better wait till she returns,' Olivia said, seeing that the woman was almost distracted, and was turning to the door. 'She cannot be later than eleven, I think.'

'Eleven? Two hours and a half! I can't—I can't. Every five minutes—and me without money, too, for the 'pothecary. O my! O my!'

Suddenly she turned sharp round, and looking up into Olivia's face with eyes from which the tears now streamed, laid a hand upon her arm.

'Young lady, may I see you a minute alone?'

Olivia opened the sitting-room door.

'Don't you be givin' her money, miss,' whispered Mrs. Flaherty. 'I knows them sort of old, as pipes their eye afore they begs. If tears was guineas, they'd be as rich as *Giews*, they would.'

The woman followed Olivia, and shut the door behind her. She then glanced uneasily at Mr. Marston.

'He cannot hear you,' said Olivia. 'What is it you want of me?'

The woman came quite close, and said in a low voice,

'You *are* her friend, aint you?'

'Mrs. Elliston's? Yes, I am.'

'Has she ever talked to you about ——?' She stopped, and scanned Olivia's face more searchingly than ever. 'God forgive me if I oughtn't to—to tell you. He has given you a kind face—you won't betray her? Promise me that, miss.'

'Betray her? You must tell me nothing Mrs. Elliston would not tell me herself. If you have anything to say to her, write it. I promise it shall be delivered faithfully into no hand but her own.'

'Ah! it may be too late then! too late!—and I don't know what to do—where to go for advice!' sobbed the woman, wringing her hands. 'Swear to me you'll not betray her, ma'am!'

'I will not,' said Olivia, in a low voice, and she leant upon the table. A nameless dread—a sick apprehension of—she knew not what—came over her.

'*It's her child*, miss! There—there, it's out now—her child who's dyin' o' croup, poor precious babe! and she away, and no doctor come yet, nor nothin'!'

'*Her child*?' repeated Olivia, mechanically. A confused sense of some dark mystery struggled in her mind, with the natural question, if she has a child, what need of concealment? The next instant, the child's danger was the thought paramount in her mind. She knew something of the croup.

'It is in your charge, this child? And what have you done? When was he taken ill?'

'About four o'clock. We put him into a warm bath, and he got

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a deal better; and as we was easy about him, and I didn't like to leave him, and I hadn't nobody to send, why I didn't come off *then*. But after dusk he got bad again, and then we sent for the doctor, and he was out; and still the poor darling got worse; and I'm sure I love him like my own,' said the woman, with a fresh burst, 'for all Mrs. Elliston *is* so irreg'lar in her payments; and I'd strip the clothes off my back for the poor darling, I'm that fond of him; and it's now three years, ever since he was born, I've had him. But I says to myself, says I, "she's his own nat'ral mother, that'll come to *me*, if her baby dies, and 'll say, 'Mrs. Boyce, you *should* ha' told me.'" And so I sets off straight to the address she give me in the Strand—a news-agent's—and *they* sent me on *here*, and——'

'Stay. Where do you live?'

'Three, Catherine Street, Pimlico, miss; and I *hope* the doctor's there long afore this, though I walked as fast as I could.'

Olivia was writing something on a piece of paper while the woman spoke.

'Get into a Hansom. You say truly, every moment is of consequence. Drive to this address. If the doctor is not at home, drive to this one; if not, to this one. You must find a doctor: don't return to the house without one; and get back as fast as you can. If Mrs. Elliston is not home presently, I shall come to the house myself. That will pay for your cab,' and she put some shillings into the woman's hand.

She went out and opened the front door for Mrs. Boyce, and then sat down for a few moments, to consider what she had best do.

Her decisions were always very rapidly come to. They were sometimes wrong, for they were founded too often upon an irregular surface of impulse; and her knowledge of the world and its conventionalities was small: but she seldom hesitated.

On this occasion, one consideration only weighed with her: how to leave her father before his usual bed-time, and get away to this poor child in the absence of his own mother. Mrs. Boyce had evidently lost her head; the doctor might not reach the child till late at night. Olivia had seen several cases of croup, and knew how it should be treated. As to the 'impropriety' of her going out at that hour, it never weighed with her for an instant. And as to the mystery which so uncomfortably surrounded this poor child's existence, what had that to do with this question of life and death? She returned to her father, purposely making some noise as she shut the door.

'What's that?' said the blind man, rousing himself upright in his chair. 'I haven't been asleep, Olivia? Where did you leave off? The massacre at Cawnpore—terrible, indeed! Sixty women, did you say? ta, ta, ta!'

'Dear father, it is getting late—time for us to go to bed.'

'It is not ten o'clock yet,' he replied resolutely. She crept up to the clock, and moved on the hour hand. It wanted twenty minutes of nine: its sharp little voice now told out ten tiny strokes, and she rang for Fritz.

How easy it was to deceive him! He never demurred or questioned further. The daughter's heart almost smote her, as she whispered to Fritz—

'Put your master to bed, and when he is asleep come to me.'

She went upstairs, and fetched her bonnet and cloak. Then she sat down and wrote a few lines to the poor mother.

'Mrs. Boyce has been here. Your child is very ill. I am gone to see if I can be of any use, and shall remain by its bed-side until you come.

'Olivia.

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'N.B.—Neither Mrs. Flaherty, nor any one else in this house knows where I am gone, nor of the child's illness.'

She sealed this up in a thick envelope, and rang for Mrs. Flaherty. That excellent woman appeared, looking somewhat injured.

'I'll be bound that watery jade got money out o' ye, miss, and——'

'Listen, my good Mrs. Flaherty. I want you to be of service to me. I know I can place the utmost confidence in you. I am obliged to go out, and I think—I suppose it is right—to take Fritz with me. Will you sit here, while we are gone? We shall not be long, I think. The door into my father's room will remain open. I cannot have him left alone at night. And as soon as Mrs. Elliston returns, will you give this into her own hand—no one else's?'

'And is it for the likes of her, miss, ye are going out, with Mr. Freetz, at sich an hour as this? leavin' me with a responsibility that—not that *I* minds the responsibility of the dear ould gentleman in his bed—bless 'im! but is it dacent for a young thing like you, as is properly carridge folk, Mr. Freetz informs me, to be cuttin' about at night, and all for a four-pair back attic, as one may say! It's a shame.'

'People have feelings, my dear woman, whether they live in palaces or attics. There is some one very ill, whom poor Mrs. Elliston, and I, are interested about. I am going to this sick bedside, until she can get there. Now, I'm sure you won't say another word, but do all I ask you.'

Of course Mrs. Flaherty *did* say a great many more words, but she promised to obey Olivia's injunctions; and a few minutes later, Fritz mounted on the box of a cab, inside which was his young mistress, and told the driver to go to Catherine Street, Pimlico.

Fritz had military habits of obedience to his commanding officers. He may have wondered in his own mind at this strange freak of his major-in-command (when his colonel was asleep), but even in his own mind, he was a tremendous disciplinarian, and as to an open question or demur, he would have sentenced himself to fourteen days' solitary confinement, I think, had he found himself so sinning. There he sat on the box, with his arms folded, trying very hard to make his mind a blank; or failing in this, to force it back on the contemplation of the Bologna sausage he had just had for supper.

It was a poor little house in a dirty street, when they got there. The door was opened by a woman—another lodger in the house, who took in washing with Mrs. Boyce, as Olivia afterwards knew.

Mrs. Boyce had not yet come back—no doctor had been. Several neighbours—mothers, whose children had been ill of croup—were gathered together in the bedroom, and were offering their opinions on the case, with such advice as their experience dictated. The atmosphere, when Olivia entered, nearly drove her back: but under the impression that this was the mother who was come at last to her child's sick bed, and on the woman of the house telling them that the lady wished the room cleared, they all adjourned to the kitchen.

A beautiful boy of three years old lay upon that humble little bed. He was gasping for breath, as Olivia entered; exhausted with the violence of the last paroxysm, which had then somewhat abated; but conscious of everything around him. At the sound of the opening door, he moaned feebly,

'Where's nursey? why doesn't she come back? why does she leave me all alone?'

'Mamma will come presently, darling,' whispered Olivia, kneeling down by the child's cot.

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'I don't want mamma, I want nursey,' he sobbed. 'Oh! lady, I'm so ill! and cruel nursey leaves me: why does she do it? Tell her to come back, or I sha'n't, sha'n't never see her again.'

'Nurse is gone for a doctor for you, darling. When he comes, he will make you quite well.'

'Nursey! nursey! I don't want any one but you. Take it off my throat. I can't breathe, nursey!'

'She will come presently, darling. A few minutes' patience. Now I am going to put something on your throat that will make you easier, I hope.'

The child shook his head and moaned, and kept feebly repeating his nurse's name over and over again. She was the one thought, the one wish, in his little mind. There was none for his own mother.

. . . . . .

Half an hour passed. The child was in her arms now. He seemed rapidly sinking. What if he should die before further help could reach him? She had done all she could think of, and her heart sank within her, as the minutes went by; it would very soon be too late! And the miserable mother, passing her evening in a search after amusement at the other end of London!

At last, a cab drove up. Thank God! She heard a heavy step upon the stair. Mrs. Boyce threw open the door, and a doctor entered. While he examined the child, the former whispered in a trembling voice to Olivia—

'O, miss. He was the *third*. I thought I never should find one. Such a ride! and I am afeard it's too late, now!'

It *was* too late. The doctor did all he could: had he been called in an hour sooner, he said, he might perhaps have saved the child. It was an unusually rapid case. About twelve o'clock he breathed his last in Mrs. Boyce's arms, the good woman who had been to him as a mother—the only one he had ever known.

Olivia could not bring herself to leave her directly; the poor creature's distress was so great. And then, the wretched mother must be here ere long—it was better that Olivia should break this to her. She had brought enough money to pay the doctor; and the two women were now alone.

Olivia helped to smooth out the little limbs, and to lay fresh linen upon the cot, and let Mrs. Boyce sob and talk away the violence of her sorrow and self-reproach unstemmed.

'If I'd ha' gone at once to him, miss! It was all along of my tryin' to find Mrs. Elliston first—and she, as never give me her real address—only a news-agent! "When you wants to write to me," says she, "direct A. E. at the news-agent's." Of course I knew her name well enough, and all about it—you understand, miss—only where she *lived*, I didn't know. And I've waited weeks and weeks for my money, sooner than go and dun her—but I've a-written till I was tired—and then at last she'd come, one mornin', and tell me how hard put to it she was for money, and pay me in part. So you see, until to-night, miss, I never rightly knew where to find her; and now, p'rhaps, it's cost the precious babe his life. O my!'

Olivia sighed heavily. Alas! were not her misgivings about Clara more than justified? What more remained to be disclosed? She dreaded to think of it. She tried to say a word or two of comfort to the poor woman, but her tongue faltered, and then Mrs. Boyce went on again:

'Three years, come Christmas, since she brought him to me—as fine a babe, brought up by hand, miss, as you ever see. And a sweet-

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tempered, too—bless his poor dear little heart! I'm sure there's not a thing I'd not ha' done for him. O my! And to think I shall never see his pretty blue eyes open on me again—and all the neighbours as fond of him as they was too! It was always "Harry come here," or "Harry come there;" but I was very partic'lar, I was—and if your own mother, my babe, was ashamed of you,' she added, stooping down to kiss the little wax-like face, 'there was one wasn't, leastways.'

Was she really so heartless, then? Olivia would fain have asked more about the wretched mother, but she refrained. Poor miserable woman! God help her now!

Mrs. Boyce, with the excitement of grief common in her class, continued presently:

'Not a penny of her money for near three weeks! Why did I leave you to go after her? I should ha' stayed, and nursed you myself, and have sent the neighbours. P'rhaps you wouldn't have gone, if I'd bin here, my darlin'. It was all your poor foolish nurse's fault—it was. And what can *she* care for you like *me*? she, who comes here once a week dressed so smart, and yet has left you for six months and more, with nought but a ragged p'lisse, and scarce shoes and stockin's to y'r feet, my poor babe! She didn't care for you—she didn't—or she couldn't ha' let you out of her sight—and that's the truth on't.'

But even now a cab was heard driving up furiously to the door, and the good woman's face and voice dropped simultaneously. In her excitement she had said far more than she really meant: her eyes showed now how she shrank from this interview with the bereaved mother. Olivia went downstairs.

It was Mrs. Elliston, deadly pale, in her white evening dress; her hair, in which were still the lilies—now faded and broken—hanging half down her shoulders, over which was thrown an opera-cloak.

She grasped Olivia's hand in hers, and looked up into her face; but the only words she could find to say, in a low hoarse voice, were—

'O Olivia! The child——?'

'The doctor has been here. The child, alas! is so ill, that—he cannot be worse. You must prepare yourself, Clara, for——'

'Not *dead?* Don't say he's dead, Olivia!'

She almost screamed the words; then with the sudden strength of agony, without waiting for a reply, she rushed past her upstairs. She opened the door, looked, and fell upon her knees by the bed in a convulsion of grief. And over the terrible hour that followed we will draw a veil.



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OUR DEEP SEA FISHERIES.

A LEARNED knight, Sir John Burroughs, Keeper of the Records in the Tower, in his book *The Sovereignty of the British Seas*, written in 1633, and subsequently published, quaintly declared that 'the coasts of Great Brittaine do yeeld such a continual sea harvest of gain and benefit to all those that with diligence do labour in the same, and therein such infinite shoals and multitude of fishes are offered to the takers as may justly move admiration.' While measures professing to be for the encouragement of our salmon fisheries constantly appear in our legislative volumes, it would be impolitic to neglect the treasures of the deep. A Royal Commission was accordingly issued by warrant under the sign manual of the Queen, directing three highly competent persons selected for the purpose, namely, James Caird, Thomas Henry Huxley, and George Shaw Lefevre, Esquires, 'to inquire into the sea fisheries of the United Kingdom, with the view of increasing the supply of a favourite and nutritious article of food for the benefit of the public.' Their Report,[1] in print, awaited the opening of the last session for presentation to both Houses of Parliament, and it is satisfactory to learn from it, that notwithstanding the past and present consumption, fish would seem to multiply, in order as it were, to accommodate the increase of English mouths that consume them. While the sources from which we derived our home supplies of meat were, for a time, in consequence of a national calamity, on the decline, and the capital invested in cattle on the decrease, it was consolatory to reflect that fish require no waste of human wealth for their production, that their increase does not infringe upon the sustenance of man, and that they do not derive their size or nutritive qualities from matter which might be otherwise available for human food. Many descriptions of fish, like the feathered creation, are migratory, and may be equally deemed creatures of passage; those which in the words of Milton,

> single, or with mate,
> Graze the sea-weed their pasture, and through groves
> Of coral stray,

afterwards congregate

> in sculls that oft
> Bank the mid-sea.

The periodical but regular visitations of multitudinous hosts of herrings to the Scottish, and of pilchards to the Cornish coasts, would seem to be like the arrivals of varieties of birds, equally regulated by the seasons.

It must be consolatory to those who luxuriate in fish dinners to be assured by the Commissioners, that with all the clamour and lamentations asserting a gradual decline in the yield of sea fish, the evidence even where strongest, was nearly always accompanied by statements showing a progressive increase of the number of men and boats engaged in the British fisheries. Not only have these numbers uniformly increased, but there has been also an increase in the length of each fishery line, in the number of hooks upon it, in the length and depth of nets, and in the size and sea-going qualities of the boats. They give as an instance the Plymouth fishermen, who work an area of sea-bottom of twenty-one miles long and nine broad, all the year round. Forty years ago about thirty vessels occupied that ground; there are now

[1] *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Sea Fisheries of the United Kingdom.* London, 1866.

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sixty-four, the tonnage of each of which is double that of each of the former smacks, so that the means of supply are quadrupled in less than half a century; an unerring test of progress and exceeding the ratio of increase of population within the same period. The machinery for sea fishing has also been improved in efficiency, while in proportion to that efficiency the cost of working has actually diminished. There is however a drawback to those gratifying announcements, for the converse would seem to be the case with Ireland; where it is remarkable that it is the fishermen and not the fish that have decreased. The Irish fisheries were in early times so prosperous, that O'Donnell, chief of Tyrconnell, now the county of Donegal, acquired in Spain the name of 'The King of Fish,' from the quantities he exported in exchange for wine. It was proved that a very peculiar and once numerous class, the Claddagh fishermen of Galway, had diminished long before it was even alleged that the supply of fish had declined. Much of the impoverishment and decay in numbers of the Dungarvan fishermen would appear by the report to have arisen from the effects of the famine and subsequent emigration. They themselves admitted that all the young men had gone away, and that the old men who are now left are unequal to the work of long line fishing, and are therefore obliged to confine themselves to hand lines. 'They are old men now! the young men have all gone away.' This is a melancholy picture; it would seem to realise the prophetic lament of their national poet, the author of the *Deserted Village*, the aged attached to their home,—

> And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
> Returned and wept, and still return to weep.

The Commissioners, however, do not despair but that, with greater enterprise, a greatly increased supply might be produced from the seas around Ireland: but whether the 'mine of wealth,' boasted of as existing in an undeveloped state on the western and southern coasts is a reality or a myth, can only be decided by experience. In order to prevent the reproaches of disappointment on the failure of wild speculation, they further state that the nature of the coast exposed to the storm and swell of the Atlantic, the frequent severity of the weather, the great depth of water, and the want of shelter in many inlets, incline them to think that very sanguine anticipations are not likely to be speedily realised.

Although our supply is not on the decline, our taste for particular varieties of fish must have strangely altered in the course of years, for in the category of luxuries compiled in 1390 by the master cook to King Richard II., for the royal table, we find porpoise broth; and at a grand dinner provided by Sir John Neville during the Lammas assizes in the twentieth year of Henry the Eighth, seals were served at table, being from their amphibious nature then allowed by the Church to be eaten on fast days. The papacy has been at all times in favour with fishermen; but the most orthodox stomachs would now-a-days as soon endure the blubber of a whale as the flesh of either a porpoise or a seal. The Dogger Bank has been long famous for the excellence of one of our principal piscatory luxuries, the codfish; and much of the fine turbot and brill so attractive on the stalls of our fishmongers, is also brought from the coast of Holland. That bank has an area of several hundred square miles, and is most prolific; but we are assured in the Report that it is to a great extent unworked, and new grounds are still discovered. One fifth of the German Ocean

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lying between us and the Continent is occupied by banks constantly augmented by the muddy deposits of the rivers on both shores, and those banks now equal in extent the superficial area of Ireland. Vattel, the great foreign authority on international rights, admits that England never claimed the properties of all the seas over which she claimed the empire, and accordingly while innumerable inhabitants of the ocean resort to those banks, this inexhaustible field is free to the industries of all. There the fisherman pays neither rent nor rates for the farm in which he reaps; and the Report states that not only are the fishing vessels constantly being increased in numbers, but the take of each vessel is increasing, and as the climax for aldermanic congratulation, from the speedier means of transport, the quality of the fish is actually improved. That bank must indeed be a rich paddock, for it is not uncommon for a single trawl vessel in a three hours' trawl to catch from two to three tons weight of fish, and the owner of five smacks lately captured in one night seventeen tons, an amount of food equal in weight to that which would be produced by fifty beeves or five hundred sheep.

The profusion of Finnan *haddies*, cured after a method first practised at the village of Findon, in Aberdeenshire (whence their name), which we daily witness in our streets, must satisfy their admirers that that description of fish still abounds on our coasts. From the two dark spots behind the head superstition has, in some parts of the country, conferred upon the haddock the credit of being the fish taken by St. Peter with the tribute money in its mouth, but unfortunately for the tradition the haddock is a total stranger to the Mediterranean, and was assuredly never an inmate of the Sea of Tiberias. The Italians have, probably with just as accurate knowledge of scriptural and natural history, in honour of that event, named another and equal delicacy after the Apostle, *il janitore*, a name which we have ingeniously transmuted into the appellation of a special favourite, Johnny Dory. Notwithstanding the voracious consumption of soles they would seem also to multiply. In ancient days the fertile fancy of a Greek poet suggested their flat surfaces as fitting sandals for the sea nymphs, and embodied the conceit in verse which has been thus paraphrased:

> They serve as sandals of the foamy sea,
> Which nimble Nereids, sent on errands fleet,
> Apply protective to their tender feet.

So esteemed have been the soles of the English seas, that Henry IV. of France paid us the compliment of requesting permission to fish for them on our coasts for his own table. The Latin appellation *solea*, signifying also the under surface of a shoe, may be plainly traced to an obvious similitude, and discloses the derivation of the English name, which is probably a remnant of Roman dominion in Britain.

The laws of nature which regulate the geographical distribution of fishes are very mysterious; ranges of land or regions lying under the same climatic parallel are generally peopled by the same species, but great depths of sea and chains of submarine mountains sever the ranges, even when the climatic conditions are similar. The species may be representative, but not identical; thus, the herrings of the Bay of Fundy, on the coast of Nova Scotia, known in Billingsgate as the Digby Chicks—a name they derive from a town on the basin of Annapolis where they are prepared—although their high flavour pleases the taste of the epicure, are very diminutive in size when compared with our bloaters. The name of the codfish is generic, but the fish taken in such profusion on the banks of

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Newfoundland is very distinguishable from that of our coasts. The periodical but unerring appearance of a small fish called the capelin, almost a total stranger to the European seas, is the signal for unusual activity in the most celebrated of British colonial fisheries, but the codfish regularly depart with the retreat of the capelin. The several descriptions of fish on the coast of the United States, which is again more remote from us, are for the most part distinct from those on our side of the Atlantic; the sole is purely European, for unlike the electric cable, the species has never yet crossed that wide and stormy ocean.

The shoals of the different varieties of herring are supposed to come upon our coasts from the northern seas; and so crowded are the fish in some of the narrow inlets of the Norwegian shore, that they are called by the native sailors herring mountains. The Dutch have been for centuries peculiarly devoted to the herring fishery, and had derived from it such wealth that Sir Walter Raleigh declared the foundations of Amsterdam were laid with herring bones. In a proclamation of the Republic in 1642, their fishings were stated to be the golden mines of their provinces; and we have the authority of the pensioner, De Witt, that in the days of their highest prosperity, every fifth Hollander earned his subsistence on the sea. The herring would also appear to be a stranger to the Mediterranean, and to be unnoticed by any of the epicurean writers of ancient Rome. Its superior merits are, however, amply acknowledged in more recent times; the Emperor Charles V., in the plenitude of his power, visited the tomb which, more than a century after his death, he had erected to Beukels, the native of a village near Sluys, in solemn recognition of his being the first pickler and curer of the fish; while the maritime port of Dieppe claims for one of its ancient burgesses the discovery of the mode of saving and preparing red herrings. We suspect that the modern improvement of the kippered bloaters is due to Scotland, but Newcastle is now famous for their preparation. The herrings, however, seem very capricious in their migratory movements; they sometimes transfer the favour of their visits unexpectedly from one bay to another even on our own coasts. The admirers of Yarmouth bloaters will, we doubt not, be pleased to learn, that although between three and four thousand men are annually engaged in the autumn herring fishery of that port, and the different nets cover many miles, the numbers taken would seem to increase; nor is the delicacy churlishly confined to English appetites, for we are assured that the French boats follow the shoals to our confines in large and increasing numbers, and the Dutch herrings so much prized in continental markets are mostly caught within sight of the English shores.

The successful adventures of the Dutch busses, which, in their shape, realised our traditional notions of Dutchmen, excited in former days the envy of our ancestors. Captain Smith, who, in the reign of Charles I., by order of his government, visited the Shetland Isles, reported that he saw 1,500 sail of large busses taking herrings on the Scotch coast, with twenty rafters, or ships of war, as convoy, besides Dogger boats so full laden that they could scarcely swim. The Commissioners inform us that the British and Dutch vessels now fish indiscriminately on the same ground; in warm weather we resort to the shallow coasts of Holland where the flat fish are plentiful, but when the cold sets in and the fish seek deeper water, the fishermen of the two countries meet near our own

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shores. On the announcement that the shoals of herrings have appeared, the Dutch fleet, as in days of old, sets out to share in the bountiful harvest of the Scottish coast. The only remnant of a protective system still preserved by the Hollanders is the branding of those known as Dutch herrings, which have long enjoyed a character of their own in most continental states. They are eaten raw, after the fashion of the anchovy of the Mediterranean, and are highly esteemed as a relish; but a small portion only of the season's catch can be cured in the mode which entitles it to the government brand, as 'Dutch cured herrings.' That mode was long a secret, but they are said to be prepared in a pickle so strong as to support the fish floating. The pickle itself is stated by Bishop Watson, in his *Chemical Essays*, to be produced by evaporating the brine of bay salt over a gentle fire, and then mixing with it a quantity of very sour whey, which they term *azy*, and which is supposed to unite with the alkali, and thus to render the crystallisation of the purer saline particles more perfect. Probably any other mild acid would neutralise and answer equally well; but the assurance of the Commissioners is highly satisfactory, that notwithstanding the jealous vigilance of the Hollanders, much Scotch herring is now sold abroad for Dutch, and the brand, intended to indicate a peculiar and exclusive mode of cure, has ceased to be a token of nationality.

The pilchard resembles the herring, not only in form, but also in its migrations and returns at stated periods. Pilchards are essentially a southern species; they usually approach the Cornish coast in immense shoals, moving in compact masses, and occupying a larger space in the water than probably any other kind of gregarious fish that visits our shores. According to the Report the quantity taken by a single haul of the seine is sometimes enormous; three thousand hogsheads of fish have been secured on one occasion, but it is considered good success if the hogsheads can be counted by hundreds. Sprats are also periodical visitors, and are taken in nearly the same way as herrings, but the meshes of the nets are smaller. The simple process of immersing this miniature fish into boiling oil and then hermetically sealing the same up in tin cases, so extensively practised on the French coast, is believed by many to convert the common and cheap sprat into the comparatively expensive luxury of the sardine. During the season sprats are brought in tons to Billingsgate; distributed through our streets by the *coster*-mongers,—so called after the *custard*-mongers of the olden time,—they form one of the few items of indulgence that diversify

The short and simple annals of the poor.

Mackerel seining is extensively practised along our southern coast, wherever there is a range of beach suitable for the hauling of the nets on shore, the neighbourhood of Brighton and the sweep to the west of Portland being favourable localities. That fish, the varied colours of which are beautifully vivid when fresh caught, by an ancient custom of London enjoys a peculiar privilege, which is thus alluded to in a poem written in the reign of Queen Anne by William King, a writer then of some repute, *The Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*:

Law ordered that the Sunday should have rest,
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,
Except it were new milk or mackerel.

His taste does not evidently approve of an addition with which that gastronomic favourite would

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seem to have been in those days served:

Hence mackerel please the palate and the eyes,
Though dressed with inconsistent gooseberries;
Crabs, salmons, lobsters are with fennel spread
Who never touched that herb till they were dead:
Yet no man lards salt pork with orange peel,
Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcocked eel.

The battle of the gauges will be long celebrated amongst the contests of interested engineers, but the combatants were confined to two classes. The battle of the guns still rages, but both fade into insignificance, at least as to numbers, when compared with the conflicts of the fishermen arrayed against each other round the coast in the evidence they gave before the Commissioners. Trawlers were everywhere antagonistic to tramellers, seine net fishers to circle net fishers, and line fishers to all manner of productive appliances. The principles of free trade have as yet made but slight progress amongst the race; they are described by the Commissioners as singularly unobservant of improvement, prone to adopt every prejudice, and disposed to depreciate present prospects in contrast with the past. They seemed anxious to exaggerate their grievances, apparently in the vain hope that strong assertions might lead the State to interfere in their favour against their more active competitors. Even members of communities in the vicinity of havens seemed to prefer scarcity to plenty, complaining that the price of fish had doubled with them within the last few years, forgetting altogether that railways now enabled those localities to share the bounty of nature with the great towns of the interior, and to become themselves commercially enriched in return. In the rival denunciations by each distinct class of the modes of fishing adopted by their opponents, the trawl seems to have been a particular object of attack; and as it is the most certain and productive mode of fishing,—the beam trawl yielding three fourths of our finest fish,—it was very generally assailed as destructive of the spawn. The Commissioners, however, on a careful examination, found that the most clamorous usually called the eggs of jelly-fish, zoophytes, and, in fact, all sorts of soft and gelatinous inhabitants of the sea, by the general name of spawn, and they report that they consider the allegation to be unfounded. They also report that very little is known respecting the spawning-places of any kind of fish; and with the exception, perhaps, of some partial information as to the herring, they had not succeeded in discovering that the spawning-ground of any other description of fish is ascertained with certainty on any part of our coasts. Some idea may be formed of the nature of the hostile rivalries, from the testimony of an enemy to shrimping, who, on being asked, would he stop shrimping altogether, answered, 'Yes, because it is not a benefit to any one. Shrimps were never intended for food, anybody can see that! What man could fill his belly with shrimps? It is a ridiculous thing to suppose that they were ever intended for food. Only look at them!' This economic philosopher would thus deprive us of one of the cheapest and most abundant of our luxuries. He further enlightened the Commissioners by asserting that shrimping had caused the disappearance of flounders; and what may appear new to those who enjoy the Thames flounder amongst the delicacies of a fish dinner at Greenwich, he asserted that wherever there is a strike of mussels the flounders will come from a distance to it; when the mussels are about the size of coffee-beans, they

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crack them and eat them. Notwithstanding such formidable opposition, those who patronise tea parties along the river will be pleased to learn from the report that the shrimp fishery is becoming of some magnitude, and is very profitable to the fisherman. It is annually increasing in productiveness not only on the same fishings, but by removing to new and untried grounds, for the produce of which railways have rendered markets available.

An international treaty exists between France and England, confirmed by Act of Parliament, which restricts the fishermen of the one nation from fishing within three miles of the coast of the other country. The French not having our colonial resources, cultivate the fisheries as a nursery for their marine; their vessels are therefore of greater tonnage, they also have larger crews than our own, and are consequently obliged to use suitable nets. These being made of thicker and stronger twine, are necessarily heavier, and as they use barrels and kegs for floats, while our boats use only bladders, the English fishermen complain that when they came in collision, their nets are outweighted, and our men under the necessity of giving way, or of losing them altogether. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, our fishermen assert their superiority, and declare that their nets being lighter and more pliable, they take one half more fish than their Gallican competitors. A deputation from the fishermen of Scarborough, by far the most important station frequented by the French, declared to the Commissioners, that if the Imperial Government would concede to them the privilege of their markets, so as to deliver their fish duty free in France, where it is now so scarce, 'we could doubly outfish them; we could as far as we are concerned, give them anything and everything; we could let them come right alongside of us, so long as they did not commit depredations.' It was also proved that the French boats constantly load with cured herrings on the Scotch coast and return with them for sale, without ever having wetted their own nets. The convention exists only between France and England; the Dutch and Belgian boats in the absence of any treaty engagements fish when and where they please, even within the three-mile limit, subject only to the laws which affect our own people. The Commissioners have come to the conclusion that the time has now arrived when the fishing trade may be entirely thrown open, and they earnestly advise that all legislative provisions affecting or professing artificially to regulate our home sea fisheries may be repealed. that all restrictions which prevent foreign fishermen from entering British and Irish ports for the sale of fish may be removed, and in the spirit of fair reciprocity, measures taken to secure the like freedom for British fishermen in foreign States. During the late session, the Marquis of Clanricarde brought the Report of the Commissioners under the special notice of Parliament, and in alluding to it stated that the two volumes with the evidence taken, comprised 1,588 pages and contained no less than 61,000 questions submitted to the numerous witnesses who had been examined. He referred with deep regret to the evidence and statistics of the Irish sea fisheries laid before the Commissioners, which represented so great a falling off in the numbers both of boats and men employed along the coasts. The noble marquis then inquired how far her Majesty's ministers intended to act upon the representations contained in that Report, and whether negociations had been opened with France to obtain reciprocal advantages for the fishermen of both nations, as advised by

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the Commissioners. Lord Stanley of Alderley stated in reply on the part of the late Government, that it was impossible to give effect to more than a few of their recommendations, without coming to some understanding with the French Government respecting the alterations to be made in the existing Fishery Convention, which would be in many respects affected by the changes suggested.[1] It is now generally believed in official circles, that the French fishery authorities dissented from the views of our Commissioners, and the Governments of the two countries in consequence agreed on the appointment of a mixed Commission to inquire fully into the existing differences. Mr. Cave, M.P., the present Vice-President of the Board of Trade, presided over the English branch of that Commission, which is understood to have closed its labours, and it is highly desirable that their deliberations should result in treaty regulations, which would prove agreeable to the rival interests on both coasts.

A portion of this valuable report relates to those descriptions of fish known as the Crustacea or shell fish, that, in the words of Milton,

> in their pearly shells at ease, attend
> Moist nutriment; or under rocks their food
> In jointed armour watch.

We have however confined ourselves to our prime favourites of the finny tribe that swim the deep. Fishing at any season in the salt sea does not present to the aristocratic angler the same attractions as the summer and autumn enjoyments of the salmon river. The dangers of the element, the fatigues and privations encountered, and the exposure to wet and cold, are unsuited and uncongenial to the proud and high-born, they are reserved for an exclusive race, hardy, industrious and enduring. Their value as a community, and the importance of their occupations, can scarcely be over estimated, when it is believed that the weight of beef and fish annually consumed in these islands is in no very great disproportion; that while London is calculated to consume 300,000 fat cattle in the year, probably amounting to 90,000 tons of beef, some 80,000 tons of trawled fish are within the year sold in the metropolis, irrespective of the vast qualities of herrings, sprats and of other descriptions of fish supplied from various sources.

W. B.

[1] Hansard, 3rd series, vol. 182, pp. 1753–58.

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THE MODERN SPIRIT.

IN a series of delicate esssay, which are none the less charming because they read so strangely like bits of Sainte-Beuve or Renan done into the simple English of a scholar, Mr. Matthew Arnold has made much use of a phrase that often meets the eye in the current literature of France,—the Modern Spirit. And when we ask what is meant by the modern spirit, this Geist-smitten Apostle to the Gentiles bids us listen to the words of his master, a German Jew, who died in Paris in 1856, after stirring all Europe with light song and daring wit, and paying for a life that had been anything but saintly in long years of agony on a 'mattress-grave.' To most of us, it is true, Heine may seem a queer evangelist, much less fit to preach the gospel of the coming time than to exemplify the ruin that awaits the most brilliant genius, when it happens to have no kinship with a moral sense. 'Still,' say his admirers, 'Heine represents his time in this far, that his life was a battle with dogma. He was indeed what he called himself, "a brave soldier in the war for the liberation of humanity." The born enemy of courts and creeds, he did his best to free it from traditional authority: and hence he embodied the spirit of the age, which is fighting against dogmatic teaching wherever culture has taken root. That is what we see in the society, politics, and religion of every nation with any pretensions to enlightenment. Germany is rationalistic; so is France; so Italy is rapidly becoming; and as for England, she may be the most conservative of countries, but still she is losing her horror of bold speculation, and is going with the Continent. At least that is what the clergy tell us; and when we hear an English bishop asserting that Moses did not know the rule of three, when we find learned English divines going to Tubingen for their theology, and when we see the most influential English teachers setting up churches in which a Herr von Göthe or a M. Comte might fitly read prayers and preach, we think that the clergy do right to lament over the decay of dogmatic religion.'

I do not undertake to say how much truth there is in this flippant speech: but we can none of us be blind to the rapidity with which nation after nation, and class after class, are breaking away from the ties that once bound them to traditional systems and beliefs. In England, educated men of the world have long ago ceased to cite dogma as an authority; the leading teachers hardly deem it worthy of notice; and even the theologians do not appeal to it when they can appeal to anything else. More and more men are setting up a personal standard of belief, and asking, not what does the Church or tradition think, but what do you yourself think? Of course, in a certain sense, enlightened men have in every age put themselves above dogma, and asserted their right to judge it. That is done even by divines like Dr. Newman, whose war is avowedly with Liberalism, or the method which sets out by assuming that dogma has no claim to teach. Newman would admit that, before taking dogma as a guide, he had tested his authority by means of a personal standard, either intellectual, moral, or both. So far, therefore, he is a Liberal in spite of himself. But between the momentary Liberalism of a Newman and the persistent Liberalism of a Heine, there is an abyss that nothing can bridge. The one says at starting, 'I must have some re-

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ligion, some burning faith: what shall it be? which church shall I enter?' The other says at starting, 'I will follow my intellect whithersoever it may lead; and if it lead me outside the pale of all the churches, so much the better.' The instinct of the one tells him, that some established religion is true; the instinct of the other, that all established religions are false. Hence the impulse of the dogmatist is to take whatever creed has time upon its side, and the impulse of the Liberal is to reject all creeds whatever, and begin the work of system-building for himself. But in our day the dogmatic impulse has lost its old strength. The past is seen to have gone wrong in the case of a thousand things which it strove to settle dogmatically for the benefit of the future; and hence there is now an almost overmastering tendency towards Liberalism, or the creed which holds that men should start free. Only two things can keep that tendency in check; the superstition which is born of ignorance, or the religious fervour which has such native heat as to be unchilled by knowledge. The first is common; and therefore the multitude are, for the most part, still dogmatists, just as they have been in every period of history, save at the few moments of religious or political awakening. Ignorance fears to enter the mysterious future, as childhood fears to enter the dark; so it must have some guide, and it will take the first that offers, or the one that speaks the loudest, or the one that promises most. On the other hand, the spiritual fervour that, though linked with high culture, cannot do without a heavenly guide, is far more rare: perhaps few of us suspect how rare it is in a critical age like ours. That is what makes Newman so intensely interesting a study to men who have hardly two opinions in common with him. He is a dogmatist, born out of due time; a mediæval mystic, with all the culture of modern Oxford. In England he stands alone among men of his own stature, and around him beat the waves of Liberalism, while beneath lie submerged creeds that will never arise into life again. It is the tide of the Reformation that is still flowing, with unspent, newfound strength; and the revelation that each man is a law unto himself is now carried to lengths which Luther and Melanchthon did not dream of, and which they would have shuddered to behold. The spirit which dictated that gospel is taking possession of art, literature, politics, and religion; everywhere that spirit is appealing to individual reason and impulses; and that is what we mean by the Modern Spirit.

I do not presume to discuss the question whether the change is good or bad: that is a point for the theologians and the critics to settle between them; my purpose is to set down in the fashion of an onlooker, and not of a polemic, what we all see, and to trace the general causes which are at work. If we want to know whither and how fast an age is drifting, it is often the best plan to go higher up the stream than the field in which senates, newspapers, and pulpits exert their power, or than the place on which men like Heine take their stand; for, in the one case, we have agencies which always follow, never lead; and, in the other case, we have the poet, who puts into living form only the thoughts that have floated to him, and who may or may not give those thoughts in their completeness. It is in the chief metaphysical systems that we find the keys of the future. We are all tired to death of hearing that Fletcher of Saltoun said, he cared not who made a people's laws if he were allowed to make their songs: why does not some one say,

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he cares not who makes either a people's songs or laws, if he is allowed to build up their metaphysics? The one aphorism would be at least as reasonable as the other. If the solitaries of speculative thought have little influence over the multitude in their lifetime, they have all the future as a heritage, since they alter the principles on which human beliefs are based; and round him who has never read a page of Hobbes or Kant creeps, generations after the thinkers are dead, the subtle atmosphere diffused by the *Leviathan* or the *Critique of Pure Reason*; so that the practical man who despises metaphysical moonshine, comes in time to think as Hobbes thought or as Kant thought. It is curious to mark how some speculative note, struck in a buried age by a forgotten student, swells and swells as one after another echoes the sound, until what had seemed the pastime of the cloister acts powerfully on every-day life, creating new thoughts and impulses which, in their turn, give us new religions, new codes of ethics, and new laws.

For the starting point of recent speculation we must, as every reading man knows, go back to Hume. Before Hume's time, the schools of Locke and Berkeley seemed to be going towards opposite points; but they were so far doing the same work as to be clearing the ground for the freest play of scepticism; and, gathering together the threads of speculation that ran from the hostile systems, the Scottish thinker drew a conclusion which other men had dimly seen, but which none had stated with such startling clearness, and which all save the most intrepid minds would have shrunk from drawing, when they reflected how likely it was that some subtle error lurked in a doctrine that seemed to involve religion and philosophy in a common ruin. Hume had no such scruples. With a bland smile on his good-humoured face, he coolly snapped the link that philosophers as well as peasants had hitherto believed to connect cause and effect. They had assumed that between cause and effect there was a necessary connection in the element of force; that by the agency of force the heavenly bodies were made to revolve in certain orbits; that we exerted force each time we stretched out our arms, or, at least, that God exerted it for us; and that, since the force thus made manifest was the expression of our wills, or at least always accompanied the impulse of those wills, so the forces of nature were but the expression of an omnipotent Will, which set in motion all created things. 'Quite a mistake I assure you, gentlemen,' was the reply of the great sceptic. 'What you mean by cause and effect is simply, so far as we can judge, a series of things that come after each other in an invariable order. You cannot prove, and you have no right to assume, that when one thing seems to be the effect of the other, there is any tie between them save that of place. To speak of a necessary connection is to use words without meaning; since, however you may search for what you call efficient causes, you can never get beyond phenomena, never reach what you call force.'

That was Hume's doctrine, and the effect of it was prodigious. Theology, as well as metaphysics, was thrown into a ferment; and philosophy received one of those fresh starts which it gets, perhaps, once in two or three centuries; such a start as it got from Descartes and Malebranche, Hobbes and Locke, when for the first time in modern history, France and England became the great centres of speculative thought. The Beatties and the Reids held that if the sceptic's teaching was true, there must be an end of all attempts to put the

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belief in the existence of a Deity on a rational basis; and hence they were driven to ask, whether the logic which seemed so well knit, yet which was so destructive, had not erred at starting. Their answer was that it had. They said that Hume's labours had been vitiated by the mistakes of those who had gone before him; that for generations philosophy had been drifting farther and farther from truth, until at last it had lost its way in a mist of subtlety; that it could put itself right only by going back to the very point whence it set out; and that the sole basis on which it could rear a lasting fabric, was the despised common sense with which the meanest of men were endowed. Whatever judgment may be finally pronounced on the Scottish school, it had one signal effect, on which critics have put too little stress: it sowed broadcast the seeds of distrust in the power of the speculative faculty either to set up or pull down definite religious systems. If it weakened the impression made by Hume's arguments, it did so at the expense of throwing discredit on philosophy itself; if it taught the theologians that they had little to fear from philosophy, it also taught them that they had as little to hope.

And, in vastly greater measure, a similar result sprang from the efforts of German thought. Among the men that Hume's keen inference had struck with the force of an electric shock was Kant; rousing him from what he called a dogmatic slumber, and opening to his view a boundless region which no thinker had ever tracked. He speedily saw that the puzzle which Hume had thrown into the arena was but one of a series; that in other cases besides the instance of cause and effect, logic gave the lie to conviction; and that when reason went outside a certain boundary she found herself assenting to contradictory propositions. Hence he taught that logic never could prove the existence of God, or the freedom of the will, or the immortality of the soul. But, on the other hand, he taught that logic never would disprove the reality of those great truths; because they belonged to a region on which it had no standing ground. None the less, however, were we forced to believe them; for they were so interwoven with our moral nature, that we could as readily get rid of it as of them. Kant lent all his strength to place the moral law and the leading truths of religion on a basis that should for ever withstand assaults like those of Hume; and hence he put our moral nature on a height such as it had never occupied in the system of any other great thinker. Whether he succeeded or not, is a question which I do not need, and am not able, to discuss; but this much is clear, that he gave an immense shock to the traditional habits of thought, by offering, as the final message of philosophy, the revelation of a hopeless breach between reason on the one hand, and faith and practice on the other. In some ways, the effects of his speculation were precisely the reverse of those that he had in view. Kant must rank with the greatest logicians of any time: I mean, he has few rivals in his command over premises, as well as in the power of knitting one inference to another, so that each link shall bear the requisite test, and that the line shall stretch out as far as the nature of the materials will permit; still, it may be doubted whether any other man ever did so much to bring logic into discredit as an instrument for reaching the highest kind of speculative truth. Kant was also as clear and definite a thinker as ever lived; yet it may be questioned whether any other man ever did so much to foster vagueness and mysticism. There lurked in his hard iron system

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a germ which, when rooted in the luxuriant minds of Fichte, Schelling, and Oken, shot into a mighty tree, that for a time overshadowed the whole field of German thought. Those gifted men disdained to keep within the limits laid down by Kant: they sought to rise to a philosophy of the Absolute by a process that left the ordinary reasoning power at the starting point, and carried them up to an atmosphere in which personal consciousness was lost, and which identified them with absolute being. How they got up there; how they got down again; how, when forced to think under the conditions of subject and object, they could bring back in thought what they had learned when subject and object were one; how they could put into the material forms of human speech what they had reached when forms had no place in their mind; is a question which I must leave for those who hold a philosophy of the Unconditioned to be possible, and that of Schelling to be a success. It is sufficient for my purpose to note, that from the sceptical hints of Hume came the sceptical system of Kant; which led to the pantheistic system of Schelling; and which, in turn, took hold of the poetic, the impassioned, the religious, and all the others who sought a philosophy that should be at once spiritual and free from cold logical rigour. What such minds wanted was something that should not pin them down to earth, but allow them to soar on the wings of intellect into the very heaven of heavens. Fichte and Schelling gave them that something. Not that those great men were vague thinkers in the ordinary sense of the word; but even to the reading multitude their systems came in a vague form, and to this day they are understood only by the cultured few. What reached the crowd were misty doctrines, saying that somehow men could by searching find out God, but that the old plan of rising from marks of design by means of exact inferences was futile; that a kind of vision must take the place of reasoning; and that Deity must be expressed by some term which, if it meant anything, meant that everything was God. Now, in these days that vague pantheism is filling the air, and we cannot go through life without drawing it in. Do what we will to keep it off, it is acting on those of us who have warm, imaginative natures; that is, on nine tenths of the young who have any intellect at all, or in whom intellect is not stifled by authority. It is diffused from the writings of Carlyle; it gives life to the criticism of Renan; it is one of the master influences which are lending colour to our time; and, until we have taken account of it, we cannot tell what the Modern Spirit is, or how it is working.

I have mentioned Mr. Carlyle as one of the teachers in the Mystical school; but he fills so much more important a place than any of the others, that he may almost be called a distinct force. And the mighty influence which he has exerted is due to other qualities besides his matchless power of literary expression, and his large store of those qualities that the Pantheistic thinkers never lack. He is a Mystic, and something more. In common with Renan and Emerson, he has what may be termed the ethical eye; that is, he finds out at a glance the moral relations of things: and he holds men or movements to be good just as they abound in those relations and present them strongly. But Pantheism is vague in its ideal of duty, and hence it is slow to censure what we call evil and what it calls a lower good; never meeting sin with wrath against the sinner, but rather putting it down with pity for the man who is fated to do the ugly work of the universe. Now, in Carlyle we find much of

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the old Covenanter, as well as of the new Mystic; his Decalogue may be somewhat different from that of Moses, but he knows a rascal when he sees one, and does not scruple to call villany by its right name: the burden of all he writes is the very un-Pantheistic doctrine, that some things are eternally evil and others eternally good. Nay, he goes farther in his noble inconsistency, and, as Mr. Kingsley has pointed out, he does not allow his vague talk about the Eternities and the Immensities to have any effect upon his moral teaching. With greater power than any man that has appeared in our literature for centuries, he calls up the old Hebrew idea of a Living God, who is an Almighty Father to his creatures, full of love to those that keep his commandments, and a personal guide to those that do his will; but who, sternly just as well as tender, blasts the wicked with everlasting wrath, and keeps the word uttered of old, that the people which would not serve him should be utterly destroy. However, the intensely personal character of this Theistic creed does not hinder the Pantheistic part of Carlyle's system from doing its work; and when critics shall in after time come to ask how it was that in our day the cement which bound together the fabric of dogmatic theology and ethics loosened so quickly, Carlyle's writings will perhaps give a more faithful answer than those of any other great teacher.

Such, briefly and roughly stated, is one effect of Hume's pyrrhonism. But it has had another effect, very different in character, and perhaps still more important. In France, it was welcomed with what, in parliamentary phrase, may be called 'loud cheers;' whereas it had spurred Germany to the fighting point. The first thought of the Germans had been to guard ethics, immortality, and theism against attack; but the French had already given up all morality which was not conventional; they had long been shrugging their shoulders at the idea of life everlasting, with its twin accompaniments of bliss and damnation; and in a Supreme Being they had for some time ceased to feel any interest. So, when Hume put the topstone on that neat little fabric of scepticism built by Voltaire; when, to the revelation that theology could best be studied in the drawing-rooms of Paris, he added the glad tidings that philosophy had finally proved revelation to be a pious fraud; France joyfully accepted the situation. She did not trouble herself very much to see whether, after all, the Scotchman had gone quite down to the depths of our nature; she was content to know that his beautifully reasoned system exactly confirmed what she herself had long been saying and even half believing; it was true, it must be true: anyhow she would start where Hume left off, and confine herself to the study of phenomena. That is what she has been doing ever since;—for the partially successful efforts of Royer Collard and Jouffroy to import the philosophy of Reid, and the partially successful efforts of Cousin to bring in that of Schelling and everybody else, have been but brilliant episodes; and, for three quarters of a century, the stream of French thought has run in the channel of Positivism.

In talking loosely, we are too apt to identify Comte alone with the rise of Positivism, just as we are too apt to give Bacon the credit of finding out the scientific value of induction, though he came in the wake of a dozen men who knew the principles of induction as well as himself, and applied them with far greater success.[1] What Comte

[1] I am speaking of Positivism as a method of discovery, not as a philosophy, and

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achieved was to give a rigorously systematic form to an old method, and to assert with new emphasis the limitation of our faculties. Voltaire was a positivist, except in fancying that the scientific method was applicable to religion as well as to material things. So far as he kept within the limits of science, he was a positivist; but he was ever straying beyond those limits; a hater of dogma, he was one of the most incurable dogmatists that ever lived; and no sooner had he thrown down the theology of the creeds than he set up a theology of his own. He was not content with saying, 'This idea of God shocks the commonest instincts of justice, and rests on not a particle of proof;' but he went on to say, 'I will give you another doctrine, with the purity of which you cannot quarrel, and which I can prove to be true.' 'No you can't,' was the answer of as good dialecticians as himself; and thus the barren fight might have lasted till our own day, had not Hume and Kant cast a new light on the powerlessness of the intellect to fly beyond a certain range. The Comtists, on the other hand, have thoroughly learned that lesson. They have cut the philosophy of Kant into two bits; taking to themselves that which confines the efforts of the 'reason' within the limits of the finite, and dismissing with contempt that which seeks to rise by means of the 'understanding' to a knowledge of the Infinite. Once for all, the scientific school says it will have nothing to do with conclusions that it cannot prove. It believes only what it sees, or can infer by a strictly logical process, starting from indisputable facts: logic is its supreme court of appeal: by the decisions of the logical faculty, it holds that all systems must stand or fall. As for the dim intuitions of which the poets, the visionaries, and the religionists speak, they are simply beneath contempt, when they leave their proper place, and come into court against pure reason. In his discourse at St. Martin's Hall, Professor Huxley said that men should believe, not in 'justification by faith,' but in 'justification by demonstration.' Now, that epigram neatly expresses just what the typical man of science feels when face to face with so puzzling a phenomenon as religion. Religion, he says, takes for granted much that science holds to be the very points at issue; religion builds largely on personal experience, which may chance to be right, but which you can never prove to be right, and which is a thousand times more likely to be wrong; religion goes by no fixed rule, so that her history is made up of self-contradictions, and Brigham Young draws nearly as many converts from Christianity as St. Paul drew to it. Having no method that will stand the test of a scientific eye, religion strikes the positivist as the very picture of unreason. So he does not waste words upon it, but tells the theologians that their elaborate attempt to show that men should believe in doctrines upheld by no such evidence as science exacts, is simply an effort to make a pyramid stand upon its apex. 'By an infinite amount of skill, gentlemen, you may contrive to balance it for a time: but sooner or

therefore I do not need to raise the question which has recently been discussed by Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Mill on the one hand, and M. Littré and Mr. Lewes on the other, as to the merit which Comte can claim for giving us what M. Littré calls 'un substratum philosophique complétement original.' In the remarks that follow, I do not aim at telling what is said by Comte himself or his disciples; I seek merely to show what Positivism is as a popular system of belief. As Wilkes was not a Wilkite, so, in some respects, Comte was not a Comtist. There is often an immense difference between a system as it leaves the hand of its author, and a system as it works on the popular mind.

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later, it will topple over; so you had better get more props, or keep out of the way.' Yet, while positivism is thus emphatic, she does not, I repeat, fall into the same blunder as the old school of infidelity, and roundly declare the tidings of religion to be false: she suspends her judgment. She is not so rash as to say that there is no Supreme Being, and no immortality; but she says that you cannot prove the existence of a Deity and a life beyond the grave. When flippant, she sneeringly remarks that she has no information on the subject: when reverential, and touched with that religious feeling which moves the coldest of us at times, she sadly says, that, if an altar is to be built at all it must still be to the 'Unknown God,' and that if it is to bear any inscription, it must be that which was borne by the ancient fane:

> I am all that was, and is, and will be,
> Nor my veil, has it ever been withdrawn by mortal.[1]

Thus, then, the crumbling away of dogma is the work of two currents of thought, which seem at first sight to be running towards opposite points, but which in reality so far mingle their waters as to dash on the edifice of belief. Of course, every age has its Scientific or Positive current, and its Spiritual or Mystic; which have run quick or slow, and have been tinged with this hue or that, according to the nature of the time: but during long periods the influence of those currents has been slight compared with that of the dogmatic stream. For centuries before the Reformation, they were not the master currents; they changed, but they did not destroy dogma; what they really did for the future was to pile up, so slowly that the dogmatists did not mark the process, the materials which should some day make it hard for the dogmatists to live. And at last they have become the master currents. Whether for good or evil, whether for a time or for ever, they are now sweeping with them the intellect and the fervour which are to give shape and colour to the coming time.

To see the working of the change, we must keep in view the practical movement which has been going on side by side with the speculative. Nations seem fated by the law of their being to pass through a fever of passion at periods which, though we cannot fix the date beforehand, give no uncertain signs of their approach; and while Hume and Kant were speculating, England was clearly swinging back at a rapid rate from that extreme of sceptical indifference into which she had recoiled after the force of Puritanism was spent. The recoil from the fanaticism of the Commonwealth had been violent. Infidelity had been presented at court, and black-balled at no club; courtiers who could not spell added to their other accomplishments a little Atheism, got at second hand from somebody who thought he understood Mr. Hobbes; men about town spoke of putting down Christianity regularly after the fourth bottle; and if the great middle class did not make jokes about Solomon's ideas of single blessedness, it gave holy things a very cool reception. But down below those ranks was a dense, idealess mass, made up of that 'common people' whose types in Judea had heard the Master gladly; and they began at last to yearn for the feverish religion with which, in former days, Bunyan and Fox had brought comfort to the sinner. They had, to use their own language, long been fasting in the wilderness, and were hungry for the bread of life. So when Wesley and Whitefield called on them to repent and be forgiven, they astonished the cool man of the world by a frenzy and an earnestness

[1] I use the translation of Sir William Hamilton.

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which it was difficult to distinguish from insanity. And the fever was soon caught by those above them in station. Indeed, movements that come from emotion almost always begin among the uncultured, and go up; whereas those that spring from intellectual conviction begin among a few men at the top, and go down. In this instance, the upward process got immense help from the French Revolution, which put new life into religion as well as into politics, by showing how vast was the array of passions that nature held in check during times of quiet, and by inspiring the humblest with fierce longings which they had before but dimly felt. In time, the forces that had set the crowd to seek relief from the sense of sin in psalm-singing, acted on classes that culture had rendered less emotional; and we had Tractarianism. Newman and his followers came to protest against the idea that steam-engines, railroads, postal systems, daily newspapers, the right of free speech, and all the other items in our material civilisation, could satisfy the yearnings of the soul, or could be other than dust and ashes in comparison with the beauty of holiness that had vanished with the ages of faith. Again the wave of religious passion rolled over a lower grade of society; and we had what was called Revivalism. No doubt, the sight was in many cases ridiculous. An educated man often found it difficult to keep from telling the blockheads who roared out damnation at street corners, that they would do much more good to religion by going home and playing the fiddle, or by taking Luther's advice and getting well drunk. But there was something far deeper than imbecility in that earnestness which spread from place to place like an epidemic, and which was wafted across the ocean to throw distant lands into the same unearthly ferment. Revivalism is now dead, but Ritualism is telling us that the force which lashed England into the Tractarian storm is again at work; and, however foolish Ritualism may be in itself, it has taken far too firm a hold of society to be despised.

Meanwhile, America has been going through a religious cycle even stranger than our own. She has given birth to a dozen religions within a generation. Mormonism, Shakerism, Bible-Communism, and other *isms*, all attest the craving of her people after a higher life. You may think that in each case they have reached only a life of degradation; still, you have to remember that well-meaning men and women have broken away by hundreds of thousands from the ties which the churches have sanctified, and pushed out into an untravelled wilderness in search of something that the churches do not give. We may most of us think that Utah is a sad sight; but few people who coolly read what Mr. Hepworth Dixon has been telling us in his *New America*, will deny that Mormonism represents a mighty force which the youngest of us may not live to see exhausted. We may hold it absurd to believe that the earth can be turned into a scene of bliss by means of a Communism which puts an end to what we mean by the family system, and frees itself from all human laws; nevertheless, the fact is that, in America, religious societies founded on those principles are year by year striking a deeper root. Again, we may laugh at the spiritualist doctrines of the new sects, and say that people would not take the fancy of a disordered brain for a proof that its owner held communion with the unseen world, if they applied the same kind of test to a theory of spirit-rapping, as scientific men apply to a dynamical theory of heat. Still, thousands of honest and cultivated men believe as firmly in 'mediums' as in their own existence. Finally, we may think that when the American people get that solid education which the

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study of science alone can give, they will smile at the nonsense by which they are now deluded, and settle down to a life of robust common sense. Perhaps they will; but the change seems a long way off; and meanwhile we have to note that, in this age of criticism, there exists a craving for the supernatural which was hardly surpassed in the days that proved the firmness of their belief in witches by burning them to death. Tractarianism, Ritualism, or Revivalism in England, and Mormonism, Shakerism, or Spiritualism in America, are but different manifestations of the same instinct: they express the hunger of the soul for less material food than that which is offered either by science or a rationalistic religion. In the one case, we have a fanatical belief in dogma; in the other, an equally fanatical belief that dogma is dead; but in both we have a proof that, without a fanatical belief of some kind, there are multitudes who cannot live.

When there is such a longing for a new faith among the people who do not draw nice metaphysical distinctions, it is easy to see with what force the pantheistic philosophy is speaking to our time. Most men have never heard of that philosophy, and few can be made to understand it; nevertheless, it is in the air, and is acting with the stealthiness and the fatality of a subtle disease. It is spreading the idea that instinct, sentiment, intuition is the highest religious guide, or that there is no religious guide at all. Men who do not read, or reason, or argue, find themselves coming, they know not how, to think well of all creeds; that is, to think little of any. Others, who are equally illiterate, but who yearn for something to believe in, and who find the atmosphere of the churches too chilly for their fevered souls, catch the contagion quickly, and rush to the first teacher who comes with some wild novelty, and the promise of unimagined bliss. But the multitude are not passive recipients; they give as much as they get; they give back in emotional force what they get in systematic thought. The feeling with which they are possessed makes its way upwards, so as partially to overcome that coolness which usually springs from reflection, and to feed that flame without which a spiritual philosophy cannot live. Thus the multitude help to keep alive religious earnestness among many thinking men. If the speculation of the age were confined to doctrinal points, as it was in the time of the Reformation, we should see such men rushing to fight for justification by faith, or for the authority of the Church. But it is pantheism, and not dogma, that is in the air; so we hear them saying that all the creeds are too hard, too narrow, too essentially provincial; and we see them rushing towards a sentimentalism which hates the very name of dogma, but which is none the less positive that it is a barbarism to divide religions into false and true. It holds that all are false in one sense, inasmuch as all err by making definite statements about things that cannot be put into a formula: and it holds that all are true in a certain sense, inasmuch as all attempt to express the degree and colour of the divine light that nations or times severally perceive. But it also holds that, in this life, we shall never reach absolute religious truth; that creed after creed shall rise; that creed after creed shall perish; and that when one dies another shall spring from its ashes.

Among the educated classes of this country and of France, a still greater influence is exercised by Positivism. Cool, reflective minds that despise vague thinking, and that feel the man of the world's contempt for enthusiasm, find in Positivism an angel of reason clad in robes of light. And it is easy to see the reason why. Within its

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own range, this philosophy is so certain, so satisfying, so full of good sense; and its victories, when once won, are won for ever. If, indeed, men of culture were, as a class, swayed by the deep religious feeling which is fitfully manifested by the less educated social ranks, then Positivism might not get many disciples even among those who, being trained to look at both sides of every question, must incline to scepticism. But college common rooms, barristers' chambers, and scientific men's studies, are not the places to which we should go for a display of strong religious earnestness; and in most of those places, St. Comte is at present much more powerful than St. John. You may see that such is the fact by glancing at the chief organs of current opinion, in which intellectual Sadducceism hits the taste of the educated classes by putting the results of Positivism into the language of Pall Mall. Strip off a very thin covering, and you find, not only scientific scepticism, but scientific scepticism in as aggressive a form as it can prudently wear.

We shall best see how it works by leaving abstractions and listening to what it says about the every-day matters in which we are all interested. Sadducceism does not bluntly tell the Archbishop of Canterbury that his Apostolical Succession, his Imposition of Hands, and his Confirmation will some day seem as despicable as the rites and ceremonies of Mahomet: Sadducceism is too polite to say anything so shockingly rude to an Archbishop. Still, between the lines you can read something quite as strong. 'Let us,' you can read, 'have no enthusiasm, or raptures, or faith, or religious hysterics, or spiritual fuss of any kind; for since the beginning of the world until now, such outbursts of feeling have been at once mischievous and ridiculous. Not that we wish to interfere with the venerable institutions which live by fostering those outbursts in a mild way. Heaven forbid that we should help the Liberation Society to pull down the Church of England! Since we must have a religion of some kind to keep men from putting their hands into each other's tills and cutting each other's throats, let us by all means go in for the Church. She preserves the peace pretty well, and is a foe to all fanaticism and vulgar enthusiasm; her spiritual policemen are at least scholars and gentlemen, and her several Scotland Yards are as hostile to the "roughs" and the Bealeses of Dissent, as the Scotland Yard presided over by Sir Richard Mayne is to the "roughs" and the Bealeses of politics. Nay, we go so far as to admit that Dissent itself is better than nothing. If the transpontine barbarians can't be kept within the bounds of decency by any other agency than that of a Spurgeon, then we must put up with a Spurgeon, jokes and all. If, when Bright gives out the tune, the Marats of colliery villages and cotton towns are kept from singing the Marseillaise by nothing but the privilege of howling hymns, then, in the name of peace, order, and culture, let them howl hymns till they are hoarse. But don't imagine that, while we bow respectfully to the Church, and honour Dissent with a contemptuous nod, we put the slightest faith in the Thirty-nine Articles, or in Adult Baptism. We are not such simpletons. To educated men we preach the Gospel of Indifference, and to the list of Beatitudes we mentally add, *Blessed are they that sneer, for they shall never make fools of themselves by enthusiasm.* We introduce men of culture, not to the Bishop of London, but to M. Comte and his two distinguished disciples, Mr. Mill and Mr. Bain. Those gentlemen will make you quite easy about the other world. Starting from a few senses, nerves, instincts, and optical delusions, they show with amazing success how the

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whole fabric of human error has been reared. A Supreme Maker, did you say? Well, the existence of a Supreme Maker is still an open question, though, rather more than a century ago, our brilliant John the Baptist, M. de Voltaire, had the honour to inform his patrons, the ladies and gentlemen of France, that he had condescended to settle the point in favour of the creeds. A Soul? That's an old idea; we can do without a soul; what you mean by a soul is only a bundle of sensations, perceptions, and reflections, tied together by a string which is cut by death. Immortality? That, too, is doubtful. There is no proof that men live after they have lost the power of dining, and there is good reason to believe that the notion of a life beyond the grave springs from the absurd sentiment which prompts us to leave a big estate, in order that, two or three hundred years after we are dead, some Marquis of Clanricarde or Duke of Hamilton may be placed above the need of humble but honest work.'

Perhaps no single Sadducee would subscribe that creed; nevertheless that is what Sadduceeism will be found to mean, if the hints that it gives, the likings that it shows, and the assumptions that it makes, are brought into one system and carried to their logical issue. And we must all confess that the creed is very clever and marvellously lucid. But those who are borne along by the other sceptical current—that of Mysticism—hold the very merits even of fashionable Positivism to be so many defects; and thus we have as keen an onset between the two great schools of scepticism as we have between the united forces of those schools on the one hand, and the forces of dogmatism on the other. The Spiritual thinkers say that the scientific philosophy is too clear to be true. They will not believe man to be a bit of cunningly devised mechanism which, wound up at meal times, goes on smoothly until hunger hints that the weights have run down, or until disease intimates that there is a screw loose somewhere. They detest the idea that the soul is held together by the cook; that if there are no dinners there can be no life; and that immortality is possible only with an infinite number of courses and somebody to eat them. Like the Positivists, it is true, they may have no clear notions about a Deity, and may decline to discuss such 'unspeakable' questions as his Personality. Like the Positivists, they may build an altar to the 'Unknown God,' and put on it the same sublime but sad inscription. But then they and the Positivists part company. They say that man is above all things, a worshipping being; that adoration is the highest exercise to which he can rise; that the impulses are heaven-born which prompt him to bend the knee in prayer, and go to the stake rather than deny a God whom he has never seen. They put away with scorn the idea that those profound feelings which lead him to build altars, to offer up sacrifice, to spend his days in cloisters, to go to the ends of the earth as an evangelist, to embrace death itself rather than religious error, point to no world beyond the grave, but spring from a superstitious fear of the unknown future. They denounce the doctrine that patriarchs, prophets, evangelists all laboured under a childish delusion when they spoke of an Almighty Father, and of the rest prepared for the people of God. No, however fully, however imperfectly, those men delivered a heavenly message. Those men, and not the mere builders of philosophical systems, have been the stars of our firmament. It is from Moses, and Zoroaster, and Jesus, not from Aristotle and Bacon, that the divinest light has come.

'Excuse me for stopping your pretty harangue,' answers Posi-

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tivism; 'but pray put aside clap-trap for a few minutes; we can get plenty of clap-trap on Sunday; so please to tell us in plain English what you mean. Let us discuss the religious intuitions and doctrines of which you speak, just as we would discuss a question in science. You say that you feel, you know, you are convinced, that man is more than a bit of mechanism; that he is divine; that he is immortal; that he comes from what you call God and goes to what you call God; that he is—but we need go no further, since the list is already long enough to set us quarrelling for a life-time. Now, please to state in exact terms what those spiritual intuitions really are; put what you deem their argumentative value into the form of distinct propositions, so that we may each know what issue is raised; then let us see what are the teachings of religion as told by history; and, finally, let us ascertain the logical result. Do you mean to tell *us*, who read human beliefs by the full blaze of science, and laugh at the superstitions which have swayed each successive age, that because men believe in a God, and believe that they have an immortal soul, *therefore* a God and an immortal soul are realities? Mind, we don't say they are not; what we seek is proof—logical proof. But do you think that mere belief is logical proof? For our part, we do not. We deem it more philosophical, more respectful to truth itself, to put no faith whatever in positive religious teaching, and to make our worship consist solely of good acts; done, not to please an omnipotent Being of whom we know nothing, not to merit a heaven or to escape a hell of which we have no certain tidings; but simply to render our fellow creatures happy.'

'No idea,' rejoins the believer in a spiritual philosophy, 'could be more shallow. Your logic is utterly futile: I refuse to put my trust in your puny deductive and inductive machinery. Your pretty system of inference breaks down when it goes beyond a certain narrow range of things that you can grasp, see, count up, and put into your pocket. Why, your logicians can't agree about a simple political problem, such as the question on what my right to the ownership of this walking-stick is based; whether that right has its root in the nature of things, as the logical M. Thiers maintains; or, whether it is purely the creature of law, as the logical Mr. Bentham contends. You can't agree about the conclusion, for the simple reason that you do not and cannot agree about the premises. In spite of yourselves, you all take for granted something that ought to be proved; something that education or temperament has taught you to regard as indisputable. Unconsciously you assume this or that; then you build up a brave induction; or apply a beautifully precise syllogism, and your results differ from each other, just as much as the colour of your hair or the shade of your complexion! If you would give me some guide to a man's religious, political, or philosophical opinions, don't tell me he is a capital reasoner: tell me who were his father and mother, whether he has had the measles, what is the girth of his chest, whether his digestion is good, whether he stoops or carries his head erect, whether he is modest or self-conceited, whether he is married or single, whether he is fonder of claret than of milk-punch, whether he thinks Plato or Aristotle the bigger man. If logical inference thus errs in dealing with every-day matters, how can we take her as a guide when we come to that mystery of mysteries—a Supreme Maker, a living principle independent of matter, a life of which death is but the birth? Were we to do that, we should, according to our friends the Positivists, have to call the best men who ever appeared on

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this earth mistaken if well-meaning fanatics, and to smile at the beliefs which have cheered the grandest and devoutest of our race in the midst of sorrow and of death. Nay, we should have to say that the half of our nature is a lie. We should have to say that we had been dowered with religious instincts which point to ends that have no existence; which delude us with promises that shall never be fulfilled; which speak of an Almighty Father who reigns over all things, while in reality there reigns over all things only an Almighty Force; which whisper that after death there comes everlasting life, while in reality there comes but everlasting sleep. Let Positivism be true, and our existence loses half its beauty, sentiment is dead, poetry is banished by science, arithmetic takes the place of religion, and the world becomes so frightfully dull that we must all take to hard drinking to keep ourselves awake. No, Positivism will not do. It may find fault if it pleases with the form of Buddhism, Mahometanism, and Christianity. We admit that religious forms must decay, but the spirit that animates them lives for ever, and age by age is giving man clearer and clearer hints of the life which is veiled by the gross covering of material things. Some generations may doubt that great truth; for it needs more than a keen eye to see far; it needs also a clear atmosphere. And just as the bodily eye sees farther on some days than on others, so, in some ages, the intellectual eye pierces deeper than in others into the sphere of religions and philosophies. Just as a thunder storm or a mighty wind may clear the air of vapour, and give the far-off hills a new sharpness of outline, a new brilliancy of tint; so, when an age is stirred by the hurricane of revolution, the distances are seen to be peopled with shapes that were before hid from sight, and that lived but in the minds of visionaries. That is what we say to Science when, leaving her proper place, she enters into the temple of religion and contemptuously calls us dreamers. Yes, we are dreamers, and into the immortal future none but dreamers can see!'

Which of these two philosophies is right, or whether both of them are not wrong, is a question which does not come within the scope of the present discussion, and on which, therefore, I offer no opinion. My aim has been to trace, in the most rapid fashion, what I believe to be the speculative springs from which the spirit that is everywhere destroying dogma takes its rise. To trace the currents thoroughly, instead of superficially, would, however, call for a volume rather than a brief article. It would take me far beyond my limits to show even in the most hurried way how the Positive and the Mystic schools are changing the points at which revealed religion is both attacked and defended; how the weapons used by Voltaire, no less than those used by Paley, have lost their ancient power; how the shafts of the old Deists, as well as the shafts of the old Apologists, now fail to hit us; how greater stress is now laid on moral grounds, both by the critics and the upholders of Christianity; and how an *Ecce Homo*, which would at one time have been sneered at as a piece of pretty writing and loose thinking, speaks to many reflecting men with a force that the most systematic volume of 'Evidences' cannot equal. I will only add that it would be well for the clergy when they enter into the arena against infidelity, to bear more steadily in mind than most of them do, the vast change which has come over speculation since the time when the weapons in the great armoury of English polemical theology were forged. What they have now to fear is the Modern Spirit, and they can be successful only by enlisting the Modern Spirit on their side.

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NEW AMERICA IN ITS RELIGIOUS ASPECT.[1]

AN intelligent, lively, and well informed companion will give a degree of interest to a long journey through a familiar country, and over a beaten track, which we hardly thought possible at starting. The historical association, the romantic incident, the stirring adventure, the grave vein of reflection, successively suggested by the localities, banish all sense of exhaustion or *ennui*; and it is only when we have arrived with a fresh stock of facts and impressions at our destination, that we become fully conscious of the difficulties we have surmounted, or the distance we have cleared. We are not aware that we can better express our obligations to the author of *New America*, or more accurately indicate the peculiar merit of his work, than by saying that he forcibly reminded us of our *beau-ideal* of a fellow traveller.

Highly as we estimated Mr. Hepworth Dixon's mental vigour and capacity, we took up the book with rather moderate expectations. Accounts of American manners, habits, modes of thought, institutions and ways of life, had begun to grow wearisome; we were tired of speculating on the future of the United States; the various routes of the Far West had been vividly described already; and we fancied that we knew all that was worth knowing about their leading sects—especially about that odd medley of hypocrisy and earnestness, imposture and reality, sense and nonsense, called Mormonism. Yet before we had finished the first chapter we were hurried on by an attractive force which continued to the last. We saw at once that the mode of treatment was new: that the writer had little or nothing, besides the subject, in common with the vast majority of those who had favoured the Old World with their observations or lucubrations on the New; that his aims were entirely different: that, instead of eternally thrusting himself into the foreground, he was resolutely bent on elucidating truths of paramount importance to mankind.

The cultivated mind of Europe has come to sundry conclusions in religion, morals, and political economy, which are now pretty generally received as axioms no longer admitting of dispute. Are these unsound and conventional, or firmly based on reason and experience? The social and intellectual anomalies, the new phases of civilisation, the curiously exceptional conditions under which a high degree of material prosperity has been attained, the comparative impunity with which the common safeguards of law and custom have been flung off,—these are a few of the problems submitted for our solution by that aspect of New America which is here presented to us; and although the satisfactory solution may be no easy matter, it will be well for divines, moralists, philanthropists, and statesmen to take note of them.

The narrative parts of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's work not only chime in with the descriptive and reflective portions, but form a natural and almost indispensable introduction to them. Thus, his account of the hardships he underwent, and the dangers he confronted, in his expedition to Utah, strikingly illustrate the almost impossible conditions under which the settlement at Salt Lake has been recruited and kept up; although eleven years have

[1] *New America*. By William Hepworth Dixon. With Illustrations from original Photographs. Fifth Edition, Revised, in Two Volumes. London: 1867.

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elapsed since M. Remy and Mr. Brenchley made their way to the same district by enlightened energy and perseverance, and all that could be done in the interval has been done by the Federal authorities to facilitate communication with these, the most remote and least manageable of their territories. In fact, it was hearing of the daily overland mail across the Prairies and the Rocky Mountains, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that naturally made Mr. Hepworth Dixon and Mr. C. W. Dilke (his fellow-traveller) underestimate the trials in store for them. That (they reasoned) which is daily done must be safely done; and had not Speaker Colfax driven across the Plains to study the Indian question, the mining question, and the Mormon question, among live Indians, miners, and Mormons? And did he not go and return safe, although he has subsequently confessed that he was sometimes put to straights for relays and provisions, and sometimes in sore alarm for his scalp?

If they could not calculate on the same amount of retinue as this dignified official, there would be, at all events, a sufficient escort for the mail. They reckoned without their host, or, rather, without their guard; for not even this prescriptive appendage was forthcoming. The mail turned out to be neither more nor less than a prairie waggon, with a solitary driver, changed with his mules every forty or forty-five miles; and when they take their seats, they awake to the pleasing conviction that, instead of the mail guaranteeing their safe arrival, they constitute the main guarantee for the safe arrival of the mail. It was they who were to show fight against such Indians as they might encounter, to say nothing of the ruffians of all sorts who were always on the look-out for plunder on the track. The route had been recently chosen by Congress, and lay across the great buffalo runs still remaining to the Indians, who are resolved not to abandon them without a struggle. It is 1,300 miles in length, over a country the greater part of which has never been surveyed. There is no road; there are many streams and gullies, and no bridges. The small military posts, the rudest of loghouses, lie 200 miles apart; and the halting-places, ill provided at the best, are liable at any moment to be plundered or burnt down. On inquiry, the tourists found that they were literally the pioneers of progress, as only one empty waggon has preceded them, and no one knew what had become of it.

They valiantly resolve to stand the hazard of the die; and their first care is to provide themselves with arms in addition to the Colt revolvers which they had brought from England. 'The new arm of the West, called a "Smith-and-Weston," is a pretty tool: as neat a machine for throwing slugs into a man's flesh as an artist in murder could desire to see. Bowie knives, and such like, being useless to a Britisher, who may have seen but never practised the art of ripping up an adversary's side, like a Livornese or a Valentian, we buy a couple of these Smith-and-Westons, and then pay our fare of 500 dollars to Salt Lake.' Their conveyance, though covered, is without a door, with canvas blinds for windows, and very bad springs. The letter-bags exceed two tons in weight; and the puzzle is where room is found for them as well for the passengers. It is also a startling proof of the recklessness of this go-a-head people, that the loss or miscarriage of such a mass of correspondence, mostly commercial, should be risked in this fashion.

After reading stories of intolerable sufferings and insuperable obstacles, and finding them endured and overcome, we are reminded of Sancho in that celebrated adventure of his,

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when, after enduring all night the worst agonies of fear upon the supposition that he was suspended over a bottomless abyss, he found at daybreak that his feet were about six inches from the ground. Yet what Mr. Dixon and Mr. Dilke went through, on the most moderate estimate, was certainly no laughing matter. 'Want of sleep, want of food, want of exercise—for we are jolted over the unmade tracks all night, all day, stopping at the creeks for a little water, at the log-stables for a change of mules, but a few moments only—have made us ill. We obtain no proper supplies of food and drink, and we are cooped up in a waggon designed (one might think) by some infernal genius as a place of torture—a machine in which you can neither sit, nor stand, nor lie down. My friend is suffering from bilious sickness; I am tormented by eruptions on the skin: yet even with these quick monitors of evil in us, we are every day astonished by the sudden gush of life which comes with the morning light.'

After dipping their heads and rinsing their mouths in water which they dare not drink, they feel periodically up to anything; and a bracing reaction is frequently produced by the appearance or proximity of the Indians. A mounted party of Cheyennes is discerned moving along an opposite ridge. They pause, hold a hurried council, and then ride off. The curtains of the waggon had been carefully closed, and an Indian rarely ventures an attack until he has counted his opponents or calculated their strength. At the next log-hut they find that the party have been there, very insolent and menacing; have eaten up everything in the station; have compelled the boys to boil them coffee, to fetch clean water, to mend their horses' shoes, and have left the place with a notice that the mail must be stopped, the stock removed, and the shanties burnt. The travellers follow, perforce, in the track of these braves; crash through ravines in which the driver believes they lurk; and pass little mounds, under which (he tells them) the scalpless heads of white men, murdered in the recent frays, have scarcely yet grown cold. Identically the same scene has been enacted at the next station, which they leave with fingers laced on their revolvers, and keeping a keen eye upon objects, both far and near. On arriving at the third, they find the stockmen in a paroxysm of terror from a similar visit; and not without reason, for three weeks afterwards they were murdered by the Cheyennes under circumstances of appalling atrocity.

Readers who have heard of Lynch law, and of the rough ready justice of the Border States, will learn with surprise that Indian ferocity has been stimulated and emboldened by the spirit of pseudo-philanthropy which we have been wont to suppose peculiar to Exeter Hall. Dixon's friend, Jem Baker, a sturdy old trapper, who resides with his squaws and papooses on Clear Creek, near Denver, put the whole case in a few words:

'You see, colonel,' says Jem, to whom every gentleman is a colonel, 'the difference is this; if a Sioux kills a white man near Fort Ellice, you English say, "Bring him in, dead or living, here's two hundred dollars;" andwhen the Indians have brought him in, you say again, "Try him for his life; if he is guilty, hang him on the nearest tree." All is done in a day, and the Indians have his blood upon themselves. But, if a Sioux kills a white man near Fort Laramie, we Americans say, "Bring him in with care, along with all the witnesses of his crime;" and when the Indians have brought him in, we say again, "He must have a fair trial for his life; he must be committed by a justice and sent before a judge; he must have a good counsel to speak up for him, and a jury to try him who know nothing about his crime." So most times he gets off, has a present from some lady perhaps, and goes back to his nation a big chief.'

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Mr. Dixon adds that he has heard the details of cases in which Indian assassins have been sent to Washington for trial, three thousand miles away from the scenes and witnesses of their crimes, and after being acquitted on technical grounds have returned to their prairies bearing on their arms and necks gifts of philanthropic ladies, and taking rank as leaders of their tribes. On the other hand, when white men are the aggressors and death ensues, they stand a better chance (from supposed reasons of state) of being prosecuted than if they had killed an equal number of their own race. The red men consequently, till openly and avowedly on the war path, get the advantage of the first shot or volley in an affray, and knowingly calculate on the reluctance of the pale faces to begin.

The ascent to the pass over the Rocky Mountains is not inconveniently steep, but the track is intersected by creeks and water ruts, and the waggon is alternately rumbling over stones or dragging painfully through sand. 'The life is still hard at its best, intolerable at its average. Only twice in the night and day we are allowed to eat. The food is bad, the water worse, the cooking worst. Vegetables there are none; milk, tea, butter, beef, mutton are commonly wanting. If there were food, it would be sold to us; but, as a rule, there are simply none at all.' They think it a piece of good fortune and a luxury to get a meal of dried elk and buffalo flesh seasoned with a dash of powder. 'But if the life seems hard to us, who got through it in a dozen days and nights, what must it prove to the trapper, the teamster, the emigrant? Spite of its perils and privations, this mountain road is alive with trains of people going to and fro between the river and Salt Lake. Hundreds of men, thousands of oxen, mules and horses climb these desolate tracks, bearing with them in light mountain waggons the produce of eastern fields and cities, green apples, dried corn, salt beef, flour, meal as well as tea, tobacco, rice, sugar and a multitude of dry goods, from caps and shoes to coffin plates and shrouds, bearing them to the mining districts, where such things find a ready sale.' The traders are constantly watching the changes of the market, and the supply corresponds with the demand.

But, after reading this, a reflection suggests itself such as occurred to the acute mind of Captain Dalgetty when Angus M'Aulay and the English knight expatiated on the horrors of the Highland road to Inverary, in the hope of inducing him to leave his favourite horse, Gustavus, behind him in their custody: 'To cut this matter short, I beseech you, my good friends, to observe the state of Sir Duncan Campbell's palfrey, which stands in the stall before us, fat and fair;' Sir Duncan's palfrey having just made the contemplated journey over the same rugged road. If the mountain pass is alive with trains of people, they must contrive to live somehow, and the traffic would hardly be so abundant if the safe arrival of a consignment was a lucky accident. The train-men, we are told, march in bands for safety, and a train from Leavenworth to Salt Lake resembles in many ways the great caravan of commerce on a Syrian road. But the *spectre rouge* is omnipresent. 'In every train, among the callous teamsters, among the raw emigrants, among the passing strangers, among the resident stockmen, there is one topic of conversation night and day,—the Indians. Every red man moves in this region with the scalping-knife in his hand. Spottiswood, one of the smart agents of the Overland mail, told me that he saw a white man taken by the Sioux from his waggon, and

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burnt to death on a pile of bacon. The antelope-hunter of Virginia Dale was killed only a few weeks ago. Between Elk Mountain and Sulphur Spring a train was stopped by Cheyennes, and eighteen men, women, and children, were massacred and mutilated. Two young girls were carried off, and, after being much abused by the Indians, were sent into Fort Laramie, and exchanged for sacks of flour from the quarter-master's store.'

Not three months since a train with sixty men were attacked in camp by a party of Cheyennes and only four escaped to tell the tale.[1] This catastrophe has effectually roused the attention of the Federal authorities; and we find General Grant writing to Mr. Stanton: 'If the present practice is to be continued, I do not see any course left open to us but to withdraw our troops to the settlements, and call upon Congress to provide means and troops to carry on formidable hostilities against the Indians, until the Indians or the whites of the great plains, and between the settlements on the Missouri and Pacific slopes, are exterminated.'

If we are at a loss to imagine how such hosts of traders and emigrants, including hundreds of fresh and plump wives for Brigham Young and his suffragans, contrive to clear the first thousand miles of the journey, it is no less a puzzle to us how, in their exhausted state, they confront and survive the passage of Bitter Creek, a worse than Arabian desert one hundred and thirty-five miles in width. Nature and man have done their worst to complicate the horrors of this pass; and, according to Mr. Dixon, no feature is wanting to complete the picture of its repulsiveness. 'It is a region of sand and stones, without a tree, without a shrub, without a spring of fresh water. Bones of elk and antelope, of horse and bullock, strew the ground. Here and there, more thickly than elsewhere, you come upon a human grave; each of which has a story known to the mountaineers. This stone is the memorial of five stockmen who were murdered by the Sioux. Yon pole marks the resting-place of a young emigrant girl, who died on her way to the Promised Land. That tree is the gallows of a wretch, who was hung by his companions in a drunken brawl. The whole track is marked by skeletons and tragedies; and visible nature is in sternest harmony with the work of man.'

The soil being heavy, and the road bad, a train takes from a week to ten or twelve days to cross this slough of despond or valley of death; during which the emigrants are alternately exposed to be robbed, murdered, starved, poisoned, frost-bitten, or blown away. A curious story is told of a train captain who fell asleep on his pony whilst on the look-out, and awoke to find both legs frozen to the knee; and our travellers had personal experience of the kind of storm which compels the teamster to unyoke his oxen, or unharness his mules, and shelter them behind the waggons till it has spent its fury; when they not unfrequently dash away maddened by pain and fright, and lead him a wild race in pursuit. When the confusion is at its height, the train falls an easy prey to the 'road-agents,' ruffians of the deepest dye who have given up honest employment in the mines or fields for a life of plunder. They are described as roaming about in bands of three, five, ten, twenty, or more, and they are even more dreaded than the red man. Not long before Mr. Dixon's expedition, a band of road-agents, in connivance with the driver, stopped and robbed the mail, after

[1] *Times*, March 30, 1867.

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killing the whole of the passengers, four merchants or traders in gold dust. The chief perpetrators escaped. The driver foolishly ventured into Denver, within the jurisdiction of the redoubted sheriff and thief-taker, Bob Wilson, hired a brothel, bought fine clothes, and treated nearly every ruffian in the town to drink. The result was that one fine morning, soon after his arrival, his body was seen dangling from a buggy pole in Main Street.

Our travellers get unscathed across Bitter Creek, 'rattle, in the fading light, through Muddy Creek, and roll, in the early darkness, past Quaking Asp,' pass a Mormon camp of a hundred waggons on the outward passage showing no signs of distress, and one hour later drop into Bear River Station, kept by acting-bishop Myers, who has only two wives, one of whom—'a lady, simple, elegant, and bewitching'—now residing with him at the Station, 'hastily and daintily' proceeds to cook their food. A Mormon bishop, we need hardly say, has little more than an etymological affinity to a bishop of the Roman or Anglican Church; he bears about the same relation to Dr. Wilberforce that a Cumberland 'statesman' bears to Mr. Gladstone; but the circumstances under which Mr. Dixon made the acquaintance of Bishop Myers, may account for, if not altogether justify, the somewhat invidious comparison which he institutes:

> Tired and hungry as we are, this Myers appears to us the very model of a working bishop for a working world. At Oxford he would count for little, in the House of Lords for nothing. His words are not choice, his intonation is not good and musical; he hardly (I will not answer for it) knows a Greek particle by sight; but he seems to know very well how a good man should receive the hungry and weary who are cast down at his door on a frosty night. After poking up the stove, heaping wood upon the fire, chopping up a side of mutton (it is the first fresh meat we have seen for days), he runs out of doors to haul water from the well, and puts straw into our coach that our feet may be kept warm in the coming frost. From him we get genuine tea, good bread, even butter; not sage-tea, hot dough, and a pinch of salt. The chops are delicious; and the bishop's elegant wife and her ladylike friend, by the grace and courtesy with which they serve the table, turn a common mountain meal into a banquet. We leave Bear River with respect for one phase of the working episcopacy founded by Brigham Young.

They make another short halt at the house of Bishop Hardy, a dignitary with eight wives, three of whom reside with him, and at length, on turning a projecting ledge of the mountain, the full expanse of the Salt Lake Basin opens on them. 'The scene now in front of us, from whatever point of view it may be taken, is one of the half-dozen pure and perfect landscapes which the earth can show. No wonder that the poor emigrant from a Liverpool cellar, from a Blackwall slum, exalted, as his vision must be, with religious fervour, and by sharp privation, looks down upon it as a terrestrial Paradise.'

The lake must have been to the travellers what the sea was to the Greeks under Xenophon, the goal of their hopes and wishes, the termination of their sufferings and their fears. They saw it as through a Claude Lorraine glass; and yet even in America, rife with such marvels, the first sight of New Jerusalem may justify any amount of enthusiastic admiration and surprise. There it stands, the creation of sixteen or seventeen years, on a barren soil, on the borders of an inland sea without fish or waterfowl, with large streets, fine buildings, comfortable houses in pretty gardens, a well supplied market, the ground-plan of a temple that is to surpass St. Peter's, banks, stores, offices, hotels, a court-house, a town-hall, and a theatre. A well regulated police keeps order; and at fifteen minutes' warning, three

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thousand rifles, each backed by a revolver, may be assembled for defence; a force which might be rapidly swelled into as large an army as left England for the Crimea in 1854. No beggar is seen in the streets, rarely a drunken man; no one seems poor, and the people are quiet, civil, and especially kind to strangers. Indeed the growth of the community is mainly due to the encouragement held out to settlers, and the proselytising spirit they have set going in most quarters of the world. How such wonders have been worked may be partly collected from an address which Mr. Dixon heard Brigham Young deliver to a newly arrived company of emigrants:

'Brothers and sisters in the Lord Jesus Christ,' he said, in substance, 'you have been chosen from the world by God, and sent through His grace into this valley of the mountains, to help in building up His kingdom. You are faint and weary from your march. Rest, then, for a day, for a second day, should you need it; then rise up, and see how you will live. Don't bother yourselves much about your religious duties; you have been chosen for this work, and God will take care of you in it. Be of good cheer. Look about this valley into which you have been called. Your first duty is to learn how to grow a cabbage, and along with this cabbage an onion, a tomato, a sweet potato; then how to feed a pig, to build a house, to plant a garden, to rear cattle, and to bake bread; in one word, your first duty is to live. The next duty—for those who, being Danes, French, and Swiss, cannot speak it now—is to learn English: the language of God, the language of the Book of Mormon, the language of these Latter Days. These things you must do first; the rest will be added to you in proper seasons. God bless you; and the peace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.'

It is this combination of worldly prudence and sagacity with enthusiasm, that has done the work of Aladdin's lamp for the Mormons. 'Hence they thrive where no other men could live. Those engineers who reported that a hundred settlers could never find sustenance in these valleys, were not so much in the wrong as many people, wise after Young's success, suppose. Even Bridger, the old Wasatch trapper, when he offered to give a thousand dollars for every ear of corn to be raised in this valley, was not such a fool as his words may now seem to make him. Those critics only spoke of what might have been expected from ordinary men, impelled by ordinary motives; and nothing on earth is surer than that ordinary men would have perished in these regions. The soil is so dry, so barren, that with all his passion for work, a Mormon can only cultivate four acres of land, while a Gentile on the Missouri and the Kansas rivers can easily cultivate forty acres. Take away the Mormon impetus, and in two years this city of Salt Lake would come to depend, as Denver does, on Indiana and Ohio for its supplies of food.'

Who, then, is the next question, are these untiring tillers of the earth and new expositors of the Bible? 'Thirty-six years ago,' continues Mr. Dixon, 'there were six Mormons in America; none in England, none in the rest of Europe; and to-day (1866) they have twenty thousand Saints in Salt Lake city; four thousand each in Ogden, Provo, and Logan; in the whole of their stations in these valleys (one hundred and six settlements, properly organised by them, and ruled by bishops and elders), a hundred and fifty thousand souls; in other parts of the United States, about eight or ten thousand; in England and its dependencies, about fifteen thousand; in the rest of Europe, ten thousand; in Asia and the South Sea Islands, about twenty thousand; in all not less, perhaps, than two hundred thousand followers of the gospel preached by Joseph Smith. All these converts have been gathered into this temple in thirty years.'

The mere numbers are of no great account. Many sects, with

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no better creed for a starting point, have multiplied as fast or faster; but we know of none that has attained to so high a pitch of material prosperity and social organisation by the assiduous cultivation of the arts and virtues of peace, by discipline, by obedience, by zeal, by industry put in action and sustained by faith. They have done more than found a religion: they have created a State complete in civil and political proportions, with a capital, an army, a priesthood, a social science, a sacred literature, a morality, a government of their own. 'Look around you,' said Young to Mr. Dixon, 'if you want to know what kind of people we are. Nineteen years ago this valley was a desert, growing nothing but the wild sage and the dwarf sunflower; we who came into it brought nothing with us but a few oxen and waggons, and a bag of seeds and roots; the people who came after us, many of them weavers and artisans, brought nothing, not a cent, not even skill and usage of the soil; and when you look from this balcony you can see what we have made of it.'

In answer to a similar question on another occasion, 'How have these settlers in the wilderness done the things we see?' he pithily replied, 'Simply by the power of work and faith: by doing what they profess, by believing what they say.' The hold this man has obtained over them is equally unaccountable on any ordinary theory of conduct or thought; for his highest quality is his practical good sense; he is by no means free from the common weaknesses of humanity; he is not a hypocrite; and they must have taken him for what he is, however they may have magnified or transfigured when they had taken him. His power, resting solely on opinion, is a pure despotism, and is habitually exerted in a manner to put the allegiance of his disciples to the severest of imaginable tests.

One of the most animated passages in the *Lady of the Lake* is the speeding of the fiery cross through the clan. The first messenger brings it to a family about to bury its head:

All stand aghast; unheeding all
The henchman burst into the hall,
Before the dead man's bier he stood,
Held forth the cross besmear'd with blood:
'The muster-place is Lanrick mead,
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!'

The chief mourner, the son and heir, snatches up the cross and carries it on till he encounters a bridal party—

Who meets them at the churchyard gate?
The messenger of fear and hate.
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word.

The bridegroom has no alternative but to obey:

Oh fatal doom! it must, it must!
Clan Alpine's cause, her chieftain's trust;
The summons dread brooks no delay—
Stretch to the race—away! away!

This is the precise parallel of what may be frequently witnessed at Salt Lake. A missionary is needed for England, for Germany, for Russia, or for one of the uttermost regions of the earth; and Brigham Young steps up without notice to any Mormon he thinks fit, and tells him to set forth. It may be a man bound to the spot by the most endearing ties, or one whose whole earthly fortunes depend on his personal superintendence. He may be young or old, weak or strong, educated or uneducated, with or without the power of making himself understood or providing for his bare sustenance in the land indicated. 'The summons dread brooks no delay:' he must start at once. He invariably does start; and within a wonderfully short period will frequently be found at the appointed station, working for his daily bread in the midst of a congregation created by his zeal.

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'I am one of those men,' remarked the most cultivated of the Elders, Stenhouse, 'who think that Brother Brigham ought to do everything: he has made this church, and he ought to have his way in everything. A man had better go to hell at once if he cannot meet Brigham's eye.' But did he make this church? If so, how did he make it? If not, how was it made? A rapid sketch of its growth has been dashed off by Mr. Dixon, but as he has given his readers credit for more knowledge than the mass of them can boast, we propose to recapitulate (with the aid of M. Remy) the most prominent details of a history which has not yet commanded a tithe of the attention and reflection it richly merits and will amply reward.

If the tree is known by its fruits, what sort of tree is this that thrives and bears so much good fruit, after having been repeatedly stripped of its leaves and branches, torn up by the roots, and hastily transplanted to an arid waste? Rail as we may at imposture, ignorance and fanaticism, there stand order, peace, comfort, content, brotherly love, purity, charity, alongside of them; and the presence of so many Christian virtues and good results, in such a place and such company, is the problem to be solved. 'Has Convocation,' asks Mr. Dixon, 'ever given up a day to the Book of Mormon? Has a bishop ever visited the Saints in Commercial Road?' Probably not; yet if the dignitaries who are so fond of baiting the Bishop of Natal and the authors of *Essays and Reviews* really want to get at the truth or right meaning of inspiration and revelation, they must investigate what is popularly deemed false as well as what is conventionally deemed true—mark well the signs common to all religions that gain ground, true or false,—and so learn to avoid propping up their cause, however sound and orthodox, by arguments that cut both ways.

The episcopal mind is apt to run in a narrow groove. The late Bishop of London (Blomfield) was conversing at Haylesbury College with Rammohun Roy, who stoutly maintained the purity of the Hindoo faith as understood and accepted by the initiated. But, objected the Bishop, 'how can you reconcile this alleged purity with the degrading superstitions and immoral observances that have been grafted on it?' 'My lord,' rejoined the Hindoo, 'the corruptions of the Papacy'—but he was hardly allowed to finish the sentence, for the Bishop felt with a start that he had been heedlessly laying down a test which would prove fatal to Christianity; of which, indeed, Mormonism itself is an expansion or amplification.

The author of *Ecce Homo* fell into an equally grave error with his unlucky comparison of Christ and Socrates, in which, throwing over the internal evidence of the Gospels and even making light of their sublime morality, he relies on the personal assumption of authority by Christ as the infallible sign and distinctive attribute of inspiration:

> As with Socrates argument is everything and personal authority nothing, so with Christ personal authority is all in all and argument altogether unemployed. As Socrates is never tired of depreciating himself and dissembling his own superiority to those with whom he converses, so Christ perpetually and consistently exalts himself. . . . . What real student of Socrates concerns himself with his martyrdom? Had he died in his bed, he would still have been the creator of science. On the other hand, if we isolate Christ's teaching from his life, we may come to the conclusion that it contains little which could not be found elsewhere, and found accompanied with reasoning and explanation. . . . Both Socrates and Christ uttered remarkable thoughts and lived remarkable lives. But Socrates holds his place in history by his thoughts and

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not by his life, Christ by his life and not by his thoughts.[1]

The life of Socrates was irreproachable, and his death, which he courted by his constancy to truth and virtue, is a model of heroic self-sacrifice. But let us take another example by way of trying what weight is to be attached to personal qualities, life, or example, in determining the divine origin of a creed.

> With the exception of Christ [says M. Barthélémy Saint-Hilaire], there is not amongst the founders of religions a figure more pure and touching than that of Buddha. His life is without spot. His persistent heroism equals his conviction; and if the theory he preaches is false, the personal example he sets is irreproachable. He is the finished model of all the virtue he enjoins: his self-denial, his charity, his unconquerable gentleness, are never for a single instant at fault. At the age of twenty-nine he leaves the court of the king his father to become a friar as it were, and a mendicant. He silently prepares his doctrine for the space of six years in retirement and meditation; he propagates it *by the sole power of his speech and persuasiveness* for more than half a century; and when he dies in the arms of his disciples, it is with the serenity of a sage who has done good throughout his life, *and who is confident he has discovered the truth.*[2]

Buddhism is many ages older than Christianity, contains the germs of the leading articles of our creed, and counts more followers than any existing religion whatever.

In discussing Spiritualism, we took occasion to comment on the mistaken advocacy of Middleton, Farmer, and Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, 'those champions of the miraculous (as Mr. Howitt calls them) who, under the plea of defending the ancient faith, did more to destroy the faith in miracles altogether, than the whole one-eyed tribes of infidels who ever wrote.' It will be remembered that they all three contest the existence of the miraculous powers to which the primitive Fathers (Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, &c.) and others, subsequent to the Apostles, bear testimony or lay claim, by a style of reasoning which is equally effective against every manifestation of the supernatural; whilst Paley, whose *Evidences* are still a class-book, places his grand reliance on two propositions to this effect: that the early Christians proved the reality of their belief by their readiness to undergo labours, dangers, and sufferings in attestation of what they had seen or heard, and that history supplies no satisfactory parallel to their conduct in this respect.

We should have thought that the most cursory glance at either sacred or profane history would have satisfied him that voluntary mortification, self-inflicted torture, and cheerfully endured martyrdom, are not limited to a creed, a race, an age, a country, or a clime. At all events, we invite his disciples (and he still has many) to accompany us in a brief retrospect of the labours, dangers, and sufferings of the Mormons, and then say what sort of moral or conclusion is to be deduced touching the mission of their prophets, Messrs. Joseph Smith and Brigham Young. We also invite the author of *Ecce Homo* to declare, after a similar retrospect, whether the Mormons are to be estimated by their lives or their tenets.

Joseph Smith was born in December 1805 in the State of Vermont. His father, a farmer and schoolmaster, was not in circumstances to give him more than a very limited amount of education, and his early youth was passed in idleness and dissipation. He had his first visitation in his eighteenth year (the night of September 21, 1823), when a personage clad in a flowing robe of spotless white appeared to him, and told him of a book written on

[1] *Ecce Homo.* Fifth edition, pp. 94–96.

[2] *Le Bouddha et sa Religion.* 1860.

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gold plates containing the completion of the Bible, and also of diamonds set in glass to be used, like spectacles, for the interpretation or translation of the book. The next morning he repaired to the spot where he was told to look—the side of the hill of Cumorah, found the book and glasses deposited in a stone box, and was about to take them out, when the heavenly messenger intervened and told him that the time had not arrived, and that he had four years to wait. Joseph obeyed, and met the angel annually at the same spot till the 22nd September 1827, when the plates, 'the Urim and Thummim,' and the glasses were delivered to him. After two years passed in interpreting the characters, he was commanded by a revelation to exhibit the material proofs of his mission to three witnesses, which he did: that is, he retired with them into a wood and persuaded them that they had seen the plates, &c. in a vision. Eight other witnesses were similarly convinced, and there is no reason for supposing that they lied; for the annals of spiritualism abound in proofs of this sort of self-deception. Both men and women, with minds prepared and predisposed for the purpose, see and hear everything which they are told to see and hear.

Henceforward the work proceeds rapidly, and on the 6th April 1830, the 'Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints' was formally organised at La Fayette. The Book of Mormon was published about the same time, and a very curious production it is. It is based on the supposition that, long before the Christian era, Columbus had been anticipated by the Jews, and it professes to give the history of ancient America from the establishment of a Hebrew colony, which came from the tower of Babel and was followed by another in the eleventh year of the reign of Zedekiah. Their descendants became divided into two nations, which quarrelled and fought unceasingly till one of them, the Nephites, was exterminated, with the exception of a very small number, including Mormon and his son Moroni, who, after completing the golden tablets, deposited them by the order of God in the spot where they were unveiled to the prophet. The Nephites were visited by Christ immediately after his ascension, and were favoured with some special revelations, some of which are recorded in the Book of Mormon, but the greater portion, still sealed up, are reserved for the future edification of the Saints. Joseph Smith, like Mahomet, was too wary to bind himself down by an unalterable code, and was always ready with a new message or vision adapted to the emergency.

'In the new period we are about to enter,' remarks M. Remy after stating the organisation of 1830, 'we shall meet at every step with revelations, and even miracles, with all that supernatural apparatus which accompanies and consecrates the birth of all religions; and what is perhaps more striking, with that which, more than miracles themselves, contributes to confirm and to propagate them, persecution and martyrdom. In this spectacle of a new religion, developed in the midst of the nineteenth century, in the bosom of a great and powerful society, there will not be a single feature lacking of those which history proves did accompany, or gives us reason to suppose must have accompanied, the outset of all the religions in the world.'[1]

The first miracle was worked on

[1] *A Journey to Great Salt-Lake City*, &c. &c. By Jules Remy, vol. i. p. 271. The works on the Mormons are too numerous to cite. One of the most remarkable is Captain Burton's *City of the Saints*.

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the person of one Newel Knight, a man possessed with a devil; which Joseph cast out in the presence of several independent witnesses, who forthwith became believers. After the first conference in June 1830, the new church went on increasing daily, and dealt with confidence justified by success in the supernatural. The halt recovered the use of their limbs; the blind their sight; the deaf their hearing; the dropsical became sound; and all kinds of ailments were healed by a prayer, a vision, or a touch. When we say these things took place, we of course only mean to say that they were certified to take place by numerous persons speaking in apparent good faith; and if we apply to their evidence the crucial test of Hume, we may, haply, be required to apply it to an analogous mass of evidence which it would be dangerous to impeach. Nor is it quite safe to urge the ignorance or low degree of the pristine Mormonites, when we find an exact parallel in the pages of the learned and enlightened historian of Christianity, who, after stating that for some days after the crucifixion the new religion was supposed to have died with the divine founder, remarks:—'His ostensible leading adherents were men of the humblest origin, and, as yet, of no distinguished ability — men from whom little danger could be apprehended, and who might safely be treated with contemptuous neglect. No attempt appears to have been made to secure a single person, or to prevent their peaceful retreat to their native Galilee.'[1]

The persecution to which the Mormons were exposed strikingly illustrates the impossibility of obtaining justice or enforcing law in a country where the popular will reigns supreme. The inhabitants of Missouri having resolved to expel the obnoxious sect from the State, proceeded to execute the decree by force. They broke up their printing-presses, scattered their stores, and beat their leaders. Matters soon came to such an extremity, that they had no alternative but to give way and enter into a stipulation to leave the State. Even this did not save them from outrage. 'In the nights of the 5th and 6th November 1833,' says M. Remy, 'women and children were to be seen flying in all directions, to avoid the merciless mob. Some wandered in the prairies for several days; others escaped to the borders of the Missouri. During these days of terror, the violators of the law might be seen pursuing the Mormons, and tracking them as one tracks game; firing on them as on wild beasts; scourging them with whips; and inflicting upon them every kind of suffering and indignity.' Driven across the Missouri, they found a temporary refuge in Clay county, and on the renewal of the attempt to break up their association, Smith levied a small army, and showed fight. After some skirmishing, followed by negociation, he and several of his apostles were thrown into prison, where they were subjected to the most infamous treatment. He eventually took advantage of the drunkenness of his keepers, and got away. In October 1838, a massacre took place, followed by pillage. Hundreds of Mormons were killed; many of their women were violated; and all their property was confiscated or destroyed.

Still they held out, with an heroic constancy seldom exceeded in the annals of martyrdom; and whenever they could find a resting-place, new converts flocked to them. The government was shamed into affording them a qualified protection, and they fixed their head-

[1] Milman's *History of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 368.

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quarters at Commerce, which, under its new name of Nauvoo, rose rapidly into importance and prosperity. On the 19th January, 1841, Joseph received a long revelation, directing him to erect a magnificent temple, an hotel, and a dwelling-house for the prophet and his posterity. In the course of the same year, he organised a legion of 1,400 armed men, which he subsequently reviewed with great ceremony, accompanied by twelve ladies, with Emma his wife at their head. So exalted did he feel at one period, that he conceived the project of becoming candidate for the Presidency of the United States and actually issued an address in 1844. This brought on a crisis. Sleeping enmities and fears were aroused and concentrated. Charges were brought against him of various violations of the law; he was thrown into prison at Carthage, and left (intentionally it was suspected) under the guard of a few militiamen.

The jail was attacked by several hundred armed men, who easily forced their way to the room in which Joseph and his brother Hyrum were confined. He had been secretly furnished with a revolver, with which he turned to bay, but after it had missed fire three times, he tried to escape through the window, and, struck by two balls as he was getting out, he fell to the ground, a height of twenty feet, in the midst of his enemies, exclaiming, 'Oh Lord, my God.' One of them dragged his body along, and propped it up against the wall of a well, when four men were ordered by the commander of the party to fire. They obeyed: he fell dead; and the man who had dragged the body to the wall was about to cut off his head with a cutlass, when (the Mormons assert) a sudden flash of lightning stayed his arm, and the assassins panicstruck fled in disorder.

Three months were permitted to elapse before the appointment of a successor. The choice of the Council of Twelve at length fell on Brigham Young, a man endowed with powers and qualities rarely found in combination,—highwrought enthusiasm and boundless self-confidence, along with first-rate administrative abilities and sagacity. The tragic death or martyrdom of Smith had strengthened the Mormon cause instead of weakening it; but they found it impossible to make head against their ill-wishers, and on learning (Sept. 1845) that their expulsion was to be effected at any cost, risk or sacrifice, Young agreed in their name to abandon Illinois in the spring. Any remaining reluctance was overcome by the renewal of insults and annoyances, and early in February 1846, preceded by some hardy young men as pioneers, the twelve apostles and the great council of priests, followed by 1,600 emigrants of all ages and both sexes, crossed the Mississippi on the ice. A large body remained to complete the temple, in obedience to the divine command communicated through Joseph when they settled at Nauvoo; and the sacred edifice was entirely finished by the end of April 1846, having cost more than a million dollars. It was consecrated with great pomp on the 1st and 2nd of May 1846, and the very next day they withdrew all the sacred articles which adorned it, and crossed the Mississippi to rejoin their brethren.

Paley lays great stress on 'submitting to new rules of conduct' as a criterion of belief. What would he say to this band of Latter-Day Saints abiding from a consciousness of duty in the midst of their enemies, from so pure and self-sacrificing a motive? Or what interpretation are we to put upon the Exodus to which they and their brethren cheerfully submitted for conscience' sake, with a barren waste in the Far West for their land of promise,

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instead of a land flowing with milk and honey? We need not dwell upon their sufferings and privations, which may be inferred from the nature of the country they had to traverse. They had no cloud to guide them by day, nor pillar of fire by night; they were not fed with quails or manna, but they boast of a divine interposition in the shape of a prodigious flight of snow-white gulls, that rid them of a plague of locusts and saved their first harvest of 1848. The rapidity with which their capital arose, and the surrounding country assumed the smiling air of prosperity which excites the wonder of the traveller, is a familiar and indisputable fact. It is one, moreover, which might go far towards sanctioning their pretensions to divine favour, if we did not know what highwrought enthusiasm can effect.

Hitherto they have certainly set at defiance all calculations of chances; they have risen superior to the severest trials of humanity; they have passed unscathed through the fiery furnace of persecution; and they have even contravened with impunity a social law which divines, moralists, and economists have long agreed to respect as the very keystone of the numerous ties and obligations associated with the word, family. We allude of course to their adoption of polygamy, on a scale which is unparalleled in any civilised people, ancient or modern; for with them the practice is not confined to a privileged class, nor restricted by the circumstances of the parties. A Mormon is not obliged to keep a hareem or an establishment for his wives, nor even to live with them or provide for their support. The tie binds him to nothing so far as we can learn; and there is a story of Brigham Young being about to refuse the request of a female petitioner on the ground that she was personally unknown to him, when he was suddenly reminded that she was his wife.

This worthy, like Mahomet, is peculiarly qualified for the chief of a polygamous community. Joseph Smith said of him, by way of recommendation for the future presidency, that 'he could eat more eggs, and beget more children, than any man in the State of Illinois.' In 1855, when M. Remy made his acquaintance, he was cohabiting with seventeen wives, and was reported to have had nine children born to him in one week. Mr. Dixon gives him twelve wives, and computes his known or reputed children at forty-eight. But he has gone through the marriage ceremony, which they call *sealing*, with an untold number; and spiritual wives are a recognised *status* as well as wives in the flesh. A woman may also be *sealed* to one man for time (i. e. for this life), and to another for eternity; in which case the rights and duties occasionally conflict. Yet although all this makes up a system which sounds very like promiscuous intercourse, all travellers insist that the relations of the sexes are very far from standing on a loose or immodest footing at Salt Lake. Cases of infidelity are unknown or rare; which may be partially owing to the abundant supply of women which is constantly pouring in from the old world, despite of the difficulties of the route.

There may be sound policy for the present in the premium on marriage, in the scale of merit graduated by wives. No apostle has less than three; and as for the marriages of the three members of the first Presidency, they are so numerous that no official account is kept of them. Captain Hooper, the representative of Utah in Congress, has never been able to rise high in the church on account of his repugnance to taking another wife. It should be added, however, that there is a schism on this subject, a numerous section

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objecting to polygamy; and so soon as the Mormons can be brought under the control of the Federal Government, the practice must be abandoned or their troubles will recommence.

Mr. Dixon's general conclusion is that the women do not like it, although they put a good face on the matter, and that their position and influence are unduly lowered. 'Women,' said Young to him, 'will be more easily saved than men. They have not sense enough to go far wrong. Men have more knowledge and more power; therefore they go more quickly and more certainly to hell.'[1] 'The Mormon creed,' he adds, 'appears to be that woman is not worth damnation. In the Mormon heaven, men, on account of their sins, may stop short in the stage of angels; but women, whatever their offences, are all to become the wives of gods.'

Amongst the temptations held out to M. Remy and his friend to join the polygamic church, he mentions that a ball was given to them at which every gentleman danced with two ladies at once, by way of training for bigamy or polygamy.

The Mormons are far from being the only church, sect, or community that offers a most suggestive object of inquiry in New America. There are others equally dissimilar from anything on this side of the Atlantic. None of the chief religions which have spread over the most populous regions of the earth undertook to provide for the mundane well-being of their disciples, or did in point of fact provide for it, until they had worked or fought their way to dominion or sovereignty; until they had gained kingdoms by converting monarchs or dethroning them. The pristine Christians, poor, scattered and depressed, never once hit upon any kind of co-operative association which should combine productive community of labour with community of creed. The monastic orders at a later period sometimes eked out their resources by barter or the mechanical arts; but if they had been left dependent on their earnings or profits, they would have starved. Bearing this in mind, let us accompany Mr. Dixon to the village of Mount Lebanon, the chief home and centre of the 'United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing,' mockingly and conveniently called Shakers.

Needing a little rose-water, he was told to apply at any of the stores where they sell Shaker scents. Inquiring about the best place for procuring American shrubs and flowers, he was recommended to ride over to Mount Lebanon, as no one in either New York or Massachusetts can match the Shakers in producing seeds and plants. He repairs to Mount Lebanon, is domiciled for some days at North House with a numerous establishment of both sexes, living together in strict celibacy, and finds all he had heard of their industry, order, piety, good management, and prosperity, confirmed to the letter.

> No Dutch town has a neater aspect, no Moravian hamlet a softer hush. The streets are quiet; for here you have no grog-shop, no beer-house, no lock-up, no pound; of the dozen edifices rising about you—work-rooms, barns, tabernacle, stables, kitchens, schools, and dormitories—not one is either foul or noisy; and every building, whatever may be its use, has something of the air of a chapel. The paint is all fresh; the planks are all bright; the windows are all clean. A white sheen is on everything; a happy quiet reigns around. Even in what is seen of the eye and heard of the ear, Mount Lebanon strikes you as a place where it is always Sunday. The walls appear as though they had been built only yesterday; a perfume, as from many unguents, floats down the lane; and the curtains and window-

[1] 'In going to the house of the wicked one, woman is a thousand steps in advance.'—Goethe's *Faust.*

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blinds are of spotless white. Everything in the hamlet looks and smells like household things which have been long laid up in lavender and rose-leaves. The people are like their village. These dreamers are soft in speech, demure in bearing, gentle in face; a people seeming to be at peace, not only with themselves, but with nature and with heaven.

Their female school, he adds, is said to be one of the best for a good general education in the State of New York. 'Why,' he asked an American friend, 'where all are striving to excel in the art of producing plants from the soil, should the Shakers of Mount Lebanon be the only seedsmen in the State?' 'Because they give their minds to it.' A plausible but not quite satisfactory solution. They do not give their minds to it: they give their minds to things holy. They live for God alone; they are dreamers and enthusiasts of the most ecstatic class; they have heavenly visions eternally flitting before their eyes; they live with angels, and are more familiar with the dead than with the living. 'Sister Mary, who was sitting in my room not an hour ago, close to my hand, and leaning on this Bible, which then lay open at the Canticles, told me that the room was full of spirits; of beings as palpable, as audible to her, as my own figure and my own voice. The dreamy look, the wandering eye, the rapt expression, would have alarmed me for her state of health; *only that I know with what sweet decorum she conducts her life, and with what subtle fingers she makes damson tarts.*'

The Shakers deny that their founder, Ann Lee, ever died as mortals die. With her corpse before their eyes, they affirmed that she had only withdrawn herself for a little time from the world. Neither do they expect any farther rising of the dead. They contend that the dead are now risen, and are even now rising. To be called into grace is the same as being raised from the dead into a new life. Frederick and Antoinette, the sainted rulers of Mount Lebanon, believe that they will die no more, that they are living now in the 'Resurrection Order.'

Antoinette, who has just been sitting in my room, asserts that she talks with spirits, more freely and confidingly than she does with me; yet I cannot see that Antoinette is crazy on any other point, and she certainly makes neat and sensible speeches. This room, in which I am writing—the guest-chamber of North House—which seems to me empty and still, is to her full of seraphim and cherubim, who keep on singing and haranguing the live-long day. Mother Ann is here present; Lucy and Joseph are present; all the brethren who have passed out of human sight are present—to her. You have only to watch Antoinette for a moment, when you are not yourself engaging her attention, to see, by her hushed face, by her rapt eye, by her wandering manner, that she believes herself in another presence, more revered, more august, than anything of earth. Yes; those whom we Gentiles call the dead are with her; and by this ethereal process of belief, the brethren of Mount Lebanon have conquered death and put an end to the grave.

Hundreds of sainted women, whose good faith is unimpeachable, whose motives are of the purest, are constantly seeing and hearing seraphim and cherubim like Antoinette; and on consulting the annals of spiritualism it will be found that clouds of respectable witnesses are forthcoming to prove prolonged and repeated communications with the dead. How are we to evade the parallel, or escape the dilemma, which the sceptic forces on us? How, so far as external evidence or direct testimony is concerned, is the genuine supernatural to be distinguished from the apocryphal? Why are we to place implicit reliance on the testimony of one holy man or woman, and utterly repudiate that of another? This is what a numerous body of sincere but troubled Christians would wish the collective wisdom of Convocation to explain to them. These wonders are

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occurring daily, or solemnly asserted to occur; not in a credulous age before the invention of printing, nor in the imaginative East in an atmosphere replete with magic, but in the latter half of the nineteenth century, in an age of journalism, in the midst of an acute go-ahead money-getting people; and, what is stranger still, the operators and attesting witnesses are equally acute, get money, and go ahead with the rest.

We do not advance a step by arguing in a circle, or by maintaining that a miracle is real because the teaching is divine, and the teaching divine because the miracle is real; still less by asserting that there is nothing genuine in one wide-spread religion, and nothing spurious in another. Better maintain with a rapidly growing school that all religions which have largely influenced mankind, partake more or less of revelation, and that all their respective founders have been more or less inspired. But here, again, we may be accused of applying the *juste milieu* doctrine to reconcile the irreconcilable, like the *doctrinaire* mediating between the two disputants: 'Il faut mourir. — Il faut vivre. Il faut tenir un juste milieu.'

There are already eighteen establishments like Mount Lebanon, and the manner in which they have been created and recruited is not the least remarkable circumstance connected with them. All the American sects and churches, with the exception of the Episcopalians and Romanists, have been indebted to revivals, but the successions of Shaker converts have almost exclusively sprung from them. Elder Frederick told Mr. Dixon that thus only can the elect be drawn to God, that is to say, drawn into a Shaker settlement. 'Mount Lebanon sprang from a revival; Enfield sprang from a revival; in fact, the Shakers declare that every large revival being the accomplishment of a spiritual cycle, must end in the foundation of a fresh Shaker union.' A revival is a camp meeting of the most motley order, like the holy fair of Burns:

> There's some are fou' o' love divine,
> There's some are fou' o' brandy.

The preachers are heated enthusiasts of the Macbriar genus; if they were not they could not do the rough work cut out for them, or rouse the hard rude spirits they address. 'Trench would be tame, Stanley inaudible, in the prairie; Wilberforce would faint, and Noel would die, of a year on the forest skirt.' A Methodist preacher of long standing justly remarked, 'Religious passion includes all other passions: you cannot excite one without stirring up the others.' No wonder, therefore, that these meetings are fraught with mischief and give rise to much scandal. But, according to the Shaker creed, this is only the ferment which precedes the separation of the wine from the lees. The waters must be troubled before the healing influence comes down.

The political future of the United States is discussed by Mr. Hepworth Dixon with the same freshness and comprehensiveness as their religious movement; and for that very reason we have no alternative but to take leave of him for the present, or to treat cursorily and superficially what requires to be thoroughly and conscientiously discussed.

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CHARLES LAMB.

'HOW pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have *themselves become books*,' says Leigh Hunt, when thinking over his favourite book-lovers of the past. And, he continues, 'I should like to remain visible in this shape. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind, when he is no more.' In glancing with Leigh Hunt round our book-shelves we cannot but feel that of all human spirits who remain visible in book shape, to keep immortal company with us, there is not one who comes nearer home to us than Charles Lamb. His writings are at the head of those which we take closely to heart in a sort of bed and board acquaintanceship, because the authors have given themselves to us so intimately in the shape of their books, that they come near to us in the warmth of real life; the spirit being so much more than the mere letter. In the visibility of embodied personality, the books of Charles Lamb are of a kind in which the species almost constitutes the genus. He lives in them as fully, as vividly, as Johnson does in Boswell's *Life*, and draws us to him by a tie of tenderer love. He keeps on talking to us, not like a book, but as in life, making the old curious inquisition into the commonplaces of nature, and minor motives of humanity, with the old quaint mental twist in his views; the naiveness that makes confession so charming; passing over his own troubles with that pathetic briskness with which his freakish humour kept the face of things astir, like a phosphorescent sea at night, to hide the darkling depths below; the wit luminous in his eye, the stammer on his tongue, the touch of St. Vitus in his mental movement; his frank heart and open hand making his frailties more human than some good people's virtues;—and the acquaintanceship keeps growing until we know him personally, even as Hunt and Hazlitt, Jem White or Wordsworth did, as dear lovable and gentle Charles Lamb.

With the work of his friend Mr. Procter (or Barry Cornwall) most probably closes the record of Charles Lamb's life. We know now all that we are likely to gather from personal observers. The story is told, or rather we have the complete data for a story that will be told again and again so long as the English language lives in this world. We are enabled to see him as he lived and moved in the eyes of friends and companions, as well as look at his strange life and delightful character from within, by his own light. We know with what quiet heroism he bore his load for life; how lightly he jested with his lips when his heart was so heavy at times; how deftly he turned his mortal pain into immortal pleasure for us. The key to Charles Lamb's writings may be found in his unique character, and the main clues to his character are visible in his life.

Lamb was born almost in penury, and brought up as a charity boy. This is the plain truth, although the good Sergeant Talfourd amiably tries to festoon the fact and drape Lamb's first entrance on the stage of life as elegantly as he can. He has a knack of cutting the beef with the ham-knife to ennoble the flavour: or shall we say, he tells the truth so lovingly? And so blandly does he allude to the poor parents who were 'endued with sentiments and with manners which might well become the gentlest blood,' and the 'daily beauty of a cheerful submission to a state bordering on the servile,'

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that on our first introduction we feel a pervading air of gentility. In spite of which, Charles Lamb was one of those favourite children of nature who get put out to that old nurse—of many heroic spirits the stern mother—Poverty.

Charles Lamb was born on the 18th of February 1775, in one of the chambers of the Temple. His father was clerk to Mr. Samuel Salt, a barrister, one of the benchers of the Inner Temple, or rather, he was a kind of factotum, doing all the service that his master required, and doing it cleverly too. The father's family came from Lincolnshire, the mother's from Hertfordshire, and Lamb in one of his essays claims the latter county for his 'native fields.' Lamb never attempted to trace his ancestry beyond two or three generations. Perhaps he shared in the feeling illustrated by Sidney Smith, who said his grandfather had disappeared about the time of the assizes, and they made no further inquiries. He certainly had no false pride on the subject of his birth, and he left it to his brother John to keep up the dignity of their house.

Lamb had only one brother and one sister; John being twelve and Mary ten years older than himself. He spent the first seven years of his life in the Temple. There he had early access to Mr. Salt's books, and was 'tumbled into a spacious closet of good old English reading, and browsed at will on that fair and wholesome pasturage.' It is thus he speaks of his sister Mary, but the description doubtless applies to himself. Here he first began to wander in those twisted walks of literature, which he loved so much in after days, and snuff the odour of old books, as fragrant to him as the 'blossoms of the tree of knowledge which grew in the happy orchard.' He seems to have been a born antique in certain tendencies; and these early surroundings, which threw over him a shadow of the past, must have deepened that antique colouring of his mind.

From the long line of dark chambers, and narrow lane and lowering archway, the boy issued forth to walk the 'old and awful cloisters of Edward.' When he was nearly eight years of age he was presented to the school of Christ's Hospital, where he remained as a scholar for some seven years. Here he appears to have been a little like Charlotte Brontë when she first went to school and her companions were romping around her: she said she could not play—she had not learned to play. 'While others were all fire and play, he stole along with all the self-concentration of a young monk.' And here he learned, amongst other things, to question the propriety of 'grace before meat,' especially such graces as prefaced their 'cold bread and cheese suppers with a preamble, connecting with that humble blessing a recognition of benefits the most awful and overwhelming to the imagination, which religion has to offer.' He also learned the value of having a home near at hand, and the preciousness of a sister Mary in it. To her thoughtful care, he was indebted for many little additions to the school-fare, such as 'slices of extraordinary bread and butter,' 'lumps of double refined sugar,' a smack of ginger or cinnamon to make his 'mess of millet' less repugnant, and, crowning treat of all, a 'hot plate of roast veal,' or the 'more tempting griskin' that had been cooked at home. These dainties were brought to him by his good old aunt, who would 'toddle' off with any good thing she could get for him; and he used to feel ashamed to see her come and sit down on the 'old coal-hole steps' and open her apron and bring out her basin. 'I remember,' says Lamb, 'the contending passions at the unfolding—

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there was love for the bringer; shame for the things brought, and the manner of its bringing; sympathy for those who were too many to share in it; and at the top of all, hunger predominant.'

Lamb remained at Christ's Hospital seven years. Here he made the acquaintance of Coleridge, who was his elder by two years, and who had already begun to lift up his visionary brow and talk of coming glories and vast projects as he looked down long shining vistas of the future. His influence on Lamb was unquestionably great, and the friendship deepened all through life. Such a radiating mind could not come near others without warming and quickening them into a larger life. In dedicating his first collected works to Coleridge (1818), Lamb says, 'You first kindled in me, if not the power, yet the love of poetry, and beauty, and kindliness.' But in matters political and religious, Lamb never became a very enthusiastic disciple. He listened and wondered at the new heavens that rose, 'like an exhalation,' over the old earth at the incantation of Coleridge's talk; but a bit of pavement that he could feel firm under foot was more to the mind of Lamb than all the cloudlands going. He had not the large diffusive imagination of his friend, and his whole nature clung to those realities that help to concentrate the mind *here* and *now*. He dwelt in the present, and was no dim explorer of the future; he nestled in the homely valleys, and did not range the mountain tops of thought. Whatsoever poetic tinge the mind of Lamb may have caught from the glory of Coleridge's sunrise, it certainly was not dyed for life with any colour not its own.

On leaving Christ's Hospital, Lamb had to enter the workaday world instead of going to college, as he would have wished. His brother John had a comfortable clerkship in the 'South Sea House,' and from the 'old and awful cloisters' to this grave above ground Lamb went to continue his musings and colour his mind, and earn a little money. The old house stood, says Lamb, amongst so many richer houses, their 'poor neighbour out of business.' Some forms of business were still kept up, but the soul had long since fled. Lamb tells us that the absence of bustle was delightful, the indolence almost cloistral. With what reverence he would pace the great bare rooms and courts at eventide. How he would ponder over the 'dead tomes' and ancient portraits; the dusty maps of Mexico, 'dim as dreams,' and 'soundings of the bay of Panama.'

At seventeen years of age, Lamb obtained an appointment as clerk in the accountant's office of the East India Company, and in the India House he served for the space of thirty-three years. It has been a matter of regret to many that Charles Lamb should have been doomed for so long to the drudgery of the desk. And, naturally enough, he did not take to it because he liked it, but because he was in the habit of submitting with a wise cheerfulness to necessity, and of standing upright under his burthen instead of stooping to make it heavier. Not but what he at times kicked against the clerk's stool, and almost cursed the desk at which he sat. He found his duties continually interfering with his tendency to write those delightful epistles to his friends. He complains to Cottle of those bothering clerks and brokers who 'always press in proportion as you seem to be doing something that is not business. I could exclaim a little profanely, but I think you do not like swearing.' On another occasion he did break out in what he calls a 'maddish letter' to Wordsworth, and 'exclaim a little profanely.' In despite of which, the clerkship was Lamb's

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best and only means of living by his pen. Hazlitt, who wrote with ten times the facility of Lamb, could hardly earn his bread by it. It was well for Lamb that he had not to live by literature. Six or seven hours' labour a day, with a steady income, always sure, always increasing, was a more sensible, a *saner* thing for Charles Lamb than if he had sought to work his imagination alone. The time came when he had enough to brood over, and he did not need more brooding-time. To find an anchorage six hours a day for his hurt mind and vagrant temperament, to be taken out of his introspective self, was a god-send to Charles Lamb. It is also better for the world. The literary result of his life is, that we have his best expressed in the smallest compass; and if we can get a man's best in four volumes, it is a pity that circumstances should compel him to dilute it into twenty.

They do say that Lamb was late at office sometimes, and that his superior remonstrated with him. 'Mr. Lamb,' says he, 'I am sorry to find that you are the last to arrive of a morning.' 'Oh, yes,' replied Lamb; 'but then, you know, I make up for it. I am always the first to leave in the afternoon.' The official is said to have perceived something logical in the explanation, but to have had only a confused sense of its satisfactoriness.

I repeat, the time came when the dull drudgery at the India House was a blessing to poor Lamb, and the desk was a tangible something on which to lay hold and steady his confused senses. There was an hereditary taint of insanity in Lamb's family. And when Charles had turned his twentieth year this broke out in himself. He refers to the immediate cause of madness in words to be yet quoted. On this occasion Lamb spent six weeks in a lunatic asylum at Hoxton. He writes to Coleridge in 1796, saying 'The six weeks that finished last year and began this your humble servant spent very agreeably in a madhouse. I am somewhat rational now, and don't bite any one; but mad I was.' And he tells his friend, 'At some future time I will amuse you with an account as full as memory will permit of the strange turn my fancy took. I look back upon it at times with a gloomy kind of envy; for, while it lasted, I had many, many hours of pure happiness. Dream not, Coleridge, of having tasted all the grandeur and wildness of fancy till you have gone mad. All now seems to me vapid—comparatively so. Excuse this selfish digression.' His sister Mary had previously suffered from the same fearful malady.

In this year (1796) occurred the dreadful deed which beclouded the whole of Lamb's after life. The family had removed from the Temple to Little Queen Street, Holborn. The father had left the service of Mr. Salt, and the mother was ill and bedridden. Mary had been nursing her mother day and night with the utmost devotedness: 'Of all people in the world,' says Lamb, 'she was most thoroughly devoid of all selfishness.' In the September of this year she became moody and queer, and on the 23rd of the month her madness broke loose. Just before dinner-time she snatched up a case-knife and ran round the room after the little girl who was her apprentice; hurled about the knives and forks, one of which struck her father on the forehead and felled him to the floor; then, as a climax to her frenzied fit, she stabbed her mother to the heart. Charles was at hand, but could only seize the knife and prevent her doing further mischief. Mary was placed in an asylum for a time, where her temporary recovery was rapid. But what a recovery!—the cloud of madness only passing away to reveal all the more clearly what the poor thing

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had done! Now arose the question whether the sister should be confined for life. The brother John advocated this, and other friends chimed in with his view. Mary herself expected it would be so.

> Poor thing [writes Charles], they say she was but the other morning saying she knew she must go to Bethlem for life; that one of her brothers would have it so; the other would wish it not, but be obliged to go with the stream; that she had often, as she passed Bethlem, thought it likely: 'Here it may be my fate to end my days.'

Charles, however, pleaded for her release, and promised to take her, and care for her and watch over her. And well he kept his word. Only one despairing cry did he utter through long years of painful endurance. In a letter to Coleridge, written May 12th, 1800, he almost wishes that poor Mary were dead. He had just seen her off to the asylum the day before. 'She will get better again,' he says; 'but this constant liability to relapse is dreadful.' Nor is it the least of their evils that her case and their story are so well known. They are in a manner marked, and have to hear the whisperings around them. On this occasion he writes with nothing in the house but Hetty's dead body to keep him company. 'To-morrow I bury her' (an old maid-servant of theirs); 'and then I shall be quite alone. My heart is quite sunk. I am completely shipwrecked. I almost wish that Mary were dead.' Indeed, this tale of the Lambs, brother and sister, going forth into their wilderness of woe to live their life of '*dual* loneliness' is touching as anything that ever took place since the going forth of Ishmael and his mother into the desert. It is a tale to shake the hearts of grown men, and make them yearn over this forlorn pair feelingly as ever the heart of childhood aches over those 'pretty babes' who wandered hand in hand to and fro in the wood, and

> When they saw the darksome night,
> They sat them down and cried.

And closely as Lamb and his sister clung together, and dear as grew their companionship in such desolation, they were compelled to part so often, after all; to part with the bitterness of that separation when the mind of the one is about to enter its cloud and leave all life dark for both—the one lost in the darkness within, the other left groping unavailingly in the darkness without. They generally knew when the worst fits of insanity were coming on, and Charles would ask for a day's absence from office as if for a day's pleasure. He would take his sister by the arm, and these two poor anguished souls made the best of their way to the asylum They have been met, carrying the straight waistcoat with them, the tears running down their cheeks. hurrying along as fast as they could on purpose to get there before the gathering blackness burst and they were caught in the full fury of the storm.

In electing to live alone for his sister, Charles Lamb was undoubtedly bidding farewell to his love's young dream—his one tender passion for some fair 'Alice W——n.' He many times mentions this young lady. In his *Dream Children: a Reverie*, he has a vision of what might have been had he married her; and he says:

> I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens.

He speaks of a picture which he had seen as—

> that beauty with the cool blue pastoral drapery, and a lamb; with the bright yellow Hertfordshire hair, and eye of watchet hue—so like *my* Alice.

After he had been in the lunatic asylum, he tells Coleridge that his

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head had run upon him a good deal in his madness, 'as much almost as on *another person*, who was the more immediate cause of my frenzy.' He wrote poetry, too, about his Alice, kept a little journal of his love for her, and tells us that his sister Mary would often lend an ear to his 'desponding love-sick lay.' But the poetry is lost for us: the journal was burnt, his passion was put away, as it were a childish thing, when Lamb rose up in his sterner manhood for his terrible conflict with calamity. Did the lovely Alice quite fade away, one wonders; or did she not live on in that image of purity which ever nestled and smiled at the heart of Charles Lamb's life, clear and tremulous as the dew-drop in a flower, breathing sweetness and shedding grace?

Mind you, Lamb had no notion of anything heroic in thus giving up all to live for his sister, yet the act, as De Quincy justly says, rises into a grandeur not paralleled once in a generation. And so we linger over it, and say all honour to him

Whom neither shape of danger could dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
Turned his necessity to glorious gain.

Lamb was in his twenty-first year when he stood alone in the world, and took upon himself the burthen of his family. It was a desolate home and a desolate outlook to which Mary returned after the awful deed that deprived them of a mother. Great was their need of reliance on Him who, as Charles said with his pathetic wit, 'tempers the wind to the shorn Lambs.'

My poor, dear, dearest sister [Lamb writes], the unhappy and unconscious instrument of the Almighty's judgment on our house, is restored to her senses—to a dreadful sense of what has passed; awful to her mind, but tempered with a religious resignation. She knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a fit of frenzy and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder. She bears her situation as one who *has no right to complain*.

With what entireness Lamb lived for his sister, and with what affectionate solicitude he sought to solace her we may partly gather from one of his letters; he is speaking of visiting, and says:

It was not a family where I could take Mary with me, and I am afraid there is something of dishonesty in any pleasures I take without her.

He was 'all conscience and tender heart' to his sister. 'God love her!' he exclaims; 'may we two never love each other less.' And it may be added they never did. Mary Lamb was altogether worthy of her brother's love. In addition to that bond of affection which bound them together through affliction, she was a woman of great mental attractions. She was a continual reader. When in the asylum, Charles took care to furnish her with plenty of books, for they were like her daily bread. She was a delightful writer. Hazlitt held her to be the only woman he had met who could reason. 'Were I to give way to my feelings,' says Wordsworth, in the note to his poem on Charles Lamb, 'I should dwell not only on her genius and intellectual powers, but upon the delicacy and refinement of manner which she maintained inviolable under most trying circumstances. She was loved and honoured by all her brother's friends.'

After the death of his father, whose querulous selfishness in his dotage Lamb had borne with much meekness, he and his sister removed to Pentonville, where Lamb 'fell in love' with the beautiful Quakeress who used to pass him day after day, serenely unconscious of having a place in his regards. From Pentonville they removed to Southampton Buildings, on their way back to the Temple. This was in the year 1800. In the Temple, first at No. 16, Mitre Court, and next at No. 4, Inner Temple Lane, they dwelt for some sixteen years.

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And there it was that Lamb gathered about him such a group of famous men, and held his memorable evenings once a week. There was Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, Barnes of the *Times*, and Haydon the painter, Carey the translator of Dante, Godwin and Thelwall, Jem White and George Dyer; sometimes Coleridge and Wordsworth, Manning and Talfourd, Hood, and the gay and gentlemanly murderer Janus Weathercock.

Lamb was as catholic in his friendship as in his love of books. Speaking of Lamb's library, Leigh Hunt observes:

> There Mr. Southey takes his place again with an old radical friend; there Jeremy Collier is at peace with Dryden; there the lion Martin Luther lies down with the Quaker lamb Sewell.

So was it with his personal friends. His sweetness of nature was the solvent of strongest differences; his attraction was powerful enough to gather and hold together the widest opposites. Lamb had many illustrious friends, with whose names his own will be handed on in immortal companionship. But we do not feel that his best known literary friends were those who got the nearest to him. He himself proclaims that his '*intimados*' were, to confess the truth, a 'ragged regiment' in the eye of the world — men whom he had found floating on the surface of society, and the colour or something else in the weed pleased him. The 'burrs stuck to him; but they were good, loving burrs for all that.' 'Some of Lamb's friends were strange characters,' says Wordsworth, 'whom his philanthropic peculiarities induced him to countenance.' And the stranger the character, that is, the more original and unsophisticated, the closer Lamb stuck to them. There was Jem White; he is nothing to the world now, yet, living, he was one of Lamb's earliest friends and most beloved of 'chums;' whom he could thoroughly 'cordialise' with; and when he died, Lamb says, 'He carried away with him half the fun of the world,—of my world, at least.' This pleasant fellow endeared himself to Lamb, by giving an annual supper to the poor boy chimney-sweepers of London, upon which occasions Lamb presided at one of the tables. His description of the feast is as good as Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, the humour of the thing being akin in some respects. Jem White was in his glory doing an act of kindness which yielded so much fun for Lamb, who laughed till his eyes filled with tears to see the sable younkers 'lick in the unctuous meat,' and listen to Jem's 'more unctuous sayings,' followed by a cheer from the whole dark host, at which 'hundreds of grinning teeth startled the sight with their brightness.'

If Jem White was one half the fun of Lamb's world, surely George Dyer was the other half. He was guileless as Nathaniel; simple and 'prodigious' as Dominie Sampson; an unsophisticated native of the golden age; a 'mild Arcadian, ever blooming' with fresh delight for Lamb; a daily beauty in the London streets, his verdant simplicity looking like a bit of evergreen there. He was as absent-minded as Bowles when he presented a friend with a copy of the Bible, and inscribed it 'from the author.' He had a head uniformly wrong, a heart uniformly right, and he dwelt in Clifford's Inn, said Lamb, 'like a dove on the asp's nest.' He was a friend indeed to Lamb. It was not merely what he said or did when present; he was for ever doing something that lasted Lamb for weeks in laughter. The very thought of him tickled Lamb to the heart-roots. On one occasion he informed George that Lord Castlereagh was the author of the Waverley novels, and off he trotted

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to communicate the fact to Leigh Hunt, who, being a public writer, ought to be immediately made acquainted with a secret so important.

'Is it true,' said Lamb to him, 'as commonly reported, that you are to be made a lord?' 'Oh dear no, Mr. Lamb, I could not think of such a thing; it is not true, I assure you.' 'I thought not,' said Lamb, 'and I contradict it wherever I go: but the Government will not ask your consent; they may raise you to the peerage without your ever knowing it.' 'I hope not, Mr. Lamb; indeed, indeed, I hope not; it would not suit me at all!' And Dyer went his way greatly bewildered, still pondering over the possibility of such a thing. The dear, good soul! What a god-send to Lamb was his unfathomable simplicity. How Lamb must have doated on his delightful unworldliness and crooned over him with 'murmurs made to bless.'

Other of his friends, such as Manning, Rickman, and Burney, Lamb must have been more fraternally familiar with than he could have been with the more famous men. 'I am glad you esteem Manning,' he writes to Coleridge in 1826, 'though you see but his husk or shrine. He discloses not, save to select worshippers; and will leave the world without any one hardly but me knowing how stupendous a creature he is.' This was the gentleman who went to China, as Lamb suggested, to teach perspective to the Chinese, and to whom he wrote some of his most amazing letters, in which his humour turns everything topsy-turvy. Of Martin Burney, Lamb said he was on the top round of his ladder of friendship up which angels were yet climbing, and one or two, alas, descending.

Well known is the great love of Charles Lamb for his favourite London. He was a true child of its streets by birth; its scenery formed his earliest picture-books; the first awakening images of his young life. The 'fresco of the Virtues which Italianised the end of Paper Buildings' gave him his earliest hint of Allegory. His nature had struck root among the bricks of the old City, and there it clung lovingly and blossomed like some fragrant trailer breathing sweetness and freshness as if all Cockneydom was in flower. London was his home in spite of its homelessness for those who so often migrate as Lamb had done. He never breathed so freely as in its thronged thoroughfares. He loved its very smoke because it had been the medium most familiar to his vision. He liked to feel the pulse of its mighty heart and be in the rush of its great river of life. Its murmurs made a music that he could appreciate; he had an 'ear' for that! 'I would live in London,' he cries, 'shirtless, bookless. I love the sweet security of streets, and would set up my tabernacle there.' He tells us how he would walk the streets with the tears running down his face for joy and sympathy with the fulness of its life:

> Streets, streets, streets; markets, theatres, churches; Covent Gardens; shops sparkling with pretty faces of industrious milliners, neat sempstresses, ladies cheapening, gentlemen behind counters lying; authors in the streets, with spectacles—George Dyers (you know them by their gait); lamps lit at night; pastry-cooks' and silversmiths' shops; beautiful Quakers of Pentonville; noise of coaches; drowsy cry of mechanic watchmen at night, with bucks reeling home drunk; if you happen to wake at midnight, cries of 'Fire!' and 'Stop thief!' inns-of-court, with their learned air, and halls and butteries just like Cambridge colleges; old book-stalls, Jeremy Taylors, Burtons on *Melancholy*, and *Religio Medici*, on every stall;—these are thy pleasures, O London with-the-many-sins. O City, abounding in——for these may Keswick and her giant-brood go hang.

This must have sounded singular to Wordsworth, who was as great a lover of his mountain solitudes as

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was Lamb of his London streets. The poet held that his friend was a 'scorner of the fields' more in show than truth. But it does not seem to have been so. Lamb declares that his love for natural scenery would be abundantly satisfied by the patches of long waving grass and the stunted trees that blackened in some of the old churchyards bordering on the Thames, and that a mob of happy faces crowding up at the pit door of Drury Lane Theatre, just at the hour of six, gave him ten thousand sincerer pleasures than he could have received from all the flocks of silly sheep that ever whitened the plains of Arcadia or Epsom Downs.

As he told Wordsworth, he certainly was not in the least romance-bit about Nature. He paid the great poet a visit in 1802. He entered the Lake country towards the close of a splendid day, and saw the mountains lying grand in a gorgeous sunset:

> Such an impression [he says] I never received from objects of sight. Glorious creatures! I shall never forget how ye lay about, in the dusk, like an entrenchment—gone to bed, as it seemed, for the night.

They haunted him after his return to London. But the great live city soon regained its old supremacy in his regards. Mountains he admitted were grand things to look at, but houses in streets were the places to live in! And it was there that he most appreciated the country. He liked to hear the waters murmur, and leaves rustle, and birds sing, in the pages of some favourite book, he being shut in and safe within the sound of London. 'But,' he remarks by way of warning, 'let not the lying poets be believed, who entice men from the cheerful streets.'

He preferred to be shut in-doors with a book on a winter's evening to the finest summer sunset. 'I dread the prospect of summer,' he exclaimed, when he was in the country, 'with his all-day long days. No need of his assistance to make the country dull.' On being asked how he felt when amongst the mountains and lakes of Cumberland, he said, humorously, he was obliged to think of the ham and beef shop at the corner of St. Martin's Lane. As though he felt it necessary to steady himself upon this common-place bit of well known reality amid the dizzying sublimities of nature.

One of the most provocative and entertaining aspects of Lamb's character lies in this discovery, that all his manifold simplicities of nature and fragrant blossoming of delicate fancies, his love of the choice things in poetry, his keen zest for unsophisticated human beings, his sensibilities of a tremulous tenderness, had no root in a love of external nature. He needed no mental nourishment from the country world of grass and leaves, jargoning of birds, lapse of pleasant waters, field scents or freshness of flowers. He asked not the baptism of the dewy dawn, or benediction of the closing day in any rural solitude. He could live and grow, and keep his nature *leafy* in London. This is a face in human nature as interesting in a literary point of view, and as surprising as is the novel fact, so delightful to boyhood when it learns, for the first time, that mustard and cress may be grown with a bit of flannel and a drop of water, and does not need to take root in the earth at all.

After his thirty-three years' service at the India House Lamb was set free with a pension of 400*l.* a year. He made immense fun of his situation, or rather his out-of-situation. He was like a man suddenly released from the law of gravitation, who could not touch solid earth, and was blown hither and thither by every gust of his new life. At first he could but dimly apprehend his felicity, and was too confused to taste its fulness.

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He tells us that he wandered about thinking he was happy and knowing he was not. He could scarcely trust himself with himself. It was like passing out of time into eternity—for it is a sort of eternity when a man has all his time to himself. Unfortunately Lamb found that no work was worse than overwork. More particularly when he had retired into the country to spend his latter days. His leaving London we look upon as a huge mistake. London was his true city of refuge; he who shared so largely in that feeling which made Charles Lloyd take lodgings in his more melancholy fits, at a brazier's shop in Fetter Lane, close to Fleet Street, to drown his morbid thoughts with the roar of the city. The pity was that he and Mary could not have found such a home as Coleridge did among wise and generous friends.

It is curious to note in connection with this life-long feeling of Lamb's that he died at last and was buried in the country. He died at Edmonton on December 27th, 1834, his end being somewhat sudden. His old friends had been failing and fading away one by one; he greatly missed their old familiar faces—especially that of Coleridge, his friend for fifty years. One day when out for a morning walk he stumbled against a loose stone and fell. This, as he would have been delighted to point out, would hardly have happened in London. His face was slightly wounded and erysipelas followed. He had not the strength left to combat the disease, and he sank gradually, being quite calm and resigned, and gently passed away at the age of fifty-nine years. Mary Lamb lived on for some thirteen years, and then she was laid near him in the same grave in the churchyard of Edmonton; and united as they were in life by such bonds of affliction and tender ties of holy love, in death they were not divided.

Lamb was not one who could 'rest and expatiate in the life to come.' The thought of it made him shrink all the more snugly into our warm world of human clay, and draw about him more cosily the curtains that shut out the world not realised.

Of course, we have to allow for the play of his humour here as elsewhere. They are no true readers of Lamb who do not see that he made the most of his weakness—his delight in small associations, his eager grasp of this life, his shiverings when he stood in thought upon the brink of the next. But he had more than the common dread of the 'shadow feared of man.' He had an open loving heart for his fellow creatures, but kept it closed on the ghostly side of things. He confessed to an intolerable disinclination to dying: especially in winter time did this feeling beset him. He could see no satisfaction in the assurance that he should 'lie down with kings and emperors in death,' who in his lifetime never greatly coveted the society of such bedfellows. Why, to comfort him, 'must Alice W——n be a goblin?' Why must knowledge come to him, if at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition instead of our familiar process of reading? Should he, could he, enjoy friendships *there*, wanting the old smiling indications, the recognisable face, the sweet assurance of a look? And how did he know that a ghost would or could laugh, even at the very best of his jokes? He was not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. These metaphors of death made him all the more in love with life: all the more in love with this green earth, and the face of town and country, the pleasant voices and palpable touch of friends, and the 'sweet security' of streets. 'I do not want to be weaned by age,' he remarks, 'or drop like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave.' Any alteration

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in his standing place discomposed and puzzled him.

My household gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood.

A new state of being staggers me.

I am a Christian, Englishman, *Templar*. God help me when I come to put off these snug relations, and to get abroad into the world to come. I shall be like the 'crow on the sand,' as Wordsworth has it.

Doubtless that awful shadow which brooded over the house and heart of Charles Lamb—a shadow that chased him in 'all manner of sunshine'—made his nature shrink from the future, and nestle closer and closer to any firm bit of the tangible present. Such a sudden, appalling glimpse of the Eternal—a lightning flash, that left a lifelong darkness after it—must have vastly increased his natural dread of the unknown. Then to live for years and years in a state of listening suspense, always apprehensive of something terrible going to happen, haunted by some old echo of the past or foreboding of the future calamity, must have made his whole life perturbed and troubled; and so he clung to the old place and the old friends, old books and old faces, with all the tendrils of his nature growing about them, until they seemed to become a part, and the better part, of his life. Not that he dwelt on the subject dolefully, or sought to make life look dismal, or death dreadful for others. On the contrary, he made merry with his own frailties, and turned the morbidity of his temperament into healthy humour for us; edged that grim cloud of his life with the most exquisite freaks of playful light. Some queer twist in his head, he explained, prevented his facing the prospective, and looking forward to it as the place of home and friends.

This feeling of Lamb's had nothing to do with matters of conscience. With Wordsworth we can say of him,

Oh, he was good, if ever good man lived.

He was a Christian—a Christian of the simple child-like faith that we may believe our Father so much loves. He had the charity of a Christian, lived the life of a Christian, and we cannot doubt that he died the death of a Christian. Dr. Johnson, as we all know, had a still gloomier feeling about death; a constant dread of it, with no such relief as Lamb found in the merculiarities of his temperament.

Lamb was a small spare man, with a fine Titian head, full of dumb eloquence, as Hazlitt described it, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. A pair of *immaterial legs* Hood called them! His hair was almost black, his complexion dark, his look grave, his smile inexpressibly sweet, with a touch of sadness in it; one of the kindliest that ever brightened a manly countenance. His face was full of lines, in which might be read strange writing; nor was it wanting in those puckers and corners where the quips and cranks and wreathed smiles loved to lurk. The brow was earnest, and the eyes looked out earnestly, at times with a fiery gleam. They were restless, and glittered as if sharp enough to pick up pins and needles—so quick in turning. 'It was no common face,' says Hood, 'none of those *willow pattern* ones which Nature turns out by thousands at her potteries; but more like a chance specimen of the Chinese ware—one to the set, unique, antique, quaint. ("Including the *crack*," Lamb would have said.) You might have *sworn* to it piecemeal, a separate affidavit for each feature.' Lamb has touched the main features of his own life and character in a brief and humorous sketch:

Charles, born in the Inner Temple, February 10th, 1775; pensioned off, 1825, after thirty-three years' service; is now a gentleman at large; can remember few specialities in his life, except that he once caught a swallow flying (teste suâ manu); below the middle stature; . . . stammers abominably, and is *therefore more apt*

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to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism or a poor quibble, than in set or edifying speeches: has, consequently, been libelled with aiming at wit, which is, at least, as good as aiming at dulness. A small eater, but not drinker; confesses a partiality for the production of the juniper berry; was a great smoker of tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff.

His true works are in Leadenhall Street, filling some hundred folios.

Of his other works he says:

Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things; villanously pranked in an affected array of antique modes and phrases. They had not been his, if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness than to affect a naturalness (so-called) that should be strange to him.

Lamb has likewise left us plenty of hints scattered up and down his works, for us to put together, and make him out with tolerable completeness.

The truth is, he says, he gave himself too little concern about what he uttered, and in whose presence. It was hit or miss with him. He had not the reticence of that wise man who, seeing some one coming in the midst of some refreshing fun, said, 'Here comes a fool; *let us be grave!*' He remarks that he too much affected that dangerous figure—irony. 'He sowed doubtful speeches, and reaped plain unequivocal hatred.' Not that any one ever really hated Lamb, any more than he could hate others.

Of course, there were persons who did not understand him; he nonplussed them so. He was not like anybody whom they knew; never saw such a man in their lives! For example, there is no doubt that he puzzled that respectable officer of the stamp department, who said to him, 'Mr. Lamb, don't you think Milton was a very clever man?' Whereupon Lamb, taking up a candlestick, commenced capering round him with wild delight, singing—

Hey diddle dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his breeches on,

and requested that he might be allowed to examine the gentleman's head phrenologically. A better nature never breathed, and no man was ever more beloved. Why, he sat for a whole series of the British Admirals to oblige a friend, and save the cost of a model. On another occasion he took charge of a school to oblige the schoolmaster, and then, carrying his good-nature still farther, gave all the boys a holiday! He once saw a crowd of hungry children with their wistful faces at a pastry-cook's window, and went in and supplied them with cakes all round. He wanted to help a friend of his, and hardly knew how to do it delicately enough. So first it took the shape of a bequest: then he said, 'You may just as well have it beforehand, you know, and have done with the thing.'

Barry Cornwall also relates how Lamb saw him looking dull, and fancying he might be in want of money, said to him, 'My dear boy—I have a quantity of useless things—I have now, in my desk, a—hundred pounds that I—I don't know what to do with. Take it.'

No kindlier human soul ever looked through human eyes; the dewy light of pity all a-twinkle with humour. Unless we go back to the fountain-head, we shall hardly find elsewhere, save in Shakespeare's writings, such tenderness of Christian charity as Lamb had. He does not sit down to plead the cause of the poor. He never sets up as a preacher of Christianity: never lectures us on our duties. His Christianity has not encrusted round him in any formal outside way. He had the spirit of it within him, and it breathes through his work in the most natural manner, and goes forth in loving effluence to melt its way into other hearts. Nor shall we find out of Shakespeare, I think, such a cordial, exquisite humour mixed and perfected with such a heart-touching sense of things

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human. His humour is not a thing apart, to be held up and admired as a special splendid quality; it did not exist to that end. It is so blended with his quaint humanity and sweetness of character. It is just the smile of Christianity. But that smile was made up of sad experience, and heartache, and gentleness, and great love. The salt of his sayings had in it a taste of tears. He often had to 'coin his heart for jests,' and, Ophelia-like, turn the terrors and frowns of calamity to 'favour and to prettiness.' This makes his humour so full of heart, so sincere.

There may have been persons, I repeat, that Lamb could not 'cordialise' with. He tells us that he was a bundle of prejudices, made up of likings and dislikings; the veriest thrall to sympathies, apathies, and antipathies. He could not like all people alike. He was trying the greater part of life to like Scotchmen, and had to give up in despair. On the other hand, Scotchmen did not like him, and not one of them ever tried to. 'We know each other,' says Lamb, 'at first sight!' He belonged to an order of imperfect intellects which is essentially anti-Caledonian. His mind was rather suggestive than comprehensive;—he could enjoy the profile view of a truth, and did not always seek to get it full face. He loved out-of-the-way humours, and heads with some diverting twist in them. He threw out hints, caught passing glimpses of things, and sowed germs of thought, but had not a maturing mind. The brain of the Scotchman, he says, is constituted on quite a different plan. 'You never catch his mind in undress. You never see his ideas in growth—if, indeed, they ever grow, and are not rather put together upon principles of clock-work. He never hints or suggests. You cannot cry "halves" to anything he finds. He does not find, but bring. You never witness his first apprehension of a thing. His understanding is always at meridian; you never see the first of dawn, the early streak. Between the affirmative and the negative there is no borderland with him. You cannot hover with him on the confines of truth, or wander in the maze of a probable argument. He always keeps the path. You cannot make excursions with him, for he sets you right. He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country.' Minds of this class, and they are not confined to Scotland, were not calculated to do justice to the humours of Lamb. In presence of this kind of character, he delighted to caper round with the candlestick in his hand, and give full scope to his piquant peculiarities. He liked to catch up some stolid lump of solemn foolishness or impassible common sense, and whirl it off its feet in the maddest, merriest maze and dance of contradiction. 'You are a matter-of-fact man,' says he. 'Now I'm a matter-of-lie man: 'tis odd if we two can't make some fun;' and away he went. With such his wit became a Will-o'-the-wisp, leading into all sorts of unsafe places. 'Truth,' he held, 'was precious; not to be wasted on everybody!' Not that there was any malice in his mirth. Nor was he a lover of quips and cranks, merely as such. He did not seek for funny matter on purpose to turn it out in a freakish manner. He did not affect quaintness; it was natural to him. He did not hunt after paradoxes; he was a paradox. He tells us that he could not divest himself of an unseasonable disposition to levity upon the most awful occasions. Anything awful made him laugh. He was at Hazlitt's marriage, and says he had like to have been turned out during the ceremony. So strangely did some things strike and ricochet on his nonsensorium. This was the touch of madness in his temperament

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which I have termed a mental St. Vitus's dance. His sister Mary had it likewise, and in her abnormal moods would at times pour out puns in the wildest profusion.

It gave a 'sparkle of uneasy light' to his eye, a spasmodic suddenness to his humour. Then, humour is often the sad and suffering man's make-believe. He seems to say, 'Let us have a good hearty laugh. I do so want to cry.' It was so with Hood. We often feel the heart-ache in his laughter and could say with Lear's fool, 'Cry to it, nuncle!' So was it with Lamb, although there was not so much hysteria in his feeling as in Hood's. But what wisdom there is in his whimsies! his wit is often sense brought to the finest point. How his most erratic movements and far-fetched expressions strike home! His mind has a lightning-like zig-zag which is its straight line of smiting. It was not that Lamb could not take the common view of things and appraise facts the ordinary way. His perfect acquaintance with their every-day features is implied in his extraordinary treatment of them. He can see straight enough for all the apparent obliquity of vision. We know where the beaten highway runs when he chooses to go across the fields and meet you unexpectedly. But he had a natural tendency to look at the *other* side of things, and remember their forgotten aspects and set them forth in a ludicrous or pathetic light,—or rather in the cross lights of both humour and pathos. It was an illustration of his character, that he should, when a child, have given his sympathy to the man in the parable who built his house on the sand, not to him who built on the rock. Then, with regard to the parable of the ten virgins; the sympathies of most readers run rejoicingly alongside the five wise ones whose lamps were ready trimmed and who tripped off so happily at the sound of the Bridegroom's voice. Lamb's would have remained with the five foolish ones, trying to rouse them out of their stupor, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes, seeking to get a little oil for them, hurrying them along 'like good girls,' and pleading for them at the gate, stammering out all sorts of excuses for their delay. This is the source of much of his humour; his way of looking at the other side of things. When a boy he was walking one day with Mary in a churchyard, and he noticed that all the tombstones were inscribed with words of praise for the departed. 'Mary,' said he, 'where do all the naughty people lie?' Even so he has a word of humorous compassion for the man who was taken prisoner for sheep-stealing and his sheep was taken too! Thus, as Lamb said, the poor fellow lost 'his first, last, and only hope of a mutton pie.' This characteristic of Lamb's mind climaxed in a horrible thought when he suggested the possibility that after Clarence had chosen his favourite liquor to be drowned in and he was shut down, past help, and filling fast, it may not have been Malmsey after all!

What Wordsworth was to the wayside common places, the weeds and wild flowers, rocks, and hedgerows of the external world, that was Lamb in prose to the kindred common things of humanity. He was the Good Samaritan of all sorts of road-side subjects that had been hitherto passed by in disdain as too mean for literature. Neglected objects made all the more pathetic appeal to him and he sealed them for his own. He loved to stop and administer the quaintest comfort to the comfortless, or with fancy 'archly bending' moralise on most familiar things. He made much of that which had been made so little of before. His attraction for and attention to all that was unpretentious almost amounted to a

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foible, although it was the natural reaction of his dislike to all that was pretentious. But if his subjects be poor there is nothing sordid in his treatment. Poverty looks rich when clothed by his gentle loving spirit. Here there is nothing of the solemn, priestlike severity of Wordsworth; nothing of the stern squalor of Crabbe. The dim and dirt-begrimed image is transfigured by an overflow of this kindliest human soul. No lost heir was ever recovered from the chimney-sweeper's clutches and stripped of his dark disguise with more loving tendance or peculiar care than that with which Lamb brings in his outsider of humanity, his foundling, and touches the poor dim face so tenderly with a dropping tear and then lights it up suddenly with a smile of his humour, till the common human features are seen and the lost likeness is recognised. Then, the raiment for which the old rags are exchanged. How precise and dainty it is! Slightly old-fashioned of course, for it has been kept some time, laid up in lavender as it were. He turns out his new-found favourites with a touch of modest gentility and antique grace, and introduces them to us with an air at once fine and formal. His beggar, his chimney-sweeper is at heart a gentleman, for they come from a gentle heart. Whatsoever common-place or outcast subject he may be at work on, he touches that nature which lies at the root of all gentlehood. And so artistic and sure is his touch that he appears to feature and finish common clay with the delicate sharpness of marble. Yet so human is his spirit that he seems to lay on endearment after endearment, caress after caress, so that the result looks more like a simple growth of Nature than a complex work of Art; a live child rather than the statue of one. If his material be common-place, his handling is quite uncommon.

The most minute poring of personal affection cannot discover anything very precious in Lamb's poetry. He was not a poet, but a humourist. He could not have been meant by nature for a poet. She had not given him a musical soul. He did not care to wander and muse alone; had not the poet habit. We are told that he would rather be in a crowd of people whom he disliked, than be left by himself. Mental haze and twilight he shunned because of the terrible shadows that might take living shape. His gleams of poetry are almost inseparable from the twinkle of his humour, and when he wrote his verses he had not got into that vein of incomparable humour which afterwards yielded such riches to his essays and letters.

Some lines written a year after his mother's death have a keener thrill and a more searching accent than usual. He thankfully feels the 'sweet resignedness of hope drawn heavenward' on the ebbing tide of their great affliction, and rejoices over one of Mary's recoveries.

Thou didst not keep
Her soul in death. O keep not now, my Lord,
Thy servants in far worse—in spiritual death
And darkness, blacker than those feared shadows
O' the valley all must tread. Lend us Thy balms,
Thou dear Physician of the sin-sick soul,
And heal our cleansèd bosoms of the wounds
With which the world hath pierced us thro' and thro'.
Give us new flesh, new birth.

There are few things in poetry more pathetic than this:

Thou and I, dear friend,
With filial recognition sweet, shall know
One day the face of our dear mother in heaven;
And her remembered looks of love shall greet,
With answering looks of love; her placid smiles
Meet with a smile as placid; and her hand
With drops of fondness wet, nor fear repulse.

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His criticisms are generally as perfect as they are brief. They are only glances at the subject, yet they go to the heart of the matter. They are all essence of criticism, and a sentence often contains more than many a long and elaborate review. But it is in his essays and letters that he lives most fully and comes home most closely to the business and bosoms of men.

Charles Lamb was no teacher of his time, and had no commanding or immediate influence on his contemporaries. He lifted up no banner, summoned no contending hosts to the conflict, did no battle on the side of faction or party, and was possessed of no vast intellectual powers. But this he *was*—one of the most affectionate, most lovable, most piquantly imperfect of dear, good fellows that ever won their way into the human heart, and one of the most hearty, most English, most curiously felicitous humourists—emphatically one of the *best*—that ever lived. He has left us in his works a perennial source of refining pleasure, full of freshness and moral health, and kindly communicative warmth, over which countless readers will bend with smiling face or moistened eye; and the sad will feel a solace, the weary gather heart's-ease, the cold and narrow of nature may warm them and expand in the generous glow to be found in the writings of Charles Lamb. And this he *did*:—He threw his life in with that of his sister, for her to share the best of both. He took her hand and drew her to his side, and made his abode in the same desert with her, where they dwelt together in 'double singleness.' He chose to stand with her straight under the black cloud always suspended over them, always threatening danger and possible death, on purpose to be near her and administer unto her such a cup of comfort as could be filled for her by a brother's love. For many long and troubled years he kept his proud resolve and bore his burden contentedly, fought his battle nobly, carried his shield in front of his sister, and smiled in her face sweetly, while his own heart often ached so bitterly. He triumphed in his tragic conflict with an adverse fate, and in his life he has left us one of the noblest illustrations of our English sense of duty; a beacon that will long shine through the night of time with a still and holy light, a look of lofty cheer, and kindle encouragement in the lives of many others who have to suffer long and journey desolately, and climb the hill Difficulty with more at heart than they can well bear. And surely we may conclude with and rest in the pleasant thought that a sorely tried soul like this of Lamb's can now look back over the past life with its sordid cares and clouds of confusion, its failures and defects, its slips of the foot in climbing, and *feel* what we can now *see*: that is, the *clear victorious result of all*, and calmly smile at all that's past from some unclouded summit.

GERALD MASSEY.

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ON THE CHIEF METHODS OF PREPARATION FOR LEGISLATION,

ESPECIALLY AS APPLICABLE TO THE REFORM OF PARLIAMENT.

By Edwin Chadwick, Esq., C.B.

PUBLIC surprise has recently been excited at the disclosures of some circumstances of the way in which the last bill for the reform of Parliament has been prepared by one or two members of the Cabinet, as an incident to numerous other duties, without the privity of the other ministers. Astonishment has been manifested at the looseness and uncertainty of their statistics, admitting of different results from the calculations of different members of the Cabinet,—and at the large changes with which members were so suddenly surprised, as to preclude the due consideration of their consequences to the country on so important a matter. And these circumstances of preparation have been treated as if they were new and extraordinary conditions of legislation in this country. Now, it appears to me to be a fitting occasion to recall attention to the fact, that much looseness is common and ordinary, and to bring under consideration some important consequences to be apprehended from the close Cabinet method of preparing for legislation, or of the method of preparation by open committees of Parliament, as compared with the method of properly organised commissions of inquiry.

In the course of some evidence given before the committee appointed to examine into official salaries, July 25, 1850, Lord John Russell states (1,225) that it is 'rather a defect in the government of this country; that while persons who are out of office, and who are in the House of Lords and Commons, can give their attention to great subjects, the time of ministers is so very much absorbed with the duties of their offices, that there are very few of them who can give their attention to a great subject, and look at the consequences to the country of the measures that are adopted.'

Apart from such high testimony as that of his lordship, and directing attention to the open, public, and visible occupation of ministers whilst Parliament is sitting; to the weight of the duties of their office and position at other times; to their manifest exhaustion by the labour in these occupations; and to their consequent need of some relaxation in vacations, it may be assumed, generally, to be an impossibility that a minister can give the attention requisite for the preparation of a new and large measure. It may be further stated, as a general condition applicable to the present day, that whilst the time left from the performance of settled and routine duties has diminished and is diminishing, yet, on the other hand, from the extending conditions and relations of affairs, the subject matters necessary to be carefully examined and considered, and the time required for the safe preparation of new and important measures, are greatly increasing.

In the course of the examinations before the same committee, the following question was put to Lord John Russell:

'1230. Mr. Walter.—Has it not been the custom of late years for governments to commit the preparation of any great measures for which they mean to be responsible and which require considerable time to prepare, to commissioners, rather

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than to members of government holding nominal situations?

'Some great measures' (his lordship answered) 'which required a great deal of inquiry have been so referred. The poor law is the most remarkable instance of that that I remember; but it was considered by Lord Grey's cabinet that the measure could not be introduced without the appointment of commissioners to make previous inquiries. But there are many very considerable measures that could not be referred to commissioners.'

What those considerable measures were his lordship did not specify, but in answer to previous questions he defended the existence of ministerial offices of slight duty on the ground of the opportunity which he said they afforded of employing the holders of such offices in the preparation of large measures. He says:

'1223. I think there would be a loss if you said that every office in which there was not much to do should be combined with another of a great deal of business. I think there are several reasons for that. I think one reason is, that the persons who hold the offices of Secretary of State and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and offices of that nature, are charged with duties which absorb their time so much that if there is any question which is depending in Parliament or has to be considered by the administration, if it be one that does not come within the scope of their several departments' (meaning, I presume, their routine duties), 'they have hardly time to attend to it. To give an instance (which certainly may be said to be one that would not often occur): when I was paymaster of the forces, Lord Grey appointed me as one of a committee to consider a plan of parliamentary reform; and after the plan was made, which of course took up a good deal of my time, I brought it forward in the House of Commons, and the objections made to the bill were very important and very serious; they were urged by men of great ability, and Lord Althorp proposed to me that he should go through all the legal objections, and that I should take all the objections with reference to particular boroughs, their nature, their extent, their boundaries. I do not think Lord Althorp, with his duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer, could possibly have gone through all the details of the measure. Lord Althorp and myself, in fact, took upon ourselves entirely, with occasional assistance from the law officers of the Crown, the whole defence of the measure in the House of Commons. I do not think that one man charged with the duties of the Chancellor of the Exchequer could have done it.'

It is scarcely necessary to point out how nearly the published incidents of the preparation of the last Reform Bill coincide with those of the Reform Bill of 1832.

On the announcement of a second Reform Bill by Lord Russell, opinions were earnestly expressed in various quarters, that any further legislation on the representation of the Commons should be based on inquiries and expositions, by a properly constituted Commission, similar to those made under the Commission of Inquiry into the administration of the Poor Laws. From the part I had taken under that commission, I was consulted as to the organisation of a similar commission by several gentlemen, who, independently of any party considerations, felt anxiously on the unsettled questions of fact which they considered ought to be clearly and authentically determined before any changes were made in the representation. My friend, the late Mr. Senior, was also consulted, and on experience similar to my own expressed concurrent views, on the

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procedure for the preparation for legislation by means of a special Commission of Inquiry, which should ascertain and settle the facts on the chief topics for consideration. On the testimony, not of the general public, or of persons who can give only cursory attention to multifarious subjects, but of professional persons of high position, who have given years of exclusive attention to the large branches of public administration which I have had to investigate, I may claim a privilege to express a confident opinion on the advantages derivable from the preparation of legislation on large topics, by open and quasi-judicial investigations, and expository reports of the grounds for the conclusions arrived at.

From public men who are apt to make their own crude impressions as to the supposed material facts the measure of the relevant information desirable or obtainable, it is usual to hear loud allegations in relation to any question which has been the subject of public discussion, that all the facts are perfectly notorious, that any proposed particular inquiry is superfluous and impertinent, and can only have been conceived as a means of delay, or evasion, or of jobbing. Now, there has been no one investigation with which I, with other commissioners, have been charged—including the subjects of pauperism and poor law maladministration, of crime and penal administration, of pestilence and sanitary legislation, and of the evils attendant on excessive manufacturing labour—which did not conclusively reverse every main principle, and almost every assumed chief elementary fact, on which not only the general public—myself often included—but parliamentary committees, and men of high political position, were prepared to base legislation. The examples that might be given in support of this large allegation, if there were space to give them, would be found to have an important bearing on the matters in question, and would in themselves form a highly instructive study.

I must submit that such preparation as there was even for the Reform Bill brought forward by Mr. Gladstone presented another example of the character of those which I have cited, of the reversal by due inquiry of generally accepted impressions and opinions put forth by public men as bases for legislation.

It will be remembered that it was confidently stated as an established, undisputed, and undoubted fact, and as the main ground for reform of Parliament,—that, as a rule, the ten pound limit to the franchise operated as an absolute barrier of exclusion to the working man. The Government, in answer to the demand for inquiry by a commission, undertook to make such preparatory inquiry as it assumed to be sufficient. The mode of inquiry was the very imperfect one, as I consider (unless it be as preparatory to local inquiries by assistant-commissioners on the spot), of an inquiry by circular to the union clerks to ascertain the real numbers of the wage classes actually on the register, and in possession of the franchise.

The returns proved that there were upwards of twenty per cent. on the registry, and it appeared that the numbers were increasing. In the very place represented by Mr. Bright,—who had, in his orations, asserted loudly, repeatedly, and most dogmatically, as an undeniable fact, the entire exclusion of working men from the franchise, and their grief and indignant impatience at the exclusion,—in that same place, it appeared that whilst he was retained by 4,482 votes as against 1,544 for his Conservative opponent, there were 2,883 votes belonging to the work-

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ing classes, who might have insured Mr. Bright's return, and who probably constituted his majority—whilst there were no less than 6,446 'compounders' who might have had the franchise if they cared to put themselves to inconvenience in getting it. There are other, and as I conceive, sufficient grounds for a reform of Parliament, but, such as it was, the very first step to inquiry on the one topic,—leaving other important topics untouched,—must to all candid minds completely cut from under him the ground he took, and which was generally accepted for legislation.

I may here mention that in a conversation which I had myself with Lord Althorp on the subject of the preparation of legislative measures by commission, I took occasion to exemplify defects to some of which I shall advert, which he admitted, in the mechanism of the administrative details of the Reform Act; and to submit that these defects could scarcely have failed to be prevented if, the principles of the measure being predetermined, its preparation had been confided to the labours of a competent commission, which he also admitted.

The object at present in view is simply the illustration of the most advantageous procedure for the preparation of legislation, and without advocating or impugning the principle of the Reform Act of 1832, but confining attention to its mechanism, it may be assumed, from the evidence elicited upon numerous inquiries into the practices prevalent in boroughs, that whatsoever other counteravailing effects the Reform Act may have produced, it has failed to prevent much of the bribery and corruption against which it was directed, and has spread those evils widely amongst new constituencies. It may also be assumed, that some of the material elementary facts deemed requisite for legislation, are as yet even little better determined than those several matters above referred to were proved to have been, on which Parliament was prepared to legislate before special inquiries were instituted, are now presented for consideration.

I submit that the Cabinet (or close and secret) method of preparation of measures, almost of necessity limits the facts accepted as the basis for legislation to those which may happen to be within the knowledge of the one, two, or three persons forming the committee to which it is confided, as in the example stated by Lord Russell of the preparation of the Reform Bill. It excludes the investigation of extensive orders of facts, which cannot be examined without showing the drift of the inquiries, and indicating to opponents the nature of the measures contemplated.

A large proportion of the artisan class would themselves, I know, draw lines of demarcation as to those with whom they would be associated in the exercise of the franchise. They have themselves suggested that although it is a single and proximate test, the simple one of being able to read and write, or sign a name to a voting paper, would form an eligible qualification. The recent Reform Bills, it will be admitted, draw lines most rudely and indefinitely. To draw lines more closely, clearly, and satisfactorily, even to the artisan classes themselves, would probably require the labour of such a commission as that recently appointed for inquiry into the important subject of the conduct of trades unions and combinations amongst workmen, and as to their capacity for judging of sound legislation as displayed in their trades' regulations. That Commission will probably arrive at clearer lines after others have been adopted by Parliament. Amongst other points, it will be ascertained

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what foundation there is for the complaints which I have heard from artisans, that as a body, they are frequently subjected to the domination of cliques, and to false representations of their real feelings and opinions.

Of necessity inquiries on such topics must be, if not in form, in reality open inquiries. Any preparation by the close Cabinet procedure, which should attempt to deal with such classes and questions, except by careful inquiries into details, must I apprehend, be upon wild and dangerous guesswork. However fairly intended, the preparation of large measures affecting large masses, having varied conditions, must, I submit, be invariably narrow and partial in the close Cabinet procedure, and is moreover exposed to the suspicion of intentional partiality and unfairness, which it is difficult to rebut. Measures prepared in the dark, or upon such imperfect information, must needs be put forth by the Government in the dark as to the reception they will meet with.

The method of preparation for legislation by select committees of Parliament, whether open or close, may have advantages over the close Cabinet method in the examination of such witnesses as the members' connections or as accidental circumstances may gain for the subject; but whether the attention afforded by the chairman or members of the committee to the one subject be greater or less than that which can be gained from the minister or his colleagues, it is yet only a divided attention with other parliamentary duties. Some committees have entered far enough into the examination of important subjects to perceive that complete investigation required more sustained labour than was compatible with the positions and the other duties of the members, and they have concluded by recommending that the subject should be confided to the labours of a Commission.

The aptitude of the investigators being the same, the different value of each mode of legislative procedure, may be said to be, as the opportunities and the extent of attention which it insures. In legislation, as in other things, gross ignorance sees no difficulties, imperfect knowledge descries them, perfect knowledge overcomes them. For a long period, almost every prime minister was loudly and confidently called upon in Parliament to produce, without delay, efficient measures for the suppression of the evils attendant upon the maladministration of the Poor Laws. Immediately on the change of Government they were called upon to produce, within weeks or days, complete remedies for the maladministration prevalent during two centuries. But when the task was successively declined by such statesmen as Pitt, Windham, Huskisson, Sir Robert Peel, and the Duke of Wellington, it is not supposed that the subject was beyond the competency of the men; but it is intended to be said simply, that it was beyond their positions, and the opportunities of attention, and inquiry, and consideration which their positions allowed to them. They descried the difficulties of the subject, but had not the time to acquire the knowledge of varied and extensive details requisite to overcome them. If they could have changed their positions, and abandoning discursive attention to multifarious objects, have become commissioners of inquiry, giving ten hours' daily labour continuously for months or years, to the one subject exclusively; if they could have travelled about and viewed the administration of relief in various forms, and examined witnesses of every condition *in situ*, it is to be presumed that the results of their

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labours would have been worthy of their superior positions.

There is often dangerous and injurious *in*action on the part of persons of high and exclusive position, arising from doubts as to the information, the feelings, and opinions which may prevail and be liable to be evoked from amongst large masses of the population. The supposed profundity and strength of popular opinion, is often judged of from the multitude of persons whose real information and actual opinions are unexplored. In the absence of any trustworthy exploration, persons are led to ascribe their own opinions to the masses, who, it will often be found, have never formed any opinions whatsoever on the matter in question, but who, by loud repetition, may be made to adopt the opinions ascribed to them.

Now, the open method of inquiry admits of complete investigation as to the state of information and opinion in even the most obscure nook and corner of society. Under the poor law commission of inquiry, by the circulation of queries, elicitative of opinion, as well as facts,—which queries were circulated to magistrates at petty sessions, to the chairmen of vestries in large urban parishes, and to individuals in all parts of the country, who were conspicuous for the attention which they had paid to the subject, or for their success in local administration;—persons amounting to many hundreds, were, it might be said, without being taken from their homes, or seriously inconvenienced, brought into an orderly council, where any one, who had anything to say, might confidently expect to have it duly read and considered. Where for the elicitation of evidence written or printed interrogation was inapplicable, oral examinations of labourers as well as farmers and overseers, were conducted by the itinerant commissioners, and assistant commissioners. Under the commission of inquiry into the labour in manufactories, artisans, as well as their employers, were examined in every part of the country, and processes were also examined *in situ*.

Now it is the methodisation of the masses of matter so elicited,—placing them in the order best adapted to insure correctness, completeness, and clearness of conception,—the condensation of these masses,—the expression in one general proposition of groups of particular facts, and their application to the ends sought by the whole inquiry,—which form, perhaps, the chief labour of a properly organised and efficiently directed commission of inquiry. Such labour, under the poor law commission of inquiry, occupied one year of undivided attention and hard work.

It is a general defect which attaches itself to the close Cabinet method of preparation, that measures are commonly prepared less on the actual requirements of the case, and from a due consideration of any proofs of the actual evils, than on the presumed acceptability of the measures, or on narrow personal information, or mere suspicion as to what may or may not be made the means of party misrepresentation and opposition. In respect to the measures prepared by commissions, I never knew an instance of the vaticinations of men of the highest parliamentary experience ever proving right as to what would or would not be successfully opposed; for from habit they never took into account the effects produced on the public mind by the circulation of the reports, or the effect on opponents in deterring attacks by the display of the array of facts and reasons, requiring to be grappled with in order to be overthrown; and thus provisions which were deemed unobjectionable and safe, were made the subject of fierce attack, whilst others, comprising

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large and new powers on which furious resistance was anticipated, passed *sub silentio*. Lord Althorp told us that he did not know above seventy or eighty members of the House of Commons upon whom he could rely for the support of the Poor Law Amendment Bill; and we understood that the Government had in gloomy despair expected defeat upon it, but the second reading was carried by 319 against 20. The procedure by a Commission acting by local inquiries, followed by the circulation of the reports, operates in preparing the public mind by the local discussions arising out of the local examinations, commonly in support of the Commissioners' conclusions when founded upon the evidence. About eight thousand copies of the Report of the Poor Law Inquiry were circulated amongst the local officers, and nearly ten thousand copies of a cheap edition were sold. The member of Parliament, who acts less by his own views of what is right than by what the leaders of his constituents say, is, through the promulgation of the facts and reasons through the circulation of the Reports amongst them, enabled to see the extent and form of any probable opposition or support, and to determine his course accordingly.

The open procedure by Commission, and the hearing of each party, *pro tanto* divests the preparation of legislative measures of common party attributes.

Commissions of inquiry, however, as sometimes conducted by members of Parliament, sitting only at intervals, giving only incidental and divided attention to the inquiry, not examining either by themselves or by well qualified assistant commissioners, or seeking out the evidence on the spot, and getting only such information as may be brought before them, have seldom any advantage over parliamentary committees. Of this the Commission of inquiry into the working of our railway system will present a regretful example, and greatly disappoint the public.

The resounding praises given by orators on political platforms, as to the good working of the reformed Parliament as covering all defects of legislative preparation, admit and require qualifications. One of these qualifications is this:—that, as a rule, no large measure of mature preparation partaking of science in legislation or administration, in jurisprudence or economy, ever goes into Parliament that does not come out worse than it went in; that the reformed Parliament cannot pass a code—that it cannot pass a scientific branch of the law, or an orderly criminal or civil procedure. It found civil justice dear, and inaccessible to the poorer population, except *in forma pauperis*, and it has left it so. Great praise has been claimed for it for passing the Poor Law Amendment Act. Of that, I am justified in saying that it passed the measure lamed of its most important part, the abrogation of the law of parochial settlement, which has only been gained after a quarter of a century of grievous evil and continued agitation. It has only given, this session, a partial remedy for the barbarities of the administration of relief to the sick poor of the metropolis, which has been gained by a partial return to the principles and measures prepared and distinctly expounded to it in 1834. A great proportion of the physical suffering of the poorer population is proved to be preventible, and the proved means of prevention, and the principles of legislation for applying them, were expounded in the sanitary report of 1862, and repeated with demonstrations by the Health Towns Commissions and by the Metropolitan Sanitary Commissions; yet it was only under terror of an impending epidemic that the appointment of an executive body,

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the first General Board of Health, could be obtained with imperfect powers; and that body, despite of its proved success, and indeed by reason of its success, was broken up by a vote of the reformed Parliament, which Lord Palmerston declared to be 'the foulest vote he had ever known given' (and he had known many), under the influence of sinister interests, threatened by measures of improvement for the public benefit. It is only during this month, too, that associated bodies of medical men and others, deeply impressed by the entire and criminal neglect or confused execution of the sanitary laws, and with the condition in which the people were found during the last visitation of the cholera, and by the increasing death-rates, have independently made an urgent representation to the Government of the necessity of having those very executive functions restored for the public protection, which twelve years ago Parliament destroyed. The ravages of sickness and mortality, proved to be preventible by practical means within the recognised province of legislation and of public administrative duty (and therefore at the door of Parliament), are really greater than the ravages of the most severe wars. Credit is claimed for it, again, for having passed measures for the protection of children in factories from excessive toil; but the executive measures prepared for that purpose by the factory commission were in passing lamed in their most important executive provisions, which have not yet been restored, notwithstanding the patent success even of the defective application of the prepared and proved principles of legislation. How the repeal of the corn laws was obtained,—not under any appreciation of economical principles, but under terror of the actual famine in Ireland and the fear of agitation,—may be seen in the memoirs of the late Sir Robert Peel. His estimate of the reformed Parliament is displayed in the same volume, and it is concisely denoted by his expression in respect to the Encumbered Estates Act in Ireland, 'that it was so good a measure that he really wondered how it had ever passed.' It may be said, in the way of apology for him, that it was probably under distrust and despair of legislation on sound principle, and of public administration in this country, that he yielded to the pressure from the sinister interests within the house, and abandoned the legitimate governmental duties and responsibilities of maintaining the public highways and means of internal communication in the best possible condition, to almost irresponsible private enterprise, for profit by exactions on the public necessities of travel;—a disastrous dereliction of public duty and correct legislative principle, by which commercial demoralisation and private ruin have been spread throughout the country, and the transit of goods and persons has been saddled with nearly double charges. The proposals for retrieving these vast disasters by returning to correct legislative principle made to the recent commission of inquiry on our railway system,—that the governmental duties, in respect to the public highways, should be resumed; not indeed, that the Government should undertake their direct management, but that it should put them out to be managed in responsible contracts in behalf of the public to form and work;—these proposals were met by Mr. Lowe, as his main objection to the plan, almost by scoffs at the idea that such contracts could be kept free from jobbing, party political influences, worse than those prevalent amongst trading directorates. That is to say on the conception of this foremost laudator of the reformed Parliament, it

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cannot be trusted to render those services in behalf of the public, which are rendered with so much benefit by the governments of Belgium, Switzerland, Prussia, and various German States, as well as by France, and that there is no help for the people of England but to submit to such disasters as now weigh upon the shareholders in reduced dividends, and on the public in dear and in comparatively unsafe and inferior accommodation.

Now, it is mainly from the apprehension that, by reason of unintended defaults of legislative preparation, the baleful money interests,—which have operated so injuriously on measures for the improvement of the physical condition of the population, and have spread, spite of forewarning, disastrous commercial consequences, which will be developed to the disgrace of this country before Europe,—these interests will not only not be abated, but will be aggravated by the proposed Reform measures as they now stand, by an increase of money power, of the purchase of seats for populous districts as well as in small boroughs;—that I feel it a duty to point out what I believe to be one cause of the defect in principle (a defect which due inquiry and preparation would remedy) by which the greatest benefit derivable from a reform will be frustrated.

Have the administrative arrangements requisite for informing the electors as to the candidates, and of taking the votes of the largely increased numbers of voters, in a manner becoming a deliberative act, been duly considered in or out of Parliament? because the greatly increased numbers of electors, if their votes are to be taken in the present methods, must occasion a proportionate increase of the existing excessive electoral expenses, which cover bribery, and must lead to a further increase of the power of purchasing seats in the boroughs by the candidates' payments of such expenses.

Men, in political positions are apt to omit to take notice of the effect of the advance of productive industry on the power of attention of populations to political interests and discussions. In progressive industrial occupations, and in towns, under increasing competition, the mental labour and attention requisite to success becomes more and more severe, so as, in a great measure, to exhaust the capacity of sustained attention for any length of time, to anything out of their regular course, and to make interruptions of their regular occupations painful. Hence it is that the service of paid agents are becoming more in demand for the transaction of private personal affairs, and that it becomes more and more difficult to get the continuous service of efficient business men on public committees out of Parliament. Hence, too, the increasing difficulties of getting the attendance of jurors in commercial districts, which occasioned a learned judge recently to declare the institution of trial by jury for the civil courts to have broken down. Occupied men will risk, and bear fines, and incur expenses beyond their day's profit, rather than be put out of their way. Hence it is that the performance of honorary municipal duties, instead of devolving upon the highest class of citizens, is sinking into the hands of persons of the lowest grade of the middle classes throughout the country. Formerly the Greshams, the Beckfords, the first-class merchants, took upon themselves the mayoralty of the City of London. But now, the Grotes, the Barings, the Smith, Payne and Smiths, keep aloof, and would feel themselves degraded by such office. The proportions of the old staid respectabilities in secondary offices of honorary service is diminishing, and the

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offices are being more and more abandoned to men, not merely of lower intellectual and social, but of a lower moral and intellectual condition.

This relative deterioration of public services, which ought to be advanced with the progress of society, is accelerated by the difficulty of obtaining the voluntary attendance of the better class of electors for the performance of electoral duties, which are thence left to minorities of the lowest and loosest classes, whose time is of the least worth and who are most easily moved by sinister interest or by passion.

On a due examination of these conditions, it follows, as a principle of legislative policy, and as a result of yet unheeded inquiries; that all demands upon the time of private individuals, even for occasional public service, should be carefully economised and reduced to the minimum;—that as a rule in towns only functions of auditor of the occasional supervision of paid service can be expected to be obtained from the best unpaid service, and that for really responsible executive service exclusive reliance must be placed in properly qualified paid officers.

My attention was called to these conditions in poor law administration, by such cases as that of a parish of some thousand ratepayers, where it was complained that a clique of about twenty small shopkeepers had got the administration of the rates in their hands, and got each other in office, and succeeded in expending the rates largely in dealing with each other for supplies for the paupers, and in various ways in turns. 'But it is your own faults,' I observed to the chief witness, 'in allowing all this, in not exercising your privilege and overlooking and displacing this small minority, and putting in men upon whom you can rely.' 'We did so once by extraordinary exertion,' was the answer; 'but our parish is made up of men closely occupied in business, and you could scarcely imagine how much sacrifice of time and exertion it required to get them to attend and give their votes. But we could not keep it up; the jobbers soon found this out; they rallied and regained their position, and the parish money is now at their mercy; the expenditure is large and the relief bad.' As a check, I proposed the measure of the house to house collection of votes, which, though susceptible of improvement, has greatly answered its purpose in more even administration. In the parish where I live, which contains about the same number of ratepayers as the one in the instance cited, parochial conflicts under a local act were determined by minorities of less than a tenth of the ratepayers, and the character of the administration sunk so low from the non-attendance of the most respectable voters, that it was found necessary to get an Act of Parliament to authorise the house to house collection of votes by responsible officers, by which means the number of voters has been increased sevenfold, and the deterioration of the administration arrested.

Those who would be informed of the full development of the antagonistic elements of the individual interest of the elector in the occupation of his time in his own pursuits, as against the demands of the public interest in the performance of electoral duties, may see the results of that displayed in a recent article in the *North American Review*, descriptive of the condition of the local administration of the city of New York. They will see there the entire administration of that large city held in possession, as a source of plunder, by people of the lowest class, almost by the ruffianism of the community, main-

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taining notorious malversation such as Europe has no examples of, that I am aware, carried on at the expense of the interests of the whole community, and in defiance of the public opinion of all respectable people, who are helpless for any sustained power of exertion against it. Not outwardly so flagrant, or so advanced in degree, but of the like character, is much of the so-called self-government of our large cities. We found the local police forces there under the direction of watch committees of publicans and the owners of houses which the police should regulate, but dare not interfere with;—the powers of thwarting the application of sanitary measures gained by the owners of the worst-conditioned weekly tenements, mere fever nests requiring amendment, against which, in their own sinister interests, the maladministrants maintain a dead resistance. We found that the direction of the poor's rates was gained by men who dispensed them in out-door relief in money, which they well knew went in payment of the rents of their own wretched houses, or in the purchase of goods at their own shops. Such positions were got by action upon minorities of voters, and the inaction of majorities.

It is in the United States of America also that the principle of the sacrifice of individual convenience and trouble in electoral matters has had its development, in creating representation by minorities, a misrepresentation, or false expression of public opinion amongst themselves, as well as towards the rest of the world. It will be remembered, before the commencement of the civil war, how general was the impression in this country, that the great majority of the American people were in their hearts favourable to slavery; that they hated the negroes, and really cared nothing for slavery itself, and were intent solely on an oppressive protectionism and a greedy domination over the slave-holding states. On various occasions language was used, by men in high position there, which shocked the people of this country, and more impartial public opinion on the Continent; yet such expressions were from representative men. At first the language of President Lincoln, even, was evasive on the subject of slavery, and countenanced the doubts thrown upon the feelings of the people of the Northern States. These doubts were met by the confident declarations of well informed persons that these men, though in representative positions, did not represent the real feelings of the Northern people, as would be shown when the time of pressure came to evoke them, when President Lincoln would be compelled to speak out and take decisive steps for the suppression of slavery; and the time did come for bringing out the declaration that the Northern people, intent on their own occupations, had taken little part in public business, had allowed the Southern leaders to manage their public affairs without check, were fully verified;—when the great Democratic party, who would have conciliated slavery, as well as the avowed sympathisers of the South, were overthrown, to the surprise even of very acute observers of American affairs.

If the electoral procedure, freed from the weight of individual inconvenience for its manifestation, making it often dependent on 'good' or 'bad voting weather' for coming up to vote, and excluding the terrorism of Irish mobs, and rowdies in the American cities,—had allowed the public opinion to be conveniently, quietly, and completely manifested on all ordinary occasions, without any convulsive effort or systematic wire-pulling, it is probable that the Southern slaveholders' policy would

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have been early checked; and it is possible that the devastation of the dreadful civil war might have been averted.

The evil in question, of the difficulty of getting attention and attendance to watch collective interests, is not confined to political subjects, but is experienced in commercial undertakings, in which the public have commonly more direct personal interests than in public affairs. Hence the tendency to railway mismanagement by directorates in entering into courses of expenditure and litigation, in defiance of the interests of the shareholders. The principle involved was clearly pointed out by Mr. James Mill, in his *History of British India*, wherein, commenting on the apprehensions that the democratic assembly of the East India proprietors would grasp the whole of the power of the Company, would constrain and disturb the proceedings of the chairman and directors, would deliberate with violence and animosity, and exhibit all the confusion, precipitation, and imprudence which are commonly ascribed to the exercise of popular power, he observes:

> The actual result is extremely different from what the common modes of reasoning incite common minds to infer. Notwithstanding the power which, by the theory of the constitution, was thus reserved to the popular parts of the system, all power has centred in the court of directors, and the government of the Company has been an oligarchy in fact. So far from meddling too much, the court of proprietors have not attended to the common affairs even sufficiently for the business of inspection, and the known principles of human nature abundantly secured that unfortunate result. To watch, to scrutinise, to inquire, is labour, and labour is pain. To confide, to take for granted that all is well, is easy, is exempt from trouble, and to the mass of mankind is comparatively delightful. On all ordinary occasions, on all occasions which present not powerful motives to action, the great mass of mankind is sure to be led by the soft and agreeable feeling. And if they who act have only sufficient prudence to avoid those occurrences which are calculated to rouse the people on account of whom they act, the people will allow them abundant scope to manage the common concerns in a way conformable to their own liking and advantage. It is thus that all constitutions, however democratically formed, have a tendency to become oligarchical in practice.

Unfortunately, the tendency manifested in these times is not merely to relapse into such oligarchical rule as that of the great Company referred to,—which so much excused or justified reliance and inaction,—but into what may be termed jobocracies, and to rule of the flagrantly pernicious character made manifest by proceedings in our courts of law in relation to vast commercial associations.[1] But it is to be borne in

[1] These great associations, some of twenty and thirty thousand shareholders, are characterised by the tendency in question, to fall into the hands of minorities, the connections of directorates, and those minorities into the hands of individuals possessing interests widely different from those of the great body of the shareholders. The condition of these governments, of concerns with revenues larger than those of some principalities, were thus recently characterised by a very competent commercial observer, the writer of the city article for the *Times*:—'The debenture difficulty, and that of the incompetency of Boards, are but symptoms of the disease. It is useless to hurl reproaches at directors. Every one knows what a director is. A man of mercantile repute, absorbed in a large business of his own, or a man with nothing to do because he has rarely been able to do anything well—this is the staple of a Board at least nine times in ten; and if an intruder of sharp original views should happen to come among them, he soon finds that, instead of attempting to waken up his colleagues and to overcome the tacit resistance of officials on all sides, he had better carry his sagacity to a more remunerative field. The real directors of each of our companies are the solicitors and the engineers and contractors, and occasionally some exceptionally astute official. All these parties play into each other's hands; they are always men of energy and great natural capacity, and they invariably possess the power of controlling the officials, who have no difficulty in discovering where the real mastery lies. Under these circumstances, if a question arises with

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mind that in our local or general politics, whilst the individual interests at stake appear to be less, the manifest annoyances of attendances under conditions which evoke coarse passions amidst 'roughs and lambs,' are greater, requiring with many persons heroic virtues to withstand them. Good Americans have complained that by the frequent attendances demanded of them, and the necessity of constantly watching, examining and scrutinising to maintain political purity, 'they are made slaves to liberty.' Refusing to do this, they often fall into the other alternative, in which the bad legislative arrangements of their platform politicians place them, of being made the slaves of the most corrupt local as well as general administration of any civilised government of which I am aware.

In general political affairs, instances may be adduced to show that there is in this country much more of false representation of opinion, or of no really public opinion whatsoever, than has yet been taken into consideration. In electoral matters, the meetings are frequently meetings chiefly of non-electors, and the misrepresentation of opinion at them is displayed by the show of hands being all one way, and the voting another. Only sections of large masses can be got into most rooms for meeting, and it is often a matter of chance what section attends. Even in the anti-Corn Law meetings held by Mr. Cobden, it was frequently necessary to admit persons only by ticket, or in truth to pack them, to secure discussion and to prevent the meetings being swamped by violent minorities of Chartists.

It may be that the Reform Leaguers really represent the majority of the labouring classes, yet it is not proved to be so. But it is observed that they confidently claimed and provided for a demonstration of upwards of one hundred thousand men, whilst the numbers brought out, after the utmost efforts, were counted as one fourth of those they claimed; and their adversaries claim the other three fourths. What evidence is there to rebut them?

It appears to me to be a duty, then, to point out that unless precautions be taken whilst there is time, the evils of false representations by active minorities, under sinister influences, so widely prevalent in local administrative bodies, may be seriously augmented in parliamentary representation. A reference to electoral statistics will show that, as the number of electors is increased, as in the larger metropolitan boroughs, the proportion of non-voters is increased, until little more than half, and in some instances less than half, exercise their franchise. I am unaware of a single metropolitan member who is not returned by a positive minority of the constituents.

The power of wielding minorities effectively under the existing electoral procedure is maintained with intense jealousy, and by bitter abuse of the house to house collection of votes, and the relief thereby of the

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another company, such as any two private gentlemen would settle in five minutes, what is the result? The solicitor says "it must be fought out." Then comes the engineer. "Carry the war," he says, "into the opponent's territory and lay out a rival branch." Then comes a system of buying up land on the projected route, until a multitude of influential parties find the prospect before their eyes of a large fortune, and an influence is exerted sufficient to arm the Board with proxies to any extent. Finally, the shareholders, in public meeting, or rather a very small number of them that can be got together, upon being solemnly informed by the chairman that they "must protect their property from invasion," follow like sheep. Just what the directors have been under the manipulation of the solicitors, engineers, &c., the shareholders are under the manipulation of the directors, and neither side can rationally reproach the other.'

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'fine' of the sacrifice of time in the exercise of the franchise. In these interests, the collection of votes by voting papers, for the election of vestrymen in the metropolitan vestries, was successfully resisted: and as a consequence, it is now proved before a committee of the House of Commons, that those have become virtually close self-elected bodies, whose unfitness has become a crying scandal and evil to be removed. One effect of the elections being left under conditions which place them in the power of minorities is that, as minorities, the members are brought more within the power of bribery and sinister influences. It will be seen from the evidence on the Compound Tenements Act, before Lord Grey's select committee of the House of Lords, that the habitual practice of bribery in municipal elections, which are commonly determined by minorities in the larger boroughs, has become yet more extensive than it is in parliamentary elections. Before the select committee on the Corrupt Practices at Elections Act it was proved, by a parliamentary agent of extensive experience, that corruption in parliamentary elections has its root in corruption in municipal elections. Many a member of the honourable house will declare upon his honour, that he has not bribed a single voter for his election to Parliament, well knowing that he has spent much for the maintenance of his interest in the parliamentary election, in sustaining the municipal bribery of his supporters. The composition of the vestries, as seats of maladministration, affects the representation in Parliament, and is the source of the resistance made there to the most important administrative reforms.

I now try to bring under consideration the more direct application of the principle of the necessity of providing for the free expression of the opinion of majorities, by every practicable facility to save trouble to individuals, and to shield them from annoyance in the exercise of the franchise in parliamentary elections; of which I submit the house to house collection of votes by responsible and trustworthy collectors is the principal means, especially of bringing in the increasing number of votes of those who will not give their day's work, or time, but will yet give their evening's quiet home-consideration to the performance of the electoral duty. It is alleged by the opponents to that measure that the votes of those who will not be at the trouble to go to the poll to give their votes cannot be worth much. I would submit to Mr. Mill, that the votes of the republican voters which changed the destinies of the United States were, on such off-hand estimates, of no worth. This objection superciliously undervalues what that trouble and annoyance commonly is, and it over-estimates the value of the object to be obtained in the eyes of the elector, for which he is commonly called upon to make a sacrifice,—namely, in a populous district, the exercise of some twenty-thousandth share in the six hundred and fiftieth part in the third estate of the realm, a sacrifice commonly for a person of no special aptitude or promise. The practice founded on this objection as to the worthlessness of the effort to the individual elector commonly induces exaggeration to make the elector alter this estimate, as against his very certain sacrifice of time, which to him is money. Certainly it is not the lowest class in populous districts with whom canvassing solicitations, bill posters, and electoral appeals so extensively fail to produce any effect.

It follows that if the numbers of the electors in the larger boroughs be still further augmented, and if there be no alteration in the electoral procedure, so as to give facili-

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ties for the exercise of the franchise, the proportionate number of the non-voters will be augmented, giving more power to minorities of the lower and looser classes of voters, and aggravating those evils of false representation, except on occasions of political convulsion, which have been displayed on so large a scale in the Northern States of America.

Parliamentary agents are well aware how widely, if not generally throughout, the borough seats are really purchasable by means of expenses. A metropolitan member, who spent two thousand pounds, and was beaten by another who spent four, declared that he again would be beaten by almost any one else who spent six. Roupell, with a positively previous bad repute for himself and his belongings, won his seat, as it is stated, by an expenditure of ten thousand pounds.

In addition to such results, our elections presents scenes of riot, fighting on platforms and at public meetings, which are disgraceful to the time and to the country before Europe. There can be little doubt that with the augmentation of numbers under the existing procedure these evils will be aggravated. Impartial public officers will concur in the opinion, that the due course of reform would have been to have cleared the existing franchise of its gross and deep-seated evils, as a first step, precedent to the consideration of the extension of the right of suffrage to any considerable numbers of new bodies of men.

But it is alleged against the labour and annoyance-saving procedure of the house to house collection of votes, by means of voting papers, that it would be attended by fraud and intimidation, or by the exercise of undue influence. No doubt it will be, as the issue of a gold coinage or of sovereigns instead of one pound notes, is sure to be attended by counterfeiting and clipping. But in a far less comparative degree. Only in very small boroughs will there be opportunities of the exercise of undue influence in getting the papers filled up within the twenty-four hours during which they may be left; against which continental experience when consulted shows that the ballot is a real security; but the opportunities, the means and motives to illicit practice diminish with the increase of the number of voters. Will any one say what sort of agency will be requisite to pay domiciliary visits to find when the electors are at home, on the same evening, and to be admitted into twenty, or ten, or five thousand houses, and to exercise influence with the electors, during the one clear day for an election? Even in the instance of so small a borough as Reigate, if the evidence be consulted as to the proceedings there, it will be seen how large a number of canvassers and paid agents and lookers-up of votes, and bribers were used; and yet could only be brought to bear upon sections of the electors during the day of the election, as they were found to absent or withhold themselves. But, by the house to house collection of voting papers, which might and ought to be in closed envelopes, the course of the election cannot be seen, either by agents or by electors, who watch the market for their price; there is no use in their keeping back, for the votes are unknown until the close of the collection, the opening of the papers, and the declaration of the majority. A respectable elector in a leading position in that same borough, declared, how great a preventive and relief from the opportunities of bribery, undue influence, and riot and demoralisation would have been the house to house collection of votes in that very place.

Those clerks of unions who have acted as parliamentary agents for

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Liberal elections, and who are practically conversant with the defects of both methods, and whose experience on a close inquiry would have been carefully consulted, are strong and decisive in their testimony in favour of the house to house collection of votes, as a means of preventing a great part of the evils of our electoral system. (Vide the evidence of one of them given before the committee on corrupt practices at elections.) Although party conflicts are often as fierce, especially in Ireland, in the local elections, conducted by this method, as in parliamentary elections; although any individual has an appeal to the Poor Law Board, and possibly a local and practical examination by a Poor Law Inspector gratis; yet the number of complaints of malpractice in this procedure, are utterly inconsiderable as compared with these made against the elections of members to Parliament. But the house to house method of collection is especially hated by those who are returned by minorities, and by the cliques who wield them and who profit by electoral expenses.

The work of vote collection is of course connected with the business of vote registration, a most important but as yet an almost unheeded question of electoral procedure.

The Reform Act of 1832 proceded upon the assumption which due preliminary inquiry would have prevented, as I pointed out to Lord Althorp, that every elector would go to the registrar and see to the due registration of his franchise, and from time to time see that it was duly kept up. It was soon proved, that as a rule, the elector would not sacrifice his time to do one or the other. In one place it was proved to be necessary to give electors breakfasts to induce them to attend the registration. The consequence of this default arising from the Cabinet method of preparation was made manifest in this, that the leading political party which did attend to the registration would beat the party which did not. Sir Robert Peel proclaimed to his party that the battle of the constitution was to be fought in the registration courts. It is, I apprehend, a grievous error in legislation to have admitted of any such battle there whatsoever, or to have courts occupied throughout the country by two surveyors swearing on one side and two on another, that a given tenement was above or below a given value. Now the annual expense of the registration, including the revising barristers and the jury lists, is upwards of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds per annum; or allowing an average of four years for each dissolution, the expense of this very defective registration (which is rarely accurate within twenty per cent.) is about half a million per election, or about seven shillings per vote recorded at each election. There is moreover the expense of the registration associations to each party, which is about equivalent to the public expenses, or another half million of money paid by the sitting members and by subscriptions from members of each political party,—a highly pernicious arrangement, keeping up factious party agitation and largely contributing to make seats in reality purchasable by those who will pay such expenses, and restricting the selection of candidates to those who do. I have, therefore, proposed that the parish rate-book and the income-tax receipt files shall supersede any other qualification, and I might adduce much practical testimony in support of that proposition. Responsible collectors, going to every house, would on the spot complete the identification and the registration, and render the elector's trouble in attending to it, or of any other party attending for him, as unnecessary for the election of members of

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Parliament, as it is for the election of poor-law guardians. The union clerks are, as a class, a highly respectable and responsible body of officers, who might be made answerable for keeping up the registration with the aid of the rate and tax collectors, and might also be returning officers for parliamentary elections within their districts, and the Poor Law Inspectors, on appeals, if any were to occur, might be made on the occasions of elections to perform the duty of revising barristers. I hold it to be an erroneous arrangement, which rarely succeeds in obtaining efficient service, to make permanent appointments solely for the performance of duties occurring at long and uncertain intervals. The registries, the rate-books, and the officers keeping them, are within the settled control of the poor law department, and the electoral statistics are now only to be got from thence. By charging that duty upon it, a direct responsibility to Parliament will be gained at a comparatively inconsiderable expense, and the great mass of that million of pernicious and wasteful expenditure on bad registration be avoided. Altogether the expense entailed by the one error in a detail from defective preparation on the erroneous assumption that every elector would look after his own franchise, and go to the registrar to see it duly registered and kept up, since the passing of the Reform Bill, cannot have been less than six millions of money, besides the irritation and low conflicts of the registration associations on one side and the other.

The average of the legal and allowed expenses of the vote collection, so far as can be made out, are about one pound per vote obtained for county elections, and about fourteen shillings per vote in borough elections, made up of expenses of agents, committee-rooms, clerks, canvassers, printers, &c., so that about another million of money is expended on vote collection in a low species of puffing machinery, in alarming, stimulating, urging, the reluctant electors to give their votes, and doing so in populous districts in modes which nearly one half the voters disregard, or resent as an insult to their understandings. By discarding the principle of making the elector go to the office of the registrar to see to the registration of his franchise, by adopting the correct principle, as I deem it, that the registrar shall go to the house of the elector, to complete his registration there (by seeing to the payment of his rates or taxes); so by discarding the principle of making some three hundred electors go to the public officer (poll clerk) to record their votes, and adopting that of making the poll clerk or the proper responsible officer go to the houses of the three hundred electors and collect their votes or voting papers then and there,—the low excitement, the rioting of the polling-booth, may be got rid of, together with the pretext or the incitation for a bribe, which with the lowest class of the voters always begins with the question, 'But who is to pay me for my lost time?' On this amended system the service of the vote collection might be insured in a far more responsible manner at an expense of two shillings per vote for the counties, and one shilling per vote for the boroughs; and the collection made as close in the more populous boroughs as it is in the larger poor law unions in the metropolis, where the house to house collection of votes is made by the police, and eighty and ninety per cent. of the votes are collected, as against fifty, sixty, and seventy per cent. in the expensive parliamentary elections by which the Roupells, the Edwin Jameses, the railway kings, the water company and gas company kings, the profiters on parliamentary position in getting up

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companies at home, and contracts and concessions abroad, have bought seats.

The experience of the effect of the contravention of right principle in imposing on the electors the trouble of going to the registrar to register the vote, and seeing to its being kept up,—i. e. that as a rule the trouble is never spontaneously taken by them,—is conclusive that the like trouble will never be spontaneously taken by the 'compounders' to obtain the franchise now opened to them. In fact, in the populous districts where it is not worth while to any party to manipulate votes, the concession of the privilege in its present form will mainly serve as a practical means of rebutting the assertion that there exists, amongst the lower classes, an ardent desire to possess the franchise and a burning sense of injustice at being excluded from it.

But can those who object to the imposition of trouble and possible expense, as an improper barrier to the obtainment of the franchise, consistently maintain the barrier of trouble in the exercise of the franchise by all who obtain it and keep the artisan elector in the dilemma of either losing his meal or his working time, which is money to him, in going to the polling booth? Why are the absent from home to be compelled to interrupt their business, and the sick as well as the aged and the feeble to be allowed no choice in the matter, or exemption from the sacrifice of their time and attendance? In continental states, as in France, where time is less valuable and occupation less pressing, it has nevertheless been found necessary to take the votes on the Sunday, to avoid trespassing on working time. In some of the Swiss cantons, they detain the voters in church on Sunday, and lock them in until the voting is completed.

With respect to bribery, all the experienced witnesses declare that penal legislation will have little and only an accidental effect. In the more populous boroughs there is little or no direct bribery. In them bribery is covered, in the existing procedure, by the payments of canvassers, committeemen, clerks, messengers, tradesmen who are all voters or the relations of voters; and the prevention of that bribery will be in the alteration of the electoral procedure by which it is now engendered, and by those careful examinations preliminary to preparation in detail, which, under our partial, hurried, and necessarily imperfect legislative procedure, are as yet so much neglected. The facts and evidence to which I have referred, have arisen in the course of inquiries, which for the important purposes in question have hitherto been little regarded. It will be fortunate, in the existing prevalent unfit state of mind for deliberation on so great a subject,—an impatient desire 'to be rid of it.'—if the principles demonstrated should receive due attention, and thus an aggravation of the existing electoral evils with the augmentation of the numbers of electors be averted, while a real representation is better insured.

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FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE 1867.

EDUCATION.

THE modern votaries of popular education enjoy a great advantage over their predecessors: for they are allowed to take it for granted that popular education is a good thing. That part of the world which thinks for itself has made up its mind that reading and writing are a necessary part of the outfit that should be supplied to every young citizen before he enters upon the calling in which his life is to be passed. A striking and public testimony to the progress of opinion upon this point was in the course of last session afforded by three distinguished members of Lord Derby's Cabinet, who warmly advocated the propriety of giving votes to all who could read, write, and cipher: but the House of Commons was not prepared for so sweeping a change. In old days, an educationalist was bound to preface his treaties with a dissertation on the advantages of knowledge—much as if Sir Astley Cooper were to have commenced an anatomical course by explaining to his hearers that surgical operations should be conducted with as little pain as possible, and that a man whose leg might be saved by judicious treatment would prefer on the whole to keep it,—much as if Mr. Cobden, during his immortal pilgrimage through the towns of England, undertaken for the purpose of instructing his countrymen how Free-trade would provide them with a more plentiful and regular supply of food, were to have commenced by telling them that if a man got too little to eat he would lose his health, and that if he got nothing at all to eat he would die. Even in our own generation we may here and there come across somebody who holds that the good old race of domestic servants has disappeared since the spread of enlightenment—just as in the last generation there existed people who contended, with some show of reason, that if a man was unable to write he would never come to be hanged for forgery. It is possible that there may still linger in Bath or Cheltenham a few ancient colonels who sigh for the days when the British soldier was an illiterate machine, which faced about and sloped arms in obedience to a mental process which associated certain motions with certain sounds. But society has grown wiser, and leaves the praises of ignorance to be sung by a few old women of both sexes.

The folks who, actuated by a species of instinctive aversion, place themselves in opposition to the advance of knowledge, have abandoned their old ground: and, instead of complaining that a little learning is a dangerous thing—instead of raising up the bugbear, once so formidable, of educated day-labourers and literary kitchen-maids—they now object that too much attention

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is expended on the higher branches of instruction, and that pupils of the humblest class receive an education too complete for their happiness and usefulness. Would only that these croakers were justified in their fears! Would only that we did err upon the right side! Unfortunately it is but too easy to show that England is very far from being an over-cultivated nation. It is but too easy to calculate that for every child who is well taught there are three who are badly taught, and for every child who is too much taught there are fifty who are not taught at all. Alas! if these highflying friends of the people, who are anxious that their fellow-countrymen should not suffer from the evil effects of excessive cultivation, would spare the time to make a short tour of inspection through some of our scattered villages, and the back lanes of some of our crowded cities, they would soon discover that they have scanty cause for their amiable solicitude. They would too often find swarms of English boys and girls with minds as untrained as those of little Caffres in localities which, according to their favourite theory, are full of tiny philosophers crammed to the throat with geography and mineralogy. Where they expected to see children familiar with Latin tenses and theological propositions, they would light upon whole families ignorant of the very elements of morality and decency. Where they looked forward to rows of smiling scholars in clean pinafores running off on their fingers the dates of the Roman emperors, they would learn from the schoolmaster that it was much if the parents did not take away their little ones from pothooks and hangers, and 'My boy Tom had a cat,' to mind the cows and keep the rooks off the wheat. In short, if they possessed ordinary candour, they would be brought to own that to apprehend lest the population of our island should be over-educated in the year of grace 1867 s about as rational as to express a fear lest the inhabitants of a blockaded town should fall sick of over-feeding, or lest the workers in a coal-pit should be incommoded by an over-abundance of fresh air.

It was not until this century was some years old that private effort began to disperse the mist of ignorance which then enveloped the entire country. Up to 1808, with the exception of Mr. Raikes's Sunday school, there existed no general organisation whatever for public instruction. For, in truth, the great majority of well-to-do Englishmen regarded the education of the poor with disfavour and suspicion. The literature of our great-grandfathers teems with passages which bear out this assertion. Dr. Johnson, in the *Idler*, describes pathetically the career of a poor girl who had been unlucky enough to learn reading and writing at a foundation school, and relates how she lost place after place because the tradesmen's wives would not have about their houses a fine madam, who might waste her time in thumbing novels and scribbling love-letters. But our best witness to the prevalent tone of the day is that excellent and sensible woman, Mrs. Hannah More. At the earnest request of Mr. Wilberforce she set up a school in her parish, and at once became a mark for the determined and insolent hostility of the farmers and the smaller gentry. She and her sister were mobbed by angry agriculturists, who wished to know what the ladies meant by turning their labourers into Jacobins. In vain the poor women protested that all they aimed at was to enable the girls to sew and cook and read their Bibles. In vain they disclaimed the monstrous charge of teaching the children of peasants to write and cipher. Mrs. Hannah More has embodied her sorrows in one of her admirable tracts. She tells us how good Mrs.

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Jones resolved to set up a Sunday school, and called upon the neighbours to raise funds for its support. When she came to farmer Hoskins, she told him that as he was the richest farmer in the parish, she looked to him for a handsome subscription. 'Subscription!' said he; 'it's nothing but subscriptions, I think. A man had need to be made of money. Well, madam, what is the subscription now?' 'I am going to establish a Sunday school, farmer; and I come to you as one of the principal inhabitants of the parish, hoping your example will spur on the rest to give.' 'Why, then,' said the farmer, 'as one of the principal inhabitants in the parish, I will give nothing; hoping that my example will spur on the rest to refuse. Of all the foolish inventions and new-fangled devices to ruin the country, that of teaching the poor to read is the very worst.' 'And I, farmer, think that to teach good principles to the poor is the most likely way to save the country. Now, in order to do this, we must teach them to read.' 'Not with my consent or money,' said the farmer; 'for I know it always does them more harm than good.' But Mrs. Jones, who evidently knew the way to the heart of Mr. Hoskins, took pains to let him know that all the genteel and wealthy people had subscribed; so at last he said, 'Why, as to the matter of that, I do not value a crown; only I think it might be better bestowed. And I am afraid my own workmen will fly in my face if once they are made scholars; and that they will think themselves too good to work. But, to please you, if you do not think that religion will spoil my young servants, I do not care if you do put me down for half a guinea. What has farmer Dobson given?' 'Half a guinea,' said Mrs. Jones. 'Well,' said the farmer, 'it shall never be said that I do not give more than he. Put me down for a guinea. Scarce as guineas are now, I'll never be put on the same footing with Dobson, neither.'

It was in the face of such apathy and folly as is depicted in this sketch that, between the years 1808 and 1811, the British and Foreign Society and the National Society began their invaluable exertions. But the Government still held aloof from the movement. The ministries of Lord Sidmouth, and Mr. Perceval, and Lord Castlereagh were much too busily occupied in fining and imprisoning on charges of libel and sedition the people who could read and write already, to be able to spare time for endowing the multitude with those perilous accomplishments. But in the year 1832 a new spirit began to display itself in high quarters. In that year our country paid twenty million pounds to cleanse herself from the stain of negro slavery, and the first grant of twenty thousand pounds was made towards the education of the English people. And no wonder; for in that year something was done which brought to a close the system of governing men by bayonets and state prosecutions, and which inaugurated the rule of reason and persuasion. When the great Reform Bill had become law, —when the public opinion of a large portion of the nation had begun to exercise a considerable influence upon the conduct of the administration, it manifestly became the interest of men in power to adopt means by which that public opinion should be regulated and enlightened. Whatever might be the point of view of gentlemen who feared the intoxicating effect of knowledge upon those sections of society which they were pleased to term 'the masses;'—who gravely argued, in the cant of the day, that mechanics' institutes led to infidelity, and that infidelity ended in the gallows;—it was not for Lord Brougham or Lord John Russell to

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throw obstacles in the path of popular education. It was not for them to object to the moral and intellectual elevation of the community which was to sit in judgment upon their measures and their policy. And, accordingly, the leading members of the party which henceforward for the most part administered the affairs of the country, honestly desired to aid the cause of public instruction by subsidies from the public purse. But old habits are hard to alter; and it was not until the year 1846 that the annual sum allotted to schools and schoolmasters reached the figure of one hundred thousand pounds. Thence it rose, mounting with increasing rapidity, until, in 1859, it exceeded three quarters of a million.

In order duly to appreciate the present attitude of the question, we must never forget that the action of Government has hitherto been not initiative, but auxiliary. Or rather, to use plain English, instead of taking the matter into its own hands, it has contented itself with helping those who have shown themselves able and willing to help themselves. There are immense defects in such a system, and the time is now ripe to discuss those defects; but at the period of its institution, it possessed this pre-eminent merit—that it was the only system which would have had a chance of public acceptance. Since then, the experience of a generation has taught Englishmen to regard State interference with diminished suspicion; but the local managers of schools thirty years back were only half disposed to take Government money, and thoroughly indisposed to take Government advice. In the year 1859 the sum of 761,000*l.* was disbursed under the following heads:

The support of the central office in London, and the payment of the Government inspectors;

The maintenance of pupil-teachers and the training of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses;

Grants for the erection of schools;

Grants for the purchase of books and apparatus;

The capitation grants, which were paid to the managers of schools taught by certificated teachers, on account of children who attended the school 176 days in the course of the year.

The scheme was elaborate, looked beautiful on paper, and in some respects worked admirably. Our schoolmasters were the wonder and envy of public-spirited foreigners. Whatever the *expense* might be, the *result* of the pupil-teacher and Training College system was undeniable. Then again, the school buildings were in many cases models of British comfort and Gothic elegance. But it could not be concealed that there was a hitch somewhere. The machinery was excellent; the wheels ran smooth, and the joints were uncommonly well oiled; but somehow or other the quality of the article manufactured was below the mark. In proportion to the sums expended, we had very little good reading and writing to show. A Royal Commission was appointed to inquire, with the Duke of Newcastle in the chair. His colleagues were carefully selected: the secretary was a genius; the Assistant-Commissioners, who were sent forth to gather information over the surface of England and the Continent, were among the cleverest men of our day; and the report which was produced by their united efforts has henceforward been deservedly the text-book of this great question. The general conclusion at which they arrived was that a very small proportion of children had received what could in any sense of the word be termed an education, and that this minute result had been obtained at an excessive outlay.

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It must not be thought that the Commissioners proposed to themselves any extravagant standard of attainments, and then condemned all schools whose scholars failed to reach this standard. They fixed a very moderate minimum of instruction, which is well put in the words of one of their emissaries:

> Even if it were possible [says Mr. Fraser] I doubt whether it would be desirable, with a view to the real interests of a peasant boy, to keep him at school till he was fourteen or fifteen years of age. But it is not possible. We must make up our minds to see the last of him, as far as the day-school is concerned, at ten or eleven. We must frame our system of education on this hypothesis; and I venture to maintain that it is quite possible, before he is ten years old, to teach a child soundly and thoroughly, in a way that he shall not forget it, all that it is necessary for him to possess in the way of intellectual attainment. He shall be able to spell correctly the words that he will ordinarily have to use. He shall read a common narrative—the paragraph in the newspaper that he cares to read—with sufficient ease to be a pleasure to himself and to convey information to listeners. If gone to live at a distance from home, he shall write his mother a letter that shall be both legible and intelligible. He shall know enough of ciphering to make out or test the correctness of a common shop bill. If he hears talk of foreign countries, he has some notion as to the part of the habitable globe in which they lie; and, underlying all, and not without its influence, I trust, on his life and conversation, he has acquaintance enough with the Holy Scriptures to follow the allusions and arguments of a plain Saxon sermon, and a sufficient recollection of the truths taught him in his catechism, to know what are the duties required of him towards his Maker and fellow-men.

So says Mr. Fraser. This, then, is our very humble aim. Intelligent writing; intelligible reading; a modicum of ciphering; a notion that France is in Europe, and that Hindostan is not in America; some sound, and therefore simple, knowledge of the Christian religion. It remains to see to what extent this modest ideal was realised. Mr. Fraser himself proceeds:

> Not that I would be understood as implying that one half, or even one quarter of the children at ten years of age carry with them into the business of life the amount of accomplishments which I have named.

Mr. Norris is of opinion that 'we are successfully educating only one in eight of the children for whom the schools are intended.'

Mr. Stewart observes that he very much doubts whether the boys and girls in the rural schools of our northern counties gain a mastery over the mere mechanical part of education so complete that they can be expected when grown up to find in reading any occupation for their leisure hours. On the whole, the Commissioners were persuaded that, while a fourth of the scholars were really taught, three fourths left school only to forget at once all which they had there learned. The cause appeared to them to consist in the neglect of the indispensable and elementary department of education. The children were not obliged to understand what they read, or to read it in such a manner as to be understood by their hearers. Their report proves, by ludicrous though painful example, that the mass of children acquired little more than a trick of mechanically pronouncing the letters, and that the words which they read conveyed hardly any ideas to the mind. Mr. Fraser heard the head girl in the first class of a school which he inspected read her verse thus: 'And there went a flame of him through all the religion round about.' Mr. Foster met with a smart little boy who read very nicely the words: 'And he entered into a ship, and came into his own city.' Mr. Foster asked, 'What did he enter into?' 'Don't know, thank you, sir,' said the boy politely. 'Read it again. Now, what did he enter into?' 'Don't know, thank you, sir.' Children are asked to write out on their slates their duty towards their neighbours, and produce a farrago of horrible gibberish,

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stating it to be incumbent upon them to 'bay the Queen, and all that are pet in a forty under her, to smit themselves to all their govness, teachess, sportial pastures and marsters, to oughten themselves lordly and every to all their betters, to kep their hands from pecken and steel, and their turn from lawing and slanders.' Mr. Brookfield discovered that out of 1,344 children in the first classes of 53 schools, only 256 knew the cost of five dozen eggs at five for twopence, and only 142 the meaning of the words, 'the state of life into which it has pleased God to call you.' The customary answers were, 'a state of eternal life; of sin; of salvation; of grace; of wickedness; of holiness; of glory; of sanctification;' establishing clearly that even the best taught children in these schools were too often little parrots sharper than the rest of the flock.

So much for the efficiency of the system in those days. Its cost may be judged of by this single fact: In France, more than fifty thousand schools are maintained, and more than three millions and a half of children instructed, for an expenditure of something over seventeen hundred thousand pounds. In Great Britain, in order to *help* 8,461 schools to exist, and in order to *help* 934,000 children to receive instruction, above three quarters of a million sterling was disbursed by the Exchequer. In France, the same grant would have *entirely* maintained more than twenty thousand schools, and to more than a million and a half of children it would have *entirely* given instruction.

The Government, acting on the report of the Commission, had henceforward two objects in view: to diminish the unnecessary expense, and to improve the quality of the education. For this combined purpose, it was considered expedient to aid a school in proportion to the number of scholars whom it could teach to write, read, and understand. But when it became known that the liberality of State assistance was, in part at least, to depend upon the merits of the school assisted, a fierce and determined opposition arose from one end of England to the other. The conflict of opinions and interests has now quietly died away; and it is needless to revive old bitterness by describing the nature and extent of the hostility excited. Suffice it to say that the agitation and discontent was such as it required a very able and a very bold man to face. Fortunately, the Vice-Presidency of the Privy Council, the post of peril and responsibility, was at that crisis held by one to whom friend and foe will readily accord the praise of both ability and courage. There is little in parliamentary history more admirable than the skill and tenacity with which Mr. Lowe fought the uphill battle of the Revised Code. There was compromise and concession; there was danger and delay; but he won the fight at last. His object was gained: his scheme became law; but before many months had elapsed, he himself fell a victim to the malice and misrepresentation of the party whom he had worsted in open fight.

The effect of the change (an effect which, from the nature of the case, is only of late beginning to show itself), has been such as to satisfy reasonable expectations. The attendance of children has not ceased to increase in the former annual ratio, as was feared by the opponents of the measure; and the hopes of its friends have been justified by a marked improvement in the rudimentary instruction. But the last few years have brought before the minds of men a conviction that the present system,—alter it as you will, manipulate it as you may,—is not adequate to deal with the necessities of the country. Facts, lamentable but

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most indisputable, speak to us with a voice which sooner or later will get itself listened to. There exists an institution entitled 'the Manchester and Salford Education Aid Society,' which has for its objects—first, to pay for the children of poor parents so much of the school-fees as may be needful,—and, secondly, to establish free schools for the children of parents who are unable to pay any portion of the school fees. In order to further these ends the Committee, at the cost of immense labour, have systematically canvassed the whole of that large and populous district, dividing the map into 144 squares, and taking one after the other until the whole had been tested by a house to house visitation. And what was the state of cultivation and enlightenment in Manchester, a name which is as it were synonymous in English ears with civilisation and progress? One sentence tells the tale. Everywhere a majority of the children between the ages of three and twelve were found to be neither at school nor at work. According to the census of 1861 the children of school age were upwards of ninety-four thousand in number, of whom only forty-one thousand were at school in the subsequent year. Since then the efforts of the Aid Society have just turned the scale, and 55,000 children attend out of a juvenile population of 104,000. It appears that the parents of nearly one half of these poor little ignorant creatures are well able to afford the fees, and these are necessarily passed over by the Society, because, to quote the Report, 'it would be most demoralising for a charitable association to pay fees for parents who are able to pay for themselves.' Nor does Manchester stand alone among cities. An active magistrate set the Liverpool police at work upon statistics, and discovered that in forty-eight of the principal streets (taking three in each of the sixteen wards), out of 10,651 children 4,761 were growing up in utter ignorance.

All honour to Manchester, which has dared to look her condition in the face: which has endured to confess her shortcomings, to probe the depth of her darkness and squalor! But what must be the condition of districts where the upper classes are more chary of their time and money? What must be the fate of that large parish in the west where the rector appears to be so perfectly satisfied with having less than four per cent. of his population in the schools, and so suspicious of any intrusion, that he refuses to admit even the Bishop's inspector? Of that village where the squire locked up the school-house, and sent the keys to the vicarage, with a message that he wished to show that he could do as he liked with his own; and having once tasted the sweets of arbitrary power, dismissed the certificated master, and in a day ruined a most promising little seminary? Of that district in Herefordshire, where the manager, an owner of large property, thus makes light of the difficulties which some people profess to find in the way of providing efficient education for the labouring classes: 'In my own case,' he says, 'I cut the Gordian knot in a very simple way, by taking the floor out of one half of a double cottage, and giving it a coat of whitewash: while in the other half I found accommodation for an old woman who, at a trifling expense, afforded as much instruction as the children required?' The result of leaving our peasantry to the tender mercies of these specimens of the enlightened classes is shown by the statistics of ignorance in the ranks of our army. In 1856 an examination was held of 10,000 men taken at random, of whom 2,675 were unable to write, although they could read a little, and 2,080 could neither

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read nor write. Of 15,861 men who were discharged in the same year 6,040 signed their marks. And yet these poor fellows, who thus qualified themselves for 'marksmen' by passing an unenviable test, had lived within reach of the regimental schools, and were at least not more ignorant than when raw from the plough-tail.

There are many who tell us that English institutions are second to none in the inhabited world; while others go further, and insist that these institutions approach perfection so nearly that to modify them is a risk, and to displace them is madness. If this be really the case,—if we are in truth trying great social experiments under the most favourable circumstances,—it follows that there is scanty hope in the future for the masses of mankind: it follows that the Creator made the noblest of his creatures under this condition, that in the happiest and best ordered of all societies one half of the race was to be excluded from the highest privilege which men can possess as opposed to brutes. But if we look beyond our own confines, we find that English unwisdom is at fault, and not human nature. Wherever we turn our gaze we discover cause for shame and hope. In 1856 the Prussian military authorities examined the conscripts of that year, a body of young men taken in equal proportion from the universal population. Only two per cent. were unable to read and write. Shortly before the war the same operation was repeated, and it was ascertained that among every thousand recruits only four were unlettered. Out of 4,312 Germans who entered our foreign legion during the Crimean troubles, all but 114, or three per cent., could use their pens. And there is little reason to wonder at this result when we peruse the exact and voluminous accounts of the Prussian method drawn up by educational enthusiasts who have there lit upon their ideal. When we are called upon to admire a system by which, at small expense, and with a minimum of compulsion, two million eight hundred thousand children out of two million nine hundred thousand are receiving in public schools religious education, it is not an exhaustive comment to reply that these arrangements are maintained by the will of an arbitrary government;—that Prussia is one great well drilled army, whose individual members learn their lessons just as they learn their platoon exercise. It is precisely because the history of education in Germany is part of the national history, and the school a genuine offshoot of national life, that we may turn thither for an example. In the year 1848, the year of revolution, when every custom and institution throughout the fatherland was called in question, no feeling whatever was manifested against the machinery of public instruction. Compulsory laws exist: but they are as seldom put in force as the laws which in England oblige a man to provide for the maintenance of his family: for a German would as soon leave his children untaught as an Englishman would leave his unfed.

But even if Prussia be a bureaucracy, what shall we say to Holland, ruled like ourselves by a constitutional monarch; where grave complaints were lately made in the senate that out of 6,000 young men drawn as conscripts from the most backward of the Dutch provinces, 600 could not read and write? Fortunate land, where men blush to learn that one out of ten of their least favoured countrymen is in the condition of one out of two young Englishmen! We have taken a limited monarchy. We have taken a military monarchy. Let us take a parcel of republics. In the cantons of Vaud, Fribourg, and Neuf-

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chatel, every place with more than twenty children of school age is bound to have its school. When the number of scholars exceeds sixty, a second school must be established. In Vaud, out of a total population of 206,000, there are 32,000 people receiving instruction. Other cantons fall far short of this standard; some, indeed do not rise above our English average. But it is a poor consolation that England, —free, grand, generous England,— can by searching hard discover a parallel for herself among some of the poverty-stricken Alpine valleys. It were better to conclude our review of continental education with a deep sorrow at the thought of the generations of Englishmen who are dying in vice and degradation, because those of their compatriots whom Providence has blessed with wealth and cultivation, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel, are squabbling about conscience clauses, and sneering at German philosophers, and thanking God that *they* at least are born in a free country.

There are four knotty questions to be solved ere we can set to work to any purpose: the provision of funds; the economical management of those funds; how to deal with the religious question; how to deal with the apathy or the opposition of parents. It is well that the public mind of England should arrive at some passably mature conclusion on all these points before the legislature proceeds to action; just as the House of Commons agrees on certain preliminary resolutions before the Government introduces a Bill; and it may not be without profit to consider a very rough draft of a system which embraces most of those details on which the majority of men who have studied education are tolerably agreed.

As a general, in occupying a position, tries to make the most of the natural features of the ground, so we must utilise those two advantages which we pre-eminently possess, our abundance of money, and our spirit of self-government—a spirit, the lack of which is severely felt elsewhere. We might divide the country into districts of convenient size (perhaps there are no better units than the unions in the country and the municipal boundary in boroughs), and place a certain number of these districts under the inspection of a Government officer. This officer should make a careful examination of each district, and report to the central authority the condition of education within its bounds. The central authority should then write to the local authorities and say: 'The state of public instruction in your district is so and so. Such and such deficiencies exist. So much extra teaching power is wanted. So many children are without the proper opportunities for receiving education. We leave with you the responsibility of putting it right within a given time, and we grant you permission to levy a rate.' Now, it has been established by the experience of the Continent that a local rate, disbursed by local management, is the cheapest and most effective method of providing for the local educational wants. Among us at present the expense of public instruction lies as a most inequitable burden upon the shoulders of the charitable classes. The clergyman stints himself of meat and clothes to pay twenty per cent. of his stipend, while a non-resident landowner, who possesses half the parish, thinks himself liberal if he comes down with a five-pound note. The evidence taken before the Duke of Newcastle's Commission proves beyond a doubt that in those rural places which find themselves unable to meet the conditions requisite to obtain the Government grant, it is generally not the poverty of the parishioners but the will of the landlords that consents to the

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failure. In one large country district, containing 168 schools, 169 clergymen contributed ten pounds apiece; while 400 landowners, with an income of 650,000*l.* gave a couple of thousand pounds between them. That is to say, while each clergyman subscribed probably a fifteenth of his income (not to speak of all those miscellaneous outgoings which sooner or later fall on the parson's back), the gentlemen who got the rents of the soil fancied that they were doing their duty by paying down a good deal less than a three-hundredth part of their means. In truth, so untiring are the exertions, so inexhaustible the self-denial of many among our country clergy, so absolutely do we owe to them whatever of rural education we possess, that until the burden is removed from their shoulders to the rate-book, it would be barely just and wholly impracticable to insist upon the enforcement of the conscience clause. A good rate would soon set this to rights. Whether the outlay on education be great or small, it should, at all events, be fairly and equally borne. Nor need a compulsory assessment extinguish benevolence; voluntary sacrifices would continue to be made: but they would be made by the corporate body, and not by the individual. In France, out of twenty-one million of francs contributed yearly from local sources, upwards of nine millions proceed from a supplementary tax, instituted by the free will of the ratepayers, who have learned to take an honourable pride in the appearance of their school-buildings and the efficiency of the teaching. And an educational assessment has everywhere been found to possess this indirect advantage, that it induces parents to see that their children attend school, on the principle common to all mankind in every clime, of getting all you can for your money.

As to the religious question:—It is impossible not to be impressed by the evident and unanimous tendency of foreign countries towards what we call the Denominational system. Even those parents who feel no bias towards a particular creed, appear to prefer schools attached to some religious body, as a species of guarantee for morality. In small parishes capable of maintaining only one efficient place of education, the incumbent might be encouraged to take it in hand, as in France and Prussia, on the condition of rigidly observing the conscience clause. In the case of a school supported by local assessment, the strongest churchman could not regard this condition as a hardship. He could not but acknowledge that the public which paid the rates might demand the concession as a right. Nor is it possible that any large number of ministers would deliberately refuse the State their services, because they might not be permitted to imbue certain small Dissenters with the catechism and dogmas of the Church of England. It is incredible that the great body of our clergy should be so deficient in the common sense which is found everywhere throughout Northern Germany. If such deficiency exists, it cannot be allowed to block the way when we are commanded by conscience to remove from our land the curse and shame of religious and intellectual blindness.

And, lastly, how must we act in the case of children whose parents will not send them to school, or send them only to remove them before they are adequately instructed, in order to eke out the income of the family by their earnings? Now here we happily have already gone some distance in the right direction, and have only to continue and solidify our progress. A while ago philanthropists took in hand a scheme, which was subsequently embodied in the Factory

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Acts, providing that, in the case of particular branches of industry, children below a certain age should not be employed at all, and that children who *were* employed should attend school during a certain number of hours. They chose their time well. The squires were just then very sore about the abolition of the Corn Laws. Believing that they were going to be ruined on account of their having been forced to do justice, they perhaps imagined that the surest way to retaliate on the manufacturers was to force them to do justice likewise. How little the bulk of the landowners who voted with Lord Ashley were impelled by public spirit may be judged of by this—that they have never as a body shown an inclination to extend the benefits of the Factory Acts to their own agricultural labourers. And it is worthy of note that, while the House of Commons provided by certain clauses for the establishment of good schools for the children during their enforced leisure from toil, the House of Lords cut out these clauses, substituted one charging the factory inspectors to institute and maintain such schools, and then refused to the inspectors the funds necessary for their institution and maintenance: a sure proof how little the opponents of Mr. Cobden cared or knew about what they were doing. Owing to the non-existence of a sufficiency of good schools, the half-time factory education has, in the majority of cases, proved a complete failure. But a precedent once established is a great thing; and Acts of this nature, extended to every trade and calling, and combined with an efficient system of secular and religious education, would change the face, the heart, and the intellect of England. With the aid of such a system we should enable and, by indirect compulsion, oblige all decent parents to get their little ones trained up in human learning and in the fear of God; we should (a sufficient task for one generation) create in the national mind that horror of ignorance, that universal appreciation of the blessings of knowledge, which makes compulsory legislation practicable, and eventually renders it superfluous.

Something must be done, and that quickly. Our national reputation is at stake; and much else, compared with which reputation is a mere trifle. Our police reports, our returns of crime and pauperism, show by unerring proofs that the present educational machinery is unable to keep pace with the rapid increase of those vices and miseries which collect, now in one shape now in another, round our gigantic and complicated social system. In the heart of our ancient cities—amidst those hives of industry, where science and enterprise have, in the course of a generation, converted half a county into one great mine or factory—everywhere are growing up multitudes, endowed with all the vigour and audacity of our race, who have never been taught to distinguish good from evil. In Liverpool, of 23,741 offenders who were apprehended during the year 1866, only 253 could read and write well. Of 718 children who were dealt with under the Juvenile Offenders' Act, *none* could read and write well. But it is superfluous to inundate the world with the stale old statistics which prove, what everybody owns and few act upon, that whatever is spent on schools and pupil-teachers, is saved over and over again in jails and constables. The time has come for action.

The great questions which now agitate the minds of men, find their solution in this. This, if we rightly consider, is the keystone of national virtue and national prosperity. Our neglect of this has been the bane of our past, and in our care for this lies the hope of our future. The key to the vexed pro-

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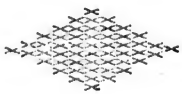
blem of reform is here, and here only; for the key to that problem is the fact that the political influence of the country must in the end fall to the intelligence of the country. At the period of the revolution of 1688, enlightenment and discernment were almost the exclusive property of the upper classes: and the upper classes ruled well for a century. Then the middle class felt its own strength, felt its own worth, and demanded its own share. For more than one generation the conflict raged to and fro. There was repression and tyranny; there was riot and sedition; but the eternal nature of things prevailed against tyranny and prescription, and 1832 carried a step further the work of 1688. Time passed on. Knowledge spread; and with knowledge the desire of power, and the determination to have it. We may not talk of the prospect of what is doing as if it were the history of what is done. But this much we may confidently assert,—this much we may gather from the spoken sentiments, alike of the opponents and the friends of popular government,—that say what you will, do what you may, the suffrage follows wherever education has gone before.

It is the same if we regard the relations of capital and labour. Lamentable as are some of the phases of those relations, they are the natural and inevitable outgrowth of past ignorance and folly. We may read in the *Annual Register* of 1819 how a Bradford weaver was imprisoned a twelvemonth among burglars and coiners for advising his fellows to combine for a rise in wages. We may read how, in the same year, the common people were trying to better their condition by breaking machinery. Is it wonderful that such a state of things should leave its baleful traces even unto this day? As surely as the foolish and vicious parent entails some portion of his punishment upon his offspring, so surely does the mutual violence and blindness of classes in one generation survive to disturb their intercourse in another. But things have vastly changed for the better. Our masters do not call in the strong arm of the law to keep wages down. Our men do not dream of righting themselves by smashing looms. We have it in our own hands to crown the good work. It is for the educated and the affluent to decide, now or never, whether it is worth their while to take the trouble, to pay money, to sink religious prejudices (for there need be no interference with religious scruples), in order to let in upon the community a flood of light in which the shades of class dislike and suspicion will fade and die away for ever.

Under another sky, and amidst other associations, our own flesh and blood (to use a phrase which has been much decried and ridiculed of late, but in which there seems nothing either absurd or inaccurate) has done successful battle with the powers of darkness. In Massachusetts the Puritan emigrants, before they had finished clearing their first acres and shooting their earliest panthers, enacted a law that every township, as soon as the Lord had increased it to the number of fifty houses, should appoint one to teach children to read and write; and that every township of a hundred houses should set up a grammar school. 'Nor have the descendants of those who made this law ever ceased to hold that the public authorities were bound to provide the means of public instruction. Nor is this doctrine confined to New England. "Educate the people," was the first admonition addressed by Penn to the colony which he founded. "Educate the people" was the legacy of Washington to the nation which he had saved.' And, happily for it, that nation listened to the voice of her

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best friends. It may be that liberty runs riot in the United States. But one form of liberty is not to be found there—the liberty of bringing up your own children like the beasts that perish. There are those who tell us, that as Poland suffers from the tyranny of bayonet-law, as a nation nearer home suffers from the tyranny of red tape, so America suffers from the tyranny of the mob. But it is at any rate a singular species of mob-law which terrifies the State into paying off its public debt, and barbarously constraining the individual to instruct his offspring. Not only during the clash of arms are political institutions upon their trial. Of constitutions, as of men, are at all seasons true the eternal words, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' American and Australian experience incontestibly proves that, in Anglo-Saxon communities, in proportion as the form of government is more democratic, so the governors are more disposed to imitate, and the governed to accept, vast and searching social reforms. In Canada the establishment of universal education followed almost instantaneously upon the concession of universal suffrage. And in England a legislature containing a largely increased infusion of the popular element can alone, with any hope of success, call upon our people to forego something of their personal, and something mayhap of their religious, independence; to pay increased rates for objects to a great extent intangible and prospective: to expend money for keeping their little ones at school, instead of receiving money for sending them to the field or the factory. Men will not easily or cordially submit to burdens and forego prepossessions at the bidding of a voice which cannot speak the accents of their own class. Self-sacrifice and self-control are the children of confidence and goodwill. We must once more widen the base of our ancient political fabric, before it can become compatible with the universal diffusion of morality, religion, and enlightenment.



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THE MARSTONS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONFESSION.

OLIVIA would now have returned home. She had been absent more than two hours. But Mrs. Elliston supplicated not to be left—she was sobbing there upon the floor, raving out her self-reproaches, clasping the little dead body, and covering it with her passionate kisses—and then, anon, turning to Olivia, and imploring her not to leave her—not to betray her.

Seeing how utterly helpless the wretched mother was, Olivia undertook to give the necessary instructions, as to what had to be done; and then, feeling that she had no longer any business here, away from her father, the thought struck her to suggest that Mrs. Crosbie should be sent to Clara. 'You ought not to be alone. Will you let your aunt come to you?'

'No—no! I would rather die than that! For God's sake don't tell her—dear, dear Olivia, don't.'

'I cannot stay with you. I *must* return to my father. If he should be unwell, and both Fritz and I away——'

There was another violent outburst of wailing and sobbing, while Olivia spoke to Mrs. Boyce; and then Clara Elliston, turning from the bed, fell upon her friend's neck, and murmured—

'I can't be left here. If you go, I *must* go too.'

Olivia thought it would have been more natural had the sorrowing mother insisted upon passing that night alone with her dead child: but all the circumstances surrounding this case were so strange and inexplicable, that Olivia resolved to suspend her judgment. Clara's was the ungovernable grief of a child. It might be short-lived, but it was real, while it lasted. This Olivia saw. As to the rest, she would not hazard conjecture, even in her own heart, until she knew more. For the present moment there was enough to do in directing poor bewildered Mrs. Boyce, and in getting the exhausted hysterical mother back to her home, somehow.

In the cab she lay shuddering in Olivia's arms, and repeating incessantly—

'Don't tell her. Promise me not to tell her. You shall know everything, dear, *dear* Olivia—only promise me not to tell her.'

'But how did you leave the house without her knowing it?'

'I opened your note, dear, and read it on the staircase. I believe now that I nearly fainted; but I caught hold of the banisters, and aunt was gone on in front. God knows how I had strength to call to her: but I did. I said you wanted me. I told her not to sit up, as I should be some time with you. She asked me why? over the stairs; and I said that your father was ill. Then I softly undid the house-door, and ran—and ran till I found a cab.'

The events of that night seemed like a frightful nightmare to Olivia. Now that the necessity for action was past, she felt completely bewildered. She asked no further question—she could find no words wherewith to soothe the convulsed, trembling creature who lay in her arms; she could but stroke the little hand that was clasped in hers, feeling the woman's necessity to offer some sort of comfort.

They found the house perfectly quiet. Mr. Marston was asleep; and so was Mrs. Flaherty, in an arm-chair, in the sitting-room. Mrs.

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Crosbie had retired to rest without a suspicion: the maid of all work was snoring peaceably on her truckle bed.

Mrs. Elliston trembled at every creak her footstep made as she went upstairs, followed by Olivia. At the bed-room door of the latter, Clara stopped.

'Let me come with you. I had better tell you all to-night—my courage might ooze away by to-morrow, Olivia.'

She was sobbing still—low stifled sobs, with which the white bosom, bared by her falling cloak, heaved violently. She clung to Olivia for support: she looked up with streaming eyes into her face.

They went in: the room seemed dark and chill, by the light of the candle Olivia held. She drew back the window-curtains, and let in the star-light, and sat down on the window-seat. There was an arm-chair at hand, but instead of taking it, Mrs. Elliston fell upon her knees beside Olivia, and the starlight trembled upon her white face as she clasped her friend's hands, and, with a passionate persuasiveness, told her story.

Not as Olivia would have told it—ah! no; and with much that wounded the girl's fine womanly sense and honour: yet was it impossible to look, unmoved, upon that young creature in her misery, or to listen to her self-reproaches, and not try to extenuate something of her past.

'Dearest Olivia, my only friend in the world! don't despise and hate me if I tell you all—all. Oh! I am so wretched! I will hide nothing from you, Olivia, for I know nothing on earth will induce you to betray me,—and I am like a poor hunted animal,—I know not where to turn for help and refuge. I have no one—*no one* but you! Aunt Crosbie would turn me out of her doors if she knew—*the truth*. And when I think of the fearful past, and now of my poor little darling—God help me!—I feel as if I should go mad.' It was some minutes before she could go on. 'I never loved my husband—never. I married him at seventeen, because I was told. He was making, then, a good income on the stage; but he was consumptive, and soon got too ill to do anything. Then *I* took to acting, at first by way of getting bread, but I soon got to like it. Elliston couldn't bear that I should act, but we couldn't starve. He got jealous (though he was the coldest husband that ever lived), and then—and then we quarrelled. Can't you guess the rest, Olivia?' she murmured, in a hoarse whisper, after a moment's pause. 'A child was born—*and it was not his*.'

Olivia shivered; her first impulse was to withdraw her hands from Clara's clasp; her second was to let them stay there. She was horrified, as any pure-minded girl would be; but her sorrowful pity for the unhappy woman who lay there, her head bowed down upon Olivia's knees, overpowered everything else. For a few moments there was a silence, broken only by Clara's sobs; then she lifted her head, and continued in a voice that trembled with passion—

'There was a man—or rather a brute, a demon—whom I then believed to be the soul of truth and honour; he was always after me. I never sang but he was in the house. I never left it, but he came to see me to the cab. And I got at last to watch for him—God forgive me!—and to listen to him when he swore that he loved me better than anything on earth, and he was the cause of all this evil, Olivia.

'Just before the child was born, Elliston discovered everything. It was through a letter he found. He knew he had not many weeks to live. He said he would not disgrace me, would not cast me off, but he never would acknowledge the child,

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never permit it to bear his name, or to inherit some money that was to come to his son, if he had one. He sent me off to a distant part of London for my confinement, which was kept secret from every one, and when I returned to him he had only a few days left to live. He wrote to all his family, and to my own Aunt Crosbie, who has money of her own, and who he knew would look after me, saying that, *as he left no child*, his widow had nothing—absolutely nothing. He begged Aunt Crosbie, especially, to be a mother to me, for I was not fit to live alone, he said. That is how I come to be with her. But you see what care he took to prevent my producing the child as a posthumous one—my poor little baby who never did him any harm! Oh! it was cruel, it was cruel to separate me from him—it was cruel to make my life such a constant terror and struggle as it has been! If I proclaimed the child, I knew that Aunt Crosbie, and every one of them, would give me up. I couldn't make enough to support myself and the child, too. Very often, you know, I've been without an engagement at all; I should have had to go on the streets, Olivia. Indeed, indeed I'd no choice. Oh! what I suffered at first, when I found myself abandoned by the one person who I thought would have borne all my burthens for me. He had promised to marry me when my husband died. Now he dared to insinuate that I had had other lovers—that he doubted the child being his. I was like a mad creature. I loved him, oh, how I loved that man; and he treated me as a thing beneath his feet. He wanted me to live with him, Olivia. I spurned his offers: I knew *how* much all his protestations of love were worth. I wouldn't have taken a farthing of his money if it hadn't been for the child.'

'You accepted his money?' repeated Olivia.

'How could I help it? Westbrook——'

Olivia started. 'Westbrook?' she faltered, 'Julian Westbrook? Is that his name?'

'Yes,' replied Clara; and then, even at this moment, through her tears, the old acuteness appearing, 'I forget if the letter was signed that you picked up; is that how you know the name? It was written long after—only a few months ago, indeed, in answer to a letter I wrote him, telling him about the child.'

Olivia scarcely heard her. She had turned deadly cold a moment before; now, the blood seemed all rushing to her brain: she heard Julian's soft honeyed accents in her ear, she saw his eyes bent upon her, as they were that last evening. A shudder ran through her; she never thought of answering Clara's question; she was glad to avoid doing so, indeed. Almost mechanically she said at last—

'So you wrote to him, for money?'

'Not for myself—don't think *that*, —only for the child's sake, Olivia, only for the child's sake. It's been so hard to keep enough to support it without Aunt Crosbie's finding it out. I felt, too, that the child had a right to Westbrook's money. I swear I never spent any of it on myself, Olivia; and now, poor darling——'

She buried her head in her hands, but a minute afterwards she continued:

'Oh! when I think of these last terrible three years, and of what his life would have been had he lived, Olivia, I declare I am *almost* glad to think he is gone from this world of temptation and trouble!

'He would have grown up, perhaps, to despise and hate me for having brought him into it; and oh! he never could have loved me as his mother, Olivia, as he did that poor woman!—And yet was it my fault that I could see him so little? Aunt Crosbie questioned and watched

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me always so closely—and I was afraid, you see, of giving Mrs. Boyce my address, for fear—oh! how hard life is! Perhaps, Olivia, if I had been with him, or if she had known at once where to find *me*—my child might be alive now!' and her distress burst out afresh. But the first violence of the storm had abated. Olivia soothed her with such words as she could find; though, if the truth be told, she felt too keenly that no self-condemnation of the wretched mother's could be too severe, for her to be a very eloquent comforter. Nothing—no motive of expediency or prudence, it seemed to her, could justify this abandonment of the child into strangers' hands; and it was, certainly, undeniable that the child might possibly have been alive now, had more prompt help been called in at first. She felt a profound pity for the unhappy woman who lay there at her feet—no unfitting representation, outwardly at least, of the Magdalene. 'Perhaps, in her place, I should have fallen too,' she said to herself. 'Who knows till she is tried? and yet there are things I can't get over. How can she complain of her husband's not letting the child pass for his, and so wrongfully inherit? How can she degrade herself by taking *that man's* money? Heartless and vicious—oh! Rupert, how right you were about him! How blinded I was!' and she thanked God fervently, as she well might, that her eyes were opened. As to Clara, notwithstanding Olivia's commiseration for her, she could not help feeling that the barrier of feeling which divided them was impassable. If she said what she thought, she would be speaking a language the other could not understand.

Clara's voice, when she spoke again, was as the sighing of a wind among reeds that have been broken by a storm.

'Oh! how often have I longed that my secret and my shame should be buried, Olivia!—buried out of the reach of any—and now all *will* be buried—but how? My poor child! my poor little baby!—

'I dread the morning—I dread to see Aunt Crosbie—and worse than all, I dread those horrible letters they will write to me about—— Ah! I am a moral coward—but don't hate me, Olivia—and you will never *never* betray me, will you? You will help me in all this—won't you, dear, with Mrs. Boyce?—If I could but go away—far, far away, to some desert island, where they would all forget me, and I should never hear of them again! I am sick of this world—I am weary of life, Olivia. I should be happier if I could kill myself, and then I should rejoin my baby.'

'You must not talk thus,' said Olivia; 'I cannot endure to hear you meet a trial, which should have some abiding results upon your life, in this theatrical tone. Desert islands and suicide do very well for melodramas, Clara. Real sorrows have a higher and nobler end, and so have the sins that are repented of, in a right spirit. I pray to God that yours may lead to such repentance, Clara.'

She rose as she spoke, and threw up the window. The first streak of grey was in the sky. It was a warm, showery morning; but she heeded not the rain which drifted from the river into her face. She felt a choking at her throat. Did she believe in presentiments? At that moment, in spite of her wish to judge her leniently, to shield and befriend her, if possible, Clara inspired her with a feeling akin to dread. Something seemed to tell her that a time would come when she would suffer many things because of that fair young creature at her feet, and of the shameful secret, which had thus, in a manner, been forced upon her. It lay like a stone

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at her heart: what would she not have given to have lifted and cast it out! They were now bound together by no common tie. Olivia seemed to foresee that a time would come when she would give anything—anything on earth, that no such tie existed.

What passed further between the two, that night, it is unnecessary here to repeat. A quarter of an hour later, Clara Elliston, slipping off her shoes, crept upstairs, and past her aunt's door, unheard.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WOMAN'S INNER LIFE.

Let us depart from our general plan in telling this story, for a chapter, and follow Clara Elliston during the next few days of her life; that we may gain a better insight than we have yet had, into a character so difficult to understand. Was she only a clever actress, playing, at one time, the impassioned artist—at another, the giddy coquette—at a third, the anguished mother? Assuredly not: though, at each of these times, there may have been something, in her words and demeanour, that partook of a histrionic performance. She could very seldom forget herself. Even when her own feelings were deeply stirred, it was hardly possible for her to refrain from adorning the part by an appropriate gesture or two—from thinking, in short, of the effect she was producing upon others. On first hearing of her child's death, remorse and horror overpowered everything in her mind, and the storm of her sorrow broke over her naturally, and without control; but in the course of her narrative to Olivia, two hours later, I will not undertake to be sure that with her emotion was not blent the thought of how touching she must appear to her auditor;—dishevelled hair in the starlight—and a voice broken by sobs, pouring out its tale of sin and suffering! Vanity, in fine, was the upas-tree which overshadowed all else in the woman's being: whatever of true, and pure, and noble was there, had been poisoned by its baneful influence. She had good impulses: she was generous and charitable (though not over-scrupulous, as we shall see, in the getting of money): she was capable of a strong affection—as in Westbrook's case, whom she had loved, and still did love, in her secret heart, most passionately; yet vanity entered largely into it all. She never saw man, woman, or child, without desiring admiration, gratitude, or praise: if a man, whether old as Methuselah, or ugly as Thersites, he must be made, if possible, to fall in love with her. Where this failed, as in Thompson's case, it simply proved that the man was blind—hopelessly, pitiably blind. Her vanity was far too sublime for any petty jealousy: she was really fond of Olivia, and most anxious for her love, and friendship, and commiseration; but as to any *comparison* between them, it would have seemed to her impossible.

She was very miserable all night. She cried bitterly, and reproached herself about the poor child; and then remembered how red her eyes would be in the morning; and tried to sleep. But she could not, for Nature would have her way; and the tears burst out afresh; and then she thought of Aunt Crosbie, and began to invent some necessary lies for the morrow.—Oh! what a hard lot hers was! There were women—not to be named with her—before whom the world fell down and worshipped; who had wealth, and rank, and power—whose love had never shipwrecked them—whose lives were one long triumph—why was she not born in such a sphere? How smoothly all would have gone with her then! No suffering—no sorrow! only the force of circum-

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stances had wrought the evil of her life. Other women had no dark secrets, no necessity for lying, no constant struggle with adversity, as she had. She sincerely pitied herself.

Yet what would any other position in this world have done for her? Had she been a duke's daughter, would her insane vanity have been less?—her opportunities for good have been greater? She might not actually have fallen, but would her virtue have been worth much more, if she had lured a dozen men to fall in love with her, and had given nothing in return?

It was not the frame of mind that was likely to yield good results. Her regret for the past was remorse—not repentance. Her self-reproach was more bitter and wrathful, than humble unto God; and the concealment of her shame before men troubled her far more than her abasement in His eyes.

She woke from a feverish uneasy doze about eight o'clock, and started up. The hard grey light of the London morning, unbroken by blind or curtain, was full upon the room. At one spot only it seemed warmed into something like sunshine: where it fell upon a little golden curl that lay upon the table. She had cut it off from the child's head the night before. As her eye lighted on it—bewildered and only half-awake as she was—all the terrible truth flashed upon her, and she groaned aloud.

There was a knocking at the door—it was double-locked.

'Time to get up, Clara. Past eight o'clock, and you've got to give a lesson at nine—and there's the rehearsal at half-past ten. Come, up with you! If this is the effects of pleasuring at night, I sha'n't take you out no more.'

Pleasuring at night! The mockery of those words struck the miserable woman.

'I am ill,' she said, from her pillow, and the voice was more than necessarily feeble. 'I can't give a lesson, or go to rehearsal this morning—I can't indeed. You must send some one to say so.'

'Humbug! None of your shamming. I can tell by your voice it's not nat'ral, Clara. Why, if you'd got pains, like me, all down your legs and across your loins, with rheumatism in the right shoulder, you might talk. You eat a deal of that lobster salad last night, and maybe it gave you a bit of indigestion—no worse than that, I'll be bound. Come, open the door.'

'No, I don't want anything. I'll get up by and by.'

'A black dose will set you all right. No more nonsense, now—open the door.'

'I'm not going to open it, Aunt Crosbie, so you may go away.'

'You're an obstinate little minx,' quoth Mrs. Crosbie; and gave her up as hopeless.

When Clara rose, which at last she felt she must do, she walked at once to the glass, and examined herself carefully. She found that her eyelids were red and swollen, and that she was very pale—quite sufficient reasons, if she had no other, for shutting herself up for to-day. Aunt Crosbie could not doubt the testimony of her eyes, and continue to think Clara was shamming, when she saw her. She swallowed a strong dose of sal volatile, and then dressed herself. But before leaving the room, she opened her writing case, took out her purse, and spread its contents on the table—seventeen and threepence! She was already in Olivia's debt; how was she to meet further and necessary demands? As soon strike money from a flint, as extract it from Mrs. Crosbie. And then—even at this moment—it does not escape her recollection that the operetta which is now rehearsing at the theatre will require her to have an entirely new costume.

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For twenty minutes or more she sat there meditating; then she took out a little miniature—a man's portrait—from her desk, and she cried as she looked at it. After that, she locked away the little golden curl, and wrote the following letter:

'Sir,—The last link in the chain that once bound me to you is snapped. My poor little child is dead. It is right that you should be informed of this; as also that I am utterly without the means of paying all the consequent expenses. The child must be buried like a pauper, and I must remain in debt to the woman who had charge of him, unless you come forward. Mrs. Boyce, 3 Catherine Street, Pimlico, is the address, if you choose to go there. You need not fear that you will be troubled by any further applications from me. Now that my poor baby is gone, for whose sake I took your money (as I told you when you spoke to me the other evening at Exeter Hall), I desire that, if we ever meet again, it may be as *entire strangers*; and may Heaven forgive you your cruel, heartless conduct towards me, and the slanders by which you have tried to justify it.

'C. E.'

This she folded, sealed, and directed to Julian Westbrook, at the Albany; after which she wrote another note:

'You will not see me at rehearsal this morning, I am so unwell; and of course I need not say it is impossible to see me *here*. I hope in a day or two to be out again; but I must buy myself a black shawl or cloak of some kind, before I appear in public. I am going into *mourning*. I am very *triste* to-day, so cannot write more. Thanks for the lilies: they looked so well in my hair last night. I wish you could have seen them.

'Ever yours,

'Clara Elliston.

'P.S.—Take the duet we are learning a *little* faster, with a *rallentando* at the end.'

The maid of all work was despatched to the post-office with these missives; and we may as well at once state what results they produced. Julian Westbrook did not go to Catherine Street; but he sent Mrs. Elliston a cheque for fifty pounds.

She spent the greater part of that day in turning a black gown, and trimming an old black bonnet: and Mrs. Crosbie, who never paid much attention to the work of her niece's hands, only observed that she was evidently out of sorts, as she never opened her lips to sing, but sat glum in a corner — all the consequence of that lobster salad!

The day but one after was Sunday. Clara did not accompany Mrs. Crosbie to her chapel. She had received Westbrook's answer the night before. She set off for Pimlico in great agitation, as soon as her aunt's back was turned; and having paid Mrs. Boyce a sum sufficient to cover all the expenses of her child's burial, she left everything in her hands. She was deeply affected when she entered the darkened room, and knelt beside the little white bed: she kissed the good woman over and over again; and after that, she hurried home, so as not to be found out.

The next day, Aunt Crosbie's astonishment was great to see Clara setting forth to give her morning lessons in a black bonnet, gown, and cloak. She had been crying half the morning in her own room; the other half she had spent in trying to wash away the traces of her tears.

'Why, who on earth have you gone and put on mourning for, eh, Clara?'

'No one you know—a relation of my husband's,' replied she, turning away.

'Well but—stop. A new cloak—

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I never—well! Why, it cost five guineas, if it cost a penny. How on earth did you get that?'

'Oh, you've seen it before, only you don't remember. And it's paid for: you needn't be afraid of duns.'

Mrs. Crosbie shook her head awfully, as though she were gazing at a pall:

'Five guineas, if it cost a penny!'

Clara looked at herself in the glass, with a heavy sigh.

'Poor Elliston was always fond of me in black; and it certainly suits me.'

'Not knowing your husband, I can't say if he was a born idiot,' snorted Mrs. Crosbie. 'But now that he's dead and gone, the less *you* say about him the better, if he ever had the folly to think it became a pauper to be dressed up like a countess.'

Then Mrs. Elliston, with a toss of her pretty head, turned away, and left the room.

She had spoken the strict truth in one point, at least. The cloak was paid for; but it was not with Clara Elliston's money.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Olivia Marston's position with regard to Clara was now extremely painful. It may be thought that this was in consequence of Clara's confession so affecting her 'character,' as it is termed. But it was the knowledge Olivia had gained of what I heard a woman once call her friend's '*other* character'—this was what had shaken to the very foundation the structure of sympathy and interest she had built around Clara Elliston. I think her large-hearted charity prompted her to make many allowances for her fallen sister; and I know that in her desire to strengthen and support that sister, Olivia would never have shrunk back, but have stood by her, through good report and evil report, her staunch, unwavering friend. But Clara's neglect of her child, her conduct as regarded Westbrook, her extraordinary powers of duplicity towards her aunt—last, and not least, what Olivia considered her heartlessness in the days succeeding her bereavement — disgusted Olivia beyond measure. Her upright, straightforward nature did not comprehend the complexities of a character so tortuous, so inconsistent as Clara's. Because Olivia saw how quickly the impression of that miserable night wore away, she argued that Clara had never felt. Because she saw how bravely and cunningly Clara wore her mask, Olivia came to the conclusion that her quondam friend was, in very truth, nothing *but* an actress. She was not quite right: women like Olivia seldom are, in their judgments of character. We have seen, even thus far, how often she has been mistaken. And the reader, who now knows something more of Mrs. Elliston than even Olivia did (she could not see, as we have the privilege of doing, through the double-locked door, into her bed-room) will not, perhaps, think her opinion very erroneously harsh.

We must return to the Friday—the morning after that memorable night; and beg the reader to accompany us into Mr. Thompson's studio. It was two o'clock—the hour at which that gentleman was usually served with some slight refection at the hands of Mrs. Flaherty in person. Upon this occasion she and the tray appeared with unusual punctuality, as the clock struck.

'Set the tray down there,' said the painter, without turning his head from the easel.

Mrs. Flaherty coughed: she then cleared her throat: she was an uncommon time in arranging the little table. The fact is, she had

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something on her mind, of which she resolved to deliver herself, though she should die for it. Casting about how to begin, she said at last,

'May I make sa bould as to ax, sir, whether ye've seen Misther Marston this morning?'

'No; I don't call so early. What is the matter, Mrs. Flaherty? He is not worse, is he?' and Mr. Thompson now turned round, and looked his landlady in the face. He was struck with its expression: it was pregnant with mysterious meaning.

'Faith, then, sir, I shouldn't wonder if he was. The poor ould gintleman is a-going very fast, it's me opinion.'

'Well, Mrs. Flaherty?' Thompson saw that the outworks were only reached as yet; and he was impatient.

'Your honour is a friend of the fam'ly, and will eggscuse me spakeing, which is a lone but respectable widder, and can't abide to see Miss Marston—as sweet a young lady as ever entered me doors—so thick as peas wi' the hoighty-toighty young famale as occupies me attic (and if it warn't for her aunt, Mrs. Crosbie, a dacent woman enough, she shouldn't stay), which isn't fit company for the likes o' Miss Marston. I sees a deal, though some folks might think as I keeps me eyes shut, sir; for I *says* nothing, onless *driven*. But when it comes to the jinks as she led Miss Marston last night, I can't keep me tongue still, your honour. I must spake to some one, and you, as a friend of the fam'ly——'

'What do you mean by the jinks she led Miss Marston last night?' and Mr. Thompson knit his brows at Mrs. Flaherty.

That excellent woman detailed all she knew, with only such alterations and amplifications as might be looked for under the circumstances. Thus, for instance, she represented herself as never having closed her eyes during Olivia's absence; and the hour of the two ladies' return was stated to be four o'clock, instead of half-past one.

'And pray, why shouldn't Miss Marston go to the bed-side of a dying friend, and return with Mrs. Elliston—at what hour she pleases?' demanded Mr. Thompson, almost fiercely. You may be sure that whatever he felt on the subject, he would be careful never to let it appear before Mrs. Flaherty.

'Well, sir, ye see—Mrs. Elliston is *that* hoighty-toighty—I knows things about her, sir—that makes it *on*respectable, I consider, for the young lady to be cuttin' about o' nights with her.'

'What do you know about Mrs. Elliston?'

Mrs. Flaherty unbosomed herself. She knew no actual harm of her attic lodger; but she knew a deal of things that were unbeknownst to Mrs. Crosbie. How the niece received letters, parcels, flowers, and mysterious emissaries, all carefully concealed from her aunt; how she was seen to be escorted in the dusk on several occasions by a handsome young man, who parted from her at the corner of the Terrace; these, and minor peculiarities of conduct, were dilated on with great unction by Mrs. Flaherty.

'I'm no mischief-maker, sir,' concluded the worthy landlady. 'It's not me as would go forr to tell her aunt, or make a shindy—it's rightly no business o' mine; and I wouldn't be a-spaking to ye now, sir, only forr the sake of the young lady—and you a friend of the fam'ly. There mayn't be no harm in Mrs. Elliston—maybe she's *only* hoighty-toighty—but she's ill *consistent* company for the likes o' Miss Marston—that's sartain sure.'

The painter thanked Mrs. Flaherty. He moreover gave her a very substantial evidence of his

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good-will (in spite of the forbidding looks wherewith he had received her discourse). He was sure she was actuated by the best motives, he said. Mrs. Elliston *did* appear to be a flighty young person: there was no doubt about it; but, as regarded Miss Marston, nothing she did could possibly admit of misconstruction: she was beyond the reach of calumny, let her keep what company she might. Into this particular company she had been brought by her generous womanly pity; and it was evident that a charitable impulse had led her to some sick bedside on the previous night. Thus he glossed over, as best he could, an intimacy which now, more than ever, annoyed him.

He would speak to her. Since it was impossible to address her father on the subject, he would take the privilege of his years, (was there not nearly a score's difference between them?) and give her a friend's counsel. Toward dusk he called; but he only found Mr. Marston. He sat nearly an hour with the old man: no Olivia appeared. Anticipating his visit, probably, wearied out with the painful excitement of the past night, and disinclined by the impression that scene had left upon her to converse upon indifferent subjects (even with Thompson), she stole softly from the parlour, when she had read her father to sleep, and went up to her own room. There she remained until, looking from the window, she saw by the light of the street lamps, now lit, the painter's figure as he left the door.

The next day he was more fortunate. He found Miss Pringle below, and resolutely sat her out.

'Miss Marston,' he said, as soon as they were alone—or virtually so, for Mr. Marston had fallen asleep under Aunt Clo's influence—'You said the other day you would look on me as your brother's representative, as a real, true friend, not a humbug under that name. Do you remember?'

'I am not likely to forget your kindness.'

'You won't think it impertinent, then, if—if I ask you one or two questions on a subject which interests me, as your friend, and if I offer you my advice, as I should if I *were* your brother?'

She had a presentiment of what was coming. She felt very uncomfortable; but her courage rose with the occasion. She begged him to proceed.

'You know I have never liked Mrs. Elliston. You have thought me prejudiced. Things have come to my knowledge, lately, to make me more than ever sure that she is not a fit companion for you.'

Olivia was silent. Her cheek rested upon her hand: she moved it, so that it should half-shade her eyes.

'I have learnt—no matter how—that you were out with her the greater part of Thursday night. Do you mind telling me where, and with what object, you accompanied Mrs. Elliston?'

'I cannot.'

'Understand me. My only object is to prevent your being deceived—being imposed upon—by a woman who is an accomplished actress. She has worked upon your womanly sympathies, I know well. You were induced to go and attend on some one who was ill. Why should Mrs. Elliston insist upon your making a mystery of this?—on its being kept especially from her aunt? There must be some ugly fact connected with it—unknown to you, of course—and it is this I want to get at. I will not allow you to be this woman's dupe any longer.'

'I am not so. I know all her history—at least, as much of it as I care to know.'

'And you continue to think well of her? If so, I am certain you do *not* know all her history.'

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Olivia was at some trouble how to reply. If she confessed that her opinion of Mrs. Elliston was changed, she pointed to a thread from which the whole secret she was bound to keep might be unravelled.

'I do not think Mrs. Elliston's society can do me any harm,' she replied, smiling ever so faintly. 'But if your friendly advice is to refer to that, I had better say at once that, owing to my father's increasing infirmities, alas! and other circumstances, I shall not be able to see as much of Mrs. Elliston for the future as I have done. I have told her that our Italian lessons must be discontinued, for I feel that my dear father now demands all my thoughts and attention. What do you think of him? Is he not very much changed in the last week or two?'

She asked this with such sorrowful earnestness, that Thompson could not but reply honestly in the affirmative: nor could he turn the conversation back into the channel from which she had wilfully diverted it.

'He will not admit that he is ill—he does not complain of anything; only he is become so feeble—so shrunk and colourless. I have no longer the courage to urge his going out.'

'You must make him see a doctor. He ought to have the best advice, Miss Marston.'

'Unfortunately he has such a violent antipathy to seeing any medical man; it is hardly possible to persuade him to do so.'

'Will you leave that to me? I will bring some one to-morrow, and I think I can answer for it your father will not refuse to speak to him.'

He talked to her some time longer: she was sad at heart, and his conversation cheered and strengthened her. But of Clara Elliston there was no word more spoken between them.

He felt baffled and half angry when he left the house; and above all, angry with himself for feeling angry. What right had he to be so? And had he not such absolute trust in Olivia as justified his expression to Mrs. Flaherty, that 'nothing Miss Marston did could possibly admit of misconstruction?' His object too, it was evident, was gained: though not through his means. From whatever cause, the intimacy, he saw, was broken. Olivia no longer hotly defended Mrs. Elliston. With this he must rest satisfied.

He went to Dr. ——'s the same evening, and made arrangements with that learned man, which resulted in their driving together to Mr. Marston's the following day about noon. The painter had not been living under the same roof with, and in the intimacy of, the Marstons for some months, without discovering what rigid economy Olivia was forced to practise, and to what straits she was put in order to hide their reduced circumstances from her father. He knew what a drain upon her slender purse this paying of a physician would be to her. Was it much merit of his, if he, a well-to-do, solitary man, exercised his ingenuity in thinking how he could help a proud and sensitive girl, without her knowing it? In so much as it was a personal pleasure to himself, I think not. Nay, inasmuch as it involved a considerable amount of fibbing, stern moralists will say it was decidedly reprehensible. But this individual had his own views on this, and all other subjects. He was often very wrong, no doubt. I am not holding him up as an example to youth. I am telling you what he did; and where I can, and that I see fit, why he did it.

He explained to Olivia that the great Dr. —— was a particular friend of his; that he had almost given up practice now, but that, out

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of regard to him (Thompson), the kind-hearted physician had promised to see Mr. Marston—as a *visitor*: on that condition only. If, after seeing him once, he should feel sufficiently interested in the case to return, it would be in the light of a *friend*. The doctor had some curious details of the late accident at Vauxhall, as he had attended one of the sufferers; and, with this passport, Mr. Marston would no doubt welcome him in the first instance.

And so the event proved: Olivia brought the two gentlemen to her father, and then left the room. In the little dull back parlour, where a bit of the pale blue May sky looked down on her out of the topmost pane of the window, over the dingy backs of houses, she sat anxiously listening to every sound from the next room. She could first catch the familiar words, 'Terrible! terrible! you don't say so?' uttered in a feebler tone than formerly, but which spoke of the awakened interest; and then there was the monotonous buzz of one voice, uninterrupted for some minutes. After that, her father spoke again; the conversation between the two grew brisker; and she knew that Mr. Marston was answering all the doctor's questions, without being aware of it. The interview seemed to Olivia to last hours; and yet when she heard the doctor get up, and bid her father good-bye, when she heard the handle of the door turned, her impatience had died away—her heart sank within her. She stood up, as they entered, and her pale, anxious face told both the men how she tried to read their thoughts.

The doctor spoke his, with tolerable openness, and in a manner that showed he knew that he was not dealing with a foolish and hysterical girl. He told Olivia that her father might live many months—the months might even stretch themselves into a year; but that the springs of life were sapped: there was a general decay of all the powers, which made it impossible that he could ever really rally. He did *not* say—for it was unnecessary—that he believed the old man's end was not far off: it was enough to have prepared her, and to point to the prudence of urging her father, while his mind yet retained any of its old energy and clearness, to set his house in order. She told him, in her sweet, tremulous voice, that there was no house to set in order—no affairs to be arranged. They had wound themselves up, disastrously enough, some nine or ten months before. In this world, her dear father's work for his children was done: no need to trouble him him further with any temporal concerns. Dr. —— promised to call and see him in the course of a week or two, and then, after giving certain directions as to the old man's treatment, he took his leave.

Olivia sat down and buried her face in her hands. It was as though a great wave had washed over her. And yet she had partly known this—felt the dark shadow gathering around her, for many days past; but it had now taken a tangible form.

She was not alone; but she had forgotten this — forgotten everything except the heavy sorrow which crushed her to the earth. And the friend who stood beside her respected her grief: he said nothing, judging it wiser to let her take her own time—'to speak, or not to speak.' She looked up presently, and saw him there. She held out her hand silently to him.

'I knew you were brave,' he said, in his kind, deep voice; 'otherwise he should not have told you. But it was better you should know—it is always better to know the truth, if we can bear it. To meet these troubles unprepared is doubly trying. You have the satisfaction,

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now, of knowing that what human skill can do to prolong your father's life will be done. How long that may be, rests in other hands than ours.'

She tried to command her voice sufficiently to speak calmly. 'I can never thank you enough,' she murmured, at last. 'Without you, I should never, I think, have got him to see any doctor. Oh, yes, it is better, far better, I should know the truth—besides the comfort of feeling that we are doing all that can be done. God will help me to bear it when it *does* come, I am sure. At present, I feel, in the words of Scripture, 'What good is my life unto me' when he is gone? He was all my thought and occupation, and to him alone was I *necessary*. In him has centred all my life, ever since I was a little child. No one can tell all that his loss will be to me.'

No one, perhaps, but the man beside her. He who had watched the tender reverence, the unremitting attention of that loving child, day after day, felt what the chasm in her life would be; and felt, too, with additional bitterness, his own inability to fill the void.

'Mere friendship,' he said at last, in a low voice, 'must be unavailing at such a moment to comfort you, I am aware, but—such as it is, you know, for I have told you so before, that no greater joy can fall into my solitary life than to be of some service to you.'

'Ah, you are very kind to me. I am ashamed—no, I will not say that, I am *not* ashamed of burthening you with my troubles, for I have learnt to know your noble, generous nature, and that you gladly befriend all who have need of you.'

'Not all—no! not all.'

'Rupert shall thank you some day. I do not think I shall even try and thank you again,' she said, with a woful attempt at a smile.

And then they parted.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MRS. ELLISTON DEPARTS.

All that night, Olivia turned over in her mind what she should write to Rupert. She was unwilling to bring him home; had not the doctor said their father might yet live many months? Yet she was equally unwilling to leave him in ignorance of that beloved father's critical state. She knew that Rupert would, at any sacrifice, return, if he thought there was imminent danger, and that Olivia might be left desolate. But just because she feared this last reason would weigh over-much on her brother's mind, the unselfish girl was loth to alarm him. Mr. Claxton was gone to Italy, on account of his wife's health, and was to spend the summer in Switzerland: Olivia was not personally acquainted with the junior partner; or she would have applied to him to know how it would affect Rupert's position in the house, and his future prospects, if he suddenly threw up the business he had in hand, and returned home.

But, by a happy coincidence, the morning's post brought a letter from Rupert himself: and thereupon, her doubts, poor girl, were speedily solved. He wrote:

'I have brought my business here to a sudden and satisfactory termination; but instead of this sending me home, as I was led to expect, it is to have a precisely contrary effect! In other words, I have proved so skilful an ambassador here (you never discovered the qualifications for one in me, did you?)—a mediator, and pacificator of so much tact (you see, my trumpeter is not yet dead), that I am entrusted by the house with a special mission to California, where it is thought that I may be able, *viva voce*, to effect more than has been done by a year's correspondence, in a somewhat intricate monetary transaction. I start for San Fran-

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cisco in a few days, and I confess I rather look forward to seeing the new life there, as an amusing change of slide, in this magic-lantern of life. There is a fine image for you, Olivia! Seriously, were it not for leaving you and my father so much longer than I anticipated when I set out, I should think this expedition very good fun. My *amour propre* is, of course, gratified at the opinion my worthy friend, Mr. Claxton, seems to have formed of my abilities. I am in capital health—never was better in my life. I am told there is no doubt but that I shall be able to get away from San Francisco, before the summer is over. I shall be dreadfully disgusted if I can't,' &c. &c.

There could be no longer a question as to what line Olivia should pursue. It would be impossible now to recall Rupert for many weeks; nearly twice the time it would have taken to do so from Jamaica. He would be home before the autumn, and Mr. Marston's life might be prolonged another year. How could she have the heart to bring her brother back, just as he had received this fresh proof of the high estimation in which he stood with his employers,—and when he wrote in such gay spirits?

She sat down and told him that her father had not been well—that he no longer walked out—that years were beginning to tell upon him,—that Rupert, on his return, would find his father much changed. She told him, in short, everything, except the physician's verdict, and her own anxious, forlorn, and desolate state. Of that not a word. She spoke of Mr. Thompson's great kindness to them (as she had done, in a coldly studied way, in all her recent letters), but she found it impossible to make the words express enough, without their seeming to say too much, and in Rupert's suspicious frame of mind, there was every reason in the world to avoid *that*. To her brother, in person, she might have been able to speak of the painter in much warmer terms. She could not have failed to kindle with her theme, I think, and to have pointed out in glowing language the great debt of gratitude they both owed. But written words are different. There is time to reconsider, and to pare down the exuberances of impulse. But, any way, it is difficult to make a brother in California comprehend that the best, the kindest, and the cleverest man you have ever met, is—only a friend.

I need but few words to tell of Olivia's life during the next six or seven weeks. Mr. Marston seemed to rally a little under Dr. ——'s care; who saw him twice in that time. The physician wisely held out no further hope to Olivia than he had done at first; he knew that it was but the flickering of the light in its socket, and that the old man's days were numbered.

The daughter's unremitting devotion to her father was sufficient to account for her seeing so little of Mrs. Elliston, though, of course, it could not blind the latter to the real state of the case. It annoyed her. I think she would have done a great deal to regain the interest and sympathy of Olivia. I am sure she would have thrown over that miserable tenor at the theatre (who was so madly in love with her, and with whom she was playing fast and loose), if by so doing she could have won back her place in Olivia's regard. Strange that she should set a value on what, in all worldly ways, was worth so little!

Olivia was uniformly kind in her manner when she and Clara met—but 'O, the difference!' She never asked a question, she never proffered her advice, she removed the conversation as far as possible from all personal matter, she was proof against all the actress's prettiest poses, and most captivating wiles

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and graces. Only, when Clara was about to speak, once or twice, of the child, in a melodramatic strain, Olivia stopped her—and somewhat sternly, too. She could pity the woman's whole life-history — she could hardly forgive that chapter.

During all those weeks, Thompson was daily at the Marstons'. Numberless were the services he found to render Olivia; and she looked to him more and more for help and for advice. His manner was at times a little constrained; it was always grave and gentle to her, even when tinged with sarcasm towards others; but he set such a watch upon his words, that her conviction of the purely friendly nature of his regard was never disturbed. That he, on his side, should be as much deceived, was less surprising. Men are less keen than women to detect and distinguish between different states of feeling. And where gratitude and confidence were so well earned, and the expression of those sentiments so natural, it would have required a more unbiassed observer than the painter was, to determine that something yet warmer and deeper lay behind. I call him a biassed observer, because he started with the conviction that Olivia could never care for him but as a friend: let him win a title to her esteem and regard by every means in his power—it was written, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.'

He knew of her decision as regarded Rupert, and he approved it. The man's common-sense view of the case was, that it would be madness to let the brother sacrifice his future prospects, probably, to a mere sentiment; when he could do no good, in Mr. Marston's condition, by returning immediately, and might materially help his sister, eventually, by remaining where he was. Had the old gentleman expressed any strong desire to see his son, it would have been different; but he never did so; nor did he manifest any surprise at his protracted absence. When he spoke of him—which was not often, for he talked less and less, and dozed more—it was in terms of pride at his success, and of expectation that his son would one day be a partner in the house of Claxton & Co. That prospect seemed to afford him immense satisfaction.

One June evening there came a knock at the door, and Clara Elliston entered, with a radiant face, into which, nevertheless, she tried to infuse a shade—just a *soupçon*—of regret.

'Oh! dear Olivia! Such a piece of luck! My fortune's made. Scarlatti heard me last night, and has offered me such an engagement,—to tour in the provinces for six months! I'm so delighted—that is, I should be, if it wasn't for the thought of leaving you. I can't bear to think of that. But a poor creature, struggling to earn an independence, can't refuse, you know, *such* an offer, can she?'

'I should think not,' replied the other, quietly. 'Particularly when she has no reason for doing so. Mrs. Crosbie, I hope, goes with you?'

'Yes—oh! yes,' said Mrs. Elliston, with something very like a sigh. 'Of course she'll come, and I dare say make herself disagreeable to all the people about one. It can't be helped. Her respectability is such a tower of strength! No one can say a word about me, as long as I have that dragon of virtue to keep guard over me.'

'You had better not trust solely to that,' rejoined Olivia, coldly, 'If your conduct gives them a handle, people will talk, whether your aunt lives with you, or not.'

'Now, I know that odious Mr. Thompson has been talking to you again about me,—I am sure of it, Olivia! Your manner is so changed lately. Oh! I see you have been listening to all sorts of vile stories

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about me—now confess it,' and the little widow's eye flashed with angry excitement.

'I beg your pardon. Mr. Thompson and I never discuss you now.'

'Why are you so changed, then?' Ah! Olivia, I thought you were more generous than to be so severe on me. Haven't I suffered enough?'

'I'm sure I don't know, Clara. It doesn't look much like it. However, I don't pretend to judge you—your own conscience must do that. Only, frankly, our way of looking at things is so different that I can't feel the interest in you I did. However, as we are to part so soon, no good can come of our talking about this. When do you go?'

Clara began crying, as usual, and her face was never disfigured at such moments—her tears were as a gracious rain, pouring over lilies and roses.

'Ah! you do not understand me. You are like all the rest of the world—*no one* understands me, and yet I have taken more pains to make you love me than I ever did before with—with—any woman, Olivia. Are you then so hard-hearted, that you cannot forgive the past?'

'I hope not, Clara. I am an erring woman myself. We are told not to judge one another. I try *not* to judge you,—only I don't understand your way of going on, that's all, and I don't think there is any real sympathy between us. You have been very kind to my father, and I thank you sincerely for that, now that you are going away.'

'Don't talk about that. It is *you* who have been kind to *me*,' said Clara; and then added with sudden candour, which was a master-stroke of finesse, in its way, 'I know that I am horridly vain, horridly fond of admiration, but oh, Olivia, I had such a childhood—such a bringing up! Your friendship was almost the first good thing that fell into my life, and I looked to it to strengthen and improve me. I didn't think *you* would desert me! I thought there was one noble, generous creature in the world who would try and overlook my past sins, and all my present shortcomings enough to bear with me—but every one deserts me—every one! The man to whom I sacrificed myself abandoned me, and now you—the only woman I ever loved, turn from me, and will not hold out to me a hand!'

Olivia was startled by her vehemence.

'What is there I can do for you, Clara? You have your aunt, who——'

'Oh! don't talk to me about her, Olivia.'

'You're very ungrateful. She makes great sacrifices for you. However disagreeable she may be, poor old woman, you should remember that. You can't think it's any pleasure to her (particularly with her ideas about religion), running after you at theatres and concerts, as she thinks it right to do. Even this journey, this tour—with her infirmities, and rooting up all her habits——'

'Oh! you need not tell me. I know all that, only when goodness is like Aunt Crosbie's, I can't appreciate it; in fact, I think I hate it. I never feel so bad as when she is preaching to me. Olivia, we are going to part, and perhaps may never meet again. I want to take the opportunity, now we are alone, to say something to you. Although you no longer care about me,—I *hope*,—I *hope* you will grant me this one request. Never tell Mr. Thompson—never drop a hint to him of what you know concerning me. He hates me—and some day, he may do me a serious injury, if he learns the story of my past. I know what you would say—that you gave me your word long ago not to reveal my secret; but——' She paused.

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'Well? And do you think I am likely to break my word?'

'No; but you may consider it a *duty*—higher even than keeping faith with me—to tell him this, *some day*. Wives, it is said, should have no secrets from their husbands. Forgive me. Don't be angry; but it is impossible not to see——'

'I think you are gone mad,' exclaimed Olivia, flushing to her temples. 'Your mind runs so much upon these subjects, that you conceive preposterous ideas, without the smallest foundation, about every one around you. As long as we have any intercourse, Clara, I desire you will never again breathe this folly. As to the story of your past,' she added, with a tinge of scorn, 'it is safe with me, from Mr. Thompson, as from every one else. I have given you my word, and therefore, you may free your mind of this miserable anxiety for your own safety. As to Mr. Thompson, when you once leave this house, he will trouble his head no further about you. What you are pleased to term his "hatred," is, in fact, nothing more than his mistrust. Would to heaven I could remove the mistrust, Clara! But, as I cannot, I hold my peace. Would to heaven I could think that the story of that sorrowful past, which I will never reveal to any human being, was working in you "repentance, and amendment of life." *Could* I think so, we should not now be severed as we are.'

Clara sought her old refuge, her stronghold, in tears; and when Mr. Thompson entered, a few minutes later, he scowled rather savagely at the tableau of the little widow-actress, kissing Olivia's hands, and weeping over them.

'Mrs. Elliston is going away,' said Olivia, looking up into his face. 'She is going on a tour into the provinces, for several months.'

And two days afterwards, she and Mrs. Crosbie, and the canary in his cage, and the pile of old music books, and several ragged trunks, did actually vacate the attic, and were conveyed by two cabs to the Euston Square terminus.

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THE TEACHING OF MR. MAURICE.

THE attribute which distinguishes the intellect of the present day from that of preceding times is an utter impatience of authority. Whatever seeks to exist must vindicate its right to do so, by being both a support and an encouragement to the general march of mind—otherwise away with it, into the vast dust-bin of worn-out theories and defunct superstitions. Because Christianity, as generally interpreted, was supposed to erect certain Hercules' pillars, beyond which the intellect was forbidden to pry, it has excited the virulent hostility of some, and the contemptuous indifference of others. It cannot be denied that the orthodox defenders of the faith have put forth their utmost endeavours to aggravate both feelings. They have continually mistaken the key of their position, and suffered humiliating defeats, by rashly giving battle at points which were indefensible, and which there was no need to defend. Thus men, who felt and daily confessed that Christ was the life and light of their hearts, have fought as if their entire salvation depended upon a general acknowledgment of Moses as the author of the Pentateuch. Take again the scientific difficulty. Reasoning à priori, it might have been inferred that Galileo's discovery of the earth's motion must have convinced every rational being that the Bible was not intended to be a book containing scientific conclusions which were to be held of higher authority than the results arrived at by the ordinary methods of induction and experiment. On the contrary, however, religious men have considered it incumbent upon them to ignore the undeniable testimony of fact, on the score of its discrepancy with some particular interpretation of Scripture. Scientific men, too, have pandered to these hallucinations, and not unfrequently apologised for the discovery of truth, by assurances to the religious world that it was not of a character calculated to disturb their equanimity. Nevertheless, there are few who will deny that the issue of all this fighting has been to the advantage of both parties. The Christian has been gradually compelled to examine for some foundation to his faith, which, being laid in the nature of things, is not liable to be swept away with every advancing wave of scientific discovery, or undermined by the labours of philological critics. The unbeliever who has been advancing triumphantly over the wrecks of theological systems, notions of inspiration, and priestly authority—'the fragments of an earlier world'—is suddenly confronted by a new difficulty. The faith which he supposed to exist in these external accidents he finds to be centred in the heart. Hence the contemptuous tone which writers of a past time thought fit to assume is no longer found in sceptical writings. Men have discovered that in dealing with religious faith they are handling that which lies nearest to the life. Mr. Maurice has combated in the forefront of this battle. For more than thirty years—through good report and ill report—he has proclaimed what he believes to be a gospel for mankind. He has accepted in their totality all that the opponents of Christianity have urged against it. If a so-called divine revelation restricts the free exercise of that intellect which God himself has bestowed on man, such a revelation cannot be divine. If a so-called divine revelation can be shown to assert that as true which is evidently out of harmony with the truths written in the works of nature and the mind of man, such

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a revelation cannot be divine. But Christianity does none of these things. It encourages the man of science to work with redoubled energy, because it conveys to him the assurance that it is the will of God that his labours should ameliorate the conditions of men. It gives a higher inspiration to the genius of the poet, in that it reveals to him that the visions of beauty which visit 'the eye of his mind' are not creations of the imagination, but substantial realities. It is, in the broadest sense of the words, the glad tidings of peace and happiness to all men. Since the election of Mr. Maurice to the chair of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge, there is little need to vindicate either the character or the value of his teaching. That has received the highest recognition which, in our opinion, it was possible to confer upon it. Nevertheless, there still exists a great variety of opinion as to the true import of Mr. Maurice's writings. Many excellent people declare that he has no right to be a minister of the Established Church at all; that only by quibbling with words, and the exercise of immense ingenuity, he has wrested the formulas of the Church into a sort of reconciliation with his conclusions. Others again are simply baffled by his writings, There are others, again, who feel for Mr. Maurice a depth of reverence, of gratitude, which no other modern writer (with the exception, perhaps, of Coleridge) has ever had the privilege of calling into existence. These repudiate the notion that they can justly be called 'Mauricians' on account of their way of thinking. The boon for which, above all others, they are grateful to Mr. Maurice is, that he has brought them face to face with that truth which underlies all systems, and without which they would be but the baseless fabrics of a vision. In the following essay, we shall endeavour to state clearly and concisely, the principles of interpretation which have guided Mr. Maurice in his examination of the Biblical writings. Should these recommend themselves to the convictions of any of our readers to whom his writings are unknown, we hope that they will turn to the writings of the master, in search of their application. Whether or not they ultimately agree with the convictions of Mr. Maurice, the study cannot but be profitable; Mr. Maurice possesses in a remarkable degree, the power common to all great thinkers, of arousing the mental energies of his readers, and as it were, compelling them to work out their own conclusions. It is this which has prompted the feeling we mentioned above: that the admirers of Mr. Maurice's writings cannot with justice be termed Mauricians.

In the theological writings of High and Low Church divines, and of most of the Dissenting bodies, Christianity is represented as a system, and classified under two heads: there are certain dogmas which, as divinely revealed, are to be accepted without further question; and there is a code of ethics which, if observed, is calculated to insure the welfare of the soul here and hereafter. There is not, apparently, any essential connection between the dogmas and the morality; but yet so dependent is the one upon the other, that if the highest ideal of Christian life is realised by one who denies the truth of the dogmas, it is exceedingly doubtful if his condition in the future will be one whit ameliorated.

Mr. Maurice utterly rejects this division of Christianity into dogma and morality. Christianity, or (to speak more correctly) the revelation recorded in the Bible, is the discovery of the sources of the spiritual powers which constitute the mind of man. Philosophy, he holds,

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may analyse to the last degree of refinement the mental phenomena, but it can never rise above human nature, and lay bare the creative power which has endowed the mind with these capacities to will and think and feel. These moral and spiritual faculties, from whence have emanated laws, literature, arts, and sciences, which find an expression in acts of good and evil equally, what are they? Which is the most powerful, the good or the evil? Generation after generation has grappled with these problems in a life-long encounter, yet still they rise up like terrifying spectres, which no mortal magic is able to lay at rest. If the Bible sets forth the laws which regulate the diverse action of these faculties, it is a matter of secondary importance to ascertain exactly how each book of the Old Testament may have assumed its present character. The true test of the worth of a book will be the message which it brings to men, and not the manner of its origin. If, for example, the book of Deuteronomy sets forth the true and only source of national prosperity, it is of small moment whether the letters of it were written down by Moses or Ezra, or any other. Taking the Old Testament simply as containing the religious books of the Jewish people, expressing as such the convictions which the hard logic of facts had wrought into the minds of those who wrote or compiled them, and into the minds of the people who accepted them as true, we should endeavour to ascertain whether, when tested by our larger experience, the logic of facts compels us to a similar conclusion.

Theologians devoted to critical inquiries object, not without some show of reason, to this method, as indicating an indifference to true and naked truth. There would be more to justify this objection did Mr. Maurice value the Bible for that sort of information, the accuracy of which can be tested only by means of critical researches. But the Bible is a precious book to him, not as a record of past events, but as a revelation of that which *is*—of the laws of the world of spirit. Critical researches may be able to discover and rectify errors in numbers, and inaccuracies in matters of fact. There is no reason to suppose that the numerous transcribers of the Bible were miraculously preserved from such mistakes. Critical researches may establish that a book supposed to have been written at one time was modified, rearranged, perhaps almost entirely rewritten at another. But the main facts of Jewish history—the servitude in Egypt, the Exodus, the conquest of Canaan, the consolidation and subsequent division of the conquered territory, the captivity in Babylon, and final restoration—cannot be affected by these inquiries. They are, so to speak, an essential portion of the *life* of the Jewish people, and necessary in order to account for their existence at all.

These incidents, again, derive their interest for the modern inquirer from the mighty faith which they were the means of calling out and sustaining. The special privilege which the Israelite claimed for himself was, that he had not been permitted to remain in the mental darkness of the nations round about him. He had no need to regard the corn, and the wine, and the oil as the gifts of a capricious being, who required constant propitiation. The God of the whole earth had revealed himself to him as a God of righteousness. His emancipation from Egypt, and the events which attended it (whether or not they were miracles in the modern sense of the word) were at least to him convincing *signs* that God was watching over them and caring for them, and that so long as they trusted in him, he would defend them from all their enemies, and

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make them a great, free, and prosperous nation. This worldly prosperity was not a bait arbitrarily fixed as an inducement to maintain a particular faith. It sprang inevitably from the calm unwavering confidence inspired by an ever-watchful and omnipotent protector. There is a unity in the writings of the Old Testament, notwithstanding their diversified character, and the widely different conditions under which they were severally composed. They record the battle of the false gods against the one true God. The Jew who had been selected as the witness for the true God, was not less liable than the heathen to fall away from that belief. The intricate ceremonial of the temple was especially designed to keep alive in the hearts of an idolatrous and material-minded people the sense of an invisible God. And since there is a tendency towards petrifaction in all ritualistic religions—a seemingly inevitable, although (it may be) gradual identification of the thing signified with the rite which symbolises, the succession of the prophets became the witnesses of a constant living communication between the invisible God and every succeeding generation of men.

There is a well known couplet of Shelley's, which tells us that men

> Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

These lines almost seem to contain the solution of the marvellous expansion of the prophetic office in the later days of the Jewish monarchies. The communications of Elijah and Elisha were limited to brief laconic utterances; but as the rival kingdoms tottered to their fall, the agony of the prospect imparted a new power to the Jewish prophets. As the Assyrian and Babylonian storms burst in irresistible fury over the land, their voices rose like the chorus of a tremendous tragedy over the wreck of every ruined city, pleading in the interests of truth and justice; calling all men to witness of the feebleness of sin. Justice, mercy, and truth: these, according to the prophets, are the principles of the divine government; the laws which God has created man to obey. Men, in the exercise of their self-will, may deny that they have any duties to fulfil, or any laws to obey, but those of immediate expediency and self-interest. But the will of God will ultimately prevail, and the tyrant and the liar will discover that moral laws can no more be disregarded with impunity than physical laws. Hence, even in his deepest anguish, the prophet could look forward in perfect confidence to the destruction of this northern empire, which, with the might of brute force, was breaking the nations into pieces. He could see, beyond the darkness and terrors of the present, a glorious future, in which, when purified by suffering, the chosen people should again return to their own land. Then, when they had become worshippers of the living God, indeed and in truth the promise to Abraham would be fulfilled, and they would become a blessing to all the nations of the world. 'Prophecy,' says Mr. Maurice, 'according to their use and understanding of it, is the utterance of the mind of Him who is, and was, and is to come. Events, days of the Lord, crises in national history, were manifestations of His everlasting mind and purpose. The seer was to explain the past and the present; only in connection with these did he speak of the future. He told what curses men were bringing upon themselves by transgressing the laws which individuals and nations were created to obey. He told how the purposes of the Divine will were developing themselves in a regular progression, in despite of the opposition of all

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self-will. He told how they would move on steadily, till all that God designs for man, for this universe, for his own glory, has been accomplished.'

Commentators have much to answer for; and all charitable people will hope that their sins will not be laid to their charge. They have inflicted wanton injuries upon every book in the Bible: but against none have they offended so grievously or with such reckless pertinacity as the prophecies. We are not speaking of the illustrious scholars in England, Germany, and France, who have brought great natural powers and immense learning to the task of clearing up the obscurities of these writings; but of that vast host of ephemeral scribblers, whose so-called interpretations of prophecy in every shape and form, from the portly quarto down to the fourpenny pamphlet, are rained in a continual deluge upon all orthodox church-going people. These people have succeeded in shrouding both the prophet and his message in impenetrable darkness. By a variety of devices—by severing a few words from the context, and proclaiming them to contain a special prediction—by bringing passages from remote portions of the Bible into violent juxtaposition—by mixing up in a haphazard fashion verses from the Old and New Testaments—by finding Napoleon Buonaparte, the Pope, the Turkish empire, and the present Emperor of the French lurking about the Bible in all kinds of disguises, and under every variety of cognomen — they have converted the prophetic writings into a hopeless puzzle. The laity regard them in blank bewilderment. There is an almost universal conviction that the mysteries of these inscrutable writings can only be ascertained by one of immense historical learning, and an exceptional capacity for guessing conundrums. We have at this moment a pamphlet lying before us, entitled *The Jews and the Church*. It is an exposition of prophecy according to the popular idea. The author disclaims originality. He declares his convictions to be 'the result of reading, conversation, and meditation;' and this is his method of discovering the future of the Jews as predicted in Scripture:

> But the Lord will gather them together again in their own land; the second time (Is. xi. 10), from the land of the north, and all lands (Jer. xvi. 14, 15); for the Lord watches over them to plant (Jer. xxxi.), with his whole heart and soul (Jer. xxxii. 36, 44), apparently by means of a maritime nation (Is. xviii.), so that Ephraim and Judah may become one nation in the land (Ezek. xxxvii. 15–28). They return at first in unbelief, planting pleasant plants, and setting it with strange slips (Is. xvii. 9–11), choosing their own ways (Is. lxvi. 1–4), apparently by means of an unholy covenant (John v. 43, Matt. xii. 45, Is. xxviii. 14, 15, Dan. ix. 27). They undergo now accumulated suffering, called Jacob's trouble (Jer. xxx. 7), the days of vengeance (Is. xxxiv. 8); such as never were before (Dan. xii. 1) and never shall be again (Matt. xxiv. 15–22), and shortened for the elect's sake (Mark xiii. 14–20); a day of grief and desperate sorrow (Is. xvii. 11), for the house of Israel is melted up in his fury (Ezek. xxii. 17–22), &c.

After upwards of a page filled with predictions of this convincing character, the writer says: 'Let the reader carefully consider these texts. They may not all be satisfactory; but one clear sentiment is as good as a hundred.' Now this gentleman is probably rational in the ordinary relations of life: but too much study of the popular expositions of prophecy, has reduced him to this condition in respect to this subject. Had this been a solitary instance of a pamphleteer run mad, we should not have quoted it. But the number of publications bearing a similar character is countless; and a large portion of them being written by clergymen, assume a certain air of authority. The works of all the sceptics in Europe are not so destructive of true religious faith as

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these pernicious writings. It is not only that they have so darkened the prophetic portions of the Scripture that the laity have almost ceased to read them: but, from their habit of regarding the whole Bible (apparently) as a piece of sacred mosaic work, and detaching little particles here and there, as best suited to the purpose of the moment, they have involved the scriptural writings in so much mist and obscurity, that very few people *study* them at all. They, as it were, only take the Bible in small doses, at stated times, and trust that it may do them good, like medicine, in some occult manner.

But if Mr. Maurice's convictions be true, it cannot be that the will of God was revealed only in the past. That will must be being manifested now, and everywhere. If the universal experience of mankind is to count for anything, there is an insatiable craving in the heart of man to know the will of God. Every nation, of whose history we know anything, has laid the foundation of its government and institutions upon a divine sanction. But man, attempting to construct a deity from his imagination, has invariably fallen into horrible confusions, which have been and still are the sources of innumerable calamities to his race. The test of a revelation professing to be divine will therefore be its power to dissipate these dark imaginings. It is because he believes that this test can be applied in the most thorough and searching manner to the writings of the Old Testament, that Mr. Maurice accepts them as a true revelation of the will of God, and upholds the substantial accuracy of the history which embodies it. Every battle-field in Christendom, every dungeon and martyrdom, record the inevitable anguish and misery, when men deny that justice, mercy, and truth are the laws which God has created man to obey. All that we most pride ourselves upon —our free commerce, our political economy, our equitable laws—are but the partial realisation of those grand principles of life which the prophets proclaimed of old. Through centuries of calamities, begotten by our blind and selfish ignorance, we have approximated to a result, which would have come as naturally as a wild flower from a soil, had we indeed believed that a righteous God was governing the earth, and that our completest welfare lay in an exact obedience to his laws. The voices of the prophets are still sounding on unheeded, but every succeeding year of the world's history is an additional testimony to their truth.

Throughout Mr. Maurice's writings on the New Testament—which constitute the major portion of his books—there is the same earnest endeavour to liberate Christianity from the trammels of a dogmatic system, and manifest it as a living power working amid the realities of life, as the satisfaction of every human want, the fulfilment of every human hope and aspiration, the motive to all noble effort, the source of all human good. It is obviously far beyond the compass of a single essay, to attend Mr. Maurice as he takes doctrine after doctrine of Christianity, and explains its relations to the desires of the heart and consciences, and the experience of daily life. A single instance, however, that of the Incarnation, will afford a good illustration of his method.

That sense of a good and evil principle striving perpetually within the mind, which is exhibited with such marvellous pathos and sublimity in the book of Job, has lain at the root of every religion and philosophy since the world began. In the heathen world, men starting from the human basis, and striving to ascend to God, carried this primal contradiction in their thoughts to

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distort and falsify their conceptions of the Deity. It led to the horrible and hopeless notion that the ignorant multitude represented the true standard of humanity; and consequently that all who by their intellectual gifts rose above the masses were beings of a different race, and had a right to trample on their fellow men. In some such feeling as this, the origin of caste distinctions in India is to be found. The notion in the old Greek world, that the possession of any quality, good or bad, in an extravagant degree, was the indication of a demigod, can be traced to the same source. The frightful lives of ascetics, the records of which have come down to us from the early ages of Christianity, were the result of the same awful consciousness—the sense of a law of rectitude, which the victim confessed he ought to obey, and a bondage to sin which he was incapable of shaking off. Are these experiences less tremendous in modern times? Mr. Maurice thinks not. Philosophers have tried in vain to eradicate this sense of the sinfulness of sin. We listen to their explanations; we confess that every individual is girdled with a circle of influences—climate, education, circumstances, friends—which appear to possess an almost omnipotent power to mould his character. But we are not satisfied. 'At some moment,' says Mr. Maurice, of man's life, 'it may be one of weakness and sorrow, it may also be when he is full of energy, and is set upon a distinct and decided purpose, he may be forced to feel, "I did this act, I thought this thought; it was a wrong thought, and it was *mine*. The world about me took no account of it, I can resolve it into no habits or motives; or if I can the analysis does not help me in the least. Whatever the habit was, I wore the habit; whatever the motive was, I was the mover." At such a moment there will rush in upon him a multitude of strange thoughts and indefinite fears. There will come a sense of eternity, dark, unfathomable, hopeless, such as he fancied he had left years behind him, amidst the pictures of his nursery. That eternity will stand face to face with him. It will look like anything but a picture, it will present itself to him as the hardest driest reality. There will be no *images* of torture and death. "What matter where, if I be still the same?" This question will be the torture, all death lies in that.' When such a revelation of sin has been flashed upon the mind, we reject any attempt to explain it away by means of external influences. The evil which has stricken us with horror seems a part of our being, of the very essence of our life.

In the gospels of the New Testament, Mr. Maurice believes he has discovered the solution of these perplexities. They tell him that there is a Spirit—the antagonist of all good—who is evermore tempting the soul of man to evil; that he has established his dominion over the will of man, and that all things in nature have partaken of the same slavery. But they also tell him there is a Light who lighteth every man that comes into the world—that this light is the Word of God, the mediator between God and men, connecting God with man, and man with God. But had this been all, had no further manifestations of the Divine will and power been manifested to men, we should still have been left in doubt whether here on earth we were not struggling against enemies of the soul, which God in his sinless purity was never called upon to encounter. 'Accordingly,' says Mr. Maurice, 'we accept the fact of the Incarnation, because we feel that it is impossible to know the absolute and invisible God, as man needs to know him, and craves to know him, without an incarnation. Secondly, we receive the fact

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of an incarnation, not perceiving how we can recognise a perfect Son of God and Son of Man, such as man needs and craves for, unless he were in all points tempted like as we are. Thirdly, we receive the fact of an incarnation, because we ask of God a redemption, not for a few persons, from certain evil tendencies, but for humanity from all the plagues by which it is tormented.'

On all these points Mr. Maurice has dilated at length. He shows that without the incarnation of the Perfect and Invisible God in a person, there could be no standard of life for humanity. The efforts of men would be needlessly expended in fruitless attempts to obtain a straight line by abstraction from a variety of crooked ones. Given the one incarnate Son of God, as the perfect standard of excellence, and the heroes of the world become intelligible beings. We can divide with a sure hand the wheat from the chaff. We can perceive that so far as they acted for the good of others, they were obeying the guidance of that Light who lighteth every man that comes into the world; that so soon as they regarded the powers entrusted to them as an indefeasible property of their own, they became the oppressors and not the deliverers of their fellow men. Given the incarnate Son of God, as the well beloved of his Father, and the express image of his person, and that instinctive sacredness which men not wholly brutalised have, in all ages, attributed to family and social ties, is justified and explained. Given the incarnate Son of God, who was in all points tempted like as we are, and yet emerged triumphant and unstained from the contest; and we have the strongest possible assurance, that in our battle against evil, we are not struggling hopelessly against the yoke of an iron necessity. Finally, Mr. Maurice shows, that God could only be known as the Redeemer of humanity from all its ills, by his incarnation in the person of One, 'who relieves it of its actual woes, who recognises not the exceptions from the race, but the lowest types of it, as brethren with himself, and as the children of his Father; who proves man to be a spiritual being, not by scorning his animal nature and his animal wants, but by entering into them, bearing them, suffering from them, and thus showing how all the evils which affect man as an animal have a spiritual ground, how he must become a citizen of the kingdom of heaven, that everything on earth may be pure and blessed to him. "The Son of God was manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil;" this is St. John's summary of the whole matter. He revealed the Father; and so in human flesh he destroyed the great calumny of the devil that man has not a Father in heaven, that he is not altogether good, that he does not altogether care for his creatures. He submitted to all temptations in human flesh, and so proves that man is not the subject and thrall of the tempter. He, in human flesh, delivered spirits, souls, and bodies out of bondage, so affirming that the state into which the devil would draw them is not the state which is meant for them; that his own humanity is the standard of that which each man bears, and is that to which each man shall be raised.'

This conception of the Incarnation explains our remark, that Christianity, according to Mr. Maurice, is not a system which men can get outside of by simply refusing to believe in it. It is the revelation of the powers of good and evil, which make the hearts of men their battlefield. But it is also a great deal more than this. Philosophers, according to Mr. Maurice, are too ready to suppose that they have solved some torturing perplexity, or

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allayed some deep lying unrest of the heart, when they have simply labelled it with a definition, or stigmatised it as a delusion. Even if, with absolute accuracy in point of logic, it can be shown that the will is a delusion, the conscience a product of early education and external influences, the yearning for the Infinite the impotent efforts of the understanding to overleap its natural barriers—such demonstrations are profitable for nothing. Like the constitutions manufactured in such extraordinary abundance at the commencement of the French revolution, they are only good upon paper. They fail us at the moment when we most need them. We cannot live for five minutes without confessing by our actions that the will *is* free. No man living does in his heart confess that his notions of right and wrong are wholly the creation of external conditions of life. In spite of all the demonstrations of philosophers that the labour is fruitless, men will strive after some absolute ground of existence. The insoluble question still demands an answer, 'Why should men insist upon regarding that as real and attainable, which can be so clearly shown to be false?' This strange sense within us, which testifies of right and wrong, this mysterious faculty of choice, these thoughts which wander through eternity, Mr. Maurice believes not to be delusions, but the most substantial realities which can exist. The utter failure of our efforts, either to explain them away, or to induce ourselves to regard them as illusory, are to his mind, an unequivocal testimony of their divine origin. The manifestation of Christ—the Head of humanity, and the Son of God—established their reality and revealed their source. Every act of his life was a step forward in the deliverance of the world from the dominion of falsehood, and the revelation of the true king. Christ among the Pharisees—Christ associating with publicans and sinners—Christ healing the sick—Christ setting forth the laws of the unseen world, by illustrations drawn from the order, the permanence, and beauty of nature, was unfolding in a single city and to a single person, the laws of that kingdom which it is the will of God to establish throughout the earth. The axe was being laid to the root of the tree; the old world was passing away. In place of the superstitious fears of the unseen world, came the revelation of a loving Father who hated nothing that he had made. The precepts of the sermon on the mount struck at the roots of that love of self, and that worship of power, which had converted the earth into an arena for men to tear down each other like wild beasts. The death upon the cross completed the perfect manifestation of that law of self-sacrifice, which is the source of all human happiness, as self-assertion is the cause of all human ill. Thus all that is beautiful and excellent and holy in human nature, were set forth as the attributes of the Divine Being—the Supreme Ruler of the universe; and the more earnestly men strive to conform themselves to his divine image, so much the more would they enter into his eternal life. Finally, the Resurrection and Ascension poured a flood of light through the dark portals of the grave, revealing a new and better life beyond, where man freed from fleshly incumbrances subject to disease and pain, should become wholly a spiritual creature.

We wish that it was in our power to examine in detail the beautiful discourses on St. Luke's Gospel, wherein Mr. Maurice has set forth the laws and constitution of the kingdom of heaven. This book appeared shortly after the publication of Renan's *Life of Jesus*, and may, in a way, be considered a reply to it. Renan's book, according to Mr. Maurice, 'was an emphatic

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declaration that the tidings of man having a Father in heaven, are false. In opposition to this assertion, he publishes his commentary on the gospel of St. Luke, and leaves the world to judge which accounts best for universally admitted facts,—the highly artificial production of the Frenchman, or the simple unadorned narrative of the Evangelist. The book is not at all controversial: but Mr. Maurice, when he pleases, has a method of stating his side of the question, which carries the conviction of the reader by storm; as for example in the following extract. Referring to Renan's conception of the character of St. John, Mr. Maurice says:

> We have been told recently that St. John spent the last years of his stay on earth in putting together accounts of his Master's doings, for the express purpose of exalting himself above the other apostles, of proving himself to be the favourite of Jesus, of confounding the earlier Evangelists who had not gratified his vanity sufficiently. I need not tell you that the man who could do this, must have been of all who ever dwelt on this earth the basest and the falsest. Every year of his long pilgrimage this horrible conceit must have been ripening in him; every year it must have been making him capable of profounder dissimulation and treachery. Christendom has been for eighteen centuries drawing lessons from him concerning love and truth. Dying men and women have been sustained by his lessons. Churches have felt them to be stinging reproofs of their untruth and selfishness. And these have all proceeded from a man who surrendered himself to a habit of mind which we should pronounce execrable in any neighbour, or in any fictitious character; whose language must have been most hypocritical when most elevated! Those who can believe this may believe it. The supposition makes a more tremendous demand on my credulity than all the miracles which have ever been palmed on the world since it was created.[1]

But even if we are willing to admit that such were the purposes of the life of Christ on earth, must we not acknowledge that Christianity has failed, seeing that the annals of Christendom are as fearful, and as stained with blood as those of the old world? It would be truer to say that Christianity has never been tried. The falsehoods, and the superstitions, from which Christ came to deliver man, are not peculiar to any one age or country. The forms of them may change, but in their essence they are continually reappearing; and the antidote, alas! has but too seldom been applied. The men who claimed a divine commission to make known the gospel of Christ, have substituted for it a religion of a very different kind. They have not taught men to believe in an infinitely loving Father, but in a Being who takes delight in the anguish of his creatures. They have acknowledged in words a Spirit who was leading all men into good, but in practice they have delivered themselves up wholly to the spirit of evil, and, in the name of a Saviour of mankind, wrought deeds upon the earth, which caused humanity to shudder. They have spoken of a Divine Spirit, whose especial office it is to convince the world of the truth, but they have acted as if the sword and the stake were the only weapons which had been given to them from the celestial armoury. All idolatrous and superstitious tendencies they have fostered into greater strength. They have stifled the testimony of the conscience, and deified, in its place, their private interpretation of the letters in a book. Christ came to deliver man from evil, by the exhibition in his own person of the true standard of humanity which it is the will of God that all men should attain to. His ordained ministers have striven, with perfect consistency, to establish an absolute uniformity of opinion on matters of doctrine; and if the endeavour has been attended with total and ruinous

[1] *The Gospel of the Kingdom of Heaven*, Lecture ix. p. 100.

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failure, there never was any reason to expect that it would succeed.

Nevertheless, out of the rapine and bloodshed of the Middle Ages, out of the religious wars of the sixteenth century, there has emerged a modern Europe, where some deep rooted convictions are discernible which gave no signs of life in the kingdoms of the old word. Beneath our sectarianism, our frivolity, and our mania for amassing money, there does exist a detestation of evil, a sense of the loathsomeness and degradation of sin, for which we search in vain among the meditations of heathen philosophers and sages. Nor is this all. Together with this conviction has grown up a corresponding certainty of the majesty of good, and the noble capacities of human nature. We can no longer believe that *any* men are of necessity degraded to the level of the brutes. We have such an assurance of the omnipotence of truth, that, if only they can be brought face to face, we know that the domination of evil must be overcome and destroyed. It is idle to suppose that such convictions as these are in the smallest degree accounted for by calling them the results of the progress of civilisation. The progress of civilisation in Greece and Rome did not tend to ennoble, but to enervate and degrade those who lived within its influence. All progress must find its initiative and direction from some motive power in the mind. It cannot begin in some accident lying outside of human beings, and root itself gradually within them. Neither can we attribute them to a code of ethics promulgated eighteen hundred years ago, in the city of Jerusalem, for, as we have just confessed, they have waxed and gathered strength coincidently with the persistent disregard of those very ethics. They cannot have been called into existence by any premonitory symptoms of the ultimate extinction of evil. The nations are as ready as ever to strew the earth with dead for a few extra square miles of territory. The only hypothesis which meets the facts, is the supposition of a power unknown, or rather acting with far less intensity in the old world, which has been working continually at the heart of society.

If, says Mr. Maurice, Jesus Christ was something more than a simple teacher of morality, it is reasonable to suppose that he would not have contented himself with indicating the rightful condition of humanity, but would also have conferred upon fallen man some power to conform himself thereto. And this he avowed that he would do. He spoke of himself as animated with a Spirit. He told his disciples, that after his ascension, this Spirit would come to them, and lead them into all truth. The presence of such a divine Spirit would account for the uprising of the apostolic churches, with their vigorous expansive life, when all the faiths of the old world were struck with the sleep of death. The presence of such a divine Spirit, carrying on an intimate converse with the heart of the individual, guiding him to perceive the good and detest the evil, but not annihilating his personality, or converting him into a machine, would account for these convictions which are becoming more and more clearly manifest in the thought of modern Europe.

'Try,' says Mr. Maurice, in conclusion, 'whether you can solve the problems of the world, without the belief in this personal Teacher. Or if you do not care for the problems of the world, try whether you can solve the problems of your own heart. I speak boldly to you on this point, for I am satisfied that you have this Comforter with you as I have; that he is convincing you of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment, as well as me.'

It was no dream, then, of

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Apostles and evangelists that the kingdom of the carpenter's son commenced with the overthrow of Jerusalem. He has put down all false gods under his feet. He has wrought the deliverance of the world from evil, in that he has convinced men that good is mightier. Even to the minds of those who cannot in terms accept the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the ascension, the great facts which those events were intended to make known,—a reconciled and loving God, the triumph of life over death, the undying personality of man,—have assumed the character of innate ideas, coeval with human nature itself. But if, in this visible world, the redemptive work has advanced thus far in spite of the iniquities of man, it is surely the height of inconsistency to assert, that for the individual it ceases with death—death, which Christ has taught us, is but a continuation of life removed from human sight. It is not our intention to discuss the convictions of Mr. Maurice on this most important question. They are well known, and to enter into an examination of them, would require the introduction of an array of texts hardly befitting the pages of a magazine.[1] Suffice it to say, that in our judgment, the explanation that he gives of the word 'eternal' is not a false or tortuous one; that the meaning which he educes from Scripture, is that which would recommend itself to our minds as the only possible one, did we not fear that the news was too good to be true. There is less need for such an examination than there appears to be to a superficial observer. It is the custom of human beings to brandish about arguments pro et contra, in the face of the world, while their real convictions remain perfectly undisturbed, and never form themselves into language at all. On this very doctrine of 'everlasting punishment,' there is a feeling in the heart which revolts from dogmatic interpretations of dubious texts. Even those who accept the hopeless interpretation in words, shrink from applying it to any individual case. It is, in short, becoming apparent to most of us (a majority of the clergy alone excepted), that for those who believe in the revelation of the Bible, there is no standing point between a rigorous Calvinism and the doctrine of universal redemption. If, as orthodox people are the most forward to assert, all things are dependent upon the will of God, if in the emphatic and unmistakable language of St. Paul, 'it is not of him that willeth, or of him that that runneth, but of God, that showeth mercy,'—either He must have predestined a certain portion of mankind to perdition, or through clouds and darkness, he must be guiding the whole creation to the light of a perfect day.

When we speak of any patriot who has delivered his land from tyranny, what is it that we say he has done? We say that he has done this: Feeling within himself the degradation of slavery, and the unconquerable might which dwells in the spirit of man, he has communicated these convictions to his fellow countrymen. He has made them aware of the energies slumbering within them. He has roused them to a recognition of the nobility of

[1] For the benefit of those unacquainted with Mr. Maurice's writings, we will just mention, that his dissertations on this subject will be found in the last Essay of the second edition of *Theological Essays*, in his letter to the Bishop of London, and in a preface written for a little work by Mr. Snow, entitled *Post tenebras lux*. We recommend inquirers to read the examination of all the texts referring to a future state, appended by Mr. Llewellyn Davies to his work *On the Manifestation of the Son of God*; and also in a work entitled *The Destiny of the Human Race*.

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freedom. But this is not the work of a moment. Very slowly does the flame spread from heart to heart; very often it seems at the very point of extinction. The liberator of his country is he who does not allow it to die out; who fans it once more into a blaze, who confirms the brave, and puts fresh courage into the wavering and the doubtful, until at length he stands a free man on the soil he has delivered. When clergymen tell us of a Divine Redeemer and deliverer of the world from the tyranny of evil, we wish to know if the deliverer will actually do this, or whether he merely attempts to do it, and fails. We see how feeble are all human efforts to cope with the evil in a single city. We subscribe to city missions, we multiply preachers, scripture readers, Bible women, refuges, and homes of every description, and the great sea of London evil swallows them up, and gives no sign of diminution. As disease and starvation carry off those wretched creatures who are sunk in misery and vice, we wish to know if on the further side of the grave the Saviour of mankind will strike off those fetters from their crushed and ruined souls, or permit them to remain for ever in that condition. We scatter our missionaries broadcast over heathen lands, but the heathen are not persuaded by our arguments. They do not find anything sufficiently attractive in the tidings we bring them to induce them to forego the superstitions of their fathers. We wish to know if there is no mightier Power working out their salvation than our partial and unsuccessful labours. It is no reply to these inquiries to suggest (as Mr. Mansel does in his Bampton Lectures) that the existence of evil at all is not less inexplicable than its everlasting duration. It is inexplicable; nevertheless, we feel that it is our duty to combat against evil unceasingly; we wish to know if that combat is an endless one, or one in which the victory will ultimately be ours. The question which Elijah asked of the people of Israel may fairly be tendered to the English clergy: 'How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him.' At present, the larger portion of the clergy have declared themselves in favour of—surely not Baal?—but Mr. Maurice is regarded with suspicion and dislike because he will not do as they do. The Church of England has arrived at this state—that one of the profoundest thinkers and most eloquent writers of the age; one whose every hope is bound up with the faith entrusted to the Apostles; one who has shown himself more capable than any living divine to harmonise modern thought with the spirit of revelation—is spoken of as a heretic, because he has dared to believe that God will deliver the world from the dominion of Baal, and restore the whole race of men to their normal condition, as children of their Father in heaven.

Should there be any of our readers who are seeking in vain for 'an anchorage to their convictions' in the Christianity preached to them from their parish pulpit, we would earnestly counsel them to turn to the writings of Mr. Maurice. To detect the purposes of God in all the movements of the world; to find in all the mental processes an element profounder than the reaches of human thought; to realise God as ever striving to conform the rebellious wills of men to his will; to feel assured that his gracious purposes will ultimately triumph; that the Potter only breaks the clay in order to mould it into a more perfect and beautiful form; these are the characteristics of his teaching. The effect of that teaching may be summed up in a very few words. It makes us *trust* God in spirit and in truth, and not merely dissemble our

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distrust by loud asseverations that everything is doubtless for the best. And this trust brings of necessity the perfect love which casteth out fear, and the hopeful spirit which make the calamities of life to fall but lightly on our shoulders, and are the lights which never fail amid 'the stormy clouds of our wintry way.'

Our task for the present is done. We have limited ourselves to setting forth what we believe to be the central conviction of Mr. Maurice's teaching, that Christianity is not a system, but a revelation of God, of his method of governing the world, and of his ultimate purposes towards men. Sects may, if it so pleases them, have their peculiar tests for ascertaining the nature and extent of his work; but it is mere presumption to suppose that such charts indicate the actual boundaries. His laws must be in universal operation, whether man be aware of them or not; his purposes will be accomplished, however much the wills of men may appear to impede them. It is simply a matter of fact, that his favour does descend in visible blessings upon any land whatsoever where the laws of justice, mercy, and truth are obeyed. That man—be he Jew, Turk, infidel, or heretic—who is manfully battling with the evil within and around him, must be obeying the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and hastening forward the work of Christ. It is the peculiar privilege of the Christian that he can make known the divine nature and gracious purposes of that Power who endows the earth with fertility; that he can assure the combatant against evil that a mightier Power is fighting on his side than he who is against him.

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CHARLOTTE CORDAY.[1]

OF all the figures that appear on the dark canvas of the French Revolution, none flashes out more strangely, to vanish as suddenly, than that of Charlotte Corday: yet is the apparition one that must stir the hearts of men for ever, filling them with wonder and pity not unmixed with admiration, irreconcilable though the great act of her life be with law human or divine, and deeply as public opinion in Christendom has branded assassination with infamy. Her present biographer, M. Chéron de Villiers, claims her throughout his book with much emphasis as a true daughter of the Catholic Church, laying stress on certain evidences of early piety and of a devotion stricter than was usual even in a conventual education. He triumphantly cites as a proof of her strict orthodoxy that she constantly refused to attend the preaching of Fauchet the constitutional bishop of Calvados, and in her last moments rejected the offices of the Abbé Lothringer, both priests 'flétris d'elle de la qualification d'*intrus*.' So be it, if the Holy Catholic Church wishes to claim her as saint and martyr; but we confess that her own words, letters, and demeanour throughout those six days from the 13th of July (the day of the murder) till the 19th, when she submitted herself so calmly to the executioner, seem rather to prove her entire indifference to such matters. She had done that which she believed herself appointed to do; she had given liberty to France; and the fulfilment of her task was not a crime to confess to any priest; with *that* blood on her hands she was ready to go before God who had required it of her.

So at least we read her mental attitude in those strange pages addressed to Barbaroux from the Abbaye, and dated 'the second day of the preparation for Peace.'

'Je jouis délicieusement de la paix depuis deux jours; le bonheur de mon pays fait le mien,' she says, and as she firmly believes that she has accomplished this, she is able to write jestingly of all the little incidents of her journey to Paris in the sweltering July heat, with her disagreeable companions in the diligence, and of the offer of marriage made her by one of them whom she left 'de très-mauvaise humeur.' Of the great event she gives no details, leaving Barbaroux to learn them from other sources, but she says: 'As I was really calm (vraiement de sangfroy), I suffered from the cries of some women, but those who save their country cannot notice what it costs.' The anticipations of rest in the Elysian Fields with Brutus and some ancients, savour more of Plutarch's Lives than of the Breviary; but we must give a summary of the facts collected by M. Chéron de Villiers in the work before us concerning the history of this wonderful girl. M. de Villiers seems to have heard in his youth many reminiscences of the beauty, the piety, and the ardent patriotic feeling of Charlotte Corday from his grandmother Mme. Riboulet, between whom and the future heroine a girlish friendship had existed. These traditions seem to have stimulated his industry in collecting all that can be known of her antecedents, so that his book may be fairly

[1] *Marie-Anne-Charlotte de Corday d'Armont: sa Vie, son Temps, ses Écrits, son Procès, sa Mort.* Par M. Chéron de Villiers. Paris: Amyot. 1865.

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considered exhaustive on the subject, telling us both what we are to believe and what we are not: for Charlotte Corday's early years have furnished plenty of apocryphal matter to her biographers; documents being scarce, imagination has largely supplied the want. An actual authority, however, is a certain Mme. de M—— née Levaillant, a resident at Caen in the year preceding the Revolution, and intimate with the Corday family. Her memoir appeared in the *Revue de Deux Mondes*, embodied in a paper of Casimir Perrier's, and along with it, two letters addressed by Charlotte to Mme. de M——. To these M. de Villiers adds a hitherto unpublished letter to his grandmother, then Mdlle. Rose Fougeron du Fayot, which, as it is new, we will transcribe in its own place. These materials, however, would hardly by themselves swell the volume to its actual bulk without the addition of a memoir of Marat, a notice of the Abbé Raynal, his celebrated letter to the Assembly in 1791 given at length, and a great deal of other matter with which we are not at present concerned.

Marie-Anne-Charlotte de Corday d'Armont, for she bore all these names, and was familiarly known as Marie Corday, though history has selected Charlotte as her distinguishing appellation, was the daughter of a poor though noble Norman family, and in the female line she could claim the great Corneille as an ancestor, a fact not without significance in forming her character in the heroic mould. Losing her mother early, her father's exceedingly narrow means induced him to leave her for a few years in the care of her uncle the Abbé Corday, curé of Vicques; and at fourteen she and a younger sister were by the kindness of Mme. de Belzunce received into the Abbaye aux Dames at Caen. There Marie enjoyed the best education, and more liberty than usually falls to the lot of pensionnaires in a convent. She was brought up along with Mdlle. Alexandrine Forbin the niece of the abbess, and allowed free intercourse with all the old friends of her family. Among them was this Mme. de M——, then Mdlle. Levaillant, whose earliest recollection of 'la petite Marie Corday' was seeing the child fall and hurt herself severely, and then refuse to complain or even acknowledge that she was hurt. 'Cette petite fille est dure à elle-même; elle ne se plaint jamais.' At the time that she entered the Abbaye aux Dames, she is described as 'une jeune personne accomplie, soumise, laborieuse, bonne et prévenante envers tous, avec un goût pour les lectures sérieuses peu habituel à une femme.' Corneille, J. J. Rousseau, and the Abbé Raynal, were, we know from herself, her favourite modern authors. The Abbé, indeed, she always speaks of as 'mon maître,' and from him she drew the saying 'on ne doit pas la vérité à ses tyrans' with which she justified the artifice which gained her access to her victim. Much given to reverie, she brooded in solitude over the ideas of antique virtue described in the works of these men, and dreaming of Sparta and Rome she became an ardent republican in heart even before the revolution. No lover of modern days ever made any impression on her affections, says Mme. de M——; but here this lady and Mme. Riboulet are at variance. The latter, Marie's more immediate contemporary and confidante, assures us that Henri de Belzunce, the nephew of the abbess, saw her frequently during the years 1787–89, and was passionately attached to her; that she returned his affection and looked forward to marriage with him. In 1789 he was murdered in the streets of Caen, his body atrociously muti-

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lated, and his head carried in triumph on a pike. A collision between de Belzunce's regiment and the populace brought about this catastrophe, which sank deep into Marie's heart, and strengthened the detestation with which she regarded those who incited the people to commit such horrors in the name of liberty and to soil the sacred cause with a thousand crimes. Mme. Riboulet witnessed her intense suffering at this time, silent and self-controlled as were her love and grief; and she had no doubt that in this event might be found the key to the stern resolve that followed, nor have we. Mme. de Belzunce survived her nephew barely a year, and during the short period which yet intervened before the suppression of convents in 1790 Mme. de Pontécoulant ruled in the Abbaye aux Dames. This abbess also had a nephew, M. Gustave Doulcet de Pontécoulant, whose name appears in connection with Marie Corday's in the closing scene of her life. When the convent was closed to them the demoiselles de Corday returned to their father's roof at Argentan; but poverty there had deepened rather than otherwise, and Marie took the resolution in June 1791 of claiming the hospitality of a distant relative, an old Mme. de Bretteville, a widow of some substance, who lived alone in a large house in Caen, known as Grand Manoir. Here for two years more the enthusiastic girl lived, watching the progress of events. The society she mixed in was small, and principally royalist in their views. Eléonore de Faudoas became her attached friend, and in two years' time both royalist and republican died on the same scaffold. Mme. de M—— describes Marie as having now developed into an exceedingly beautiful woman, and whatever discrepancies may exist between the different portraits of her (Siccardi's being considered the best) there can be no doubt that hers was a very noble beauty, grave and intellectual in expression as well as exquisite in form and colouring; while the remarkable sweetness and harmony of her voice in speaking was a charm that remained long in the memory of those who had heard it. The letter to her dear Rose du Fayot (Madame Riboulet) is dated from Grand Manoir, the 28th of January 1793:

Vous savez l'affreuse nouvelle, ma bonne Rose: votre cœur comme mon cœur en a tressaillé d'indignation: voilà donc notre pauvre France livrée aux misérables qui nous ont desjà fait tant de mal. Dieu sait où cela s'arrêtera. Moi, qui connés vos bons sentiments, je puys vous en dire ce que je pense. Je frémis d'horreur et d'indignation. Tout ce qu'on peut rêver d'affreux se trouve dans l'avenir que nous préparent de tels évènements. Il est bien manifeste que rien de plus malheureux ne pouvait nous arrivé. J'en suys presque réduite à envier le sort de ceux de nos parens qui ont quitté le sol de la patrie, tant je désespère pour nous de voir revenir cette tranquillité que j'avés espérée il n'y a pas lontems. Tous ces hommes qui devaient nous donner la liberté l'ont assassinée; ce ne sont que des bourreaux. Pleurons sur le sort de notre France. Je vous sais bien malheureuse, et je ne voudrais pas faire couler encor vos larmes par le récit de nos douleurs. Tous mes amis sont persécutés: ma tante est l'objet de toute sorte de tracasseries depuis qu'on a sçu qu'elle avait donné asyle à Delphin quand il a passé en Angleterre. J'en faisés autant que lui si je pouvés, mais Dieu nous retient ici pour d'autres destinées. . . . Nous sommes ici en proye aux brigans; nous en voyons de toutes les couleurs; ils ne laissent personne tranquille, ça en serait à prendre cette république en horreur si on ne savait que *les forfaits des humains n'atteignent pas les cieux*. Bref, après le coup horrible qui vient d'épouvanter l'univers, plaignés-moi, ma bonne Rose, comme je vous plains vous-même, parcequ'il n'y a pas un cœur sensible et généreux qui ne doive répandre des larmes de sang. Je vous dys bien des choses de la part de tout le monde, on vous aime toujours bien.

MARIE DE CORDAY.

Her orthography and grammar are doubtful, but her expressions are forcible, and read by the light of after events some of them are very significant. 'On ne meurt

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qu'une fois,' she says, speaking of some terrible scenes that had been enacted, 'et ce qui me rassure contre les horreurs de notre situation c'est que personne ne perdra en me perdant.' And again, 'Je n'ai jamais compté la vie que par l'utilité dont elle pouvait être.'

She reads with avidity all the journals and pamphlets that she can obtain, and daily she hears of fresh excesses, more blood flowing in the streets; Marat claiming five hundred thousand heads for the guillotine, and styling himself and his journal 'l'Ami du Peuple;' the struggle between the Montagne and the Gironde inclining each day towards the triumph of the former, till Marat is victorious and the Girondist chiefs, eighteen in number, are in flight. Caen is their place of refuge. Among them are Buzot, Duchâtel, Guadet, Pétion, Salles, Valady, and Barbaroux at their head. Marie, who saw in these men the party of moderation, the only hope of France, eagerly sought for an introduction to Barbaroux, and a petition to present to the Convention in favour of her old friend Mdlle. Forbin, Chanoinesse of Troyes, who in the alienation of church property had suffered losses, was a pretext for asking for an interview at the Hôtel de l'Intendance, which she obtained. On this, as on every other occasion, when she saw Barbaroux, it was remembered that Marie was attended, as befitted a demoiselle, by an old servant of Mme. Bretteville's. Calumny was not slow to put an injurious construction on these interviews, but in history the name of Charlotte Corday, as of Joan d'Arc, however it fared with them amid the strife of tongues in their own day, must stand for ever pure and spotless among women. Babaroux undertook to write to his colleague in the Convention, Lauze de Perret, then in Paris, on the affairs of Mdlle. Forbin, and invited Mdlle. Corday to return in a few days. She did so, and the result of one or two more interviews was that Marie volunteered to go in person to Paris to see De Perret, and to accelerate the transaction of Mdlle. Forbin's business; also to take charge of letters of political importance from the Girondist deputies to their party in Paris. It is plain that she has had long conversations with Barbaroux on the state of France, that he has found in her an intelligence that can grasp the situation, and an agent whom he can trust, for her offer is accepted, and she is told that the despatches will be ready for her in eight days. She has listened to Barbaroux' description of the men who are carrying all before them in Paris, and there can be no doubt, that when she asked to be the bearer of letters to the capital, where the ostensible object of her visit was furthering a hopeless legal claim on the part of a 'suspecte,' the resolution to kill Marat had been formed. It is equally certain that no hint of her resolve ever passed her lips, and that Barbaroux was entirely ignorant of it. To Pétion, who was present at the last interview, and who spoke to her rather ironically, her reply was, 'Vous me jugez aujourd'hui sans me connaître, citoyen Pétion, un jour vous saurez qui je suis.' There were signs in those last days, which those who remembered them afterwards knew to be marks of deep emotion in her controlled nature, when she took what she felt to be an eternal farewell of the few friends left in Caen. On the 6th of July she visits one relative, Mme. Gautier de Villiers, at Verson; the lady is occupied in household cares with her servants, but reading some trouble in Marie's eyes, she dismisses them. 'Je viens te dire adieu: j'ai un voyage à faire.' To all questions her answers are evasive, her mind evidently entirely preoccupied; suddenly she snatches a

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handful of peas in their shells from the heap before Mme. de Villiers, crushes them and throws them down, embraces her cousin and leaves without another word. The 7th she occupies herself in burning all her papers, every address and proclamation of the Girondists; and then is present at a review of the national guard of Caen, by General Wimpfen.

Next day Barbaroux consigns to her his letter to De Perret, along with his other despatches. Her passport had been got some months before, and all was en règle now. 'The document,' says M. de Villiers, 'is in the collection of M. von Hunolstein;' we have seen what purported to be the same in that of M. Feuillet de Conches. There is an unlucky coincidence about these gentlemen's *originals*, but this one is not of much consequence. One more duty remained before leaving Caen, and that was to write to her father, and this letter also is new to the world:

Je vous dois obéissance, mon cher papa, cependant je pars sans vous voir, parceque j'en aurai trop douleur. Je vais en Angleterre, parceque je ne crois pas qu'on puisse vivre en France heureux et tranquille de bien lontems. En partant, je mets cette lettre à la poste pour vous, et quand vous la recevrez je ne serai plus en ce pays. Le ciel nous refuse le bonheur de vivre ensemble comme il nous en a refusé d'autres. Il sera peut-être plus clément pour notre patrie. Adieu, mon cher papa, embrassés ma sœur pour moi et ne m'oubliés pas.

9 juillet. CORDAY.

Mme. de Bretteville believed when her young cousin quitted Grand Manoir, on the 9th July, that she was going to visit her father.

Before we follow the avenger of blood, whom inexorable fate and the slow trot of the Norman horses are carrying along the dusty highway to Paris to find her victim, let us glance at the previous history of Marat, and trace his progress to the hateful eminence he has attained. France did not give him birth. His parents were Swiss colonists, and Jean Paul Marat came into the world a subject of the great Frederick at Boudry, near Neufchâtel, in 1744. Medicine was the profession he selected, but he soon abandoned the humbler walks of the healing art for dreams of vast scientific discoveries, which were to raise him far above his fellow men. His ambition and vanity seem to have been inordinate, even at the early age of sixteen, when he asked permission to accompany a scientific expedition sent by Louis XV. under the Abbé Chappe to Tobolsk, and was refused. He visited London in 1773, and there, beside a novel, *Roman de Cœur*, characterised by M. de Villiers as 'prétentieux, fade, maladif et nauséabond,' he printed a work on *Man, and the Laws which govern the Union of Mind and Matter in Man*. In the eighth volume of the *Miscellanies* of the Philobiblon Society are some interesting letters addressed to Marat, as well as a very long and curious one of his to M. Roume de Saint-Laurent, which are little known. Among them we find a civil note of Lord Lyttelton's to Marat, who had apparently sent him his MSS., complimenting him on the ability displayed in the performance, but adding that his (Lord Lyttelton's) own want of anatomical knowledge prevented him from judging of the worth of M. Marat's theories. In 1780 he published *Discoveries on Light* and *Researches on Fire*, but these failed to attract the notice he desired, or that he believed they deserved, and in reviewing his career in the long letter to Saint-Laurent in 1784, he attributes the failure of these works to the jealousy of the Academy, which, he believed, never ceased to persecute him, and was resolved to ignore all his discoveries. Voltaire certainly did not spare him; criticising his work *De l'Homme*, he concludes:

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Personne ne trouvera bon qu'on traite les Locke, les Mallebranche, les Condillac, d'hommes orgueilleusement ignorants. . . . Si M. J. P. Marat traite mal ses contemporains, il faut avouer qu'il ne traite pas mieux les anciens philosophes. . . . C'est un grand empire que le néant, régnez-y.

A work of his on the use of electricity in medicine was, however, crowned by the Academy of Rouen, and on the strength of this success he obtained the post of 'médecin aux écuries de M. le Comte d'Artois,' a very humble one in comparison with the magnificent offers which, if we are to believe him, he had received from foreign princes; twenty-four thousand a year from one northern potentate if he would go to live and work in his dominions! At the conclusion of his epistle to Saint-Laurent the injured man of science winds up with a fervent protestation of his zeal for religion and morals, and an assurance that the testimony of all who have ever known him must infallibly be, that he is 'un homme de bien, dans la plus rigoureuse acception du terme.' And so to this bitterly disappointed man came the eventful year of 1789; he was not slow to feel the tempest in the air, nor to guess that when the old order was shaken and the passions of men let loose, a place might be found for such a one as him. He saw the power of the press to inflame those passions, and, practised scribe as he was, to start a journal calling itself *l'Ami du Peuple* was an easy resource. One of the electoral colleges of Paris sent him as its deputy to the Convention in September 1792, where, on the first day that his hideous physiognomy was seen alongside of Danton and Robespierre, it was decreed that royalty should be for ever abolished in France, and all public Acts should date henceforth from the first year of the Republic. Seated with the Montagne, breathing out rage and slaughter, his utterances were those of a man drunk, not with new wine, but with blood, and such was the frenzy of the time, that he became the idol of a large section of the Parisian mob: a truly fearful Moloch, lodging at No. 20 in the old Rue des Cordeliers, with Simonne Evrard, his mistress, and whom a direful disease was drawing very near to death in July 1793, when Charlotte Corday's knife reached him. Arriving in Paris on the 11th, Mdlle. de Corday gave the remainder of that day and the following one to visiting De Perrot on Mdlle. Forbin's account. On the evening of the 12th, alone in her room in the Hotel de la Providence, Rue des Vieux Augustins, she wrote her 'Adresse aux Français' on a sheet of paper which she folded and placed within her dress. It fell out next day under Chabot's rude handling, and M. von Hunolstein claims to possess it now. It is well known how early on the morning of the 13th July she bought the knife in the Palais Royal, how she twice on that day sought admission to the Citizen Marat, and twice was repulsed, till at last, at sundown, when he was in the bath, hearing her talking to the servant in the anteroom, he desired that the young woman who said she had news of importance from Caen to give him should be admitted. In a few minutes the cry 'A moi, ma chère amie, à moi!' calls in the terrified woman of his household; there is a dark stream of blood on the floor, and the tyrant is dead. The woman who has sent the blow so unerringly home does not attempt to escape or to deny: 'C'est bien moi qui l'ai tué.' For some hours she underwent an examination by the police with perfect calmness, and at two in the morning she was removed to the Abbaye, repeating several times, 'J'ai rempli ma tâche, d'autres feront le reste.' But at sight of the crowds surging in the streets

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ready to tear her in pieces, she fainted. The cry 'Marat is assassinated' had convulsed Paris. The Jacobins cover his bust with crape and laurels, many refuse to believe the fact. It is announced in the Assembly; the safety of the Republic is menaced, says Hébert, Marat is the victim of the aristocrats: 'Citoyens, soyez fermes, entourez vos magistrats, et méfiez-vous surtout des chapeaux verts,' alluding to the colour worn by Mdlle. Corday. Here was work for Fonquier Tinville, whose hand was never slack at such tasks; by the 16th the preliminary formalities were accomplished, the remains of Marat were committed with imposing ceremonies to the tomb, and Charlotte Corday was summoned from the Abbaye before the Revolutionary Tribunal. In the interval she had written the first letter to Barbaroux, of which we have already spoken, and she addressed to the Comité de Sûreté Général the following request:

Citoyens,—Puisque j'ai encore quelques instants à vivre, pourrais-je espérer que vous me permettiez de me faire peindre? Je voudrais laisser cette marque de mon souvenir à mes amis; d'ailleurs, comme on chérit l'image des Bons Citoyens, la curiosité fait quelquefois rechercher ceux des grands criminels, ce qui sert à perpétuer l'horreur de leurs crimes. Si vous daignez faire attention à ma demande, je vous prie de m'envoyer demain un peintre en miniature. Je vous renouvelle celle de me laisser dormir seule. Croyés, je vous prie, à toute ma reconnaissance.—MARIE CORDAY.

There is a tremendous irony in the allusion to the 'Bons Citoyens,' whose image posterity delights to preserve, when those she was addressing were employed in ordering pictures and statues of Marat, and proclaiming his apotheosis. The presence of two gendarmes night and day in her apartment was an insult which she attributed to the ingenuity of Chabot: 'Il n'y a qu'un Capucin qui puisse avoir ses idées.' The room she occupied was the one but lately tenanted by Madame Roland. Jeanne Marie Phlippon too was beautiful, and a republican, and died on the scaffold with the words 'liberty and country' on her lips: her attitude was noble before her judges, and in the tumbril—encouraging fainter-hearted women to die. Yet hers was a very different character from Charlotte Corday's; if her white robe has no blood-stain on it, that terrible autobiography, lately given to the world, shows many another smirch and rent in the fair fabric, and her ruthless and unblushing self-dissection is positively revolting.

At eleven o'clock on the 16th July the accused was led before her judges, after the examination of all who could be cited as witnesses was over. Her demeanour remained unchanged throughout all the interrogations; and she showed but one anxiety—to prove that she had no accomplice. The arrest of Fauchet, whose acquaintance she had never made, and of Lauze de Perret, disturbed her. To every question as to her own act her answers are clear and decisive; some are very striking from their directness and simplicity. Towards the close of the trial, she says in answer to the remark of Montané, the president, that since no person had incited her, it must have been from the public journals that she had learnt to regard Marat as the enemy of France: 'Oui, je savais qu'il pervertissait la France. J'ai tué un homme pour en sauver cent mille. J'étais républicaine avant la Révolution, et je n'ai jamais manqué d'énergie.—Qu'entendez-vous par énergie?—La résolution que prennent ceux qui mettent l'intérêt particulier de côté, et savent se sacrifier pour leur patrie.' She was desired to name an advocate, and complying with this form she named Doulcet de Pontécoulant, deputy for Caen to the Convention, and nephew of the last abbess of the Abbaye aux

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Dames, but he was at that moment in hiding on account of his political liaison with Vergniaud and the Gironde, for he was not one of the Montagne as she supposed. Charlotte Corday was ignorant of this; ignorant, too, that the summons could not reach him till too late, and that he consequently in no degree deserved the epithet of 'un lâche' with which she stigmatised him. M. Chauveau de la Garde offered to supply his place and was accepted, but in truth there was nothing for an advocate to say after the admission made by the accused. Her letters to Barbaroux and her last farewell to her father were read in evidence against her, and the president asked her if she had nothing further to add to Barbaroux: 'Il n'y a plus qu'une phrase à mettre,' she replies; 'la voici: le chef de l'anarchie n'est plus; vous aurez la paix.' Fouquier Tinville roused her to a last reply when he insinuated that from the accuracy with which she had struck her victim in a fatal spot, murder must have been familiar to her: 'Oh, le monstre! Il me prend pour un assassin!' This closed the trial. Sentence of death: to be executed on the 19th. Here is what she wrote to her father just before receiving it:—

Pardonnés-moi, mon cher papa, d'avoir disposé de mon existence sans votre permission. J'ai vengé bien d'innocentes victimes, j'ai prévenu bien d'autres désastres. Le peuple, un jour désabusé, se réjouira d'être délivré d'un tyran. Si j'ai cherché à vous persuader que je passais en Angleterre, c'est que j'espérais garder l'incognito; mais j'en ai reconnu l'impossibilité. J'espère que vous ne serés point tourmenté. En tous cas, je crois que vous auriez des défenseurs à Caën. J'ai pris pour défenseur Gustave Doulcet; un tel attentat ne permet nulle défense, c'est pour la forme. Adieu, mon cher papa. Je vous prie de m'oublier, ou plutôt de vous réjouir de mon sort; la cause en est belle. J'embrasse ma sœur, que j'aime de tout mon cœur, ainsi que tous mes parens. N'oubliés pas ce vers de Corneille:

'Le crime fait la honte et non pas l'échafaud.'

C'est demain, à huit heures, qu'on me juge.
Ce 16 juillet. CORDAY.

The last two hours of life were spent sitting to the painter Hauer, and before he had finished transferring her features to the canvas the 'toilette des morts' had to be made, for the executioner was impatient. Then came the long drive in the tumbril from the Conciergérie to the Place de la Révolution. She was its only occupant that day, and during the whole of the way she stood upright surveying the crowded streets with interest. The progress was slow, from the dense multitude that thronged around the vehicle to look at her. 'Vous trouvez que c'est bien long, n'est-ce pas?' said Sanson once, when he heard her sigh. 'Bah! nous sommes toujours sûrs d'arriver.' The savage howls which usually greeted the victims on that last journey were hushed into silence, or into whispered exclamations of pity by the majesty of her attitude, her youth, and her beauty. The sight sank with fatal effect into the heart of poor Adam Lux, whose passion cost him his head three months later. At a window in the Rue St. Honoré Robespierre, Danton, and Camille Desmoulins too were looking on as she passed. Her head fell amid a few cries of 'Vive la nation!' She was not the only victim to the manes of Marat; twenty-one of the Girondist chiefs suffered on the 31st of the following October: and Vergniaud was right when he said of Charlotte Corday, 'Elle nous tue, mais elle nous apprend à mourir.'

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MILITARY REFORM.

IV.

AS we write these pages, the daily press is still echoing the clamour which marked the close of the great three-act comedy played in the House of Commons, entitled 'Flogging in the Army.' In the first act we saw a resolution to abolish flogging introduced and carried by a majority of one, though the War Minister opposed any alteration in the existing system. In the second act the War Minister appeared, refusing to recognise this majority, yet so far giving in to it as to offer to abolish corporal punishment for nine tenths of the army, and for the remaining tenth only to retain it for three offences. His opponents, divided among themselves, were unable to prevent the principle of his proposition from being accepted by a considerable majority of the House; but the clause embodying that principle was so badly worded and so obscurely framed, that in the moment of triumph it had to be withdrawn. In the third act the Minister appeared in a new character. In direct opposition to the expressed opinion of the House, he will no longer exempt nine tenths of the army, and has taken away one of the three offences for which it was decided the punishment should be retained; and again he carries the House with him. Thus, in three successive nights, the Secretary of State for War enunciated three distinct and totally different policies. Such miserable vacillation is the natural result of placing at the head of the army a civilian utterly incapable, from want of knowledge and experience, of forming any opinion of his own on military affairs; and though a singularly good result happens to have been arrived at, it is only by a mere chance.

This question has excited so much attention that we cannot pass it by unnoticed, especially as it will directly lead to the more immediate subject of our article. Corporal punishment is abolished in time of peace, except for mutiny and insubordination with violence; in war it is to be retained as before. Will this bring any more recruits to the army? Directly, probably not one. But it will to some extent weaken the hands of commanding officers and free the drunken reprobates of the service from the fear of personal suffering for their constant misbehaviour. Why, then, have we said that a singularly good result has been arrived at? Because we believe that this is the first step towards getting rid of the blackguards whose presence is not only a disgrace to the army, but an effectual check to the enlistment of decent men: because, now that the lash is so nearly abolished in peace, worthless characters must be turned out, and the more rapidly the army is thus reduced, the more readily will the country be brought to believe that the purchase of these rotten bargains is a vastly expensive process, and that the only way to get better men is to make the service attractive by such methods as we have pointed out; and lastly, because in this direction lies the only remedy for all the great evils at work.

It is peculiarly characteristic of the House of Commons, as now constituted, to take up one portion of a large subject and work it threadbare, losing sight of all the rest, no matter how important. So it was this session with the Mutiny

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Bill. Passing three nights in debating this solitary question of corporal punishment, the House ignored all other points connected with the administration of military law; and yet there is no portion of the scheme of army administration which requires more searching investigation. The powers entrusted to courts-martial are enormous. A general court-martial has the power to pass sentence of death or penal servitude. A garrison or district court-martial, such as is held every week or oftener in all our large garrison towns at home, can pass sentences of imprisonment with hard labour, the duration of which is only confined by custom to two years. It can inflict solitary confinement, corporal punishment, and that terribly severe penalty, the forfeiture of all claim to increased pay and to pension on discharge, not only arising from past service, but which might arise from future service; a penalty, which virtually renders the service a tomb whence there is no escape, and where no ray of hope can shine. A regimental court-martial can inflict short sentences of imprisonment, with alternate weeks of solitary confinement, or corporal punishment, and is the ordinary tribunal before which are brought all those minor offences which the commanding officer considers too grave to be dealt with by himself alone, or which he is required by regulation to lay before a court-martial. It is the ordinary tribunal before which non-commissioned officers are arraigned for offences not very serious, and has the power of reducing them to the ranks.

In the ordinary criminal law we are accustomed to consider certain points as necessary to insure a fair trial. There must be a judge learned in the law; a jury of twelve unprejudiced and disinterested men, who hear the law from the judge and then decide on the facts, but have nothing to do with pronouncing sentence, that being the office of the judge; and finally, an appeal on points of law or fact to a superior court, or the Home Secretary.

A regimental court-martial combines features directly opposite to these. An insufficient and necessarily prejudiced jury exercises the functions of a judge, and passes sentence on the prisoner whom it has itself condemned. It has no legal knowledge to guide its decisions, and the only appeal from them is to the very officer who has already heard the case, decided upon it, and sent it for trial. This state of affairs can only be represented in ordinary criminal law by supposing the office of the judge to be dispensed with, and that three, or perhaps five, of the jury, after hearing the evidence for the prosecution laid before them by a superintendent of police, in the presence of the prisoner unaided by counsel, were not only to find the prisoner guilty but to pronounce his sentence; while his only appeal would be to the magistrate who had committed him for trial, that magistrate not being himself a lawyer, and not being even assisted by one.

Now, supposing that everything else connected with the court-martial were as it should be, surely this is about as bad a condition of affairs as can possibly exist. Supposing the commanding officer to be a man of singularly clear vision and judicious mind, he must have more or less been biassed by the evidence which he heard before sending the case for trial, and he cannot be the right court of appeal. Supposing the members of the court to be able and clear-headed, entirely influenced by the purest motives only, and with no foregone conclusions in their minds, a court composed of one captain and two or four subalterns, cannot be competent to decide questions of law as to what

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evidence they ought to admit, whether the charge is rightly and fairly framed, and whether, if the evidence supports part of it only, they may find a verdict of guilty on part of the charge, and not on all. Nor if the prisoner has been found guilty by a majority, perhaps of one—by no means an uncommon event—can the members of the court who have on oath pronounced him in their opinion innocent, be the right persons to pass sentence upon him as a guilty man.

With a garrison or district court-martial similar anomalies occur, except that the general officer commanding has not made up his mind beforehand, and is, therefore, a better justice of appeal; and that the president of the court and members are somewhat more experienced. But can any one who knows the officers of the British army assert that all the field officers and all the captains are fit to act as presidents of court-martial, and to wield the influence which the president's seniority and position must give him over the junior members of a court? Scarcely one in a regiment could pass the simplest examination in military law, and the result is often the most obvious miscarriage of justice, generally against the prisoner, but sometimes the other way, while a want of any guiding principle in the sentence is apparent. We have repeatedly noted the sentences of garrison courts-martial which have tried a number of prisoners, and have found them most absurdly inconsistent; and the punishments, when classified with the offences and previous character of the prisoners, presenting the most startling results. Nay more, every adjutant with considerable experience in prosecuting, well knows that there are some presidents before whom it is difficult for him to obtain a conviction, while others will scarcely give a prisoner a chance of opening his lips. It is never fair to soldiers that they should be tried by those under whom they are immediately serving, for it often paralyses their defence. A soldier who attempts to cross-examine witnesses at all closely, or to raise any point in his defence beyond a denial or plea of not guilty, or a short statement, is called in military phrase 'a lawyer,' and at once comes in for the disapprobation of the court. Again, the soldier, an uneducated illiterate man, is often quite unable to take advantage of many points which may arise in the course of his trial, whereas the prosecutor (the adjutant of the regiment) is probably chosen for his position on account of superior ability, and has considerable experience of courts-martial, knowing by practice the best way to succeed with them. The proceedings of regimental courts-martial are generally hurried over in the most indecent manner. The preamble and the order for the assembly of the court are gabbled through as fast as lips can utter them, the astonished prisoner not knowing what is going on, and being at last aroused by the question 'Are you guilty or not guilty?' of charges which have been read so fast that he only knows their purport by the warning previously received from the prosecutor. A captain is regarded by the subalterns of his regiment as a good or a bad president of a court-martial, according to the rapidity with which he can dispose of the cases before him.

In all this there is a want of justice. We firmly believe that officers do act according to their conscience and the oath which they take, and that, according to their lights, they are fair and upright in their judgment; and we think that, considering what supervision they act under, it is wonderful how just, as a rule, their decisions are. We do not believe that officers are wilfully unjust, except in very rare

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cases; but the whole constitution of the court is against even-handed justice being dealt to the soldier, and the members rather proceed on the supposition that the prisoner has been proved guilty before being sent for trial. But granted that the officers composing a regimental court-martial, overcoming prejudice and habit, and rising superior to the occasion, give the finding purely according to the evidence before them, and acquit a man whom the commanding officer considers guilty, and has sent to trial, with a view to his being severely dealt with—what happens? The commanding officer sends the case back, orders the court to reassemble and reconsider their finding; and thus the officers of a regimental court-martial have before them the alternative of disregarding their oath, or acting in direct opposition to the wish of their immediate superior. In ninety-nine cases in a hundred they will choose the latter, to their credit be it spoken; but how grossly unfair to subject them to such a trial. We have known cases where the commanding officer has sent for the members of a regimental court-martial, and has administered to them a personal rebuke for their finding or sentence; disregarding the fact that they were sworn to act according to their consciences on oath. And we know of one case—it happened very recently, and for the credit of the army we hope it stands alone—where the commanding officer refused to give any leave to the officers who had come to a finding contrary to his opinion, and actually ordered them to serve on all regimental courts-martial till further notice.

It is grossly unfair that such an arbitrary exercise of power should be possible; an abuse of position which is only paralleled by Jeffreys bullying the jury which hesitated to convict Alice Lisle, and threatening to lock them up all night if they did not find an immediate verdict of *guilty*. Officers, perhaps, think that actions such as these are not known among the ranks; if so, they are greatly mistaken. Every event of this sort is spread among the men almost as soon as it has happened, and aggravates that bitter, stinging sense of injustice which leads men now and then to break fiercely out in insubordination and revolt. What would the men think of their chance of fair treatment from a colonel who actually punished his officers for acquitting a man, though on their oaths they stated their belief that he was not guilty according to the evidence?

The cure for these evils, incidental to the present constitution of courts-martial, lies ready to hand. It has been pointed out before now in the press: and yet the authorities will not take one step towards its accomplishment; or rather the one step which they have taken was from the wrong end. They have done something towards amending the practice of general courts-martial, which are very rarely held, and are always read over by the Judge-Advocate General, and by him submitted to the Sovereign before the sentence is carried out: but they have taken no step towards altering the practice of garrison or regimental courts-martial, which are held every day, and the latter of which are subject to no revision beyond the commanding officer of the regiment.

It is thus with all our piecemeal legislation. A great military scandal like the Crawley court-martial arises; the army is held up to the public eye clad in its ragged garment of military law, and the people cry out at the sight; a patch is applied to the most conspicuous rent, and the rest is huddled out of sight till a naval or a civil scandal has called out another object to be shouted at in turn, and then the military authorities can rest contented, and say, 'Peace, peace!'

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But to those who can still see the old garment, the new patch has only made the rags look more hideous by contrast.

First, then, the office of the judge should be separated from that of the jury, and should be confided to the hands of an officer selected for experience and judgment, who has received a sound training in the principles of evidence and the practice of military law. At the headquarters of every district command there should be a field officer attached to the district staff as president of garrison and district courts-martial, who should be under the orders of the general officer commanding only in so far as relates to the times and places of holding courts-martial, but should be responsible to the Judge-Advocate General, and no one else, for the proper administration of the law. The sentence of the court should, as now, be subject to confirmation or approval by the general officer commanding, who might commute or remit sentences—in fact, show mercy, if he think fit,—but should have no power to send back for revision either finding or sentence. For them the president will be responsible to the Judge-Advocate General; and the general officer commanding, having once placed the matter out of his own hands by referring it to a competent sworn tribunal, should not be at liberty to contravene their judgment.

The president would be the sole judge of evidence and points of law which might arise, and would sum up the evidence to the court, leaving it to find the guilt or innocence of the prisoner, as now. He himself, disconnected with any particular corps, and free from any prejudice for or against particular cases, would pass the sentence. Then the soldier might receive that boon which would relieve his mind from all feeling of injustice, *trial by his peers*. On every court-martial in England, as in other countries, some of a soldier's comrades and fellows in his own rank should serve; and thus a double advantage would be gained: the man under trial would feel more certain of his case being understood, and more satisfied with his conviction; and the soldier's sense of shame would be more worked upon if he was liable to be brought to trial before his own comrades. He could no longer look on his officers, as he now too often does, as banded together in common cause to work him harm; while, on the other hand, the officers serving on the court would be by the presence of their fellow members from the ranks, led to more careful attention than now. And we cannot but think that out of this might spring some closer bond of union between officers, non-commissioned officers, and men, than now exists; when the men themselves would be engaged in enforcing order and discipline, and the officers more directly receiving their support.

Regimental courts-martial should be managed in exactly the same way. One unattached captain, or a captain of another regiment, should be attached to every regiment, to perform exactly the same duties for regimental courts-martial as we have sketched for the president of garrison courts-martial. To the four officers who now serve as members of a regimental court-martial might be added four senior non-commissioned officers, if a non-commissioned officer were to be tried; or four non-commissioned officers and privates if a private were to be tried. To a garrison court-martial six might be added; then the advantage of a larger jury, containing more diverse elements, would be gained, without entailing harder duty on the officers.

The office of the Judge-Advocate General, which costs the nation six thousand a year, and is now practically useless, might be turned to some account. Instead of doing

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nothing whatever towards the advantage of military law, the Judge-Advocate General and his deputy should be placed in charge of a special department for the instruction of officers in military law, who should be encouraged to offer themselves as candidates for instruction by the promise of such appointments as we have named. No officer should receive any of these appointments unless he had been through a course of instruction and received a certificate of qualification from the Judge-Advocate General. The officers appointed might be paid either by salaries, or a fixed allowance for every case; and officers having qualified as captains, and being willing to go through a fresh examination as field officers, should have the preference over all others for district presidentships. But the utmost care should be taken to exclude any but the very flower of our officers from such a position. There need be no great expense attending the carrying out the scheme; and whatever there might be would, we believe, be far more than covered by the diminution of crime, if courts-martial ceased to be such a lottery as they now are, and if the men's own comrades had a share in the administration of justice.

But we can hardly look to see this hope realised yet, though public opinion must bring about some such change sooner or later. There is no disguising the fact that our army is rapidly becoming a parliamentary army instead of a royal army. More light will thus be let in upon military affairs; and when these fretting sores are exposed, perhaps some remedies will be applied. For the present, however, we must take what measure of reform we can get, and as upon our officers alone it now devolves to carry out the entire administration of justice in the army, we ask how it happens that they are all left in utter ignorance of even the very first principles of law?

This question opens up a very large subject, no less than the whole system of education and training of officers; upon which it is impossible for us more than briefly to enter. In venturing to assert that the British army is not as well officered as it should be, we are likely to provoke many an indignant denial; and if to be always in front in peril, to show an example of heroism in danger and privation prove the case against us, we can express no dissent. But the duties of war are rare and exciting; the duties of peace are constant and monotonous. Courage is a mere matter of course in any ordinarily well born youth; conscientious perseverance in the discharge of irksome duties is a far more exceptional virtue, but it is what is most required. Officers join the army as mere boys, at an age when they are only commencing their definite schooling for any other calling. Love of adventure, a gay dress, freedom from sedentary occupation, and the hope of personal distinction, are the magnets which attract the youth of the upper and middle classes to the army. Not once in a thousand cases does the idea of careful performance of duty or promotion of the soldier's welfare enter into their minds.

In the whole training which a cadet receives, and in nine cases out of ten in the training of a young officer after first joining his regiment, there is no attempt of any sort to teach him that he ought to look upon his men as anything more than mere machines to be used for purposes of drill. If we except the very rare instances of non-commissioned officers promoted from the ranks to commissions, the entire army is officered in the manner indicated, either by those who pass through Woolwich or Sandhurst, or those who obtain

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direct commissions.[1] And first we deny the propriety of admitting into the army as an officer any youth who has not first received a sound military training, not such a training as is now given at the military colleges, but such as should be given there. There is no other profession in which a lad of from seventeen to twenty years of age is placed in a position of responsible command, without any special training or test of his qualifications. We cannot consider as any test that farcical examination in certain subjects for which the candidate has been crammed by a professional crammer, whose boast it is to be able to get the greatest blockhead through an examination, by enabling him to answer certain well known questions, without really possessing the least useful knowledge in any of the subjects.

To begin ab ovo, these competitive examinations, without requiring a sound education, have done a great deal of harm. They have raised up a class of spurious teachers at whose houses certain cramming is performed, but where the very worst tone of morals and manners frequently prevails, and where in many instances, instead of the wholesome discipline and gentlemanly tone of public schools being maintained, vulgar dissipation is allowed to run riot unchecked. Straight from one of these crammers a young man is turned into the army as an officer, to take command of old non-commissioned officers and soldiers, and to sit in court-martial upon them after only a few weeks' experience of the service. When he joins, he is taught his drill, he is left to pick up as best he can some knowledge of the Queen's Regulations and Articles of War, and he attends a few courts-martial, when the adjutant, if he is good-natured, will explain to him the customs regulating their procedure. But he only hears the evidence, and is not allowed to remain in court during the finding and sentence, the very part which would really benefit him. And so it goes on; from the day of his joining he never receives one single hour's instruction in any subject connected with his profession, beyond his drill and the mere routine of his duties as orderly officer. He inspects the bread and raw meat in the morning, but how on earth can he know whether they are up to the mark or not? He visits the breakfasts, dinners, and teas; but only as an irksome duty and to ask in official phrase whether there are any complaints. He visits the barrack-rooms, but only to see that there is perfect uniformity in their arrangements. He never attempts, and he is never advised or recommended, to identify himself in any way with the men's interests, to make friends with them, to find out their wishes, and to study their comfort. In a word, the present system is with officers much as in our last article we showed it to be with the men. They are taught by rote in a senseless manner their duties of routine and nothing more. And when an officer has risen to a higher rank, and has to command a detachment on a campaign,—with all the wish in the world to do well for his men, and all the *camaraderie* and kindly feeling which are so strongly drawn out by service together against the enemy, he finds himself utterly incompetent to instruct his men, or to aid them in any of the thousand points where his knowledge might have been of immense value, had the hours of peace been turned to better account.

[1] We do not include the marines in any of our remarks, for they are under the Admiralty, with which office we do not profess to deal in these papers.

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But we shall be told that, granting the want of proper instruction to officers after they have joined their regiments, only a very small proportion of those in the line obtain direct commissions, and all the remainder, including every officer in the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, receive a military education at Sandhurst or Woolwich. Before proceeding to show how far these military colleges fulfil their objects, we will endeavour to point out what they might fairly be expected to do.

Turning to the army estimates for the year 1867–68, we find the details of the expenses, and the number of the staff for the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, and the Royal Military College at Sandhurst. The total annual charge for educating 180 cadets at Woolwich exceeds that for educating 300 cadets at Sandhurst; and the students at Woolwich are required to remain under instruction for two years and a half at least, while those at Sandhurst only remain a year. Thus on every ground we are entitled to suppose that the cadets at Woolwich will receive a far superior military education to those at Sandhurst, and therefore à fortiori that if Woolwich fails in any respect, much more will Sandhurst fail.

Let us examine briefly what are the conditions under which the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich is carried on. The charge in the estimates this year for the Royal Military Academy, exclusive of any charge for rent of barracks and land, is 36,725*l.*; the total number of cadets is 180, so we ascertain by simple division that the cost of the cadets per head is 204*l.* This it will be observed is entirely exclusive of the cost of books, instruments, extra regimentals beyond the allowed quantity, plain clothes, travelling and personal expenses, which bring the actual cost of each cadet up to nearly 300*l.* a year. Now bearing in mind that the number of cadets is 180, let us see what is the number of the staff employed. We find:

Officers of military branch . . .	13	or	one for every	14 cadets
„ of educational branch . . .	35		one „	5 „
Non-commissioned officers and men .	31		one „	6 „
Civilians, servants, &c.	68		two „	5 „
Making a grand total of staff of all kinds	147	about four for every		5 „

Considering the charge per head, and the relative numbers of the staff and the cadets, we are surely entitled to expect that after a course of at least two and a half years, no cadet should leave that establishment without the most perfect knowledge of every thing connected with his profession, not only as an artilleryman or an engineer, but *as an officer who has to command men.* A severe competitive examination in mathematics and languages having been passed before entrance, we may fairly suppose that such knowledge will be turned to account in the application of advanced mathematics to artillery and engineering, and that in this long course of instruction, the most important French or German works on artillery, fortification, and military history will be studied. We expect to find cadets joining their regiments not only thoroughly versed in drill and all the material of the service, but understanding completely its application; masters of the main principles of strategy and tactics, especially in relation to the arms to which they themselves are to belong. All this should come as a matter of course—but in addition they should surely be thoroughly instructed in the duties of officers on detachment, on guard, on ad-

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vanced posts, and in the ordinary duties of garrison and camp. Then there is that most important subject, military hygiene—including a knowledge of the relative value of different kinds of food, of the choice of encampments, of the influence of dress and accoutrements, and of different kinds of work on the health of the troops; again, there is the organisation of armies, the best means of transport, of obtaining supplies, and the many other points which in time of war test the usefulness of an officer's training—in all these cadets should surely be instructed. And they should learn how themselves to apply their hands, so as afterwards to instruct their men, to all the many arts connected with campaigning. Of course they should join their regiments thoroughly versed in the regulations and customs of the service, and in the law and practice of courts-martial.

Will it be believed that of all these subjects, which seem absolutely essential parts of a good military education, not one is taught? Instruction is given in the art of fortification and everything connected with the material of artillery down to the most minute details of manufacture, but the application either of fortification or artillery to the operations of war is entirely ignored. Of military history, strategy, tactics, or the organisation of armies, in fact of any part of the operations of war—not one single word is taught; while time is thrown away in learning such subjects as complicated geometrical drawing and geology. We do not say that these subjects are not in themselves valuable subjects of study, but their usefulness is of course not to be compared to that of the practical matters which are untaught, and the cases must be very rare in which they are turned to any practical account, after the student has once quitted the college, so that the time spent upon them is by comparison time wasted. But let us examine a little further. There are no less than six instructors in mathematics, and as that subject is not taught in the two upper classes (comprising the eighty senior cadets), this staff is retained for teaching 100 cadets only. But when we look at the examination papers for entrance to the college, we are lost in wonder at what this further close instruction in mathematics can possibly be required for—and what practical end it can serve, especially when we are told that these six masters give no instruction in the application of mathematics to artillery. Then we have two masters for landscape drawing, no doubt a very charming accomplishment, but not tending that we can see to make a man any better practical soldier, beyond perhaps assisting him to sketch country clearly and accurately. But there are five instructors in military sketching, and they might surely teach all that is necessary. This last subject,—in which should be included free hand sketching in pencil,—artillery, fortification, mechanics, and chemistry, are all really essential, and have their special staff. The list is closed by seven masters for languages, and yet, as we have said, not one French or German work on artillery, fortification, or the art of war is studied. If any of our readers competent to judge will take up the examination papers for entrance to the Royal Military Academy,[1] and look at the questions on mathematics and languages, we are convinced they will admit that the knowledge of those subjects implied by answering such papers is fully sufficient, and that the application of that knowledge to practical purposes is what should

[1] Published by Harrison, Pall Mall.

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be taught at the military colleges. But we have shown how different a course is pursued.

As for drill, that of course is taught according to tradition here as elsewhere, so that a battalion must be in a cadet's eyes the largest combination of troops which exists, for he never hears of anything greater, and though he may learn his battalion drill well, he knows nothing of its application to the movements of a brigade or a division. Thus exactly the same fault occurs here as in all other matters of administration which we have discussed: the system is *unpractical*.

But there may be some who will say that it matters little what education a cadet receives, so long as the one important end of military colleges is attained, and if he learns discipline and military habits of self-command. We grant the importance of this—with the addition of self-reliance, an equally important quality in an officer. We will not be so ungenerous as to quote the frequent outbreaks of late years at both Sandhurst and Woolwich as evidences that the discipline and habits of self-command are not altogether satisfactory, for we hope that the present lull forebodes a long calm under more judicious treatment; but the system is not calculated to foster good discipline or self-reliance. It is far too minute and too rigorous in some points not essential, and too lax in essentials to promote perfect discipline. The endless parades for study and for meals turn parade into a farce. If it is not intended to have strict discipline in the ranks on parade, let the parades be abolished. But above all things let there be no single rule on the statute-book which it is not intended rigidly to enforce. Let there be no uncertainty of punishment, turning the breach of order into a lottery in which a prize or a blank may be drawn. Let no cadet be able to lay his finger on any rule, and say, 'That rule is not enforced; how could I know the other would be?' and let there be no departure from a regulated scale of punishment for certain offences. Can there possibly exist good discipline where for instance one is punished by rustication for drunkenness, and another who was actually his companion in the offence, and in the first arrest, is let off with a minor punishment? Or where, one term, smoking in the barrack-room only entails a reprimand, and the next a severe penalty?

Again, if self-reliance is important, the perpetual and close supervision, and rigid binding down to minor matters must be hurtful, and this is especially the case in studies. Instead of attending lectures, as do undergraduates at universities, and studying in their own rooms, these young men, of the same age as undergraduates, are compelled to certain definite hours of study under the immediate surveillance of instructors, and are actually in some cases forbidden to look at the subjects in their own rooms. A double evil is caused by this—the destruction of self-reliance, and great waste of instructional power. Half the instructors might teach the same amount, if this old-fashioned system, devised for a time when cadets were boys of fourteen years old, were abolished; and with the same expenditure of time and energy, far greater results might be attained by the cadets: for who does not know how much harder it is to work during forced hours against inclination, and how much more work may be done by choosing the most suitable times? And these are no longer boys: they are young men, old enough and able enough to judge in these matters for themselves, for whom compulsory attendance at lectures would be amply sufficient, if supplemented by the test of examinations. One more

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result, of greater moment than all others, would be attained by giving greater freedom of action to the cadets—an improvement in the moral tone of the establishments. The invariable tendency of excessive supervision is to produce deceit. It must do so. The cadet sitting up before an examination, reading in his room, with a candle on his table, hidden under a chair covered with a military cloak, is engaged in the praiseworthy effort to gain a high place in his class, but he is none the less guilty of deceit. The cadet whose friend gives him a number of undated invitations for Saturday and Sunday, and who fills up and uses one, but does not go to that friend's house, is guilty of deceit. But these and other such common dodges are directly brought about by the useless rules which almost compel them. We earnestly hope a spirit of truthfulness, a better moral tone, is gaining ground, but we hear bad accounts of Sandhurst and Woolwich from young fellows who have been accustomed to Harrow and Eton; and it is not long since we were told that it was not considered contrary to the spirit of these places to tell an untruth when in uniform to an officer, though to do such a thing in private life was universally considered ungentlemanly. The punishment of dismissal is entailed by the rules for falsehood; but it was at one time allowed to become such a dead letter, and interest in high places was so allowed to bar the severity of justice, that the temptation to endeavour to escape by telling a falsehood ceased to be counteracted by the certain heavy penalty of dismissal: and as where the principle was wanting in the individual the spirit of the college failed to check him, the crime of untruthfulness grew frequent.

We do not want to bring sweeping accusations hastily; but if this be true which we have said, if it be also true that the vice of drunkenness is all too prevalent among cadets, and if those who are best acquainted with these institutions do not consider either the discipline or morality sound, or the education up to the required practical standard, then we assert there must be something radically rotten in the system under which they are governed, and that it is here as with other matters of administration on which we have touched: old and obsolete tradition overrules practical common sense, and for that reason the most obviously necessary changes are never carried out, such as the appointment at Woolwich of an instructor in the operations of war, the separation of artillery and engineer cadets for at least the last part of their course, the introduction of the university system for the hours not actually spent in military duty, and the selection of the staff of the colleges in a fair open field, with no favour.

Why are not these matters set to rights? Fresh hands have lately come into positions of authority, and these faults must have been seen and pointed out. Is it another case of obstruction in the great departments in London, or are there so many vested interests that even young and bold hands dare not interfere with them? If so, it is indeed time for the nation to take up the matter. A Royal Commission upon the military colleges, moved for in the House of Commons two sessions since, was negatived by only a small majority in a large House. We would urge a fresh application of the same nature, were it not that the Commission, like others on kindred subjects, would probably examine those whose interests are to keep matters in statu quo; and that were it to recommend considerable changes, they would, like the suggestions of the Recruiting Commission, be simply ignored. We know no other course

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than to sow our seed in the public mind, and trust to its bearing fruit; to cast our bread on the waters, and hope to find it after many days.

We have dwelt longer than we intended on this subject of military education; but its importance is so great, and its bearing on the whole question of military reform so direct, that we earnestly trust our remarks may attract public attention. If the nurseries of all or nearly all our future officers are so wanting in sound principles of government, what hope can there be that reforms will ever emanate from within the army? But to search a little deeper, are the life and habits of officers in general such as to induce them to work out thoughtfully the great problem of military reform? Until quite lately, nine officers in every ten were conservative, not only in their politics, but in all matters connected with their profession; not because they considered our military system perfect, for if you pointed out to them individual blots, they would agree with you; but because the tenor of the life they led was against all exertion of mind, such as the idea of reform requires. We all know how bitter was the feeling in the army at the time of the Crimean war against newspaper correspondents who showed up the miserable breakdown in that campaign. Now officers are themselves disturbed by the extraordinary policy of the War Department, and the wish for reform has grown strong. But it is not generally the kind of feeling we would wish to see. It is not so much a wish to cut deeply down and tear up the root of the evil, as a desire to patch up individual grievances; and for the reason we have above given, because their life is against energetic thought. No man can be truly liberal and large-hearted unless he strives for the advantage of others. No man's mind can have a healthy vigorous tone, unless it has the discipline of intellectual work.

The life of officers of the line, if we except the regimental staff, is a life of mental idleness, a life almost entirely devoid of intellectual occupation, a life which is pre-eminently calculated to promote selfishness. There are too many officers in our battalions, and if the number was considerably reduced, the work would be better done. Officers would be brought oftener into personal contact with their men; they would know more of them, and would have a greater and more direct responsibility in connection with them. There is no reason whatever why a captain should not attend to 200 men, instead of 80 as now. Batteries of field and horse artillery have more than that number, besides all the horses and guns, and where is there better discipline? Such a company in two divisions, each under a subaltern, who would be responsible for his own division in minor matters, would be easily manageable. There must be two or three spare officers, to fill up vacancies of sickness, leave, &c.; but six captains and fourteen or fifteen subalterns would be quite enough for a battalion of a thousand men. The present large number of officers allows too much idleness and too much leave of absence, and we cannot believe it necessary to adhere to the old customs of lots of leave and plenty of idle days. The work done by officers in time of peace is not at its hardest so severe as to render necessary very long and frequent intervals of rest.

Exception will at once be taken, that for the present miserable pittance of pay, men would not accept commissions, or sink their capital in purchasing steps, if the life were made more laborious than now. We are by no means convinced of this. All the other attractions of a military career would remain; and

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while every profession is so overstocked there would be no lack of applicants, especially as only half the number of commissions would be vacant. And there need then be no obstacle to increasing the pay of officers above the present miserable pittance: or at all events, if not their actual pay, their prospects of promotion and of retirement on a competency after reasonable length of service. None of the men worth keeping would object to harder work. What they do object to is the pettifogging policy that is always trying to screw a shilling out of them here, and to cut down their receipts there, till they smart again under all these little meannesses. Within the last few years we have seen one little thing added after another—income-tax charged upon lodging money—officers living in Government quarters compelled to pay parish rates—rooms which had for scores of years been servants' kitchens turned into officers' quarters—their soldier-servants taken away from officers holding certain appointments, and compensation refused—working pay reduced—travelling allowances of officers cut down to half those of the civilians with whom they travel on the same duty; and dozens of minor petty economies practised, while thousands and thousands are squandered in maintaining such nuisances as our imbecile system of army payment.

We might enlarge on this theme, but further comment can scarcely be necessary. Any thoughtful man who has lived among our officers, and knows what splendid stuff there is beneath that crust of carelessness, and how easily they may be stirred to deeds of personal exertion in any noble cause, must grieve to see their minds soddened by the routine of idleness and unpractical duty, and still more to see fast growing up the wish to do as little as possible for the service, because they feel no more will be done for them.

In a speech lately delivered in the House of Lords, the Commander-in-Chief expressed his hope, that while so much was being done for the men, something would be done for the officers. Conveying to that wish both his meaning and our own, we give it a hearty Amen.

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THE STAGHOUNDS.

1.

FORRARD away! forrard away!
Cheerly, ye beauties, forrard away!
They flash like a gleam o'er the upland brow,
They flash like a gleam o'er the russet plow,
O'er the green wheatland, fair to see;
Over the pasture, over the lea,
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

2.

How soft lies the valley asleep below,
In the golden sunshine, as on we go,
Down the long sweep of the hillside bare,
Drinking sweet draughts of the vernal air;
The lark is raining his music down,
The partridge whirrs up from the grass tuft brown,
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

3.

A stiff ox-fence with its oaken rail—
Rap, rap, go the hoofs like a peasant's flail;
A five-foot drop—see, the Roding brook!
Send him at it, don't stop to look;
Dash through the quickset into the lane,
Out on the other side, forrard again—
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

4.

Carefully now, at the ditch and bank,
Into the copse wood thick and dank;
The violet hangs her timid head,
And cowers down in her lowly bed;
The primrose opes wide her golden eyes,
And gazes upward in mute surprise.
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

5.

A moment's check, one cast around;
'Tis forrard again, with a furious bound—
Mellow and sweet their voices sound.
Steady, my pet, at the five-barred gate,
Lightly over, with heart elate;
Up with the elbows, down with the head,
Crash through the bullfinch like shot of lead.
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

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6.

Swinging along at a slashing pace,
With souls on fire each risk to face,
Look at the hounds, their muzzles high;
A sheet would cover them; on they fly;
No music now, not a whimpering cry—
Neck or nothing: we'll do or die.
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

7.

Thread the hazel; over the stile—
'Tis forty-five minutes, each five a mile.
Hurrah for the staghounds! let others sneer
At the fatted calf, and the carted deer;
But we know, as we feel our hunter's stride,
A man must be a man, who with these can ride.
Forrard away! forrard away!
Cheerly ye beauties, forrard away!

C. Buxton.



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OVER THE MORO.

SEPTEMBER was nearly over, and the hotels at Zermatt were fast emptying of their visitors, when, one afternoon as I was lazily sitting astride on the parapet of the bridge spanning the torrent fed by the neighbouring glaciers, four persons passed me on muleback. The figure in advance of the party, and next to me, was that of a young lady of great personal attractions. At her side rode a gentleman of middle age, and immediately behind them rode another young lady, accompanied by an elderly gentleman. Before I had time to note more, the latter addressed me by name; and, turning to him, I recognised an acquaintance whom I had not seen for several years, and on whom the climate of India had wrought more changes than could have been due to time alone.

Mutual greetings were followed by an introduction to his party, with whom I became most intimately acquainted; so intimately and pleasantly, indeed, as fully to experience the truth that, while we may remain strangers with the companions of years, we may become friends with the strangers of yesterday. The result was that my plans, which, previous to this meeting, were of a very chaotic nature, assumed a definite shape, and, as will be seen, involved me in an adventure which at one time threatened serious consequences. But, before giving an account of this, let me introduce you to my new friends. The lady, who was even more beautiful than a passing glance made apparent, had just entered on a new phase of life, having been married but a few weeks previously to the gentleman who was riding by her side. My friend was a retired medical officer, and the young lady next to him was his niece. They purposed spending the winter in Italy, and had sent their heavy baggage over the Simplon, intending to cross the St. Théodule, and passing through the Val Tournanche, join it at Domo d'Ossola. It required no great persuasion on their part to induce me to accompany them; for, although it was out of my power to spend the winter in Italy, my engagements rendered me free for some weeks; and where can a holiday be spent with greater pleasure during the fall of the year than on the fair Italian lakes? Accordingly, it was settled that we were to be *compagnons de voyage*, and that when we had seen the lions of Zermatt, we were to cross the Théodule. We soon found, however, that the latter would be by no means an easy undertaking. Heavy snow falls had already robed the surrounding mountains with a white mantle, far below the ordinary summer level, and excursions to the Riffelberg, Gorner Grat, and the Rothhorn were attended with great difficulty. The fact is, we were much too late; and although the latter end of September is occasionally propitious for Alpine travelling, this time of the year, is, as a rule, far too advanced for excursions in the High Alps. The severity of the season was, in our case, strongly illustrated by our coming suddenly, when descending from the Riffelberg, on a flock of ptarmigan. The presence of these birds below the Riffelberg in September is rare, for they are extremely shy, and only descend from the summer snow level when winter sets in. True to their habit, they remained motionless until the sentinel bird gave the alarm. Too late, however, for the safety of all. A well-directed stone from one of our party hit one of the birds on the head, and nearly severed it from the body. The plumage of the bird was in a transition state, that on the legs

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and lower part of the body being already white, while the rest of the feathers were grey, elegantly striped by bands of brownish black and reddish yellow. The only part of the bird that was injured being the head, we carried it down to Zermatt, and in the evening, having learned the art of taxidermy, I carefully skinned it, and a new head having been furnished by a brother bird from the highlands of Scotland, the ptarmigan now adorns the drawing-room of the gentleman who killed it. The body, I may add, appeared at our breakfast the following day, and was pronounced to be excellent.

Meanwhile, far from encouraging accounts reached us of the state of the Théodule pass, which was evidently becoming worse daily. Notwithstanding the intelligence, we should, in all probability, have attempted to cross it had not the advent of two gentlemen late one evening at our hotel, with skinless faces, fairly alarmed the husband of the young bride, who could not tolerate the idea even of exposing his wife to the risk of losing the cuticle of her fair face. It was at this juncture that the pluck of the ladies shone forth. Undeterred by the state of the pass and by the probable personal penalty that they would have to pay for crossing it, they were most eager to make the attempt; and it was only when the bride was told that obedience was now her duty, that it was agreed to finally relinquish the undertaking.

During the summer months, the pass of the Théodule is by no means difficult, though the elevation of the Col (11,185 feet) causes it to rank among the loftiest passes in the Alps. At this period, ladies not unfrequently cross it, but what may be comparatively easy during summer, becomes extremely difficult when this season is past; and the the height of the Théodule is such that, long before the advent of winter, the pass becomes robed with deep snow.

The proposition that we should return on our steps, and take the diligence over the Simplon, was promptly negatived, though it was not at the time at all clear to any of us how we were to get into Italy by any other route. 'At all events,' I exclaimed, 'let us try the Moro. It is lower than the Théodule. The descent to Saas, Murray tells us, is easy and pleasant; ergo, the ascent cannot be arduous, and though not practicable for horses, is not difficult to bipeds.' My proposition was favourably received, and although not the senior of the party, I was elected chief; an honour for which I was probably, in some measure, indebted to the fact of my being a member of the Alpine Club. This social institution, pleasantly entitled by our neighbours across the Channel 'Club des Grimpeurs'—Frenchmen generally believing that every son of Albion is strongly possessed with the *furor montanus*—is, as is well known, the butt of much ridicule. I am not going to stand up as its champion, but considerable travel-experience in Switzerland enables me to affirm that the membership of it is a feather in a man's cap in the Alps.

So, having remained a week at Zermatt, during which my lady friends underwent excellent training, in the course of long and toilsome excursions, we departed early in the morning, and took our way down the valley towards Visp. We halted at Stalden, where we expected to obtain fresh horses to take us up the Val Saas. This valley may be compared to one leg of an isosceles triangle, of which the other is that between Stalden and Zermatt. We could only obtain two mules at Stalden, which, of course, were placed at the disposal of the ladies, who went on with the gentlemen, while I remained behind in order to engage porters to carry our

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bags. What a picturesque spot is this Stalden, and an equally picturesque inn invites the traveller to halt beneath its sign of *Zur Traube*. Here you can be regaled on delicious trout, and, if a sketcher, you will find charming subjects within a short walk.

I had despatched a couple of porters with our baggage, and was putting the last touch to a hurried sketch of the inn, when a peasant came down the adjoining steep, leading, or rather dragging, a saddled mule, which he placed at my disposal on the usual hiring terms. Congratulating myself on my good fortune—for, though partial to walking in the Alps, I was rather footsore—I mounted the mule, and we set off. I soon found, however, that my luck was of a rather doubtful character, for the beast, at the earliest possible stage of our acquaintance, made his asinine propensities extremely apparent, often unpleasantly varied by a spice of vice which more than once threatened to culminate to a catastrophe. As long as he was led by his master he behaved tolerably well, but whenever the latter liberated his head, he commenced a series of evolutions which would have been far from agreeable on an open plain, but performed, as they often were, on the very brink of fearful precipices, were positively dangerous. Having, however, sufficient skill in equitation to cling to the saddle, and possessing, at the same time, great confidence in the aptitude of Swiss mules to keep their legs even in very *mauvais pas*, I held to the animal, taking comfort by the assurance that he had never caused a tourist to come to grief, and that his saltatory *tours de force* were more due to youthful spirit than to vice. But so bad was his behaviour, that when we overtook the party, no persuasion would induce either of the gentlemen to take my seat; and so I rode on to Saas, though frequently not without considerable trepidation. The animal, however, greatly belied his appearance, being handsomely formed and possessing a gentle expression. In this respect, he reminded me of a mare that I once hired at Florence. She was a beautiful creature, but brimful of vice. On remonstrating with the livery-stable keeper for having given me such an animal, he replied, 'Well, sir, her temper is not, it is true, the best in the world; but you will admit that she is very handsome, and we call her *La Traviata!*'

The path up the Saas valley, in consequence of its being much less frequented than that to Zermatt, is by no means good. Habitually neglected, undermined, and in many localities nearly destroyed by the rains, snows, and frosts of long years, it presents a constant succession of most ingenious traps and pitfalls. It often hangs over abysses in a very precarious manner, from which you are not even separated by a light wood fence. Once I really thought that it was all over with my mule and its rider, for the former having made a wicked attempt to kick the animal on which one of the ladies was riding, overreached himself, and in his endeavour to regain the edge of the rock-path, came down. Fortune, however, favoured us; with cat-like agility he scrambled up, and was so frightened by his mishap that he did not attempt any more exploits of this kind. The locality of this adventure was immediately above the falls of Schweibach, which descend from the Balfrein. The path here is carried at a great height above the gorge, and the numerous crosses in the vicinity show how frequent accidents resulting in death have been here.

All the while the scenery was magnificent. Snow-crested mountains of every shape changed their outlines as we crept up the valley, now opening, now closing around

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us; sometimes peering down solemnly at us over each other's shoulders, then sinking slowly out of sight; and again, at some sharp turn of the path, seeming to stride into the valley and confront us with their craggy challenge.

We are such a race of *moutonnière* tourists, that for one hundred who know the Val Zermatt, not a tenth of that number have seen the Val Saas; and yet the scenery of this valley is finer and wilder than that of the Val Zermatt. From Kinnbrücke—a single arch thrown boldly over the Vispach torrent, one hundred and fifty feet above it—to Saas, you pass through a succession of glorious scenery. Professor J. D. Forbes, no mean authority in all Alpine matters, declares that the Saas district is much more interesting than that of Zermatt.

About midway between Stalden and Saas, the path crosses the valley by a slender foot-bridge, two hundred feet above the torrent; the head of the valley being at this point closed by the white crests of the Monte Moro. There is no scene comparable to this in the Zermatt valley. The short days, during which no lengthy Alpine excursion should be undertaken, now told greatly against us. Though we made all the haste in our power, night fell before we arrived at Saas; and our hopes of fine weather were greatly dashed by a heavy fall of snow and sleet, through which we had to ride for the last two hours of our journey. It was accompanied by a driving wind, which rendered waterproofs of little avail; and long before we drew up at the door of the Monte Rosa Hotel we were wet through. Fortunately, the lateness of the season so far favoured us as to give us possession of the hotel, in which we found no guest. Accordingly, we not only obtained the best rooms, but were also quickly served with an excellent supper.

While discussing this, a curiously folded envelope, bearing a quaint seal, was put into my hands by the waitress. It was addressed in German to 'the high, worthy, and distinguished gentleman traveller;' and when I naturally felt reluctant to break the seal, the waitress said she was quite sure that the letter was for me. I accordingly opened it. The contents, which were in German, set forth the great gratitude of the owner of the perverse mule for my having ridden the animal, as now he would be duly authorised to have it entered on the list of mules for hire. So I was the first tourist who had made trial of its qualities.

Supper over, we drew round a generous fire of blazing pine-wood, and discussed our plans and prospects. Our hopes as regarded the latter were considerably clouded by the wind that roared without, and by the sleet, which struck heavily against the window panes. It was, however, Saturday night; and as we purposed, shine or storm, spending the following day at Saas, we trusted that meteorological influences would be more favourable on Monday. Our hopes were greatly strengthened by the weather on the following morning. The sky was blue, and the sun shone with the brilliancy of June; but the cold was excessive. This was not, however, surprising, for the ground was white with snow, and Saas is some 5,000 feet above the sea. The 'verdant meadows' described by our Murray as so refreshing to look upon, did not, alas! bless our vision, for they were masked by snow. The spectacle, though possessing great beauty, was not very gratifying; for if the valley was thus snow-robed, how would it be with Monte Moro? The question was certainly by no means easy of solution. And when I looked on the mighty heights around, and remembered how we had been buffeted by the storm and perplexed by the dark-

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ness of the preceding evening, our design of crossing the Moro—two of our party being young girls—seemed at once rash and impracticable. Unwilling, under these circumstances, of undertaking a responsibility which might be attended with serious results, I determined to consult Père Imseng, curé of Saas, well known to many members of the Alpine Club. Father Imseng has acquired an almost European reputation for Alpine travel and for his discoveries of new and difficult passes. He is also favourably known for his readiness to assist travellers and afford them the best advice. But the good curé was not at Saas. He might, however, it was thought, be found at Fée, a hamlet opposite Saas, on the lower slopes of the Mischabel, the peaks of which attain the grand elevation of 14,924 feet.

The information was not unsatisfactory, for we desired to see Fée, and the wish was now strengthened by our hope of meeting Father Imseng there. Accordingly, we set off after breakfast for this singularly situated village. A well marked path, distinguished by a series of stations, leads from the valley to the chapel of Fée. This hangs on the side of steep slopes, parts of which are cut away for the foundations of the building and for a small terrace before it. On this we found a group of peasants assembled after service, gossiping over the week's events. They were presently joined by a clerical figure who came out of the chapel. It was Father Imseng. Years have bowed his frame, but he is still a fine specimen of a hardy mountaineer; and although no longer able to undertake *très-fortes ascensions*, would leave many a younger man behind him in a long day's walk. The curé of Saas is, indeed, in many respects a very remarkable man. Belonging essentially to the peasant class, he has acquired a vast amount of information, talks Latin with great fluency, and has a considerable knowledge of natural history.

On making my name known to him, he was pleased to say that he was acquainted with it from certain works of travel that I have written, and we were soon on familiar terms. At length, after having conversed on various topics, the all-important question was put as to the possibility of crossing the Moro. 'Well,' replied the good curé, gauging my physical powers with his keen grey eyes, '*you* should be able to do it; but you will find it *sehr schwer*.' 'But,' I redemanded, pointing to my two fair companions, 'can these ladies accomplish it?' 'Nein, nein,' exclaimed the curé, with considerable emphasis; 'the snow is far too deep to render it possible, or even safe, for them to try the pass.' 'Oh!' broke in the bride, 'if my husband hears this he will never consent to my going; and you know,' she added, addressing me, 'where you can go I can.' In vain I assured the curé that the ladies had made extremely arduous excursions at Zermatt, and that they were very strong. All arguments elicited the one reply—'*You* may, under good guidance, pass the Moro; but as for the ladies—no, no!' and he shook his head violently. 'Why,' added he, 'there is almost two feet of snow on the mountain; and where it has drifted, it is many feet deeper.'

The curé's opinion was, to say the least, far from encouraging, and I considered the proposed excursion at an end, when the ladies entreated me to disregard Father Imseng's advice, assuring me that the snow had no terrors for them, rather the contrary; it would be such good fun going through it; adding that to turn back now would be intolerable, and wholly opposed to all English ideas of pluck and fortitude. The latter argument was, I confess, almost irresistible; and accordingly

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I promised to make no opposition to the undertaking.

But what of the gentlemen? you may pertinently ask. Were they equally willing that the ladies should incur risks which I inwardly felt Father Imseng had not exaggerated? Well, the fact was, that the conversation with the latter having been carried on in German, in which language they were not well versed, they were ignorant of the difficulties portrayed by the curé; and truth obliges me to add that we did not enlighten their understanding in this respect.

We now devoted some hours to the exploration of Fée. This primitive and rarely visited village is 1,000 feet above Saas. It nestles in the middle of what is, during summer, a green slope of great pastoral beauty. The upper portion is furrowed by a mighty glacier, which sweeps down from the Mischabel. The entire valley of Fée presents unmistakable evidence that it was once the bed of a glacier. Numerous *roches moutonnées* occur, and you frequently come upon huge transported blocks of serpentine and granite. Nowhere in Switzerland are the small window-panes of the ancient houses so resplendent with prismatic hues as they are at Fée. The old Helvetian glass is peculiarly liable to be decomposed by exposure to the atmosphere, and in the course of time becomes beautifully prismatic. Some peasants value this jewelled glass highly, and will not part with a fragment; others, however, will sell it, and I possess a specimen of the Fée glass which is so gorgeous, that if set, it might be worn as a brooch.

The contrast between the inhabitants of Saas and Fée and the peasants in the lower part of the Saas Valley is very remarkable. While nearly all the latter are more or less affected by goître, the former are nearly exempt from this terrible malady. This fact tends to confirm the now generally received theory that goîtres are more due to the influence of the warm summer exhalations at the bottom of valleys, than to the use of snow-water.

In no part of Switzerland is the flora more, or, indeed, so rich, as in the Val Saas, and around Fée. The beautiful *Androsace obtusifolia*, which has been well described as the forget-me-not of glaciers, is abundant on the Fée Alps. The Val Saas is essentially a moist valley, and the pines, among the largest in Switzerland, are exquisitely hung with the parasitic *Lichen pinastri*.

On our return to Saas we gathered round a blazing fire, and discussed plans. These, after considerable deliberation, assumed the form that we would essay the passage of the Moro, the ladies by a little clever mystification having overcome the doubts and opposition of the gentlemen. On one condition only, however, would I consent to make the attempt. This was that we should start not later than three o'clock A.M., an early hour you will say, but I was well aware, from considerable experience, how very essential it is on alpine excursions of length, during the autumn, to have a long day before one. We then engaged Venetz as chief guide, —and no better man exists in this district of Switzerland—an under guide, and four porters to carry our bags.

True to their promise, the ladies were ready to start at the time appointed, and having imbibed hot and strong coffee, we were on mule-back a few minutes after the village clock had struck three. The weather was doubtful; but it was so dark that we were unable to form any trustworthy opinion respecting it, a few stars were struggling with clouds which, however, had the heavens pretty nearly to themselves.

The fille, who had evidently

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formed a far from complimentary opinion of our judgment, stood at the door of the inn to see us off. At the last utterance of a guttural 'bon voyage,' the candle in her hand was blown out by a gust of wind, and we rode out into darkness, and what was quite as trying, into a temperature of icy coldness. The very road beneath us was nearly invisible, and the snow-crested heights were not distinguishable. Piloted by our guide we went up the valley speaking little, but watching much for the coming morn. At length, a ruddy light appeared. It seemed to approach—not gradually, but as it were, by successive starts. Sudden flashes of brightness shot across the valley and permeated the gloom, and presently to our great joy we beheld the mountain peaks standing out unobscured by a single cloud. This was encouraging, and indeed we stood in need of encouragement, for as we ascended the valley, the snow rapidly became deeper.

To expedite matters, I now volunteered to ride on to Mattmarksee and order breakfast for our party at the châlet on the marge of that sad glacial lake. But in my eagerness to gain time, I came to grief, my mule missed the snow-covered path and fell with me several feet into a bed of snow, in which we both floundered for some minutes ere we regained terra firma.

On arriving at Mattmarksee, the châlet showed no sign of life, and I greatly feared that the proprietor had flitted valley-wards. Presently, however, loud knockings at the door were answered by a head and shoulders being protruded from the window above, said head, by its covering, giving pretty clear evidence of having just left bed. And so it proved; the inmates were not up, and as travellers were not expected, they wisely considered that, on this cold morning, to lie in bed until the day became warmer was preferable to getting up. Fortune favoured us, for had our expedition been but one day later, we should have found the châlet unoccupied, as the proprietor and his belongings purposed descending to Saas immediately after our departure.

Here then we made a breakfast more remarkable for quantity than quality. During summer the culinary resources of this humble alpine inn are by no means great; now when the season of alpine travel was over, the contents of the larder were reduced to a minimum. I hope no tourists came after us, for assuredly even the least exacting would have fared badly, our visit having been very like that of locusts, nothing edible remaining after our departure. But, it would, indeed, be the height of ingratitude to speak ill of this little oasis in the desert, in which many travellers have found a haven, some even, by its means, having been rescued from the jaws of an icy death. A tattered album contains the lucubrations of several weather-bound tourists. One entry is of a very singular nature. After an invocation to the spirit of the tempest in a Manfred kind of vein, but in very bad verse, the unfortunate tourist, companionless and bookless, had in utter despair tried to kill time by squaring numbers, repeating the operation until he had covered several pages with serried numerals.

Mattmarksee is certainly not a lovely place, but to us on this cold autumnal morning and after our long ride, the humble châlet inn possessed peculiar charms, and it was not without considerable effort that we turned our faces mountainwards; however, our work was all before us, the ground that we had gone over being as a croquet lawn in point of smoothness, to that which we had to surmount, and so having rested one hour and a half we resumed our journey.

It is customary to send the mules back at Mattmarksee, and the

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owners of those we had hired were not unnaturally desirous that we should give them up; apprehending however that the strength of the ladies would be sorely tried, we prevailed on the men to whom the mules that they had ridden belonged, to allow them to go on as far as possible. But the animals were soon brought to a stand-still. The snow rapidly increased in depth, and before we lost sight of the icy lake, it was up to their bellies. Thus arrested the ladies dismounted, or rather slipped off, into a bed of snow, in attitudes not precisely similar to that of Mercury,

> New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.

Now commenced the climb; this bristled with difficulties, but be not alarmed, for although theoretically, as well as practically familiar with arêtes, bergschrunds, séracs, crévasses, couloirs, moulins, névés, moraines, and other lofty mountain features, you will not be troubled with them here; the purpose of this paper being more to show how Englishwomen triumphed over formidable alpine difficulties than to enumerate them in detail.

I have said that no mule path exists over the Moro—that made, as far back as 1720, having been totally destroyed by avalanches. Had we been told that no path of any kind existed, we should not have disputed the assertion, for no path was visible from the time that we left Mattmarksee, until we were fairly over the mountain. Under these circumstances, there was no alternative but to follow the leader, the latter being our good and trusty guide Venetz, who piloted us with wonderful accuracy. He was followed by the second guide, and by the porters, and thus well marked footsteps were made for us. Walking in these, we rarely made a *faux pas*, but any attempt to diverge from them almost invariably brought us to grief. With zeal more affectionate than discreet, the husband of the bride, in spite of Venetz's remonstrances, attempted to assist her. For a few minutes his efforts were successful, but presently, at a locality which though snow-veiled was by no means pleasant to look on, our friend sank suddenly, and would probably have disappeared altogether had not his outstretched arms arrested his downward progress. He had fallen into a small fissure, from which he was rescued, at the cost of a rather severe injury to his right leg, a little below the knee. Examination showed that the flesh was cut nearly to the bone, and the bride's first performance of the duty enjoined on her to keep her husband in sickness took place on this occasion, when she assisted to bind the wounded limb with handkerchiefs. Fortunately, the bone was not injured, and so with the leg of his trousers tucked up, our friend proceeded, drops of blood occasionally exuding from the wound and crimsoning the snow.

In all alpine ascents where there is danger or even difficulty, it is of the greatest importance not to act in opposition to the advice of your guides. These, sometimes desirous of putting the traveller on good terms with himself, indiscreetly observe, in a dangerous locality, 'Herr So-und-So ist ganz so gut wie ein Führer,' the effect being sometimes to send Herr So-and-So, who is perhaps strongly smitten by the *furor montanus*, off on some tangent which, if it does not result in bringing him speedily to grief, forms anything but a safe or pleasant short cut. Be assured, as a rule, that duly authorised professional guides are infinitely more experienced in alpine travel than tourists, and for the best of all reasons—alpine climbing being with them the business of life, they have been from boys gymnasts on mountains.

After this mishap, you may be sure that we followed Venetz with

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dog-like fidelity, but even under these circumstances we were often brought to a standstill by great snowdrifts, in which we floundered long before we were able to extricate ourselves. Progression to us men was most arduous; to the ladies, whose dresses were terribly in their way, locomotion was frequently impossible, and it was only by the assistance of the guides and porters that they could be extricated from the snowdrifts. Crinolines, as a matter of course, had been discarded; happily fashion, which for some years has made women appear as if they were walking on castors instead of on feet, has nearly put an end to the reign of these abominations, but under no circumstances could a lady be advised to cross the Moro with such an incumbrance. Father Imseng spoke, you may remember, of the snow being two feet deep on the mountain. Why, in many places it was six feet, and it was only by cutting galleries through these drifts that passage was practicable. But though innocent of crinoline, the garments of the ladies were but ill-calculated for the adventure on which we were embarked. Before we had been two hours in the snow they began to assume a very tattered and draggled appearance. The bride, wise from former travel in Switzerland, had encased her feet in a pair of Carter's excellent Alpine boots, than which no better can be made; but the chaussure of the doctor's niece consisted of boots entirely unfitted for the occasion. Long ere the summit of the pass had been gained, the soles had parted company for ever from her feet, and it was only by defending the latter by numerous pairs of woollen stockings, swathed with handkerchiefs, that she was enabled to progress.

In no article of dress do ladies make greater mistakes in Switzerland, than in that of boots. Riding, a thin chaussure may be worn; but whenever walking is to be done—and what is an Alpine excursion when this forms no part of the day's work?—the feet should be shod with strong boots, the soles of which should project slightly beyond the upper leather.

Slipping frequently, falling occasionally, and floundering in mighty snowdrifts, we crept upwards; but, as may be supposed, very slowly. As we progressed, the labour of the ascent became greatly aggravated. At every step we sank from twelve to eighteen inches in the snow, notwithstanding that we trod carefully in the footsteps of the guides and porters. 'Per nives sempiternas et rupes tremendas,' we might have exclaimed, for nothing else met our gaze. As a matter of course, the ladies brought up the rear, for the fatigue of walking when snow is deep falls less heavily on those who are last. The steps were, however, often too far apart for the comfort of our fair companions, and thus the toil of the ascent was greatly increased to them. Indeed, long before the cross on the summit of the pass was in sight, disagreeable thoughts of an extemporaneous bivouac on the snow intruded themselves, for I scarcely dared to hope that the endurance of the ladies would carry them through the undertaking. But with unflagging energy they struggled on, battling bravely and so successfully with the difficulties, that at length the summit was gained. It was three o'clock, just twelve hours from the time we had started from Saas, ten hours being the usual time taken for the entire journey from Saas to Macugnaga.

Here the snow was frozen to icy consistency. My alpine thermometer registered 31 degrees in the shade, and long icicles hung from the cross, the greater portion of which was embedded in snow. But happily, while difficulties beset our path below, all was bright and beautiful above. Monte Rosa, seen

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through an atmosphere of great purity, appeared wonderfully grand and sublime, far finer and more imposing than from the Gorner Grat. From that eyrie, as many readers will doubtless remember, it presents a hill-like appearance, whereas, from the Moro, the mighty alp assumes the character of a vast wall face, broken into gigantic precipices, whose aggregate height is not less than 6,000 feet. Down these avalanches were continually crashing, the results of the recent heavy snowfall. We heard them thundering below long after we had lost sight of them. A vast panorama of mountain heights, broken only by the Val Anzasca, surrounded us, clothed in flowing robes of spotless white. Prominent among these were the Mischabel, Weiss Thor, Strahlhorn, Jederhorn, Cima di Jazzi, and the Rothhorn, immediately below which is the pass of the Moro. Another highly noteworthy feature of this pass is the Allelein Glacier, one of the most curious and instructive in Switzerland. It entirely dams up the head of the Saas valley, and is the nursing mother of the Mattmarksee. An enormous number of *roches moutonnées* are visible; they lie for the most part at the foot of the black and frowning precipices of the Alleleinhorn, and the glacier is riven by terrible crévasses and fissures.

Under other circumstances we should probably have dallied here to enjoy this grand scenery, but the cold was excessive, and our labour far from over. Recruiting our strength with a little brandy, we commenced the descent, one of the steepest in the Alps. In many places we seemed to hang over Macugnaga, which was 7,000 feet below. How the ladies got down is beyond my comprehension. For, full of apprehensions respecting them, and well aware how important it was that they should have rooms ready for them at the inn, and if possible a warm bath; accompanied by the doctor, I made as much speed as possible to our night quarters. But under no circumstances can you descend the Moro on the Italian side rapidly. The descent for thousands of feet is very like that of the Great Pyramid, only, in the case of the mountain, the natural rock-steps are far higher than those of the Pyramid. The difficulties in our case were considerably augmented by the rocks being glazed by ice, which often afforded no coign of vantage for hand or foot. More than once on our way down the doctor assured me, that in his experience of the hill country in India, he had never gone through such a *grind* as this; and I gave willing credit to his emphatic assertion that he would never be caught crossing the Moro again. The evening was rapidly fading when we reached the inn at Macugnaga. A gentleman, evidently of the tourist genus, stood before the door. 'Where, may I ask, do you come from?' he inquired, with an evidently curious air. 'We have just crossed the Moro,' I answered. 'Is it possible?' he replied; 'Why, they told me at Visp a week ago that the pass was quite impracticable, and accordingly I came here by the Simplon.' 'Well,' said I, 'not only have we crossed it, but two ladies of our party have accomplished the task, and will be here presently.' This information fairly staggered the gentleman, and, indeed, not only him, but the people of the inn, who had gathered at the doorway, and endorsed all that the former had said respecting the condition of the pass. The gentleman being the only guest, we obtained good rooms for the ladies, and having ordered a warm bath to be prepared, I went back to meet them.

Long and painfully did I trudge over the stony path leading to the

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foot of the Moro, straining my eyes through the fast gathering gloom, in hopes of seeing my friends. At length, when disappointment was fast yielding to despair, I beheld them advancing towards me; and in the course of a short time I had the ineffable satisfaction of seeing them safe in the inn. But oh, how different in appearance to when they started from Saas! Take a sheet of the *Times* newspaper, soak it in water, and lash it with rods, and you will have some idea of the tattered state of their garments, while their rich hair streamed wildly far down their backs, amplified by no deceptive chignons. Their faces—well, we will draw a veil over these; for although when we started from Mattmarksee we wore veils, the toilsome ascent, and the absolute necessity of making the best use of our eyes, prevented us wearing them, so we suffered accordingly. That they had endured much was evident, but with true British pluck, they had borne their disasters without a murmur; and when it is remembered that they did not arrive at Macugnaga until nearly eight o'clock—the only important halt for rest having been at Mattmarksee,—it will be conceded that their endurance was as great as their heroism. Mr. Wills, a high authority on Alpine matters, states, in his account of the Moro, that the pass can only be undertaken in the summer season, by those of the fair sex who do not mind a great deal of rough work, and can stand considerable fatigue: clothed with two feet of snow, often massed in mighty drifts, he would probably declare it to be impracticable.

The fair bride and the doctor's niece were regarded as heroines; and they will, I am sure, be long remembered at the Osteria de Monte Rosa. Both, on the following day, were able to take a stroll to the foot of the grand glacier of Macugnaga. The only one of our party who did not put in an appearance was the bride's husband. His leg was considerably inflamed, and absolute rest was essential to a cure.

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THE EXCLUSION OF THE CLERGY FROM SEATS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE legislature of Great Britain, unlike all other representative bodies, has formally declared that the clergy of the Established Churches of England, Scotland, and Ireland are incligible for seats in Parliament, and has ratified this declaration by a statute, 41 Geo. III. cap. 63. By the provisions of the Emancipation Act of 1839, this disability is extended to Roman Catholic priests. It is to be observed that the disability is not functional, but personal. It not only affects those who are beneficed, or are otherwise engaged in the 'cure of souls,' or are possessed of an office, the occupation of which is conditioned by admission to holy orders; but those who have been ordained either as deacon or priest in the English Church, or have been made ministers in the Scotch Church. The customary penalties on sitting or voting in the House, in case a constituency returns an undetected clergyman, are to be inflicted when the discovery is made. Finally, the election of a clergyman is to be declared void.

The circumstances which attended this act of exclusion, and the reasonings which justified the provisions of Horne Tooke's Act, in the eyes of those who 'declared and enacted' them, are very little known. Ninety-nine educated persons out of every hundred who talk on the subject, are under the impression that the exclusion of the clergy is due to a standing resolution of the House of Commons only. Not one person in a thousand perhaps is acquainted with the facts which preceded and accompanied the Act of 1801, when a Committee of the House of Commons decided with great rapidity on a subject requiring minute historical research, and the House itself, from personal hostility to a man who had been lately introduced to it, disabled at least 15,000 individuals of the upper middle class from a seat in Parliament. In order to understand these facts, it will be necessary to give a slight sketch of the early constitution of Parliament, as well as to advert to the reasons which made Horne Tooke so unpopular with the ministry, that they could pass the Act.

Parliaments, as most persons now know, were originally summoned in order to grant taxes. The machinery of Parliament was borrowed, it appears, from those clerical Convocations, which had long been familiar with demands of aid from Rome, and which distributed customary charges upon the tenants of ecclesiastical fees, when the charge was claimable. As the taxes leviable on these tenants were derived from *income*, those on the lay tenants from *personal property*; as the value of a benefice was known, and on the whole fixed, the amount of personal property fluctuating; as therefore a grant only was essential to the taxation of the clerical income, and an assessment by sworn collectors was needed when a fifteenth was levied; and, furthermore, as the tenure of ecclesiastical income was sharply distinguished from that of lay persons—Parliament and Convocation made separate grants. It was the interest of the clergy to maintain this separation, for it is clear that the grants of a clerical tenth and a lay twentieth do not indicate equal sacrifices to the exchequer, the first having been paid from income, the second from goods, and in boroughs from stocks-in-trade.

Taxes granted in convocation extended to ecclesiastical fees, even though they were possessed by lay

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persons, or lay corporations. The first college founded in Oxford, the type in fact of all such academical institutions, was eminently a lay corporation. Merton laid no condition of taking orders on his fellows. He peremptorily excludes monks from his benefaction. But a considerable portion of his endowment was obtained from impropriated tithes. Whenever Convocation grants an aid to the king or the pope, or the nuncio, or to cardinals visiting England, the college is taxed by Convocation. But on all its lay fees, it contributes through the king's collectors.

So again, a lay fee held by an ecclesiastic was liable to those customary or exceptional charges which either belonged of right to the Crown, or might be imposed by parliamentary grant. A very cursory inspection of the lay taxing rolls in the Public Record Office, will show that clergymen specially so designated, i. e. as rectors or vicars, contributed to these subsidies from their lay fees. There is no reason to think that the case of John of Gatesden was solitary, who is said by Matthew Paris (1245) to have been possessed of many benefices and many lay fees, to have resigned the former, to have been knighted by the king at Christmas, and to have married a daughter of the house of Bruce. The monk of St. Albans gives no hint that, in his day, there was any canonical impediment to the step, but observes: 'curam exuens animarum periculosam, ad magnorum Procerum dignitatem advolavit. Unde multi nobiles origine, mente autem ignobiles invidentes, illi cito postea laqueos gravaminis præpararunt; quorum invidorum molimina Johannes invidiosus, non sine difficultate, prudenter evasit.' Similarly John Bigod, younger brother of Roger, is said by Hemingburgh to have been one of the wealthiest men in England, and heir to the lands of his brother, but to have been an ecclesiastic.

In the days when all learning was the property of the clergy, it is unreasonable to believe that they were necessarily excluded from the House of Commons. Many cases occur in the rolls of Parliament in which the member returned as elected to represent a county or borough is designated as a clerk. Nor is the absence of this appellation negative proof against the previous ordination of an individual. There has not been, till comparatively late times, any custom of distinguishing clergymen by a prefix to their names. The title of *reverend* was long ago assigned to the superior ecclesiastics, but as late certainly as the days of Walton, it was not given to the ordinary clergyman. Willis, one of the most precise and accurate men of his day, is by no means regular in the use of the prefix as late even as 1750. A large collection of his letters to Humphrey Owen, then Bodley's librarian, exists in Bodley's library. In his addresses to these letters he leaves out 'reverend' as often as he uses it. The writer has heard of old-fashioned clergymen, who have declined to use a title to which they had no legal right. When the clergyman was unbeneficed, or retired from the cure of souls, he might, if he choose, become unobservedly a lay person. Before the reformation, the ordinary dress of the secular clergy was not different from that of laymen. The costume of clergymen at the present time is (some peculiar affectations excepted), just as with the Quakers, the adherence to what was once the general style of dress adopted by grave and decorous persons.

The cases quoted against the admission of the clergy to the House of Commons, before the passing of Horne Tooke's Act, were open to dispute. The earliest was that of Newell, who was returned from a Cornish borough in 1553, but was

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ejected from the house, 'because he had a voice in Convocation.' The decision seems to indicate no more than the fact, that it was against the custom of Parliament for the same person to have a seat in both Houses. But the decision in the case of Christopher Parkins, dean of Carlisle, points the other way. This person, who held the deanery from 1595 to 1622, certainly had a voice in Convocation, but he held his seat unchallenged. He was not, it appears, in orders, or at least not in priest's orders, since he had a dispensation from Elizabeth, by which he was suffered to retain his deanery notwithstanding his want of a clerical qualification. The case of Dr. or Sir Joseph Craddock is less equivocal. He was returned to the Parliament of 1661, for Richmond, is mentioned in the journals as having obtained sick leave from the House in May, and is declared incapable of sitting in the following January. Craddock was unseated on petition. One Wandesford claimed the seat, objecting that Craddock was in holy orders, and was not returned by the majority of suffrages. The matter was referred to the Committee of Privileges, both objections were sustained, and Wandesford's name was substituted in the return for that of Craddock. The fourth case was more recent. Edward Rushworth had been returned for Newport, Isle of Wight. He had been admitted to deacon's orders, and had served a curacy. It does not appear that he had taken priest's orders. His opponent, John Barrington, who petitioned against Rushworth's return, had warned the electors of Newport that his rival was ineligible, and that their votes would be thrown away. On considering the petition, the committee appointed for the purpose gave no opinion on the subject of Rushworth's eligibility, other than a report that he was duly elected. This decision was given in February 1785. But though these cases only are alluded to in the report presented to the House in 1801, it was well enough known, and never disputed, that many persons had, from time to time, sat in Parliament, who were, if the case of Craddock is to be taken as conclusive, disabled from fulfilling this function.

Between the time, however, in which Craddock's return was declared void, and the question was revived in the case of Rushworth, a great change had taken place in the constitutional position of the clergy. By some arrangement, the particulars of which are not very clear, Convocation, shortly after the Restoration, gave up the practice of voting supplies. The privilege was not worth contending for. It had long since been ruled that the grants of the clergy in Convocation had no legal validity, unless they were subsequently sanctioned or endorsed by Parliament. All that remained to Convocation was a formal and barren initiative. Thenceforward, and as it seems tacitly, ecclesiastical were treated as lay fees. The incumbents of freehold benefices were empowered, whether they were clergy or lay persons, to vote for members of Parliament, and were subjected to the same imposts in respect of their benefices as they had been liable to in respect of their lay possessions. Before this arrangement was made, there was some colour for the exclusion of the clergy, though there is abundant evidence that the disqualification was either not contemplated or was disregarded. But afterwards, if we can trust the uncontradicted statements of many persons, the House of Commons was and had been indisposed to invalidate the return of a clergyman, even in case a petition were presented, and would certainly not be inclined to raise the question on abstract grounds.

But the case was very different

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when Horne Tooke was introduced into the House of Commons by Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Wilson, on February 16, 1801. The presence of no person could have been more offensive to the dominant party. Tooke was now an elderly man. For nearly forty years he had been a prominent and busy politician. He had supported Wilkes in the Middlesex contest. Report said that he had saved the election. He had fought against the scandalous pardon of the Brothers Kennedy. He dictated the famous reply of Alderman Beckford to the King. He founded the society for supporting the Bill of Rights. In his quarrel with Wilkes, he was the assailant of that person's character, not of his opinions. He ran a tilt with Junius. But so much courtesy, considering the character of that controversy, was used on both sides, that Tooke lost no part of such popularity as he had obtained. He was opposed to the American war, and denounced the 'Lexington massacre.' Tried at Guildhall on account of the comments which he had published on this transaction, he was convicted of a scandalous libel, fined and imprisoned. He attempted to obtain a call to the bar, but he failed, and reviled the Benchers. He offended even Paley, whose political heterodoxy was supposed to have barred his preferment, for Paley appears to have attempted to prevent him from obtaining his Master's degree at Cambridge. His *Diversions of Purley* alarmed even the latitudinarians and the utilitarians of the day. He was a candidate for Westminster in 1790. He was tried for high treason in 1794, and acquitted, to the discomfiture of the Government. He was jubilant, his enemies exasperated and unforgiving. The Government was not likely to forget that Lord Stanhope had presided at a banquet held at Norwich, for the purpose of celebrating the acquittal of Hardy and Tooke, and had affected the style of republican France in his speeches. He stood again for Westminster in 1796, and polled nearly 3,000 votes without canvassing the electors, or spending a penny. He denounced corruption, ridiculed the bigotry and dishonesty of Parliament, and in particular he directed a ceaseless attack against rotten boroughs. In 1801, he was returned for Old Sarum.

Tooke had been a friend of Wilkes. In a letter which Wilkes took care to publish after their quarrel, Tooke had spoken contemptuously of the rite of ordination, and coupled those expressions with a blasphemous jest. These words had been quoted for the last thirty years. He had associated with the abbot of the Medmenham monks, the society whose wild acts of profane indecency had shocked an age by no means precise. He had thrown up his living, and ostentatiously abandoned his orders. Before the world he was a libertine, a jester, a scoffer at things holy. He lived in open concubinage. He was an associate of Tom Paine. He drank off bottles of brandy with Porson and Boswell, and left both under the table. Many of these practices were venial enough, according to the morality of the time, but they were deemed dangerous evidence of character, when coupled with extreme liberalism in politics. Such a man was returned to Parliament on the nomination of the mad Lord Camelford, and by the six electors of Old Sarum.

He no sooner took his seat than Earl Temple, afterwards Marquis of Buckingham, challenged his right to election. Temple said that he should wait fourteen days, in order to see whether any petition might be presented from that borough against Mr. Tooke's return. On March 10, 1801, the same nobleman moved that evidence be given of Mr. Tooke's ordination. Upon this

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question the first division was taken, the effect of which was, that proof was given of Tooke's ordination, of his induction to the chapelry of New Brentford, of his having performed divine offices in the church, and having received tithes and ecclesiastical fees. Upon this division and this evidence, a committee was appointed, the chairman being Mr. Bragge, who reported on April 2nd as to the eligibility of persons in holy orders to sit in the House. On May 4th, a debate took place on the report. The object of Temple was to procure a decision of the House adverse to Tooke, and to establish a precedent against a similar case. But Addington resisted this course, and promised to bring in a bill which should have a general and permanent effect. Temple, however, persisted in his motion. On a division, the motion in favour of taking 'the case of the return from Old Sarum into the consideration of the House' was lost by 94 to 53.

Two days after, Addington brought in his bill, which declared and enacted the disability, the penalties on sitting and voting, and the character of evidence which should be sufficient to establish the fact of a person's being in holy orders. The bill was resisted by Fox, Burdett, Sheridan, Erskine, Grey, Jolliffe and others. It was chiefly supported by the Government officials, as Vansittart, Abbot, Scott and Mitford. The opposition pleaded that to elect and to be elected are relative, and that as the franchise had been accorded to the clergy, their eligibility to it had been inferentially admitted, whatever were the precedents. They argued that the instances quoted were at once few, uncertain, and contradicted by the notorious admission of clergy during the last 150 years. Tooke suggested an amendment, by which a person elected should be disqualified from holding a benefice hereafter, a proposal which was supported by Jolliffe and Grey. Meanwhile Rushworth, who had been seated by the committee of 1785, presented a petition against the bill. The whole opposition considered the bill to be a personal attack on an obnoxious individual.

On the other hand, the promoters of the bill argued, that the express voice of parliamentary precedents was hostile to the eligibility of the clergy; that the clergy had great social influence and position; that the patronage of the Crown being considerable, the danger of parliamentary corruption was inevitable; that Convocation was an existent power in the state, dormant indeed, but susceptible of being aroused to dangerous activity; but above all, they insisted on the indelibility of orders, assigning the same significance on this point to the diaconate and priesthood. Wynn, a writer on ecclesiastical matters, was quoted to the effect that there was no canonical objection to the admission of the clergy to the House—it had of course often happened in the House of Lords that a clergyman became a peer—and Tooke cited the authority of Bacon, and the indirect testimony of Coke to the eligibility of the order. The bill was carried through the house without a division.

In the House of Lords, Thurlow declared that he should vote against the bill, on the ground of its inherent absurdities. This view was sustained by Lords Moira and Holland. Even Eldon censured the Government obliquely, when he said that the House of Commons should have proceeded by resolution. Lords Westmorland and Rosslyn voted for the bill, on grounds similar to those which prevailed with the Government party in the House of Commons. Horsley, Bishop of Rochester, the only prelate who spoke,

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while he indignantly maintained that orders were indelible, owned that there was no canonical objection to a clergyman's sitting in the House of Commons, and added that the chief impediment which, in his opinion, could be urged against the concession of the right, was to be found in the scandalous concomitants of an ordinary election. Here too, the bill passed without a division. It received the royal assent on June 23. It may be added that in the course of the debate, the ineligibility was extended to the ministers of the Scotch establishment, while provision was made that no return to the existing Parliament was to be disturbed. Horne Tooke therefore kept his seat, but he never entered the House again, though the Parliament was not dissolved till the end of the following year.

It does not appear that either Tooke or his friends anticipated that his return would be questioned. In all the known cases on which a division had been taken, a petition had been presented by the unsuccessful candidate. In the last and the most familiar case, that of Rushworth, the committee had ignored the disability, and seated the member whose eligibility was challenged. The distinction attempted to be set up in the debates of 1801, as to the difference of priest's and deacon's orders was an afterthought, which few speakers insisted on. Besides, there were cases fresh in the memory of many in the House, of clergymen sitting unquestioned and unchallenged. Temple did not dispute this; he contented himself with answering that a blot is not a blot till it is hit. It is to be observed too, that when Tooke stood for Westminster, there is no evidence of his opponents having given notice, that votes recorded on his behalf would be thrown away, as had been done in Rushworth's case. Can we doubt that the report of the committee in 1785 had been taken as a conclusive precedent?

The time in which Tooke's act was passed, is one on which few persons could look back with satisfaction. Pitt had quitted office, because he could not carry a Catholic Relief Bill, and Addington was installed in his place. The descent was from a prince to a prentice. Irish disaffection was not relieved by the suppression of Fitzgerald's insurrection. The union, secured by the vilest corruption, had swamped the local Parliament, which, demoralised and bigoted as it might be, was always Irish, and sometimes patriotic. It was a time of gagging acts, of suspending habeas corpus, of anxious debate on home affairs and foreign policy. The continental despots had made the French soldiers a nation of heroes, and had given Napoleon a field for his splendid and destructive genius. For the first time in its history, the nation had been constrained to relinquish its metallic currency. The famine was sore in the land. The price of wheat had risen far above all recorded experience. Parliamentary reform, long promised, was postponed. The people had not yet entered on that career of military glory which ultimately reconciled them to the war and its prodigious charges. Old men can even now recall the intense anxiety with which they watched those negociations which led to the peace of Amiens, and how eagerly the nation desired repose. And in the midst of all these troubles the Tory party, in its eagerness to take vengeance upon an old and feeble man, disabled a whole order of society. It would have been as rational to have inflicted the same disability on all who bore the name of John. After the act was passed, Tooke, in an address to the Westminster electors, offered his ironical thanks to the Government, for, said he, 'so eager were they to attack me, that

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if the Government had brought in a bill to hang me in the lobby, it would have been carried without a division.'

Viewed from any point, the theory of the constitutional disability of the clergy is seen to be untenable. Later research has proved that clergymen were frequently returned to Parliament, at least to the end of the fourteenth century. There is no proof to the contrary in the fifteenth. The titular distinction of a clergyman is modern, the means of identifying one who has retired from the active functions of his calling are but of yesterday. There is not a vestige of truth in the assertion that he was canonically disabled. Horsley was no mean authority, and his statement, though reluctant, is positive. Even if Horne Tooke had never become a member of the legislature, he was liable to such penalties or censures as the canons provided against the abandonment of spiritual for secular pursuits, when he threw up Brentford and took to farming. But, in fact, the canons had fallen into desuetude a century and a half before Horne Tooke commenced his political career. It was ridiculous to infer indirectly to a new disability, when time out of mind the censures of the church had slept and been forgotten.

The only truth which could have been alleged was that while Convocation sat to grant supplies, its power was in theory co-ordinate with that of the House of Commons, and that therefore a seat in one House, or a qualification for one House only, barred the possessor of a seat in the other. The House of Commons affirmed this position in the case of Newell, ignored it in that of Parkins, reaffirmed it, as far as the obscurity of the case will allow us to judge, in that of Craddock. But after that time, when the distinction between lay and clerical taxation was obliterated or abandoned, this objection lost its weight.

Great stress was laid by the disputants of the time on a phrase, which if not then recent, had come to be recently of importance, the indelibility namely of orders. Nothing is more suggestive or instructive than the investigation of the circumstances under which particular terms or phrases have been imported into language. Unfortunately, but little attention has been paid to this branch of philology, and the labour of tracing a special phrase is enormous. For my own part, I cannot recall to memory any instances in which the expression, 'indelibility of orders,' is used in the literature of the eighteenth century, antecedent to the controversy on Horne Tooke's case. It has all the appearance of a modern expression, and was first used in all likelihood by Horsley.

From one point of view no person could deny the accuracy of the term. A fact cannot be recalled or gainsayed. From another, few persons could maintain the expression, for degradation and the milder penalty of deposition were familiar proceedings in the ecclesiastical law of the Roman church. The Anglican communion recognises no process of degradation, not we may be sure because it estimates orders at a higher rate than the Roman church does, but because it has treated them as a lower state. The Latin and Greek church look on orders as sacraments; the English church can only view them as contracts, contracts of a peculiarly solemn and significant kind, but necessarily susceptible of termination. This view seems to have been recognised by Scott. We can hardly believe that this great jurist talked the nonsense which Hansard records as his speech on Horne Tooke's act. But perhaps one part of this utterance is genuine, that in which he

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compared orders to a contract of marriage, a contract, he argued, which may be entered on voluntarily, but cannot be annulled at the pleasure of either or both parties. True, and for a sufficient reason, that the annulling such a contract at the instance or will of one party to the agreement may be a wrong to the other, and in any case laxity of divorce would be a wrong or injury to society. But how a clergyman who wishes to quit his office can be said to wrong the church, or how society is benefited, and the church in particular, in retaining a reluctant minister in her service, it is not easy to show. Such men betook themselves to a secular life in times when the 'ministry of the church' was interpreted to designate a far more sacred function than it has ever been in Reformed churches. They quitted their orders formally and by dispensation if they thought it worth while, informally if they did not. The secularisation of a Roman priest in the present day, is not, if we are rightly informed, an unknown process, nor one which is attended with excommunication or even with grave censure.

It may be worth while to consider whether the current acceptance of this peculiar phrase may not be a powerful cause of priestcraft. The temptation to use undue influence over men's minds is not the special vice of any one church. It may be as dominant in the policy of the most ardent Protestant, as it could be in that of the most unswerving ultramontane. But wherever it is present, it must needs be powerfully stimulated by the acceptance of an irreversible position, of an inalienable office. A man whose retreat is cut off will stand at bay, not perhaps to threaten, but maybe to plot against the society which puts him at a disadvantage.

The passions, the fears, the animosities of those days have passed away, and with them the arguments alleged in favour of Horne Tooke's act. Were the question debated now, we should not in all probability hear of those precedents which satisfied the herd of Addington's supporters. Lawyers would hardly discuss the theory of canonical obedience, or argue that although orders are not a sacrament, they are an irreversible and indefeasible contract. In practice clergymen are free to remain in the church or abandon it. In these days it is very unlikely that a prelate would enter on such a suit as that of the Bishop of Exeter *v.* Shore. Already men who were once ordained are practising physic; have been called to the bar, after a formal decision to that effect; hold commissions in the army; are engaged in trade. Nobody is likely to hunt up these deserters or put in practice whatever unrepealed statutes may affect their liberty. The offices of the church are as far as possible protected by the almost absolute authority which bishops exercise over such unbeneficed clergy as are seeking employment, and by the inquiries which may be properly made about the presentee to a benefice. But they are decidedly not protected by the foolish rule which demands to constrain malcontents within the pale of the church. In its present condition, it is no wisdom on the part of those who interpret the policy of the Establishment, to look too curiously on those who quietly retire from its ministrations.

If the House of Commons does hereafter debate the question and reconsider the legislation of 1801, it may be expected to treat the matter on public grounds. It is not very likely, especially as the electoral franchise becomes more widely distributed, that many of the retired clergy will aspire to a seat in the House. It would only be a rare conjunction of circumstances that such an event could occur. It is possible

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that if the doors were thrown open, men profoundly acquainted with the facts and the needs of popular and university education, might obtain a seat. No one could regret such a result, for the House of Commons is as a body, profoundly ignorant of educational questions. It is possible that one or two may be returned, who having succeeded unexpectedly to the dignity of primogeniture, can afford to stand for a county. But a clerical party in the House, in the sense of a railway party, or a clerical interest in the sense of a legal interest, are wholly out of the question. There is not the smallest chance that such a combination could occur as would give such persons the opportunity of united action.

It may seem, however, that the exclusion is at best a sentimental grievance. Most grievances are sentimental; that is, are borne by heavy and coarse natures patiently, irritate those of finer fibre. Few persons like to have their liberty interfered with, except on sufficient and intelligible grounds. A man who, left to himself, might never quit his house, his street, his town, would feel it intolerably irksome if he were commanded arbitrarily to keep within any of these limits. And such disabilities, whatever they may be, are felt all the more keenly, the more general is the relaxation afforded to other men's disabilities. In 1801 no Roman Catholic or dissenter could sit in the House, be a member of a corporation, enter at a university. There is reason to believe, that before very long, the last relics of religious intolerance will be swept away. The guarantees of the Emancipation and the Test and Corporation Acts are in course of being repealed. The Ecclesiastical Titles Act, the latest, and it may be hoped, the last outbreak of mad fanaticism, after falling into instant desuetude, cannot endure much longer. The House of Commons is willing to allow Nonconformists to graduate at the English Universities, and has relinquished the tests imposed on some officials in Dublin. Before long, in the inevitable march of events, the ancient endowments of the Universities will be offered for general competition. Willing adhesion is being rapidly substituted for enforced conformity; and when all restrictions are done away, it is probable that the adhesion will be more generous, and the conformity more honest. In the midst of these changes, it is unreasonable to lay penalties upon one kind of conscientiousness, especially when they are relaxed in other kinds.

The Irish priests return most, if not all, the Catholic members for the Irish people. In this way they compensate their disabilities. The English clergy are too often the avowed enemies and hindrances to beneficial changes. In this way they make themselves heard and felt. Ostracism is no remedy except it be accompanied by banishment. The influence will be as surely exercised, even though its course may be altered, its machinery modified. When Lord Temple argued that the power of the clergy would be excessive, if they could be returned to Parliament, he showed little knowledge of human nature, if indeed he really believed what he said. His son was wiser in his generation, when he recognised that by giving the franchise to the tenant farmers, he should link their interest with that of the landowners. The legislature made priestcraft inevitable, when it caught at and endorsed the novel doctrine that by the English law orders were indelible. It is no satisfaction to the English clergyman to point out to him the strength of the Establishment, and the place of the Bishops in the House of Lords. He may doubt whether the Establishment is strong; he may not, though sincerely and affectionately attached

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to the Church, care a jot for the Establishment, which no reasonable person holds to be anything other than a political system. He may believe that the real efficiency of the bishops is compromised by their life peerage, and the church scandalised and weakened. He must be very blind indeed, if he fails to see that the 'spiritual peers' are treated with very slight respect, and are expected to keep in their place. The bishops never handle secular subjects. They have sunk to being the ecclesiastical advisers of the Lords, the referees on questions put by such peers as affect the rôle of ecclesiastical reformers.

It is said that the House of Commons is exceedingly unfriendly to any discussion on the principle of Horne Tooke's Act. When Mr. Bouverie, some years ago, sought to relieve clergymen from certain disabilities, the House retained the exclusion clauses of 1801, in the Bill. As a rule, the House of Commons will legislate only from necessity, and never will see the necessity until it is urgent and dangerous. It is higher wisdom to take account of all forces, to give them all a fair chance, to let them take their place in the harmony of social life. If the House of Commons persists in exhibiting itself as a club, it will assuredly abdicate its functions, and commit them to more energetic and less responsible hands, as unfortunately it has done already to a great extent. This dislike to treating a question of disfranchisement or political disability is all the more impolitic, if, as is generally believed, the House would not refuse to entertain the question should it come practically before them. It is difficult to conceive that it could successfully maintain the exclusion of the clergy from a seat in the House, after a bonâ fide return, and if the constituency were resolute. When the House was far more despotic than it now is, the repeated election for Clare made it impossible to retain the disabling statutes against the Catholics. The continued return of Baron Rothschild for the city of London did similar service in removing Jewish disabilities. The House cannot descend to a contest with a constituency. Such a course is at once undignified and destructive; the former, because a great assembly cannot be compromised by the introduction of a few men whom it may not like; the latter, because it affects to control that freedom of choice by which, and by which alone, the House of Commons does exist, and can command respect.

If indeed at some future time the question is raised anew, and the Act of 1801 be repealed, it would be unjust to exact a formal renunciation of the clerical status. This is a needless invasion of conscience. But the Legislature may and, perhaps, should adopt the suggestion made by Tooke himself, by disabling all such persons as might be elected from receiving any benefice from the Crown or its ministers. There is enough and to spare of intrigue in the career of lawyers. The military and naval services are represented to their own benefit. It would be as well to check all aspirations after ecclesiastical patronage. There will always be enough candidates for ministerial gifts outside, without selling the sanctuary for the sake of parliamentary support within the walls of the House.

J. E. Thorold Rogers.



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CONCERNING THE HEADS OF BATTERING-RAMS:

WITH SOME THOUGHTS TOUCHING THE REVIVIFICATION OF MUMMIES.

IT is well understood by such as, in a philosophic and candid temper, have studied the histories of ancient Greece and Rome, what (in departed centuries) was meant by a BATTERING-RAM. There was a long and heavy beam, sometimes attaining a length of a hundred and twenty feet, to one end of which was affixed a massive iron head, in form like the head of a Ram. This Instrument was suspended by strong ropes to a cross-beam, sustained by two great logs, which in their turn were sustained by the earth. When it was desired to break a way through the wall of a fortified city, the entire apparatus was set up within convenient reach of the fated wall. Then the heavy beam, armed with the iron head, was swung backwards and forwards by the vehement exertion of (possibly) some hundreds of men: the head coming at each swing with inexpressible violence against the hostile wall. No wall could long remain intact under that usage. The stones were loosened: cracks became manifest: a small opening was made, which gradually became a large one: finally, a practicable breach was made, through which the besieging army was able to enter the city. It was comparatively easy to pass through the wall, after an opening had been made in it. It was exceedingly difficult to make the opening. The ram's head was of hard material. Fitly so; for it had hard work to do. Persons of soft material, physically and morally, passed in with facility after the ram had done its work. And it is probable that a good many of them, thus easily entering, did not reflect much upon their obligations to the battered old head, which had borne the brunt, and cleared their way. By this time it had (likely enough) been taken down from its supports, and was lying in some neighbouring ditch, half concealed by mud. Practical and pushing spirits jumped over it, as they advanced towards the opening it made: possibly wiped their feet upon it. Here and there a man of a sentimental nature would put his hands in his pockets and look kindly at it for a little while: thinking of the services that iron-headed log had rendered: thinking how easy it was to enter now where it had been so hard to enter at the first.

Let us muse, kindly reader, on the Heads of Moral Battering-Rams: Human Heads that suffer many hard blows in opening a way through old prejudices and abuses. Let us think how hardly men fare who bravely set themselves to break through these. The days were, in which such a head would probably have been cut off altogether: and even yet, all obloquy, all misrepresentation, all malignant railing, are the common portion of such men as propose improvements, political or social; and try to bring these improvements about. Sorely beaten about the head are the Moral Battering-Rams! Those who first proposed Corn-law repeal; reform of the infamous penal laws which disgraced the statute-book till brave men like Sir Samuel Romilly saved this nation from the shame of them; reform of the scandalous abuses in the Church of England and the Establishment in Ireland; reform in the Army, including the abolition of flogging human beings to death: the abolition of Negro Slavery; the making the representation of the people in Parliament cease to be in

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great measure a grim farce; the permission of organs in Scotch churches, and of Scotch congregations to kneel at prayer and stand at praise; how these men were vilified and misrepresented! Look back over the files of various old Tory newspapers and magazines: and think what the poor Heads had to come through! By and by, the breach is made in the thick wall of selfish interests and unreasoning prejudices: and then, people who had neither the courage nor the hardness of nature to stand the first buffets, get all the good of them, and quietly walk through the breach opened by sorely battered Heads of Moral Battering-Rams. After a while, everybody sees so plainly that the advocates of Reform had all the reason on their side, that people think it must have been quite easy to batter down the ancient abuse. They say, 'Well, that wall was so much off the perpendicular: the mortar had so crumbled into dust; that just a touch must have sent it down: the old Heads, now in their graves, or lying in obscure ditches, could not have had such a tough work to do as we fancied.' And when one who has long survived the fight in which he won his fame, gets into the way (like Lord Brougham) of talking sometimes about the hard hits he received and dealt, we grow impatient of hearing about them. We think it is all an old man's talk about the long past.

Controversy is a hateful thing. Never has the writer joined in it, and he never will. But he has watched a good deal of it: and he can sincerely say that he never yet saw controversy carried on in good temper or in fairness. He has seen it carried on by men who, speaking generally, were good-tempered and fair-tempered men. And they began in tolerable fairness and good temper. But the controversy had not lasted long till the lurking devil was roused: insolence, misrepresentation, savage ill-temper, were largely developed; at least on one side. He has seen controversy in which all the fairness and decency were on one side: all the opposite things on the other side. The more ordinary case is that there should be very little fairness or civility on either side. Yet, hateful as controversy is, the quiet easy-going men who shrink from it may well be thankful that there are pugnacious and hard-headed folk who rush into it with gusto, and seem to enjoy the strife. For these pugnacious folk do (as it were) batter a breach through which the easy-going men peacefully follow. Yes, you who know what cowards you are: you who know that however sure you might be that you had truth on your side, you would shrink into your shell at the first outburst of abuse from those interested in maintaining some flagrant iniquity which you had been carried away into attacking: look with profound respect on the hard heads that take and give hard blows! *You* could not do it. And it is a pitiful sight to behold a man who has ventured to attack something that is wrong, instantly set upon by those who wish to keep up the wrong: then getting frightened; beginning in a cowardly fashion to calculate the consequences of sticking to what he has said; seeing that he will get into no end of trouble if he sticks to it; and finally bullied into retracting what he and all who hear him know perfectly to be true. It is a terrible thing to have all the will to be the head of the moral battering-ram, without the needful hardness! But it is a fine sight, to see a head which is entirely free from softness: which is quite hard enough for the work to which it is set. There are various things about John Knox which one cannot in any way like: but there is something sublime about his in-

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flexible and fearless firmness. So with Luther: what an inexpressibly hard head of a battering-ram! So in these days with Mr. John Bright. You may think him wrong if you please: but you cannot deny his magnificent pluck. You cannot look at the determined face of the great popular leader, without feeling that there is the man to batter down what he thinks an injustice. Conservatism is ever the wall to be battered: aggressive reformers or revolutionisers are the head of the battering-ram. And though conservatism serves many useful purposes, it is in the nature of things a losing cause. It is just a question of time, till any wall is battered down: that is, if there be the least show of sound reason that down it should go. For the essential idea of conservatism of course is, to keep things as they are: and that cannot be. It was conservatism that raised a terrible cry against the introduction of stage-coaches: they would drive the old stage-waggons off the road: horses would perish: diseases of the brain would be brought on by travelling through the atmosphere at the awful rate of eight miles an hour. Then it was conservatism to raise a cry against railways: they would drive off the road the old stage-coaches, the glory of England: they would 'destroy the old English noblesse,' as was touchingly remarked by a distinguished surgeon, who got a title for cutting a wen out of the king's neck. It was conservatism that maintained the fitness of hanging men and women for the theft of a few pence. It was conservatism that opposed every improvement in the laws of this country which has been made in the last thirty years; for that matter in the last five hundred. But the battering-ram has done its work: and the old walls have gone down, as other old walls will doubtless go. Progressive folk may well rejoice that there are those who gird themselves up and go forth to fight with what they think wrong, at whatever risk. For there are very many enlightened persons, who would plainly see the wrong, and privately despise the stupidity of such as stand up for it, yet who would have no mind at all for the fight, and so would just let the wrong go on and flourish.

We all, daily, see many things wrong. We know that we should get much ill-will by pointing them out and trying to correct them. We have learned by experience how much trouble and sorrow come of proposing and carrying even a very small improvement. And so, there is a great temptation to sadly sit still, till a braver man of thicker skin appears and does the work. Of course, this is cowardly. But it is natural; and grows always more congenial to our nature as we grow older. What is the use, we mournfully say to ourselves, of getting into all that hot water; and likely enough failing to do any good after all? You lose heart: you cannot bear the strife, the misapprehension, the misrepresentation.

In Scotland there is an association of clergymen called the *Church Service Society*. Its purpose is to foster the study of ancient Christian liturgies, and thus to cultivate a taste for more devotional and becoming language in public prayer. For public prayer, in the Scotch Church, must be prepared by each minister for his own use: and the days have been, in which the standard aimed at was a very bad one: partaking more of the nature of theological statement and discussion than of reverent prayer. Things are much better now: and this society desires, humbly and quietly, to promote and direct the better taste now prevailing. Its purpose is what has been said, and nothing more. But some individuals, of a

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suspicious temper, insist that it is founded to the end of plotting and conspiring for the introduction of a liturgy into the worship of the national Church, which has hitherto regarded anything like an authoritative service-book with much aversion. These individuals persist in calling the association the *Liturgical Society*. They are well aware that this is not its name, and that such a name grossly misrepresents its declared design: but they think the name likely to create a prejudice in Scotland, and deem it all fair to do so. Some timid men have thus been impelled to hold off from the society. A good many more stick to it the closer. But he who knows the secret history of all the talks and all the correspondence that have been used to detach members from the society, and to hinder human beings from joining it, has beheld a specimen of how those fare, who, in a very small and harmless fashion, take the thankless position of the Moral Battering Ram.

Suffer a voice of complaint touching the difficulty of revivifying mummies.

A mummy is a very ugly thing: but that is not the matter at present to be thought upon. The great point is, that a mummy is so thoroughly dried up. All life is gone from it, and all elasticity: and you cannot put them back again. Once, those sinews were soft and supple; but that was long ago. Try to make those stiff limbs walk, those withered fingers hold. It will not do.

The mummy over which the writer moans is an old sermon. A sermon written with great care and preached with great heart, four or five years ago. Then it was a living elastic thing: but try to preach it now, and you will find it quite withered and dried up. You fancied, in those old days when you wrote it, that it was a possession for ever: that is, for as long as each Sunday should call you to ascend your pulpit and speak to your congregation. And when you delivered it with great pleasure and emotion, you fancied you would always be able to give it with the like satisfaction and warmth. But when, after five years, you draw it from its receptacle, and some Sunday go and preach it, you will find the life has exhaled.

It is a great disappointment. And I am not thinking of the crudity and immaturity of your youthful extravagances. I do not mean that you find your discourse written in a turgid and fanciful style which now revolts your sobered sense. All those early compositions are in the fire, long ago. I mean the discourses you wrote after you had attained something like maturity of judgment and taste. It is not even that your intellectual and spiritual standpoint is greatly changed. All that is true, you feel as you read it. It is right, every word of it: you are sure of that. But the whole thing, that glowed with life as you wrote it with a heightened pulse, and as you gave it the first Sunday after it was written, is now dead, and dried up. You are out of sympathy with it. It seems very poor. And oh how things to be said to a number of your fellow creatures depend for their interest and impression on your being able to throw your whole heart into them as you say them!

If a clergyman's mind be still active, and perceptive of what is going on in the moral world round about him, he need not cherish the vain belief that when he goes to a new parish, he will have many days of tranquil ease, during which he will preach over again the sermons written in his old one. Each Sunday, at the first, he will take out a mummy, and with greater or less disappointment, try to make it live and move. Even if the people who

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hear the discourse seem interested in it, the preacher knows that all this is a pale shadow of what the thing used to be. The old fervour is fled: that fervour which never can be simulated, and which must come spontaneous or not come at all. I have heard a preacher who in his prime of his physical strength had exercised a wonderful power over all who listened to him, in advanced age when the old glow would not come. It was touching to hear him say the old words that used to touch and melt young and old, trying to say them in the old way; and feeling, far more deeply than any one else, how grievous was the failure.

Talking thus of old sermons, let us have a little thought upon a question of interest to a good many people. May a clergyman, with propriety, now and then, preach one of his own published sermons?

The common idea is that he ought not to do so: though I never yet found any one who could give any distinct reason for thinking so. This common idea appears to be a mere groundless prejudice. And it is a serious question to a man who has published a great number of sermons, doubtless those which he esteemed his best, whether in all coming time he is to be debarred from making any use of that laboriously prepared material.

The purpose of preaching a sermon is to impress on those who hear it some important truth. Now, after having once pressed that truth on your hearers, are you never to recur to it? Are you to take for granted that everybody has read your sermons; and read them so recently that your views are still fresh in their memory? Then it is certain that now and then you will be aware of a strong desire to preach something that you have published. You know it would be useful to some one in the congregation: possibly you know that it is what you need yourself just then. Now, in the published discourse you have treated that subject as well as you could: are you to go and designedly treat it in an inferior way, for the sake of making a difference? Nothing of the sort. Just go and preach it manfully; and make no mystery of what you are doing. Ninety-nine out of every hundred in the congregation will not remember (even if they ever knew) a word of it. And those who recognise the thing, will be all the more interested in hearing what they have read as interpreted by its author. The writer knows, for himself, that in going to hear Mr. Melvill preach, or Dean Alford, or Bishop Wilberforce, he would much rather hear from any one of them a sermon he has already read, than a quite new one probably not half so good.

Of course, published sermons are not to be preached habitually: not to be preached often: and never to be preached at all except to a man's own congregation. A preacher must be very poverty-stricken indeed, if when he goes to a strange church, he has not something new to give. It is quite a different thing with his own, where he must produce an incredible quantity of matter in the course of the year. Few people have any notion of the immense amount of material which regular Sunday duty demands. I have a friend who for six years preached twice each Sunday in a certain church. In that time, he tells me, the sermons he preached in that church would make up thirty-four well-sized volumes of sixteen sermons each. Of course, that man is merely a specimen of hundreds more. Who that knows the long and hard work that goes to the composition of a sermon, but must be awe-stricken at the thought of so inconceivable a mass of manuscript? You will say, most of it, possibly all of it, was very poor.

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Likely enough: but then to the middling powers of the writer, it was just as great exertion to produce it, as to a man of greater ability and information it is to produce an article for the *Edinburgh Review*, or an equal quantity of a volume 'which no gentleman's library should be without.' Now, it seems to me that any fair means of lessening that fearful drain ought to be welcomed. If you ask what proportion the old should bear to the new, I should say that a twentieth part may very fitly be the former. That is, after each nineteen new sermons you preach, you may most properly enter your pulpit with a published one in your sermon-case.

This is all.

A. K. H. B.

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THE FUNCTIONS OF AN UPPER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

IN every crisis of national contest the victory of one side or other is earned by the energies of some one national organ: and at such a crisis the partisans of the failing cause will look with zealous hope to the other organs, and are liable to ascribe to them even inordinate value. In this spirit the beaten Tories of 1833 cried frequently, 'Thank God! we still have a House of Lords;'—judging with a very sagacious instinct that the Upper House, by its patient tenacity, would gradually regain much or all that had been lost to them in 1832. Conversely, if the Lords had succeeded in some great development of oligarchical power, their opponents would 'thank God that we still have a House of Commons,' however weakened for a season. We do not intend now to treat of these *temporary* reasons for rejoicing in an Upper House, which once more, in the prospect of encroaching democracy, may present themselves to those who would fain stem the movement. But we desire to treat the question, as fundamentally as we are able, on its own merits; assuming a nation profoundly united, equably patriotic, and desirous of such institutions only as shall conduce to universal justice and thereby to universal welfare.

Voting without deliberation, and voting in the heat of passion, are of course ruinous. If there were danger that a popular assembly would fall into these errors, the veto of a second chamber might be serviceable, to delay the decision,—to gain time in which passion might be cooled and wisdom gain a hearing. Perhaps, to those who have never very closely analysed the working of institutions, it is from this point of view that an Upper House will seem of peculiar value; namely, as a check to the passions which are supposed to agitate a highly popular chamber. Of course, we do not deny that upon occasion a mischievous bill has passed the Commons, and would have become law, had not its error been detected and corrected in the Lords. Such things must happen,—through carelessness, haste or ignorance,—when an overwhelming mass of business presses upon a legislative chamber. But here, the proper remedy is, to lessen the amount of business, not to trust to a second chamber to rectify mistakes. At the same time it would be very hard to point out where the British House of Commons has sinned through heat of passion, through haste, or through refusal to hear the arguments of the obstructing minority; and has then been set right by the Lords. We believe in the value and importance of an Upper Chamber, but it is not in this direction that we find the advantages. On the contrary, such an argument proceeds on an ignoring, not only of English temperament, but of European institutions. Every Parliament in Christendom has rigid forms, expressly devised to prevent surprise by intrigue, or legislation in hot blood. Expressly because a majority must rule, and a minority must submit, therefore it is felt that a minority has always a right to be heard, just as the defendant in a judicial suit. If we must make a funereal exception, it is perhaps in Spain; but through the fault, not of parliamentary rules, but of executive unscrupulousness. Nations which adopt parliamentary institutions have not all quite the same forms of legislation; but all sedulously provide, in every chamber, against passion and surprise; all resolve emphatically to be deliberative bodies, not mere voting machines; all therefore profess that a minority, however small, must be

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patiently heard. In general, a small stubborn minority has great power to obstruct and delay, if they choose to avail themselves of the forms of the House, and nowhere, we believe, more than in England. Every bill must go through many stages. At each, it comes into public notice, and is generally open to criticism for weeks out of doors, besides all the criticism which it has in the House. After the bill is actually brought in, it has to pass the House in three readings, to say nothing of proceedings in committee. No such forms can exclude partisan spirit, which may doubtless be fanatical; but this is quite different from the hot blood of haste. Strong fanaticism will listen to arguments with apparent patience, but with deaf apathy. To gain time for reconsideration is then of no avail. But it seems the direct opposite of truth, to say that the British House of Commons is too rash and rapid, prone to fits of passion, and needing to be retarded by a second chamber. Notoriously we suffer under severe inconvenience from the sluggishness with which the legislature ever halts behind the urgent needs of the day. Acceleration, not retardation, is needed. Indeed, if we choose this as the battle-field in favour of a House of Lords, it will be joyfully accepted by the implacable enemies of that institution; who will parade the successive instances in which the Lords put their veto on the Commons, and mischievously delayed measures which were ultimately conceded to be inevitable, or short of what was just. From such instances the inference will be drawn, that a second chamber is a pernicious superfluity. But we decline to set the argument on that basis.

Nor is this all: for it is proper to gather up results from the experience of a chamber far more democratic than is our English Lower House. It is not easy to devise any representative institution more democratic in its elementary composition than the House of Representatives in the United States. Not only are all men voters, but each State has a number of representatives increasing with its population, so as to secure (by a self-acting system without need of Reform Bills) that the more populous districts shall not be outvoted by the less populous. Since every man above the age of twenty-one has a vote, the more numerous younger men, if they chose, could easily outvote the elder in the election: and if popular passion *can* agitate a representative assembly, it there may seem to have free course. Yet what has been the history of this very popular chamber? We do not refer to speeches, but to votes, to acts. No one can impute to it hasty and rash legislation. Its faults have often been those of too much caution, too slow action: but there has been no vacillation, no violent impulse this way and that way: no intolerance of deliberation, or passionate hurry. And as to its need of being *checked* in legislation by the veto of the Upper Chamber, it is on the contrary notorious that that veto has eminently been a stronghold of injustice. Since each State, large or small, sends two members to the Upper House or Senate, the slaveholders were always able to wield the veto of the Senate against any action of the Lower House in favour of the coloured race; and those Americans who approach politics solely from the moral side, pronounce that every oligarchical influence among them has been a force in the scale of injustice. No case, we believe, can be fairly made out for an Upper Legislative Chamber from such considerations.

But the argument, thus put, is unfair. It assumes a state of things in which the chamber called Upper is upper only in name and in rank, and has the mere negative function

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of a *veto*; which perhaps is not wanted at all, and certainly ought not to be its only, nor its chief duty. If we go back to the Roman Senate in its best day, we see a very different state of relations. The Senate had no veto on the popular legislation, nor, strictly speaking, any legislative power; yet all the ordinary legislation originated in the Senate, which devised and shaped bills, and deputed the consul to propose them for ratification by the popular assembly. If a senate consist of two or three hundred elder men who have served in high offices with distinction, and, among them, understand every part of the public administration, the measures which it suggests will come with peculiar weight. It may have class prejudices, but high talent. If it have the will, it is likely to have the ability, to do its work better than can be expected from a Lower House, elected by popular vote. Nevertheless, in legislation proper, it is hard to say that the legislation of an Upper House is really needed, when the lower legislative assembly contains (as in modern days) only select representatives, and not the citizens in mass, as in the old city-states. The functions of even the Roman Senate in *controlling the administration* and in *directing all foreign affairs*,—war, peace, treaties, embassies, reception of ambassadors,—were of greater moment than its legislative action, though that action was more valuable, when legislation went on by *folk-mote*, than it can be in our very different state. So too, if one ask a well informed and deep-thinking citizen of the United States, what have been the benefits of their Senate, he cannot possibly reply, that it has stemmed the passion of the Lower House, or moulded into higher perfection their crude measures; but he will say,—it has been the organ for controlling the administration, and for directing foreign affairs.

That the English House of Lords does not perform these functions, is most true. Whether it be too late for a change, by which it may hereafter perform them, there will be great difference of opinion. Before setting forth what advantages would accrue from the change, let us consider by what organs these two vital functions are at present performed among us, and how far with advantage. And first, how are foreign affairs directed?

The Queen's Ministry, by long habit, not by any statute law, is formed under one chief, or premier, who expects a select number of his colleagues to sit with him in secret cabinet. They there resolve on their foreign policy, of which the immediate manager is called Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The Cabinet, representing the Crown, feels itself competent to make treaties, except that it will not promise pecuniary payments without the consent of the House of Commons. Short of this, it can make any treaty; it can put forth any manifesto to the courts of Europe, public or secret. If it cannot actually decide on war or peace, it can bring things to such a point that war is either scarcely avoidable or scarcely possible. War cannot be *declared* by the Cabinet, which is a body unknown to the law, equally with the phrase 'the Queen in Cabinet.' But the Cabinet can resolve to summon the Privy Council, and in summoning it can hope and count that no one summoned will come, except the Cabinet itself. That part of the Privy Council which is not in the ranks of the ministry, by the routine of etiquette stays away: such is the tacit understanding by which the power of a ministry is increased. Thus the Cabinet, assembling under the name of the Privy Council, can do that which it could not do as the Cabinet, namely, advise and effectually guide

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Her Majesty to declare war. In Asiatic affairs less ceremony is needed. When war is to proceed as from India, and its expenses are to be defrayed from Indian funds, it is only necessary to command the Governor-General of India to declare war, or to make war without any declaration. Our Chinese wars were strictly wars made from England at English expense; yet they were begun, carried on and finished without declaration of war at all. As such, they were in law piratical; nevertheless, the ministerial organs of the press represented the proceeding as a great improvement; especially, because it enabled our merchants to carry on trade with the subjects of the Emperor of China while we were fighting with him, which would have been treasonable, had we been professedly at war with him. But, no war having been declared, the state of things was legally peace. Again, our Persian war was made on account of a purely English quarrel; yet it was never proclaimed in Europe. Orders were sent from England to Calcutta to make war. A fleet thence sailed into the Persian Gulf. Our representative in Bushire escaped into it when it was almost within sight, and war was proclaimed when it came within gunshot of the land. The Syrian war against the Pasha of Egypt was undertaken as a friendly aid of internal police to the Sultan against a troublesome subject, and therefore, it seems, needed no consent of Parliament and no solemn declaration; although it all but involved us in war with France; an event which could scarcely have been avoided, if our naval successes had not been complete before winter set in. Parliament is not consulted early enough to give it real control over foreign affairs. Hostilities once begun, to back out of them is very difficult; conversely, the time of action once lost, to recover it is impossible.

Treaties of extreme importance can be made by the Cabinet without any cognisance of Parliament. The treaties concerning Denmark which were not heard of until they had been made, and were not understood when published, all but involved us in a war against Germany. Our many treaties with Turkey, wise or unwise, good or bad, were made by our ministries, and certainly so entangled us with Turkey as to involve great and anxious national responsibilities. A treaty made with Portugal concerning Oporto wine long hampered vexatiously the freedom of Parliament to legislate. As for secret *despatches* concerning foreign affairs, no one can say, hardly can one guess, how wide and curious has been ministerial activity. Whithersoever a ship can sail, thither a secret despatch from the Foreign Office is likely to go, nor do Englishmen much grudge this; perhaps they are rather proud of it, highly inconvenient as have been many of the results. More serious are the despatches and manifestoes which concern great continental interests. Those written in 1831 and 1856 concerning Poland, came to light indirectly and long after date; they were certainly too important to have been decided in secret by any Cabinet. When the Hungarian Diet in 1861 was engaged in not very amicable controversy with the Austrian Dynasty, Baron Eotvos, in an elaborate speech, argued that Hungary could not be incorporated with Austria, while Austria was part of the Germanic Confederation, and one of his reasons was, because (said he) England and France in 1848 declared in a solemn manifesto to the courts of Europe that they would never consent to Germany containing so many millions.

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This was evidently understood by them as a threat of war on our part, if Hungary were absorbed into the Germanic Confederation. Now, it is strange, that we never met an Englishman who had ever before heard of such a manifesto. It may be from our own inadvertence or forgetfulness, but we did read this statement in Eotvos's speech with extreme surprise. If an English Ministry is capable of threatening war against seventy million persons, in case of their daring to unite themselves; if also such threat can remain for years a secret to the English Parliament and public, it certainly shows that the Cabinet regards the conduct of foreign affairs to be its own secret privilege and almost its independent domain.

This is undoubtedly a wholly modern development, and we have first to consider whether it is an improvement on our older system. Under Queen Elizabeth the Privy Council was a reality; now it has become a shadow. The difference thus brought about is very momentous. A Cabinet is merely an oligarchy within a single party; the Privy Council embraces, like the old Roman Senate, the experienced men, of whatever party, who have served in high office. Let us take the strongest and most important case, a resolution of war. War, voted by the whole Privy Council, is decided by representatives of the collective state; but war, voted by the mere Cabinet, is a one-sided decision. Upon every ground of prudence, war should never be undertaken until after a grave deliberation in which the voice of every side of the State is heard; nay, on the ground of justice also, the objections of the minority ought frankly to be considered. To allow the in-party to entangle a nation in war by its own secret will and act, is what no one could approve, if institutions were under debate; and in fact, it has only grown up by (what we suppose may be termed) connivance and neglect of duty on the part of privy councillors. It is the more noxious in principle, because a ministry perpetually loses office, or gains office, on some side issue, wholly unconnected with foreign affairs. Thus, a Cabinet which succeeds to power because its predecessor had a bad finance minister or was ecclesiastically displeasing to Ireland, may forthwith take up foreign affairs in a spirit widely less agreeable to Parliament and to the nation than the Cabinet which it has superseded.

Nor is this all, but in the Cabinet no one votes under the same responsibility as in the Privy Council. Each vote in the Cabinet is a permanent secret and is probably given at the last, for the sake of peace and unanimity, on the side of the majority or on the side of the most resolute minister; if there be one who has so strong a judgment that he will rather break up the Cabinet than yield it. Thus each man's individuality is absorbed in his party. But a Privy Councillor's oath, according to the old constitution, bound him as an individual to give his own best advice to the Sovereign, which he wrote down and signed, as we read. This, if faithfully retained, would forbid any one to vote for a war which he disapproved; but would force him in preference to disoblige his party. Moreover, his solemn sworn advice being given in the presence of political opponents, he would not be able to argue in Parliament (for the convenience and at the bidding of his Cabinet) on the side opposite to his own convictions. That a Cabinet could not endure its private dissensions to be displayed in public, we are of course aware; but our present object is to show how grave a change has been made for

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the convenience and by the secret will of cabinets; and how the security against unjust or unwise wars has been overthrown in the Privy Council, and (we much fear) by an actual breach of Privy Councillors' oaths, certainly not without alternate connivances.

To the foreigner, every nation desires to present itself as an unchanging unit, except in a crisis where pride has to make a concession, and submit to a total change of policy. Thus in general every Cabinet tries to adopt the dry outlines of its predecessor's conduct, even when its spirit is widely different. But this cannot give any real satisfaction to the foreigner, to whom in the long run policy guided by changing cabinets must seem shifty and 'perfidious.' It cannot be pretended that we have won credit with foreign nations by the general working of this institution. Permanence and individual responsibility are elements earnestly to be desired. But we must turn to another side of this question, which assumes an ever-growing importance, and perhaps is destined ere long to eclipse all others: we mean, the relations of England towards India, which are not generally included in foreign affairs.

Nevertheless, India is essentially a foreign country, almost a foreign continent. In no case can the English who reside on the soil be more than a sprinkling, and they are not yet so many as one to a thousand. The numerous nations of India have laws, institutions, languages, and manners differing from one another, as well as differing from us. In the present stage of affairs, the minister for India, a subordinate of the prime minister, is absolute despot over all Indian details, except in so far as appeal to Parliament may succeed in obtaining a reversal of his proceedings. This absolute power has in law been held by the British Cabinet ever since the Board of Control was instituted; but its exercise was generally limited to the questions of war and peace, and our relations to Indian princes; so as only indirectly to affect the internal affairs of strictly British India. Since 1858 the direct and complete internal power has been assumed by the Secretary for India, the screen of the Company being swept away. In the last crisis of change, a great anxiety was expressed, lest, as a consequence, the management of Indian affairs should vacillate with the changes of English ministries. All deprecated such a result; though Earl Russell dropt a phrase to the effect that he feared it could not be helped. Events have recently proved that he was right. Lord Cranborne had addressed himself with conscientious energy to Indian affairs, and had already earned esteem from the natives of India. Sir Charles Wood was warmly remembered by them, as having been their protector against the local Indian Government and the indigo planters on some critical occasions. It is therefore the more honourable that Lord Cranborne in one short year should have been able to make himself sincerely regretted: nay, he is praised for having acted with an equity and wisdom towards the Rajah of Mysore, which, under Whig rule, had been denied. And now, why has Lord Cranborne been suddenly withdrawn from a post for which he had begun to attain the specific knowledge and to earn that very precious possession, the goodwill of India? Simply because he did not move so fast as Lord Derby in the direction of popularising our House of Commons. But India has no House of Commons. No one is just now proposing to introduce our representative institutions there. A faithful impartiality as to appointing natives or Englishmen in the administration, and an equitable treatment of Indian

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princes, are the two things primarily needful to win Indian loyalty. An energetic and equitable chief administrator ought to be kept in his post, without any reference to our English party struggles. To eject him because he dislikes English household suffrage, is as wise as to recal an admiral from the fleet when the enemy is in sight, because he dislikes a recent charge of domestic policy which the Ministry has adopted. More, surely, need not be said to show the essential monstrosity of governing India by the modern English Cabinet doctrines.

If our Upper House deserved its name, not only foreign affairs, but Indian affairs also, would be far more steadily, energetically, and responsibly conducted by it than they possibly can be by any shifting Cabinet, which is not only secret, but acts under the minimum of personal responsibility. The Cabinet, not the individuals composing it, have the odium of an unjust war or an unwise treaty. Even the speeches of ministers in Parliament are spoken for the Cabinet more than for themselves. Self-preservation is a Cabinet's first business. A man who thinks more of right and justice than of his party and of the ministry to which he belongs (short-lived as it generally is), loses reputation, and is thought to be a dangerous and shabby colleague. Yet eminently in questions of war and peace, and such dealings with the foreigner as, when unjust, lead to war, *good* institutions will make it the duty of each statesman to vote from his conscience, without regard to his party; and where this conduct is enforced by the institutions themselves, no man loses reputation by conscientiousness. The rules of our old Privy Council did at least aim at this. When we allow Cabinets to study their own convenience first, and put the laws of morality in the second place, it is futile to expect in the long run any good national results. Sow thistles, and you will not rear grapes.

But we proceed to the second head,—the Control of the Administration. In the theory of the English Constitution, as generally expounded, the Lower House of Parliament not only makes and unmakes Cabinets: it also controls them. In purely domestic matters this is true to a considerable extent. If the Ministry desired to enforce regulations offensive to any large part of the community, especially to the constituents, the Commons would not sanction the bills required. In this sense the Lords have a control nearly co-ordinate with the Commons: for money bills are seldom the sole authorisation needed for an important novelty. Not only so, but in a majority of cases the Lower House does not dare to use against ministers its power of refusing their bills; for it is always dreading lest the Ministry should resign or dissolve Parliament. The function of destroying and the function of controlling Cabinets are essentially incongruous. The hands which can destroy are by the very fact made unfit to exercise efficient control. If a particular department of government is ill administered, it is impossible to foresee whether the House of Commons, however resolute, will be able to enforce a change: for if the Cabinet refuse to yield, they may threaten to resign; and by resigning (which in such case is similar to the *strike* of workmen against their employer) they force the country to submit to the loss of ten servants whom they value, because there is (perhaps) one servant with whom they are dissatisfied; or (what is generally closer to the truth) Parliament will have to dismiss a Cabinet which holds ten good principles in order to put down one bad principle: and when it is dismissed, Parliament may find itself obliged to endure a

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Cabinet which on the whole it likes less than that which has resigned. This holding together of two great parties, each under one leader, and each regarding its party organisation as of higher moment than the judgment of the Lower House, reduces the control of the administration by that House to very narrow limits. And the power of dissolution makes the House weaker still: for a dissolution is, first, a severe pecuniary penalty upon nearly every member, especially on those who represent numerous constituencies; next, it causes so enormous a stoppage of public business, and is in itself so great an infliction on the nation, that (independently of any personal considerations) the members may think it a greater mischief than the evil which they desire to control. And if a dissolution take place, it is often impossible to make, or to expect, the elections to turn upon the particular question on which the ministry has refused to submit to censure.

Nothing of this is mere à priori fancy, but it is all notorious matter of fact. We know that in foreign affairs a minister can always evade the control of Parliament by giving the necessary information too late, or imperfectly, or by saying that it will be hurtful to the public interests. In 1853 Parliament was even hindered from debating by such pleas; although in the retrospect we see, that, had it then spoken out, it would have given warning in time, and would have stopped the emperor Nicolas from the conduct which drew after it our Russian war. In 1856 again, when by a very decisive majority the House condemned the second Chinese war, begun by one civil officer on his own responsibility, Lord Palmerston, then Premier, would not endure the subordinates of the executive to be responsible to any but himself; and though apparently regretting the war, determined to persevere in it. Accordingly he dissolved Parliament, and gave out that he was not indisposed to carry a Reform Bill. The constituencies understood little of the Chinese war, and ministerial influences prevailed to return a Parliament from which several of the most active assailants of the war were absent. In consequence, no one dared to moot the subject. Neither did the opponents reaffirm, nor the minister seek to rescind, the vote. He was satisfied with his practical triumph, and with having punished those who dared to censure his subordinates.

Still more recent events have strikingly shown that even when a ministry is in avowed minority, the House cannot legislate. In the Reform Bill of this year, the majority has so dreaded to throw out the ministry on the one hand, or to cause a dissolution on the other, that it split into disunion and gave to Mr. Disraeli a successful vote instead of controlling him. The majority can eject him, no doubt; but to eject is not to control, for ejection is too heavy and too severe a weapon to be used in any but extreme cases. As few seem duly to understand this, we will use an extravagant illustration. Suppose a law which allowed parents to cut off their children's heads or hands, but forbad all smaller punishments: it is clear that such a law would virtually decree that puerile offences should go unpunished. We regard it as perfectly barbarian, when there is no remedy for a king's misgovernment but deposition. The remedy is too severe for any but the direst and most inveterate offences; and the person to be thus punished has so great force to struggle against it, that the convulsion from the remedy in general seems worse than the disease. Now (in a measure) the same is true, when a ministry cannot be checked and controlled in detail, but can only

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be expelled, and a successor with the very same powers installed. Our kings have been controlled only by insisting that their ministers shall be such as Parliament approves. Ministers cannot be really controlled, until their subordinates, and every side of their policy, are open to the free criticism of an external national organ; —which among ourselves must be, a House of Parliament.

It may seem paradoxical to say it, but we believe that even now the House of Lords (for good or for evil) *controls* ministers more than does the House of Commons; and all the more, because it cannot *eject* them from office. The influence is generally unseen to the public and untalked of, expressly because it is so effectual as to need no struggle, no discussion. The Lords are to the ministry a fixed unalterable fact. No dissolution inconveniences that House, much less changes it. For popularity it cares little: nay, reading only what is acceptable to an aristocracy, it is often profoundly ignorant of the national sentiment. A ministry does not greatly need to please the Lords in its ordinary executive action; for over this they have no veto: but in legislation, it is most anxious not to encounter their opposition, yet never thinks of resigning, if opposed. Thus the control is not a mere grumbling too late, but acts by anticipation, to prevent, not to punish; and this is the best form of control. (Whether the Lords use it wisely or unwisely, is no part of our present argument.) Moreover, although it is limited to legislation, and does not touch money-bills, yet it indirectly concerns a very large and important part of *government*, in a nation whose population increases; moreover, whose art and science, trade and manufacture, are receiving perpetual development. The government of such a nation cannot go on without a perpetual addition to its laws, over every one of which the House of Lords has a veto. For under 'laws' we include not only general propositions, but local and even private bills, and enactments that facilitate the machinery of government. The criticism of any new schemes whatsoever by the House of Lords is generally more thorough and searching than that of the Commons, not solely because the Lords have less to do (though there is much in that) but also because they are far more fearless, and are less biassed by side-glances at the danger of disgusting a ministry.

Now in regard to appeals from India, let us contrast what is with what might be. When Lord Dalhousie annexed Sattara to the British dominions, Mr. Hume tried to move Parliament against it. The merits of the question were not for a moment listened to. One consideration prevailed. 'It will never do to censure, and probably eject, a Whig ministry with which we are satisfied, and bring in a Tory ministry which we do not want, about a *mere* Indian question. And, after all, what do we understand about India? Mr. Hume may be right; but if once we begin to interfere, we shall have to govern all India; and we cannot do that.' The House did not try the question as judges between the people of Sattara and the Governor-General: they practically refused to try it at all. In consequence Lord Dalhousie proceeded with his confiscations of Indian royalties, until Oude also was swallowed. The Princess of Oude came in person to England to bear her appeal,—whether to Queen Victoria or to the Parliament, she did not distinctly know. Her appeal could not get any hearing, and the Indian Mutiny followed, as our frightful punishment. Since then, an Indian Prince (Azeem Jah of the Deccan, if we

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remember the name) brought before our House of Commons his appeal against an executive measure which deprived him of his throne. But the benches were emptied by the unwillingness of the members to vote, where the vote ought to have been a judicial verdict; and his appeal was disposed of by a coterie of ministers and placemen,—by that very Executive against which he came to appeal. We do not write this as blaming the individual members of Parliament; for no better result could ordinarily be expected. The functions demanded of them are evidently too numerous and too arduous. If on the contrary the appeals from India had come legitimately and directly to the House of Lords, there would have been a new tribunal and a real hearing. The treaties by which Sattara was constituted an independent kingdom would have been judicially considered, and Lord Dalhousie's frankly uttered argument for annexation (viz. the fact that, until annexed, Sattara could not be taxed for the benefit of the British treasury) would have shown them how little judicial was *his* treatment of the subject. It is certainly within possibility that the House of Lords would have saved us from the Indian mutiny, if, for the ten years previous, access to it as a Court of Appeal had been open to Indian princes.

We have not yet mentioned the exceptional, yet vital, function of this House as the highest Judicial Court, dealing with appeals which transcend the ordinary law. It is long since the Commons have accused a minister before the Lords, and there is strong reason to believe that such an event will not occur again. Nevertheless, it is necessary that such a Court should lie in the background as a possibility: and meanwhile, there are other matters on which no year passes without appeal to the Lords. If we were making new institutions in a new world we might inquire whether a Supreme Court, like that of the United States, without any legislative functions at all, might not be better: but the events at this very moment going on across the Atlantic warn us of the weakness of the American institution. The Supreme Court, while we write, is dealing under judicial colours with questions essentially political, which it is simply impossible for the Congress to allow it to decide. The interval which must pass before our words meet the reader's eye, makes it wiser to say only that the North already mutters the threat of reorganising the Court, instead of enduring its jurisdiction. These events are a warning to us, that the highest judicial questions, involving great political issues, cannot be entrusted to a mere bench of judges, who are but a few accomplished individuals. The verdict will have to be given by a political body, and that, the highest in the land. A select Upper House is evidently the fittest tribunal for such critical decisions, and might yet be of vast use to us in our Indian perplexities.

No constitutions intimately known to us have been more elaborate than those of ancient Rome and the modern United States; and in this connection it is of high interest to consider more in detail the specific action of the *Senate*. The Roman executive had nothing approaching to our Cabinet system. It consisted of very numerous individuals elected by popular suffrage, neither in mutual harmony, nor in any general subordination. A consul was superior to a prætor or a quæstor, where an action was open to all of them in common; but two consuls, two quæstors, were equals in dealing with any joint affairs, and were often in no amicable relations. From a miscellany of executive officers thus elected, one

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might have expected a hideous mismanagement of affairs; and undoubtedly many a disastrous military defeat was incurred from the want of capacity in generals-in-chief thus elected. But that happens also (and perhaps as often) when seniority, or purchase, or royal rank, or aristocratic favour determines who shall be commander-in-chief: at the same time it is remarkable how seldom any military evil was ascribable to the popular civil election of the secondary military officers, whom we may call *colonels*. But we must not deviate to the army. The civil executive of the Romans, after the Punic wars, became vast: the topics of high policy were numerous: the reorganisation of conquered countries involved an immensity of intricate business: no end of questions had to be discussed and decided. Moreover, the whole of the high executive within Rome itself was entirely changed every year, and no man could hold office in consecutive years. He was elected for one year only, and he must descend into a private station before he could become a candidate again: such was the rule, and only for high public reasons could it be dispensed with. And as to be re-elected into the same function after a year's interval was extremely rare, and very seldom desired, the offices of every year were filled by men totally new to them. Of course the clerks remained unchanged, and were able to give indispensable information. Nevertheless, an executive so arranged may seem chaos, and nothing else, to one who has looked on cabinet-unity under a single chief as the standard type of government. Why then was there no chaos? Why was the Roman executive eminently energetic and eminently successful in the objects immediately aimed at? The answer is short: Because the Senate guided and controlled it: prescribed the policy, and required the execution. Yet Englishmen who assume to be practical and experienced, and to speak with authority, tell us that it is absolutely *impossible* for a numerous body, a Senate (say) of 300 men, to draw up, dictate, and enforce a policy for executive officers to carry out: nay, one is reproached with ignorance and absurdity for expecting any efficient control of a ministry by a parliament. To say that it is impossible to either *English* House, constituted as they now are, and banded into parties as they now are, is one thing—and may be true: to say that it is impossible to a rightly constructed senate is clearly false; for it is at once refuted by the Roman Senate, which had to deal with the problem in its most difficult form. To allege, therefore, the inability of our English Parliament, will simply prove the need of more fundamental reform than the objectors are willing to contemplate.

The American executive, and the functions of the Senate towards it, differ very widely from those of ancient Rome. Here also the popular will has in many cases an initiative in pressing forward an individual for high office: thus, a particular State may warmly urge and request that one of its citizens, whom it names to the President, may receive such or such a post. Nevertheless, it is only a petition, only a suggestion; though not offensive as such, and often accepted. But the actual appointment is *made* by the President and *confirmed* by the Senate; and this joint action is expressed in the diploma which confers the office. Thus the Senate has a legal and effective veto on every appointment. We had something of the kind until 1858 in regard to the Governor-General of India, who was appointed by the Crown and confirmed by the Hon. East India Company. Hereby the Company not only had

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a veto, but in an extreme case, might withdraw a Governor-General, and in fact depose him by a simple act of will. This the Company actually did in the celebrated case of Lord Ellenborough, because they disapproved of his filling civil posts with military officers. It cannot be doubted that the American Senate, if it were united and resolute, might in like manner eject by their simple will and two-thirds vote any officer whose diploma was received 'with the Senate's consent.' But this is a case quite exceptional, and could only occur when treason was apprehended and the President blind or in connivance. The practical daily efficacy of the Senate's control does not turn on its power of ejecting, but on its need of concurrence in appointing: and experience shows this to be of very great importance, even while the President and the Senate are in general harmony. Since 1860 the civil war and its consequences have made motives and events too complicated to be treated briefly: hence we confine our remarks to the seventy years which preceded 1860. Both at the first, while the fathers of the republic lived and their sentiments ruled, and afterwards, when zeal for slavery became a creed and a fanaticism, the majority of the Senate was in general sympathy with the President. Whatever may be said against the policy of the republic in the second period; if we call it grasping, unscrupulous, rude, inhuman; yet no one can deny that the offices were filled by energetic and competent men, who did efficiently the task confided to them. No disasters were incurred even in new and difficult undertakings, such as the Mexican war, by favouritism or party exigencies: yet most of the later Presidents were men of inferior talent, to whom the consistent energy of the administration cannot be imputed. Evidently then we must impute it to the control exercised by the Senate.

There are many Englishmen who talk high about some 'eminent administrator,' who is one day or other to set us all to rights, and to still the outcry for administrative reform. After this, it seems, we are to have no more Bala Clava blunders, no inefficient military commanders, no ruinous admiralty jobs, no absurd martello towers or useless fortifications, no mortality in soldiers from injudicious orders and unhealthy barracks, no appointment of high-paid superiors for doing little and that little ill, while ill paid subordinates do much and laboriously. But, when the revenues to be spent yearly amount to thirty or forty millions, and men who wield political influence press on a ministry to give appointments to younger relatives and other dependents, nothing is more evident than that the influence of the wisest and most energetic administrator can only last for a short season. The odium which he encounters is great; attacks on his policy by vehement haters must undermine his power, except when he is the visible organ of an administrative revolution popularly predetermined. The pressure of private cupidity is eternal; and to expect a 'great administrator' as a permanent barrier against it, is as hopeful a dream as that of a 'judicious despot.' We must not count on pre-eminent men, but only on average goodness, average firmness, and solid talent; and to bridle universal cupidity, we must look to good institutions, not to superiority of individuals.

Notoriously, the pressure of partisans for office is often highly embarrassing and unacceptable to an English ministry. Seldom indeed can a premier dare to act the part of a Chatham, be his administrative ability what it may. Against his will, he finds himself forced to

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give this and that piece of preferment, and (unless whispers are very false) is sometimes disgusted at the bad appointments which the necessity of party extorts from him. He would be glad of some decent ground of refusing, which the applicant must admit to be sufficient. This is just what an American President gets from the power of the Senate. He can reply to one who presses on him an unworthy candidate for office, that he fears the Senate will refuse to confirm; which would damage the candidate as well as the President. A check which operates thus to *prevent* the appointment of men ostensibly or glaringly unfit, must be a great and welcome relief to the bestower of patronage, and is probably ten times as effective as any imaginable power of calling afterwards for redress and punishment. Nothing can be more lugubrious in impotency, than such 'commissions of inquiry' as our Parliament from time to time issues. Such was that concerning the Crimean disasters. We do but shut the stable door, after the steed is stolen; and rarely indeed is either any one punished, or the chief offender made prominent. Parliament has not yet learned even that control ought to be preventive.

The cause of their blindness and helplessness is very clear; it is because they look to ministers to invent the organisation which is to bridle ministers. In the same spirit the members say, that it is utterly impossible for the House to legislate on important questions except by the leading of ministers; a statement which is true enough as long as each of the two great parties can cohere under party discipline, and each is resolved *not to allow* private members to assume the initiative of great questions. Both parties are likely to keep up this regimen so long as they can; and so long, the House does not control the administration, or guide the legislation; but (to use a phrase of Lord Palmerston's) it merely determines *who* shall guide the destinies of the country, or, more accurately, it determines which of the two parties shall have the guidance.

So far we have been showing that the House of Commons, which has absolute power to annihilate a ministry, is very feeble to control domestic or Indian administration or foreign policy, and very helpless to guide legislation. If we were willing to do as is done in the United States, totally exclude ministers from the House, sharply separate the executive from the legislative, insist that the executive shall confine itself to the task which is already enough and too much, that of simply administering; then the Commons would of necessity trust to their own energies, and would find to their surprise that under Queen Victoria, equally as under Charles I., they can act without ministerial guidance. Yet, even so, threats of resignation would make it hard for this House to *control* the administration effectively; and to advise such a change is absurd, when it can only be carried by a ministry, and no ministry is likely to entertain the thought. Lord Macaulay indeed extolled our confusion of legislative and executive functions as a glorious invention; and, we suppose, a century must pass, or frightful calamity occur, before English opinion will reverse his judgment. We therefore turn to the Upper House, and ask, whether under any admissible modifications it may fulfil the functions in which the Commons House is deficient.

We have already observed that the House of Lords, by its veto on all legislative acts except money bills, does actually exert a powerful though unseen control over a very large part of the administra-

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tion. Evidently it would be greater still if the Lords had the same high duties as the American Senate, of confirming appointments to office, and of regulating foreign policy; still more, if the final decision concerning all Indian questions fell to the Lords. *Supposing the Upper House to have the moral and intellectual qualities requisite for such duties*, who can doubt that it would be very desirable to impose such duties upon it? Let the reader kindly permit us to assume that the House collectively *may* or *might* have such qualities, which many peers individually beyond question do eminently possess. Not to grant to us for a moment such assumption, is equivalent to saying that an Upper House is 'a delusion, a mockery and a snare,' is a nuisance which ought to be swept away. We do not anticipate such to be the probable judgment of our readers, and therefore we venture to follow up the argument, What new advantages might under our hypothesis be reaped from the House of Lords?

That House, not having to make and unmake Cabinets, saves all the time which is spent on party struggles in the Lower House. If it sat only half the time that the Lower House sits, and three hundred peers, as able as peers ought to be, really assembled, it would have time and energy for an immensity of business. Nearly all that domestic legislation *which is in no immediate relation to executive necessities*, might proceed from the Lords, and come from them to the Commons in so well prepared and almost perfect a state, as to need but little time from the Lower House; in which case, good measures would seldomer than now be delayed by the preoccupation of Parliament. The time of the Lower House would be economised; so would the time of ministers; and all would do their work better. Things might so come round, that the Commons would have for their chief business bills connected with immediate administrative exigencies; the Lords would have the initiative of such laws as are *not* so connected; and private bills would be cast upon local legislatures, as soon as Parliament got enough spare time and spare energy to devise the necessary machinery. At present, they go on with grossly imperfect organs, and are ruinously over-worked, barely because they have *not* the free time and energy needed to create the new organs wanted. Nor must we wholly omit the topic, which derives weight from the history of our Cabinets; that in time of war our domestic legislation is now paralysed. War not only preoccupies the ministry, but makes it extremely timid, lest it give advantage to domestic opponents in a single needless enterprise. Thus our institutions went to decay for near a century and a half. So much of legislation.

Next, as to foreign affairs. It is impossible now to restore the Privy Council to its *legal* efficiency, such as it really exercised under the Tudors. Deliberating in secret, under no restraint from public cognisance, it needs a severe superior, such as a sovereign who governs as well as reigns; a sovereign, who will use the ministers and their opponents as a mutual control, and can at pleasure confront each counsellor by his own sworn advice. A sovereign who reigns and does not govern, cannot perform this function through her prime minister. Events have shown that the Cabinet makes a tool of the Privy Council without resistance from the Opposition. Men are not fond of having to deliver and record solemn opinions where they are not on equal terms with their habitual opponents; indeed (it seems) the Opposition, expecting to fill Cabinet posts in turn themselves, choose to

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aggrandise the Cabinet rather than to uphold the ancient legal position of the Privy Council. In short, the soul of modern freedom lies in publicity; and the nation is not likely to bestir itself in favour of reanimating a secret and half obsolete power. Yet the present mode of conducting Foreign Affairs by the Cabinet has been highly mischievous, and is condemned alike by the results and by all reasonable theory; while its legality is at least doubtful. Such frightfully ruinous and needless wars as the two American, and the war against the French republic; so many unjust wars as we have fought in Asia; rise up in judgment against Cabinet policy. By the nature of the case, a transitory power is unfit to be entrusted with permanent interests. We might have known perfectly beforehand, what is abundantly clear in the retrospect, that a Cabinet, which has often to struggle for existence, and is in alarm how to get through the year, cannot afford to study distant advantage. It yields to merchants who clamour for trade at the cannon's mouth, to military and civil officials greedy for promotion through conquest, or to a court full of dynastic schemes. The proper function of executive officers is, to execute a *given* foreign policy, not to invent and guide. Judicial questions here take the lead: for their decision we need a deliberative body, containing every side of the State, every faction and every interest; and if the House of Commons were independent of ministers, no body could more fitly dictate our entire foreign policy, including treaties and embassies, as well as war and peace. But, inasmuch as our other inveterate principles incapacitate the Commons for taking such a lead, wisdom seems to dictate that we should look to the Upper House for it. Supposing its *personnel* to be such as alone can justify or at all guarantee the permanence of the institution, it is exactly suited to fulfil the obsolete functions of the Privy Council.

It would be highly proper to make every peer take the Privy Councillor's pledge of secresy concerning ministerial documents. After this, every peer might have the right to read every despatch of the Foreign Office and every reply received, just as does the American Senate. The Peers might, in place of the Privy Council, declare war and peace, and have the exclusive right of advising the Queen to make treaties. Then no war and no treaty would be able to steal on us unawares, but the entire nation would act together, and with such steadiness as to command confidence and respect with the foreigner.

Not less urgent is the importance of our Upper House becoming a real supreme judicial court, for maintaining the rights of the princes of India, and an authoritative expounder of the treaties which have passed between us and them. *Without such a court they cannot be safe*; —Lord Dalhousie's annexations warned them that each in turn was to be devoured, and the recent escape of Mysore (if indeed it be yet a real escape) forbids them to feel assurance that the Queen's proclamation was anything but soft words made for the moment of our danger. It is impossible that they can be really loyal to the British crown, while they are without legal protection against a secretary whose pen can dethrone them: and until they are loyal, *we* have no security; we pay the penalty in thousands of soldiers' lives every year sacrificed to the climate. We are wasting with an ulcer which incapacitates us in Europe, and must doom us at length to be driven ignominiously out of India, unless it be cured; that is, unless we win the free and honourable allegiance of both princes and people. The first step to this is, to give them a judicial court

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that can decide between the princes and our executive. We know none so proper as the House of Lords. And out of this would arise a much greater activity of that House as to *all* Indian questions, and much greater weight of authority. This also is extremely needed: for it is manifest that the Commons feel themselves but half competent even for Irish questions, and resolutely refuse to judge those of India. On the other hand, every Indian Board or Council, whatever it may be called, is either dependent on the Ministry, or is utterly deficient in weight to resist their decisions. Until India can have its own Parliament, it needs to find in England such protection as only our Upper House can give it.

But now (it may be asked) of what are we talking? Do we forget that the vast majority of the English peers have no taste for public duty, and that out of more than 300 it is a fair house if 30 attend? Do we forget that the absent peers habitually degrade the Upper House from being a deliberative body into (what we above called) a *voting-machine*, by sending their proxies as votes when they have not heard the debates? Such facts are highly discouraging. They are triumphant arguments to those who hope to see the Upper House reduced to impotency or swept away. But we will add,—to those who would rather preserve than destroy, to those who know how hard it is to invent *de novo* a vital organ, except in the midst of a destructive general overturn,—these sad facts are an overpowering reason for grappling with the question of Reform of the Lords, before it is too late. This House is still powerful; it may do us much good, or much harm. If allowed to decay, it afflicts us meanwhile with stagnation or half-measures, and undermines attachment to the Constitution. To those who fancy that this House at present is simply effete and harmless, *not* a real power, we point to the history of the second Reformed Parliament.

During the first Reformed Parliament the Lords were prostrate; were probably panic-struck, and did not move against the Ministry. In the second Parliament everything changed. The East India Company put its veto on the Ministry as to a vital principle of administration, and the Ministry was afraid to resent it. The Lords saw their time, and vetoed Lord Morpeth's Irish Church Bill. The Ministry submitted to that also. Thereupon the Lords took courage to obstruct systematically, and Lord Lyndhurst in successive sessions summed up the bills which the Ministry had been unable to carry, taunted them with their impotence against the Lords, and bitterly insulted the Irish nation in order to aggravate the difficulties of the Whigs in power. The Whigs have *never* faltered in their belief that it was right and necessary to reform the Irish Church: yet for thirty years that have since passed they made no new attempt. Dread of the House of Lords has ever since held their hands. Are not then the Lords a real power in the empire? and is it not important to have that power act as a joint worker, not as an obstruction and a paralysis?

To forbid all voting by proxy is evidently the first necessary thing. It is a high and great function to legislate for such an empire; and to vote without hearing deliberation is little else than contempt of fellow legislators and proud wilfulness. Again; no peer can soberly think that he is allowed such a function for his personal satisfaction, and that it rests with his caprice to fulfil it or neglect it. One who is habitually absent, really abdicates his function, like a king who leaves his country or a magistrate who is never at his post. It would be a

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very safe measure, to pronounce that those peers who in any year were absent (say) nine hours out of ten, showed either disinclination or unfitness for the duty. If ill health was the cause, and the ill health was not transitory, it remains a good reason for relieving such peer of his functions.

At the same time everything points to the wisdom of Lord Palmerston's move for the creation of *life* peers. Practically, in order to have in the House legal men competent to hear appeals, there is a constant effort after life peers; for it is notorious that those lawyers are preferred who are childless and likely to be childless. But a still more important point is, that the men, who are to be our glory or our shame in the Upper House, should not be appointed because they are rich and have spent money in the cause of a party, nor because it will bring some indirect transitory convenience to a minister; but because they are such as will be a strength to their country, and such as the country will love to honour. This will be attained, so far as any regulations can secure it, if a minister, before recommending any person to her Majesty for a peerage, be bound to ask of the Commons a vote in his favour, declaring that *by reason of his public merit* he is fit to become a legislator in the Upper House. The high honour would be coveted by all the foremost minds. The sons of peers would wish to be thus promoted in their fathers' lifetime. If those peers who have abdicated their duties were forbidden to vote by proxy, a large number of life peers would be visibly needed to fill the House reasonably; and alike by numbers and by talents they would take the real effective lead. Thus, with honour to the Upper House and without convulsion, it might be so regenerated, that there could be no impropriety, nor any public timidity, in calling it to new activities and nobler tasks, for the benefit of the empire, and with very conservative results for the upper classes and the throne.

F. W. Newman.

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'A CHARM OF BIRDS.'

IS it merely a fancy that we English, the educated people among us at least, are losing that love for spring which among our old forefathers rose almost to worship? That the perpetual miracle of the budding leaves and the returning song-birds awakes no longer in us the astonishment which it awoke yearly among the dwellers in the old world; when the sun was a god who was sick to death each winter, and returned in spring to life and health, and glory; when the death of Adonis, at the autumnal equinox, was wept over by the Syrian women, and the death of Baldur, in the colder north, by all living things, even to the dripping trees, and the rocks furrowed by the autumn rains; when Freya, the goddess of youth and love, went forth over the earth each spring, while the flowers broke forth under her tread over the brown moors, and the birds welcomed her with song; when, according to Olaus Magnus, the Goths and South Swedes had, on the return of spring, a mock battle between summer and winter, and 'welcomed the returning splendour of the sun with dancing and mutual feasting, rejoicing that a better season for fishing and hunting was approached?' To those simpler children of a simpler age, in more direct contact with the daily and yearly facts of Nature, and more dependent on them for their bodily food and life, winter and spring were the two great facts of existence; the symbols, the one of death, the other of life; and the battle between the two—the battle of the sun with darkness, of winter with spring, of death with life, of bereavement with love—lay at the root of all their myths and all their creeds. Surely a change has come over our fancies. The seasons are little to us now. We are nearly as comfortable in winter as in summer, or in spring. Nay, we have begun, of late, to grumble at the two latter as much as at the former, and talk (and not without excuse this year) of the treacherous month of May, and of 'summer having set in with its usual severity.' We work for the most part in cities and towns, and the seasons pass by us unheeded. May and June are spent by most educated people anywhere rather than among birds and flowers. They do not escape into the country till the elm hedges are growing black, and the song-birds silent, and the hay cut, and all the virgin bloom of the country has passed into a sober and matronly ripeness—if not into the sere and yellow leaf. Our very landscape painters, till Creswick arose and recalled to their minds the fact that trees were sometimes green, were wont to paint few but brown autumnal scenes. As for the song of birds, of which in the middle age no poet could say enough, our modern poets seem to be forgetting that birds ever sing.

It was not so of old. The climate, perhaps, was more severe than now; the transition from winter to spring more sudden, like that of Scandinavia now. Clearage of forests and drainage of land have equalised our seasons, or rather made them more uncertain. More broken winters are followed by more broken springs; and May-day is no longer a marked point to be kept as a festival by all childlike hearts. The merry month of May is merry only in stage songs. The May garlands and dances are all but gone: the borrowed plate, and the milkmaids who borrowed it, gone utterly. No more does Mrs. Pepys go to lie at Woolwich, 'in order to a little ayre and to gather May-dew'

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for her complexion, by Mrs. Turner's advice. The Maypole is gone likewise; and never more shall the puritan soul of a Stubbs be aroused in indignation at seeing 'against Maie, every parish, towne, and village assemble themselves together, both men, women, and children, olde and young, all indifferently, and goe into the woodes and groves, hilles and mountaines, where they spend the night in pastyme, and in the morning they returne, bringing with them birch bowes and braunches of trees to deck their assembly withal. . . . They have twentie or fourtie yoke of oxen, every oxe having a sweete nosegay of flowers tyed on the tippe of his hornes, and these draw home this Maypole (this stincking idol rather) which is covered all over with flowers and hearbes, with two or three hundred men, women, and children following it with great devotion. . . . And then they fall to banquet and feast, daunce and leap about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idolles, whereof this is a perfect pattern, or the thing itself.'

This, and much more, says poor Stubbs, in his 'Anatomie of Abuses,' and had, no doubt, good reason enough for his virtuous indignation at May-day scandals. But people may be made dull without being made good; and the direct and only effect of putting down May games and such like was to cut off the dwellers in towns from all healthy communion with Nature, and leave them to mere sottishness and brutality.

Yet perhaps the May games died out, partly, because the feelings which had given rise to them died out before improved personal comforts. Of old, men and women fared hardly, and slept cold; and were thankful to Almighty God for every beam of sunshine which roused them out of their long hybernation; thankful for every flower and every bird which reminded them that joy was stronger than sorrow, and life than death. With the spring came not only labour, but enjoyment:

> In the spring, the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love,

As lads and lasses, who had been pining for each other by their winter firesides, met again, like Daphnis and Chloe, by shaugh and lea; and learnt to sing from the songs of birds, and to be faithful from their faithfulness.

Then went out troops of fair damsels to seek spring garlands in the forest, as Scheffel has lately sung once more in his 'Frau Aventiure;' and, while the dead leaves rattled beneath their feet, hymned 'La Regine Avrillouse' to the music of some Minnesinger, whose song was as the song of birds; to whom the birds were friends, fellow-lovers, teachers, mirrors of all which he felt within himself of joyful and tender, true and pure; friends to be fed hereafter (as Walther von der Vogelweide had them fed) with crumbs upon his grave.

True melody, it must be remembered, is unknown in the tropics, and peculiar to the races of those temperate climes, into which the song-birds come in spring. Some of the old German Minnelieder seem actually copied from the songs of birds. 'Tauderadei' does not merely ask the nightingale to tell no tales; it repeats, in its cadences, the nightingale's song, as the old Minnesinger heard it when he nestled beneath the lime tree with his love. They are often almost as inarticulate, these old singers, as the birds from whom they copied their notes; the thinnest chain of thought links together some bird-like refrain: but they make up for their want of logic and reflection by the depth of their passion, the perfectness of their harmony with nature. The inspired Swabian, wan-

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dering in the pine-forest, listens to the blackbird's voice till it becomes his own voice; and he breaks out, with the very carol of the blackbird—

Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell.
Pfeifet de Wald aus und ein, wo wird mein
Schätze sein?
Vogele im Tannenwald pfeifet so hell!

And he has nothing more to say. That is his whole soul for the time being; and, like a bird, he sings it over and over again, and never tires.

Another, a Nieder-Rheinischer, watches the moon rise over the Löwenburg, and thinks upon his love within the castle hall, till he breaks out in a strange, sad, tender melody—not without stateliness and manly confidence in himself and in his beloved—in the true strain of the nightingale:

Verstohlen geht der Mond auf,
Blau, blau, Blümelein,
Durch Silberwölkchen führt sein Lauf.
Rosen im Thal, Mädel im Saal, o schönste
Rosa!
. . . . . .
Und siehst du mich,
Und siehst du sie,
Blau, blau, Blümelein,
Zwei treu're Herzen sah'st du nie;
Rosen im Thal u. s. w.

There is little sense in the words, doubtless, according to our modern notions of poetry; but they are like enough to the long, plaintive notes of the nightingale to say all that the poet has to say, again and again, through all his stanzas.

Thus the birds were, to the mediæval singers, their orchestra, or rather their chorus; from the birds they caught their melodies; the sounds which the birds gave them they rendered into words.

And the same bird key-note surely is to be traced in the early English and Scotch songs and ballads, with their often meaningless refrains, sung for the mere pleasure of singing:

Binnorie, O Binnorie,

or

With a hey lillelu and a how lo lau,
And the birk and the broom blooms bonnie,

or

She sat down below a thorn,
Fine flowers in the valley,
And there has she her sweet babe born,
And the green leaves they grow rarely.

or even those 'fal-la-las,' and other nonsense refrains, which, if they were not meant to imitate bird notes, for what were they meant?

In the old ballads, too, one may hear the bird key-note. He who wrote (and a great rhymer he was)—

As I was walking all alane,
I heard twa corbies making a mane,

had surely the 'mane' of the 'corbies' in his ears before it shaped itself into words in his mind: and he had listened to many a 'woodwele' who first thrummed on harp, or fiddled on crowd, how—

In summer, when the shawes be shene,
And leaves be large and long,
It is full merry in fair forest
To hear the fowles' song.

The wood-wele sang, and wolde not cease,
Sitting upon the spray;
So loud, it wakened Robin Hood
In the greenwood where he lay.

And Shakespeare—are not his scraps of song saturated with these same bird notes? 'Where the bee sucks,' 'When daisies pied,' 'Under the greenwood tree,' 'It was a lover and his lass,' 'When daffodils begin to peer,' 'Ye spotted snakes,' have all a ring in them which was caught not in the roar of London, or the babble of the Globe theatre, but in the woods of Charlecote, and along the banks of Avon, from—

The ouzel-cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throstle with his note so true;
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray—

and all the rest of the birds of the air.

Why is it again, that so few of

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our modern songs are truly songful, and fit to be set to music? Is it not that the writers of them—persons often of much taste and poetic imagination—have gone for their inspiration to the intellect, rather than to the ear? That (as Shelley does by the skylark, and Wordsworth by the cuckoo), instead of trying to sing like the birds, they only think and talk about the birds, and therefore however beautiful and true the thoughts and words may be, they are not song? That they have not, like the mediæval songsters, studied the speech of the birds, the primæval teachers of melody, nor even melodies already extant, round which, as round a framework of pure music, their thoughts and images might crystallise themselves, certain thereby of becoming musical likewise. The best modern song writers, Burns and Moore, were inspired by their own old national airs; and followed them, Moore at least, with a reverent fidelity, which has had its full reward. They wrote words to music; and not, as modern poets are wont, wrote the words first, and left others to set music to the words. They were right; and we are wrong. As long as song is to be the expression of pure emotion, so long it must take its key from music,—which is pure emotion, untranslated as yet into the grosser medium of thought and speech—often (as in the case of Mendelssohn's songs without words) not to be translated into it at all.

And so it may be, that in some simpler age, poets may go back, like the old Minnesingers, to the birds of the forest, and learn of them to sing.

And little do most of them know how much there is to learn; what variety of character, as well as variety of emotion, may be distinguished by the practised ear, in a 'charm of birds' (to use the old southern phrase), from the wild cry of the missel-thrush, ringing from afar in the first bright days of March, a passage of one or two bars repeated three or four times, and then another and another, clear and sweet, and yet defiant (for the great 'storm-cock' loves to sing when rain and wind is coming on, and faces the elements as boldly as he faces hawk and crow)—down to the delicate warble of the wren, who slips out of his hole in the brown bank, where he has huddled through the frost with wife and children, all folded in each other's arms like human beings, for the sake of warmth,—which, alas! does not always suffice; for many a bunch of wrens may be found, frozen and shrivelled, after such a winter as this last. Yet even he, sitting at his house-door in the low sunlight, says grace for all mercies (as a little child once worded it) in a song so rapid, so shrill, so loud, and yet so delicately modulated, that you wonder at the amount of soul within that tiny body; and then stops suddenly, as a child who has said its lesson, or got to the end of the sermon, gives a self-satisfied flirt of his tail, and goes in again to sleep.

Character? I know not how much variety of character there may be between birds of the same species, but between species and species the variety is endless, and is shown—as I fondly believe—in the difference of their notes. Each has its own speech, inarticulate, expressing not thought but hereditary feeling; save a few birds who, like those little dumb darlings, the spotted flycatchers, who have built under my bed-room window this twenty years, seem to have absolutely nothing to say, and accordingly have the wit to hold their tongues; and devote the whole of their small intellect to sitting on the iron rails, flitting off them a yard or two to catch a butterfly in air, and flitting back with it to their nest.

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But listen (to return) to the charm of birds in any sequestered woodland, on a bright forenoon in June. As you try to disentangle the medley of sounds, the first, perhaps, which will strike your ear will be the loud, harsh, monotonous, flippant song of the chaffinch, and the metallic clinking of two or three sorts of titmice. But above the tree-tops, rising, hovering, sinking, the woodlark is fluting, tender and low. Above the pastures outside the skylark sings—as he alone can sing; and close by, from the hollies rings out the blackbird's tenor—rollicking, audacious, humorous, all but articulate. From the tree above him rises the treble of the thrush, pure as the song of angels: more pure, perhaps, in tone, though neither so varied nor so rich, as the song of the nightingale. And there, in the next holly, is the nightingale himself: now croaking like a frog; now talking aside to his wife on the nest below; and now bursting out into that song, or cycle of songs, in which if any man finds sorrow, he himself surely finds none. All the morning he will sing; and again at evening, till the small hours, and the chill before the dawn: but if his voice sounds melancholy at night, heard all alone, or only mocked by the ambitious black-cap, it sounds in the bright morning that which it is, the fulness of joy and love. True, our own great living poet tells us how—

> In the topmost height of joy
> His passion clasps a secret grief,—

and Coleridge may have been somewhat too severe when he guessed that—

> Some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced
> With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
> Or slow distemper, or neglected love
> (And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,
> And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
> Of his own sorrow)—he and such as he,
> First named these sounds a melancholy strain,
> And many a poet echoes the conceit.

But that the old Greek poets were right, and had some grounds for the myth of Philomela, I do not dispute, though Sophocles, speaking of the nightingales of Colonos, certainly does not represent them as lamenting. The Elizabethan poets, however, when they talked of Philomel, 'her breast against a thorn,' were unaware that they and the Greeks were talking of two different birds—that our English Lusciola Luscinia is not Lusciola Philomela, which (I presume) is the Bulbul of the East. The true Philomel hardly enters Venetia, hardly crosses the Swiss Alps, ventures not into the Rhine-land and Denmark, but penetrates (strangely enough) further into South Sweden than our own Luscinia: ranging meanwhile over all Central Europe, Persia, and the East, even to Egypt. Whether his song be really sad, let those who have heard him say. But as for our own Luscinia, who winters not in Egypt and Arabia, but in Morocco and Algeria, the only note of his which can be mistaken for sorrow, is rather one of too great joy; that cry, which is his highest feat of art, which he cannot utter when he first comes to our shores, but practises carefully, slowly, gradually, till he has it perfect by the beginning of June; that cry, long, repeated, loudening and sharpening in the intensity of rising passion, till it stops suddenly, exhausted at the point where pleasure, from very keenness, turns to pain.

How different in character from his song is that of the gallant little black-cap in the tree above him. A gentleman he is of a most ancient house, perhaps the oldest of European singing birds. How perfect must have been the special organisation which has spread, seemingly without need of alteration or im-

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provement, from Norway to the Cape of Good Hope, from Japan to the Azores. How many ages and years must have passed since his forefathers first got their black caps? And how intense and fruitful must have been the original vitality which, after so many generations, can still fill that little body with so strong a soul, and make him sing as Milton's new-created birds sang to Milton's Eve in Milton's Paradise. Sweet he is, and various, rich, and strong, beyond all English warblers, save the nightingale: but his speciality is his force, his rush, his overflow, not so much of love as of happiness. The spirit carries him away. He riots up and down the gamut till he cannot stop himself; his notes tumble over each other; he chuckles, laughs, shrieks with delight; throws back his head, droops his tail, sets up his back, and sings with every fibre of his body: and yet he never forgets his good manners. He is never coarse, never harsh, for a single note. Always graceful, always sweet, he keeps perfect delicacy in his most utter carelessness.

And why should we overlook, common though he be, yon hedge-sparrow, who is singing so modestly, and yet so firmly and so true? Or cock-robin himself, who is here, as everywhere, honest, self-confident, and cheerful? Most people are not aware, one sometimes fancies, how fine a singer is cock-robin now in the spring time, when his song is drowned by, or at least confounded with, a dozen other songs. We know him and love him best in winter, when he takes up (as he does sometimes in cold, wet summer days) that sudden wistful warble, struggling to be happy, half in vain, which surely contradicts Coleridge's verse:

In nature there is nothing melancholy.

But he who will listen carefully to the robin's breeding song on a bright day in May, will agree, I think, that he is no mean musician; and that for force, variety and character of melody, he is surpassed only by black-cap, thrush, and nightingale.

And what is that song, sudden, loud, sweet, yet faltering, as if half ashamed? Is it the willow wren, or the garden warbler? The two birds, though very remotely allied to each other, are so alike in voice, that it is often difficult to distinguish them, unless we attend carefully to the expression. For the garden warbler, beginning in high and loud notes, runs down in cadence, lower and softer, till joy seems conquered by very weariness; while the willow wren, with a sudden outbreak of cheerfulness, though not quite sure (it is impossible to describe bird songs without attributing to the birds human passions and frailties) that he is not doing a silly thing, struggles on to the end of his story with a hesitating hilarity, in feeble imitation of the black-cap's bacchanalian dactyls.

And now—is it true that

In nature there is nothing melancholy?—

Mark that slender, graceful, yellow warbler, running along the high oak boughs like a perturbed spirit, seeking restlessly, anxiously, something which he seems never to find; and uttering every now and then a long anxious cry, four or five times repeated, which would be a squeal, were it not so sweet. Suddenly he flits away, and flutters round the pendant tips of the beech-sprays like a great yellow butterfly, picking the insects from the leaves; then flits back to a bare bough, and sings, with heaving breast and quivering wings, a short, shrill, feeble, tremulous song; and then returns to his old sadness, wandering and complaining all day long. Is there no melancholy in that cry? It sounds sad: why should it not be

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meant to be sad? We recognise joyful notes, angry notes, fearful notes: They are very similar (strangely enough) in all birds. They are very similar (more strangely still) to the cries of human beings, especially children, when influenced by the same passions. And when we hear a note which to us expresses sadness, why should not the bird be sad? Yon woodwren has had enough to make him sad, if only he recollects it; and if he can recollect his road from Morocco hither, he maybe recollects likewise what happened on the road—The long weary journey up the Portuguese coast, and through the gap between the Pyrenees and the Jaysquivel, and up the Landes of Bordeaux, and through Brittany, flitting by night, and hiding and feeding as he could by day; and how his mates flew against the lighthouses, and were killed by hundreds; and how he essayed the British Channel, and was blown back, shrivelled up by bitter blasts; and how he felt, nevertheless, that 'that was water he must cross,' he knew not why: but something told him that his mother had done it before him, and he was flesh of her flesh, life of her life, and had inherited her 'instinct' (as we call hereditary memory, in order to avoid the trouble of finding out what it is, and how it comes). A duty was laid on him to go back to the place where he was bred; and he must do it: and now it is done; and he is weary, and sad, and lonely; and for aught we know thinking already that when the leaves begin to turn yellow, he must go back again, over the Channel, over the Landes, over the Pyrenees, to Morocco once more. Why should he not be sad? He is a very delicate bird, as both his shape and his note testify. He can hardly keep up his race here in England; and is accordingly very uncommon, while his two cousins, the willow-wren and the chiff-chaff, who, like him, build for some mysterious reason domed nests upon the ground, are stout, and busy, and numerous, and thriving everywhere. And what he has gone through may be too much for the poor woodwren's nerves; and he gives way; while willow-wren, black-cap, nightingale, who have gone by the same road, and suffered the same dangers, have stoutness of heart enough to throw off the past, and give themselves up to present pleasure. Why not?—who knows? There is labour, danger, bereavement, death in nature; and why should not some, at least, of the so-called dumb things know it, and grieve at it as well as we?

Why not?—Unless we yield to the assumption (for it is nothing more) that these birds act by some unknown thing called instinct, as it might be called x or y; and are, in fact, just like the singing birds which spring out of snuff-boxes, only so much better made, that they can eat, grow, and propagate their species. The imputation of acting by instinct cuts both ways. We, too, are creatures of instinct. We breathe and eat by instinct: but we talk and build houses by reason. And so may the birds. It is more philosophical, surely, to attribute actions in them to the same causes to which we attribute them (from experience) in ourselves. 'But if so,' some will say, 'birds must have souls.' We must define what our own souls are, before we can define what kind of soul or no-soul a bird may or may not have. The truth is, that we want to set up some 'dignity of human nature;' some innate superiority to the animals, on which we may pride ourselves as our own possession, and not return thanks with fear and trembling for it, as the special gift of Almighty God. So

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we have given the poor animals over to the mechanical philosophy, and allowed them to be considered as only mere cunningly devised pieces of watch-work, if philosophy would only spare us, and our fine human souls, of which we are so proud, though they are doing all the wrong and folly they can from one week's end to the other. And now our self-conceit has brought its own Nemesis; the mechanical philosophy is turning on us, and saying, 'The bird's "nature" and your "human nature" differ only in degree, but not in kind. If they are machines, so are you. They have no souls, you confess. You have none either.'

But there are those who neither yield to the mechanical philosophy nor desire to stifle it. While it is honest and industrious (as it is now) it can do nought but good, because it can do nought but discover facts. It will only help to divide the light from the darkness, truth from dreams, health from disease. Let it claim for itself all that it can prove to be of the flesh, fleshly. That which is spiritual will stand out more clearly as of the Spirit. Let it thrust scalpel and microscope into the most sacred penetralia of brain and nerve. It will only find everywhere beneath brain and beneath nerve, that substance and form which is not matter or phænomena, but the Divine cause thereof; and while it helps, with ruthless, but wholesome severity, to purge our minds from idols of the cave and idols of the fane, it will leave untouched, more clearly defined, and therefore more sacred and important than ever—

> Those first affections,
> Those shadowy recollections,
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet the master light of all our seeing;
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
> To perish never;
> Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
> Nor man nor boy,
> Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
> Can utterly abolish or destroy.
> . . . . . .
> Then sing, ye birds, sing out with joyous sound,

as the poet philosopher bids you. Victorious analysis will neither abolish you, nor the miraculous and unfathomable in you and in your song, which has stirred the hearts of poets since first man was man. And if any one shall hint to us that we and the birds may have sprung originally from the same type; that the difference between our intellect and theirs is one of degree, and not of kind, we may believe or doubt: but in either case we shall not be greatly moved. 'So much the better for the birds,' we will say, 'and none the worse for us. You raise the birds towards us, but you do not lower us towards them. What we are, we are by the grace of God. Our own powers and the burden of them we know full well. It does not lessen their dignity or their beauty in our eyes to hear that the birds of the air partake, even a little, of the same gifts of God as we. Of old said St. Guthlac in Crowland, as the swallows sat upon his knee, "He who leads his life according to the will of God, to him the wild deer and the wild birds draw more near;" and this new theory of yours may prove St. Guthlac right. St. Francis, too, he called the birds his brothers. Whether he was correct, either theologically or zoologically, he was plainly free from that fear of being mistaken for an ape, which haunts so many in these modern times. Perfectly sure that he himself was a spiritual being, he thought it at least possible that birds might be spiritual beings likewise, incarnate like himself in

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mortal flesh; and saw no degradation to the dignity of human nature in claiming kindred lovingly with creatures so beautiful, so wonderful, who (as he fancied in his old-fashioned way) praised God in the forest, even as angels did in heaven. In a word, the saint, though he was an ascetic, and certainly no man of science, was yet a poet, and somewhat of a philosopher; and would have possibly—so do extremes meet—have hailed as orthodox, while we hail as truly scientific, Wordsworth's great saying—

> Therefore am I still
> A lover of the meadows and the woods
> And mountains; and of all that we behold
> From this green earth; of all the mighty world
> Of eye and ear—both what they half create,
> And what perceive; well pleased to recognise
> In Nature and the language of the sense,
> The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
> The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
> Of all my moral being.'

C. KINGSLEY.



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THE LATE LORD PLUNKET.[1]

THE annals of Ireland are the most melancholy and depressing of all annals. They read as if a curse was laid upon her from her earliest connection with England to this hour. She is always struggling and insurrectionary, always looking forward to a constantly receding future, never prosperous, hopeful, or independent; and, worst of all, deriving no strength, no confidence, or substantial benefit of any kind—hardly a fair proportion of national glory—from the genius, eloquence, statesmanship, or heroic qualities of her sons. Moore represents the Genius of Erin weeping over the sad record:

> But, oh! how the tear in her eye-lids grew bright,
> When after whole pages of sorrow and shame,
> She saw History write,
> With a pencil of light
> That illum'd all the volumes, her Wellington's name.

Yet who associates the name of Wellington, except incidentally, with Irish history? The hero of a hundred fights and his illustrious brother did much to consolidate the British empire and elevate the British name—little or nothing to raise the country of their birth. The same may be said of Burke, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Thomas Moore, and Swift, who, as Macaulay remarks, would have thought it an insult to have been called an Irishman. Their brilliant endowments were displayed on an alien soil, and their imperishable productions form part of an alien literature.

There was a period, however, in which a galaxy of Irish celebrities shone in and for Ireland: when she flung off her provincial fetters and rose up a nation: when her own Parliament and halls of justice rang with her own oratory, and the social circles of her metropolis glowed with wit and beauty of domestic growth, hardly inferior to that which about the same time clustered around Charles James Fox and Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire. In long after life Curran, one of the brightest ornaments of that society, touchingly recalled to another (Bushe) then seated on the Bench, 'the remembrance of those Attic nights, and those refections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired, and respected, and beloved companions who have gone before us, over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. . . . Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never more return, for—

> We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine:
> But search of deep philosophy,
> Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
> Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.'

This Augustan era of Ireland was transitory as bright. It lay between the Declaration of Independence in 1782 and the rebellion of 1798. It rose in splendour and it set in blood. Its brevity was beautifully shadowed forth by Grattan, when he exclaimed, 'The Parliament of Ireland: of that assembly I have a parental recollection. I sate by her cradle, I followed her hearse.' He spoke of the free Parliament of Ireland which lasted till the Union; and the champions of free institutions will dwell with pride upon the fact, that her intellectual and material resources received their fullest development during the brief

[1] *The Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket.* By his grandson, the Hon. David Plunket. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Brougham. In two volumes. London: 1867.

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interval when the incubus of British supremacy was thrown off. Some of the principal illustrations of that Parliament were enumerated by Grattan on another memorable occasion. 'The pamphlet (Lord Clare's) in its oblique censure, and in its direct animadversion, disparages every great act and every distinguished character in this country for the last fifty years—Mr. Malone, Lord Pery, the late Lord Shannon, the Duke of Leinster, the Ponsonbys, Mr. Brownlow, Sir William Osborne, Mr. Burgh, Mr. Daly, Mr. Yelverton, Mr. Ogle, Mr. Flood, Mr. Forbes, Lord Charlemont, and myself. I follow the author through the graves of those honourable dead men, for most of them are so, and I beg to raise up their tombstones as he throws them down. I find it more instructive to converse with their ashes than with his compositions.'

If the vindication had not been limited to the subjects of the calumny, the list might have comprised many more whose memories the patriot orator would equally have rejoiced to dwell upon — Curran, Bushe, Burrowes, and, last not least, Plunket, the ablest of those who compassed the last grand object of Grattan's life, the emancipation of the Catholics, and the Irishman who did most to prolong the independence of his country and brighten the fading halo with which her short-lived freedom had surrounded her. No one who ever heard Plunket in the senate or the forum will talk lightly of Irish eloquence, or associate it with that school of which the late Charles Phillips was the popular type, till he settled down into an Old Bailey practitioner—a subsidence which provoked the remark that he had gone up like a rocket and come down like (not the stick but) a good useful tallow candle.

It has been a general matter of regret that no adequate record has been completed of the wit and eloquence of Lord Plunket; and we hailed with pleasure the appearance of his *Life, Letters, and Speeches*, by his grandson. The book is a valuable addition to biographical literature: the design is commendable, and the tone good; but we cannot say that it has satisfied our expectations. What was wanted, in addition to a carefully collected reprint of the speeches, was a work (like Phillips' *Recollections of Curran*) manifesting a perfect familiarity in his best days with this remarkable man, and bringing him, the centre figure of an animated group, life-like before the mind's eye. We should prefer the vivid impressions of a contemporary to the tributary compilation of a descendant; and even as regards the compilation, we were not long in finding that much valuable material has been neglected or inconsiderately set aside. The speeches, and fragments of speeches, in these volumes, ought not to be put forward as the best or only authenticated remains of the advocate who is bracketed by qualified judges with Curran, Erskine, and Berryer—of the orator who inherited the mantle of Grattan, held his own with Canning, and contended on equal terms with Brougham.

The introductory preface by his noble antagonist and friend has done much to supply the deficiency of which we complain, by blending personal traits and touches with sound criticism; and with such additional information as we have procured by private inquiry or research, we will endeavour to sketch the career and exemplify the distinctive merits of this, the last survivor of an extraordinary race.

William Conyngham Plunket was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, whose reputation as a preacher had caused him to be promoted from a provincial ministry to that of the first dissenting community of Dublin. His social position was high, and his opinion on the subject of oratory

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was so much valued and sought after, that a comfortable seat in the stranger's gallery of the House of Commons, long known as Dr. Plunket's stall, was by courtesy allowed to him. He died in 1778, before he had made any provision for his widow and family beyond the education he had bestowed on his children; but so liberal a subscription was raised, that their circumstances and prospects were little, if at all, affected by his death. William, born in June 1764, was then fourteen, and continued to attend a day-school, kept by the Rev. Lewis Kerr, till 1779, when he was entered a student of Trinity College. The character he had acquired at this time was that of 'a clever, hard-headed boy, very attentive to his books, and very negligent of his person.' After carrying off the class prize twice against formidable competitors, he obtained a scholarship on very high marks, and about the same time joined the Historical Society, which largely influenced his career, as well by the friendships he formed in it as by the course of reading and the peculiar training it induced.

Despite of the grave objections urged against debating societies in universities, as tending to distract attention from the regular studies of the place, their utility for students intended for public life is no less obvious than their attractiveness. Composition, oral or written, and what has been happily termed the art of thinking on one's legs, can only be acquired or matured by practice. 'No man is the lord of anything till he communicate his thoughts to others:' we are never certain of our knowledge till we have arranged, condensed, and formulated it in words; and the mental confusion so frequently discerned in men of learning or research raises a strong presumption that they have shrunk from the intellectual labour of sifting and utilising their stores. A young man of talent and ardent aspirations, who gets upan historical subject for a debating club, will read with avidity and compose with care. The readiest at improvisation are those who write the most; and their mastery of the weapons of controversy must give them a decisive advantage over the rival who relies exclusively on facts he cannot marshal, authorities he cannot enforce, and convictions he cannot amplify into argument.

There have been heaven-born orators, as there have been heaven-born statesmen and generals; but the names of a large majority of the best speakers in the British Parliament during the present century will be found on the rolls of the Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Dublin, and London debating clubs; and as regards Dublin, success in the Historical Society commonly led to success in every walk of life which was left open to Irish ambition. It was in the height of its glory when Plunket became a member, and he had to struggle for such honours and prizes as were to be won in it against Bushe, Burrowes, Magee, Wolfe Tone, Thomas Addis Emmett, and many other young men of promise. Before the lapse of his second year, he was twice elected president, and had obtained the society's medals for oratory, history, and composition.

This brilliant and exciting episode was succeeded by one which brought his possession of a rarer and still more valuable class of qualities to the test. It is comparatively easy to read and compose with a view to immediate results in the shape of prizes and applause: it is a very different thing to acquire and digest a mass of dry and repulsive knowledge which may not bear fruit for many a slow revolving year, perhaps never bear fruit at all. We learn that, having finished his Dublin law-terms, Plunket was entered on the books of Lincoln's

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Inn in 1784; and for a year and a half he lived in London and its suburbs, chumming with Peter Burrowes and some other Irish students in very humble lodgings.

'The note-books,' continues the biographer, 'which he filled at this time afford a curious record of the manner in which he acquired his exact and well arranged knowledge of the great principles of jurisprudence, and trained his matchless memory for the performance of the intellectual feats which so often astonished those who met him in after life. In these books I find each doctrine canvassed and tested by a comparison of cases bearing upon it, and by the consideration of remote consequences that might arise in applying to practice. Thus, in studying Fearne on Contingent Remainders, which treatise seems then to have been his favourite work, he debated every inch of ground with the author, and in reading Blackstone and Coke satisfied his own mind of each dictum before admitting its validity.'

He returned to Dublin in May 1786, and was called to the Bar in Hilary Term 1787. The comparison which his residence in London had partially enabled him to draw between the English and the Irish Bar, was not favourable to his countrymen, so far at least as regular and sober habits were concerned. Writing to an old friend, he says:

> I have not been able to read a word since I came home, and, indeed, it is almost impossible for any man who shares in the dissipation that prevails amongst the legal men here to do so. The taste for idleness and debauchery which pervades the whole profession would, in my opinion, alone be sufficient to account for the difference between the legal information of the two countries.

His Historical Society reputation stood him in good stead from the commencement. It got him briefs, and prepared as he was by his London studies, he made the best of his opportunities. His professional progress was rapid, but no forensic display of his of any interest has been preserved; and we must hurry on to the period when he entered the last Irish Parliament as member for the borough of Charlemont, on the nomination of the patriot Earl, the celebrated commander of Volunteers. Indeed, to come at once to adequate specimens of his manner and power upon adequate occasions, we must pass over some intervening skirmishes, and dash into the thick of the Union debates, in which two figures tower pre-eminent, like two of Homer's heroes confronted in the field—Lord Castlereagh and himself.

That noble lord, then in his parliamentary and political noviciate, carried with him little or none of the weight and authority which he afterwards acquired; and he was at no time distinguished for command of language or rhetorical skill. But he had indomitable strength of will, haughty self-reliance, a lofty sense of honour, personal courage amounting to absolute fearlessness, and never-failing readiness to encounter responsibilities of all sorts, which made him the aptest and most formidable organ and instrument of the policy which the English government were resolved on carrying out at all hazards. There was, moreover, much to be said for that policy, if the connection with England was to be deemed paramount, and Irish feelings were to be laid out of the account.

The most cursory glance at the party annals of the two countries will show that if, from 1782 to 1800, the Irish Parliament had been left to itself, without any attempt to harmonise its action by corruption, Ireland must speedily have become as independent of England as Hanover. Would she, whenever an English Cabinet was upset by a coalition, an Indian Bill, or a Regency question, have complacently

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accepted a new viceroy, as the court of Paris or Vienna accepts a new ambassador, and have simultaneously adopted the principles and policy of the new government? Clearly not, and therefore ample means were placed at the disposal of the lordly occupant of the Castle for the time being to secure a majority in both Houses. There were heads of powerful families, popularly called managers, who, in consideration of places, pensions, titles, and gratuities, voted, and made their dependants vote, regularly on the side of ministers, whether Whig or Tory, as was the uniform practice of the English bishops within living memory. There were, also, waiters on providence who might be retained in an emergency; and thus a crisis was staved off, although at an annually increasing cost of money and principle.

At last Pitt resolved to grapple with the difficulty and if possible make an end of it once for all—by purchasing in gross what he would otherwise have had to go on purchasing in detail; by capitalising, as it were, his means of corruption, and buying all the venal peers, borough-mongers, placemen and place-hunters, in a lump. Ample funds were granted by the British Parliament, and the execution of the scheme was entrusted to Lord Cornwallis and Lord Castlereagh. An extraordinary system of intimidation was also organised. Sir Jonah Barrington relates that a dinner was given by Lord Castlereagh at his house in Merrion Street, to eighty of his supporters, 'tried men belonging to fighting families,' at which it was resolved to take every opportunity of making the question a personal one. The resolution to this effect, moved by Sir John Blaquière, was carried enthusiastically; and it was arranged that twenty or thirty of the party should dine together every day in one of the committee rooms, where they would be ready for an *emergency*.

At an opposition meeting, at Charlemont House, the day following, no reluctance was shown to take up the glove (or gloves) thus chivalrously thrown down; yet Sir Jonah complains that the supporters of the Union 'indisputably showed more personal spirit than their opponents during the session.' Just so, we have heard Lady Morgan complain, on the authority of Sir Richard Musgrave, that the royal troops showed more spirit and were more popular in the disturbed districts than the rebels, by reason of their greater readiness to enforce belligerent rights against the fair sex. Be this as it may, we know of no specific signs of quailing on the part of the anti-Unionists,—with one exception, which is apocryphal. Charles Phillips used to relate that Lord Castlereagh was in treaty with an anti-union member, who fell ill before the conclusion of the bargain, and was at death's door for some days, during which he repented of his misdoings. On becoming convalescent his first act was to request an interview with his noble seducer, whom he informed that, so soon as he was strong enough, he should come down to the House and state all that passed between them. 'And if you do,' was the reply, 'I will give you the lie direct on the spot, and shoot you the next morning.' The member held his tongue.

Grattan's affair with Corry during these debates shows that he had no disinclination to act on the well known maxim which he bequeathed to his sons, 'Always be ready with your pistol;' and much of Plunket's language sounds as if uttered for the express purpose of provoking the Castle fire-eaters. Thus, in the first Union debate, on Barrington's denouncing the mode in which the minister was endeavouring to secure a majority, he

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was called to order by Corry and Beresford, who threatened to have his words taken down. Plunket interfered:

'I have no idea that the freedom of debate shall be controlled by such frequent interruptions. I do not conceive that my honourable friend is out of order, and when my turn comes to speak, I shall repeat these charges in still stronger language, if possible, and indulge gentlemen at the other side of the House with an opportunity of taking down my words if they have any fancy to do so.'

He was as good as his word. Rising directly after Lord Castlereagh, he delivered an invective which has never been surpassed in haughty and concentrated bitterness:

'The example of the Prime Minister of England, imitable in its vices, may deceive the noble lord. The Minister of England has his faults. He abandoned in his latter years the principles of reform, by professing which he had attained the early confidence of the people of England, and in the whole of his political conduct he has shown himself haughty and intractable; but it must be admitted that he is endowed by nature with a towering and transcendent intellect, and that the vastness of his resources keeps pace with the magnificence and unboundedness of his projects. I thank God that it is much more easy for him to transfer his apostasy and his insolence than his comprehension and his sagacity; and I feel the safety of my country in the wretched feebleness of her enemy. I cannot fear that the constitution which has been founded by the wisdom of sages, and cemented by the blood of patriots and of heroes, is to be smitten to its centre by such a green and sapless twig as this.'

He becomes, if possible, still more contemptuous as he proceeds:

'But, sir, we are told that we should discuss this question with calmness and composure. I am called on to surrender my birthright and my honour, and I am told I should be calm and should be composed. National pride! Independence of our country! These, we are told by the Minister, are only vulgar topics fitted for the meridian of the mob, but unworthy to be mentioned to such an enlightened assembly as this; they are trinkets and gewgaws fit to catch the fancy of childish and unthinking people like you, sir, or like your predecessor in that chair, but utterly unworthy the consideration of this House, or of the matured understanding of the noble lord who condescends to instruct it! Gracious God! We see a Pery reascending from the tomb, and raising his awful voice to warn us against the surrender of our freedom, and we see that the proud and virtuous feelings which warmed the breast of that aged and venerable man are only calculated to excite the contempt of this young philosopher, who has been transplanted from the nursery to the cabinet to outrage the feelings and understanding of the country.'

As Lord Castlereagh, born in 1769, was then thirty, and only five years younger than Plunket, we suppose that there was something singularly youthful and dandified in his appearance, or this mode of attack would never have been hazarded by so consummate a tactician. It was in the peroration to this speech that he uttered the vow with which he was so frequently twitted by O'Connell, when, instead of swearing his children at the altar to eternal hostility to the English Government, he swore them into good places under it:

'They have united every rank and description of men by the pressure of this grand and momentous subject; and I tell them that they will see every honest and independent man in Ireland rally round her constitution, and merge every other

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consideration in his opposition to this ungenerous and odious measure. For my own part, I will resist it to the last gasp of my existence and with the last drop of my blood, and when I feel the hour of my dissolution approaching, I will, like the father of Hannibal, take my children to the altar and swear them to eternal hostility against the invaders of their country's freedom.'

Neither Lord Castlereagh nor his friends resented this speech, but in the next debate, two days later, his lordship, after indulging in some strong language with palpable reference to Plunket, concluded by an announcement that might well be mistaken for the crowning resolution of his dinner party:

'I reprobate the personalities used by gentlemen in the course of the debates which take place on this subject. I deprecate a contest of this nature, but if any gentleman conceives himself injured by any gentleman on this side of the House, there is a remedy for wounded honour, which they will not find it difficult to obtain.'

It is a singular circumstance, considering Plunket's courage and vehemence, that he was never engaged in a duel. The hottest of adversaries, whether in Parliament or the Courts, certainly kept clear of him,—much as the porter got out of Dr. Johnson's way in Fleet Street, seeing, after a glance at his dimensions, that he was likely to prove an awkward customer in an affray. When a speaker is thoroughly in earnest, when his mind is obviously full of his subject, when he is absorbed in his cause, his words lose much of their aggressive character; and it seems absurd to understand them in a personally offensive sense. A man of this temperament neither gives nor takes affronts like one who aims at applause, who has more vanity than pride, and more self-consciousness than self-reliance.

'The effect of Lord Plunket's powers,' remarks Mr. W. H. Curran, 'was greatly aided by his external appearance. His frame is tall, robust and compact. His face is one of the most striking I ever saw, and yet the peculiarity lies so much more in the expression than in the outline, that I find it not easy to describe it; the features on the whole are blunt and harsh, there is extraordinary breadth and capacity of forehead, and when the brows are raised in the act of thought it becomes intersected with an infinite series of parallel lines and folds. Neither the eyes nor brows are particularly expressive, nor, indeed, can I say that any of the other features would singly indicate the character of the man, if I except a particular muscular largeness and rigidity about the mouth and lips, from which you may collect that smiling has never been their "occupation." The general character of Mr. Plunket's countenance is deep seriousness, an expression that becomes more strongly marked from the unvarying pallor that overspreads his features. It is literally the "pale cast of thought."'

It was the opinion of David Hume that criticism is next to useless unless the critic quote innumerable examples, and this is especially true of criticism on oratory. We shall therefore give as many examples of Plunket's style and manners as our space will allow.

Lord Castlereagh had urged with force and effect that the transactions of 1782 left England and Ireland with independent and consequently clashing legislatures; appealing particularly to their differences on the Regency question in 1789, when a collision was only averted by the recovery of the King. This elicited one of Plunket's finest bursts:

'The two Parliaments may clash! So in Great Britain may King and Parliament; but we see they never

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do so injuriously. There are principles of repulsion! Yes; but there are principles of attraction, and from these the enlightened statesman extracts the principle by which the countries are to be harmoniously governed. As soon would I listen to the shallow observer of nature, who should say there is a centrifugal force impressed on our globe, and, therefore, lest we should be hurried into the void of space, we ought to rush into the centre to be consumed there. No; I say to this rash arraigner of the dispensations of the Almighty, there are impulses from whose wholesome opposition Eternal Wisdom has declared the law by which we revolve in our proper sphere, and at our proper distance. So I say to the political visionary, from the opposite forces which you object to, I see the wholesome law of imperial connection derived—I see the two countries preserving their due distance from each other, generating and imparting heat, and light, and life, and health, and vigour, and I will abide by the wisdom and experience of the ages which are past, in preference to the speculations of any modern philosopher.'

Unfortunately the laws of political repulsion and attraction are more variable and capricious than those which determine the motion of the heavenly bodies.

The last words spoken against the Union in the Irish House of Commons were spoken by Plunket, who had private as well as public grounds for contesting every stage of its progress. The Union was a bar to the further prosecution of his political career, except at a sacrifice which his limited means and growing family forbade him to risk. Many years must elapse before he could hope to make money enough to justify him in giving up a large portion of his practice to attend the sessions of a British Parliament; and, making a strong effort, he concentrated all his energies on his profession, in which he already occupied a place among the foremost. He has left no corrected report of any of his forensic speeches, and most of them have been lost irrecoverably. His grandson has reprinted only a few detached passages. In the O'Grady case he had bitterly attacked the law officers of the Crown, Saurin and Bushe, accusing them of tyrannical and oppressive proceedings. Bushe in reply challenged him to follow up this accusation by impeaching them:

'Let him do so, we are not afraid —*there*, at least, the judicial determination shall not be upon the hearing of one party. Let him remember that the charge is illegality, Jacobinism, and revolution, and that the crime is disrespect to what he calls the adjudication of the Court of Exchequer! The very neighbourhood of Westminster *Hall* ought to make him pause. What! state within its precincts that a Court of Exchequer in Ireland had made a solemn determination in a case where one party was not present, and where the other presided! The very walls of Westminster Hall would utter forth a groan at such an insult to the judicial character—the very monuments would deliver up their illustrious dead, and the shades of Mansfield, and of Somers, and of Holt, and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation. I must call upon him to go on, but if he should, I tell this Wellington of the senate, he will do so at the peril of his laurels. I tell him they are foredoomed to wither at the root.'

When the case was reargued, Plunket reverted to this challenge, and administered what his grandson terms an admirable rebuke:

'The Solicitor-General having passed upon me some most extravagant compliments, which no man can suppose I would be such an egregious dupe of inordinate vanity as to receive as merited, then calls

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upon me to step over to Westminster Hall, and to desire the House of Commons to decide whether this was a judicial act or not. And if, under the influence of this extravagance of praise, my head were to be so completely turned that I should actually go to St. Stephen's Chapel for the purpose, he then tells me that "the very monuments would yield up their illustrious dead; and the shades of Mansfield and of Somers, of Holt and of Hale, would start from their tombs to rebuke the atrocious imputation."

'If I had been such a madman as to adopt the suggestions of my learned friend, and introduce in such a place the descriptions of a legal point pending in the Court of King's Bench in Ireland, the shades of those illustrious persons, if they had any taste for the truly ridiculous, might have stepped down to amuse themselves, by seeing an Irish lawyer performing the part of Malvolio, cross-gartered and in yellow stockings, the victim of egregious vanity and folly. But if they had thought fit to deny that the swearing in the officers by the Court of Exchequer was a judicial act, I should have prayed in aid the shade of Sir Joseph Jekyll, who calls such an admission, in terms, a judicial act; I should have called on the shades of the learned judges who decided the cases in the Year Book of 9 Ed. IV. p. 6, in Dyer, 149, A. 150, 6, and in I. Anderson, 152. If these venerable spectres had not availed me, I should have called for the substantial assistance of the Solicitor-General himself, who, after a variety of splendid and figurative language, such as the rich imagery of his fancy supplied, ended at last by admitting it to be a judicial act. All these authorities I should have cited to the apparitions of Lord Somers, Lord Mansfield, and Lord Hale. But to Lord Holt I would say,—"You are the most impudent ghost that ever visited the glimpses of the moon, for you yourself did in your lifetime the very thing which you now start up to rebuke."'

This passage of arms took place in 1816, after Plunket had confirmed and augmented in the British Parliament the reputation he had obtained in the Irish. Hence the term 'Wellington of the senate.'

Another contest with Bushe occurred at a much earlier period, at the Carrickfergus Assizes, and arose out of a revolting incident of the rebellion of 1798. A justice of the peace, who was also a colonel of yeomanry, had seduced the daughter of a tenant, who, being with child by him, became importunate for relief. By way of getting rid of her, on some frivolous pretext of complicity with the insurgents, he delivered her over to his troopers to be flogged: she was flogged by his order; and she died immediately, after giving birth to a still born child. What Mr. David Plunket terms a highly coloured account of this transaction was published by a gentleman residing in another part of the same county, and an action of libel was the result. Plunket was retained for the justice-colonel and Bushe for the defendant, whose character, it is intimated, was little better than that of the man he was accused of libelling. Bushe called no witnesses, thereby depriving Plunket of the privilege of reply; so that, having done all he could do, he was at liberty to listen with comparative impartiality to the speech for the defence; and his sympathies were so deeply moved that Bushe adroitly called the attention of the jury to the fact:

'Gentlemen, perhaps I owe you an apology. The course I have adopted will deprive you of a pleasure to which you no doubt looked forward —the pleasure of listening to the splendid advocacy of my learned friend. Gentlemen, this was not a trick of mine to escape the effects of

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his matchless eloquence—no man admires that eloquence more than I do; but in this case I should not fear its influence; for you must have observed that on this occasion his feelings were too strong for his intellect. His noble nature could not condescend to the level of his client's case. I would set his heart against his head, and, as when the angel wrestled with the patriarch, I could not doubt for which victory would decide.'

Long afterwards, Bushe, when Chief Justice, was fond of telling this story, and used to add,—

'The jury were locked up for the night; the next morning I was awakened by a knock at my door, and when I asked who was there, "It is I," said Plunket; "I came to tell you that *your ruffian* has got a verdict."'

A circuit anecdote runs that once when he had successfully defended a guilty horse-stealer, one of the fraternity exclaimed, 'Long life to you, Plunket. The first horse I steal, boys, by Jekers I'll have Plunket.'

Irish barristers are not restricted to a single branch of practice, and attend any of the courts of law or equity as they think fit. As his fame grew, Plunket confined himself more and more to the Court of Chancery, where he held the same pre-eminence that Romilly held in England. 'Of all the eminent lawyers I have heard,' remarks Mr. W. H. Curran, 'he seemed to me to be the most admirably qualified for the department in which he shines. His mind is at once subtle and comprehensive; his language clear, copious and condensed; his powers of reasoning are altogether wonderful.' He was confessedly not a great case lawyer, and he seldom noted his briefs, trusting to his memory and powers of association for the apt introduction and application of both arguments and facts. The great Irish advocates of his day were not famous for application. 'If you are for the plaintiff,' said Curran, 'you must take a glance at your brief. But if you are for the defendant, you may learn enough from the opening speech and the witnesses.'

One of Plunket's figures has become famous by Lord Brougham's praise and Lord Lytton's felicitous citation. It was employed in 1821 to illustrate the Statute of Limitation or the effect of long possession in creating a title. 'If Time destroys the evidence of title, the laws have wisely and humanely made length of possession a substitute for that which has been destroyed. He comes with his scythe in one hand to mow down the muniments of our rights; but in his other hand the lawgiver has placed an hour-glass, by which he metes out incessantly those portions of duration which render needless the evidence he has swept away.' This is Lord Brougham's version. The biographer insists that the very words were: 'Time, while with one hand he mows down the muniments of our titles, with the other metes out those portions of durations, which render unnecessary the evidence which he has swept away.'

The prescriptive reputation of Irishmen for wit and humour has been rather inefficiently maintained of late years; and recent English travellers, unless they have been so fortunate as to fall in with Mr. Corry Connellan, may be excused for being sceptical touching even the exceeding brilliancy of the generation that has passed away. But the diamond dust that still glitters in the sweepings of the Four Courts raises a highly favourable presumption. Byron compared Curran's wit to virgin gold, crumbling away from its own richness; and there were many bred in the same school, and nurtured in the same society, who, for exuberant fancy and

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polished sarcasm, were hardly if at all inferior to him. Plunket's happiest hits cannot be surpassed; as when a roguish witness, looking round for an evasion, complained that the counsellor had bothered him entirely and given him the *maigrims* (megrims). '*Maigrims*,' asked Lord Avonmore, 'I never heard that word before.' 'My lord,' explained Plunket, 'the witness says I have given him the megrims, a well known affection, merely a confusion of the head arising from a corruption of the heart.'

The plaintiff in a suit before Lord Redesdale prayed that the defendant might be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, alleging that they were nothing but *kites*. 'Kites,' exclaimed the matter-of-fact Chancellor, 'kites never could amount to the value of these securities. I don't understand this argument at all, Mr. Plunket.' 'It is not to be expected that you should, my lord. In England and in Ireland kites are quite different things. In England the wind raises the kite; in Ireland the kite raises the wind.'

It has been observed that there are certain images or combinations of words which would be called wit if they did not, by depth and breadth of thought, rise into wisdom. To this category belongs Plunket's defence of his becoming a reformer in 1830, after having been an anti-reformer in revolutionary times. Again we adopt Lord Brougham's version: 'Circumstances are wholly changed: formerly Reform came to our door like a felon—a robber to be resisted. He now approaches like a creditor: you admit the justice of his demand, and only dispute the time and the instalments by which he shall be paid.'

For the specimens that come next we are indebted to an accomplished friend, a congenial spirit, who, intimately acquainted with 'the old man eloquent,' avouches that he was singularly kind-hearted, that his sarcasms were thrown off to relieve the exuberance of his fancy, without the smallest intention of giving pain. This indeed might be fairly inferred from their playfulness; as when he asked one of the young Hannibals, a prothonotary in the Common Pleas, what was doing in his court, and was told 'nothing.' 'I am glad to hear it, for you are fully equal to it.' A French wit said of some one, 'Il faisait très-bien sa charge quand il n'avait rien à faire.'

A very ugly barrister, arguing some point of practice before Lord Plunket, chanced to say, 'I am a pretty old practitioner, my lord.' He was quietly corrected: 'An *old* practitioner, Mr. S——.'

He was returning from a dinner at the Pigeon House on the Dublin river, when the treasurer of the party found he had got a bad shilling, and said he would throw it as far as he could into the sea to put it beyond the reach of circulation. 'Stop!' cried Plunket; 'give it to T.,' naming a legal dignitary remarkable for his penuriousness, '*he* can make a shilling go farther than any one.'

When the present Earl of Albemarle published his clever and popular 'Personal Narrative' of an overland journey from India, Lord Wellesley, a purist in language, asked the author, his aide-de-camp, at a Castle dinner, what was the use or meaning of the word 'personal' in the title of the book. Plunket interposed: 'I hope, at all events, we are not to put a legal interpretation upon the word, for, with us lawyers, "personal" is always used in contradistinction to "real."'

Once when there was a great crowd in the Chancellor's court, a little boy was swept away from his friends, and ran considerable risk of being crushed, till his shrieks attracted attention and brought help.

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Plunket, who was very fond of children, became quite agitated, and desired the boy to be placed on the cushion by his side: where he was overheard gradually soothing away the terror aggravated by the awful wig and sardonic countenance, and ending by the consolatory assurance to the little fellow that he was in his proper place, being now 'a Master in Chancery.'

An outrageous ruffian was brought before him for flagrant contempt of court in insulting and threatening to assault several of the superior officers. The man was not actually mad, although drink, a ferocious temperament, and long impunity had wrought him up to the verge of madness. Plunket addressed him: 'You offer, sir, in your own person an apt illustration of the legal term *furiosus*, which defines the condition of mind that a man attains by the long and uncontrollable indulgence of a brutal and savage temper, till at length he stands on the narrow isthmus, the thin line of demarcation, which separates the end of ruffianism from the beginning of insanity.'

For some years subsequent to the Union, the Irish law-officers were not necessarily changed with the government, and were not obliged or expected to get seats. Their position was non-political, unless they entered Parliament and took a side. Thus Plunket, appointed Solicitor-General in 1803 under the Addington Cabinet, was made Attorney-General in 1805 by Mr. Pitt, and retained the office under the succeeding ministry of 'all the talents.' But so soon as it assumed a party character and involved the duty of advocating a policy, he resigned. In 1807 he attached himself to Lord Grenville, and by following that nobleman's political fortunes, virtually abandoned all hope of professional preferment till 1821. After sitting two months for Midhurst in the short Parliament of 1807, he refused every offer of a seat till 1812, when, having secured an ample independence, he stood for the University of Dublin, which he represented till his elevation to the peerage in 1827. He was opposed in 1818 by Mr. Croker, who, in the height of the contest, was reported to have arrived in Dublin and slept in the Provost's house. Upon hearing this, Plunket remarked: '*I* don't know about his sleeping, but I daresay he often *lies* there.'

His fame in the British Parliament rests mainly on his advocacy of Catholic Emancipation. His speech on this subject in 1813 formed an era in the progress of the cause. Since the Reform Act of 1832, and the gradual loosening of party ties, it is a matter of constant occurrence for a division to be influenced by the course of the debate, and even *by individual* speeches. But such an event was rare when Whigs and Tories confronted each other in serried ranks, and desertion was instantly punished by ostracism. The almost universal habit was expressed by the member (Ferguson of Pitfour, we believe) who boasted that he had heard many speeches which altered his opinion, never one which had the smallest effect upon his vote. Plunket's speech was supposed to have gained over many votes. It flashed conviction upon all who were not steeled by habit and bigotry against argument and truth.

On most other subjects Plunket, a Grenvillite, was long opposed to the Liberal party. His defence of the Peterloo massacre, as it was called, and his defence of Lord Castlereagh's Gagging Acts in 1819, provoked a good deal of angry comment; and a report reached him through a good-natured friend that Lord Grey had spoken of his conduct as animated by 'more than the zeal of an apostate.' This turned out to be an exaggerated version of what Lord Grey really said; but it

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touched Plunket to the quick, and provoked a long letter to Sir John Newport, in which he recapitulates his political career from the commencement. In January 1822, he resumed the office of Attorney-General for Ireland, under Lord Wellesley; and in the course of that year the important duty devolved upon him of prosecuting the ringleaders in the famous Bottle Riot, so named from a whisky bottle flung at the Lord Lieutenant in the royal box at the theatre. The riot was got up by the Orangemen to show their resentment for the alleged slight put upon their principles—first, by the omission of the toast of the 'glorious, pious, and immortal memory' at the Mansion dinner given to George the Fourth: secondly, by the prohibition to dress up the statue of King William in College Green on the 12th July. To prove that no disrespect was intended to their idol, whom Plunket himself regarded with a species of hero-worship, he delivered a panegyric which Lord Macaulay, the most ardent of worshippers at the same shrine, would have found it difficult to enhance or improve upon:

'Perhaps, my lords, there is not to be found in the annals of history a character more truly great than that of William the Third. Perhaps no person has ever appeared on the theatre of the world who has conferred more essential or more lasting benefits on mankind; on these countries certainly none. When I look at the abstract merits of his character, I contemplate him with admiration and reverence. Lord of a petty principality; destitute of all resources but those with which nature had endowed him; regarded with jealousy and envy by those whose battles he fought; thwarted in all his counsels; embarrassed in all his movements; deserted in his most critical enterprises—he continued to mould all those discordant materials, to govern all those warring interests, and merely by the force of his genius, the ascendancy of his integrity, and the immovable firmness and constancy of his nature, to combine them into an indissoluble alliance against the schemes of despotism and universal domination of the most powerful monarch in Europe, seconded by the ablest generals, at the head of the bravest and best disciplined armies in the world, and wielding, without check or control, the unlimited resources of his empire. He was not a consummate general—military men will point out his errors; in that respect fortune did not favour him, save by throwing the lustre of adversity over all his virtues. He sustained defeat after defeat, but always rose *adversa rerum immersabilis unda.* Looking merely at his shining qualities and achievements, I admire him as I do a Scipio, a Regulus, a Fabius; a model of tranquil courage, undeviating probity, and armed with a resoluteness and constancy in the cause of truth and freedom which rendered him superior to the accidents that control the fate of ordinary men. . . . .

'Did our gracious sovereign come here to trample on the memory of the most illustrious of his predecessors?'

The same speech contains a graceful tribute to Lord Wellesley, with many other passages of condensed argument and chastened rhetoric, for which the biographer might have found room, although we unluckily cannot.[1]

The trial lasted several days, and ended by the discharge of the jury,

[1] A full report of the trial was published by Mr. Greene in 1823, and was made the groundwork of an article on 'The Eloquence of the Irish Bar' in *The Law Magazine* for 1830. North's speech for the defence was fully equal to Plunket's for the prosecution.

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who could not agree on a verdict. Mr. Brownlow brought the affair before Parliament by a motion tantamount to a vote of censure on Plunket, who, as he walked down to the House on the appointed evening with Mr. Blake, kept on exclaiming, 'I feel like a man going to execution under an unjust sentence.' The scene that ensued on Mr. Brownlow's resuming his seat is thus described, and very well described, in the biography:

'Then it was that this old man rose up to vindicate the character that he had kept unsullied during thirty years of public life. At first he stumbled and laboured through his sentences, as he often did at the commencement of his most splendid efforts. The House received him with indifference, almost with coldness; gradually, as he commenced his defence and his spirit was fired by a sense of this unwonted distrust, he rolled forth mass after mass of unanswerable reasoning. The audience could not deny the justice of the cause—they believed the honesty of the man, and caught by the infection of his enthusiasm, the House that had listened to his opening words in silence, re-echoed with applause, which was increased at the close of each paragraph of the great argument; and when at length he closed it with these simple words,—"My public conduct and private character have been alike assailed. I will retire, so that the House may more freely and unrestrainedly consider the question. My public conduct I consign to the justice of this House, my private character I leave to its honour;"—it was felt that he had completely vindicated himself.'

This 'old man' was then in his fifty-eighth year, ten years younger than Lord Derby, five years younger than Mr. Disraeli, and one year older than Mr. Gladstone,—respectively as we write. It was about this time, or possibly four or five years later, that he sate (or stood) for his oratorical and intellectual portraits to one who may rank as the Vandyke of painters with images and words. We quote from the New Timon:

Now one glance round, now upwards turns the brow.
Hushed every breath; he rises—mark him now!
No grace in feature, no command in height.
Yet his whole presence fills and awes the sight.
Wherefore? you ask. I can but guide your guess.
Man has no majesty like earnestness.
His that rare warmth—collected central heat—
As if he strives to check the heart's loud beat,
Tame strong conviction and indignant zeal,
And leave you free to think as he must feel.
Tones slow, not loud, but deep-drawn from the breast,
Action unstudied, and at times suppress;
But as he neared some reasoning's massive close,
Strained o'er his bending head, his strong arms rose,
And sudden fell, as if from falsehood torn
Some gray old keystone and hurled down with scorn.
His diction that which most exalts debate:
Terse and yet smooth, not florid, yet ornate;
Prepared enough; long meditated fact
By words at will made sinuous and compact.
With gems the genius of the lamp must win,
Not scattered loose, but welded firmly in,
So that each ornament the most displayed,
Decked not the sheath, but harden'd more the blade:
Your eye scarce caught the dazzle of the show
Ere shield and cuirass crashed beneath the blow.

By an odd coincidence, some of these lines recall the portrait of the Corsair:

In Conrad's form seems little to admire,
Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire;
Yet, on the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men.

On Mr. Canning becoming Premier in 1827, Plunket was raised to the peerage, and strong objections having been raised by the king to his becoming Chancellor of Ireland,

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he accepted the appointment of Master of the Rolls in England, but resigned it after a few days in compliance with the strong feeling of the English bar against its being filled by an Irish barrister. He was then appointed Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, in which post he continued till January 1830, when the antecedent objections having been removed by the Emancipation Act, he at last became Chancellor of Ireland.

There is little use in stuffing a book with long speeches copied from Hansard, and we surely had a right to expect that Mr. David Plunket would resort to more recondite sources, and supply at least a few specimens of that judicial eloquence and perspicuity which he justly lauds. He has not treated us to a solitary summing-up or judgment. The whole judicial period is a blank. But he tells in detail the familiar story of his grandfather's forced surrender of the Irish great seal to make way for Lord Campbell, on whom he took a good-humoured revenge by a joke. The weather was very rough on the day when the new Chancellor was to cross the Channel, and it was suggested that he would probably be sea-sick, 'Yes, but it won't make him *throw up* the seals.'

In default of new and attractive matter of the kind indicated, we hurry to the close. We learn that 'after he left the bench, Lord Plunket withdrew himself wholly from politics. He at first spent some time on the Continent, lingering long at Rome, in whose venerable monuments his well remembered classic lore caused him to take a deep interest; and when he returned to Ireland he settled at once at Old Connaught, where he passed the rest of his life, surrounded by his many children and grandchildren.

'For several years after his retirement, his mind retained its perfect vigour, and with a few friends, who were old enough to remember the stirring events of his earlier career, he was fond of recurring to those times. It particularly pleased him too, to cap quotations from the great Greek and Latin authors with those who were fresh from school and college studies: a competition in which he was always successful. Gradually, however, the weight of nearly ninety years began to press heavily upon him, and the complete change from habits of busy life to those of total idleness told upon his mind, so that his last days were spent in a sad intellectual lethargy, and death came to him with a merciful release.'

His last years resembled those of Swift and Marlborough, and his grandson, born in 1839, could have had few opportunities of hearing or observing him, except in this closing stage of mental and bodily decay. He died on the 4th of January 1854, in his ninetieth year. A statue of him in white marble may be seen in the hall of the Four Courts, with the inscription on the pedestal, 'Erected by the Bar of Ireland.'



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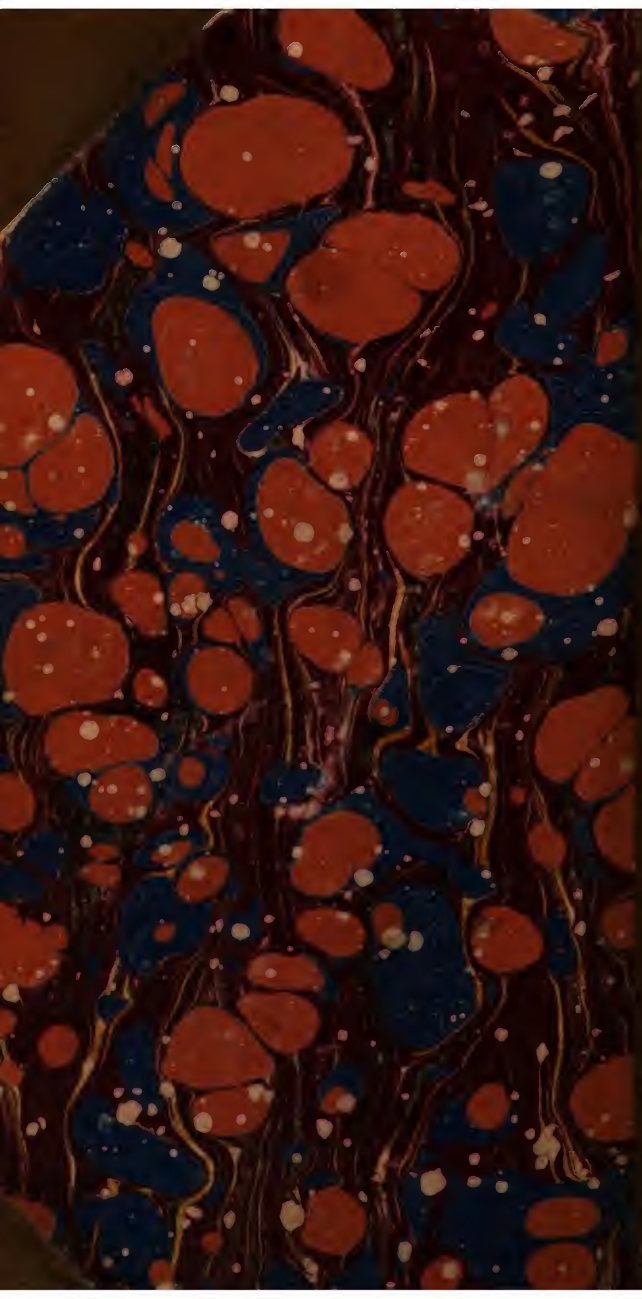
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